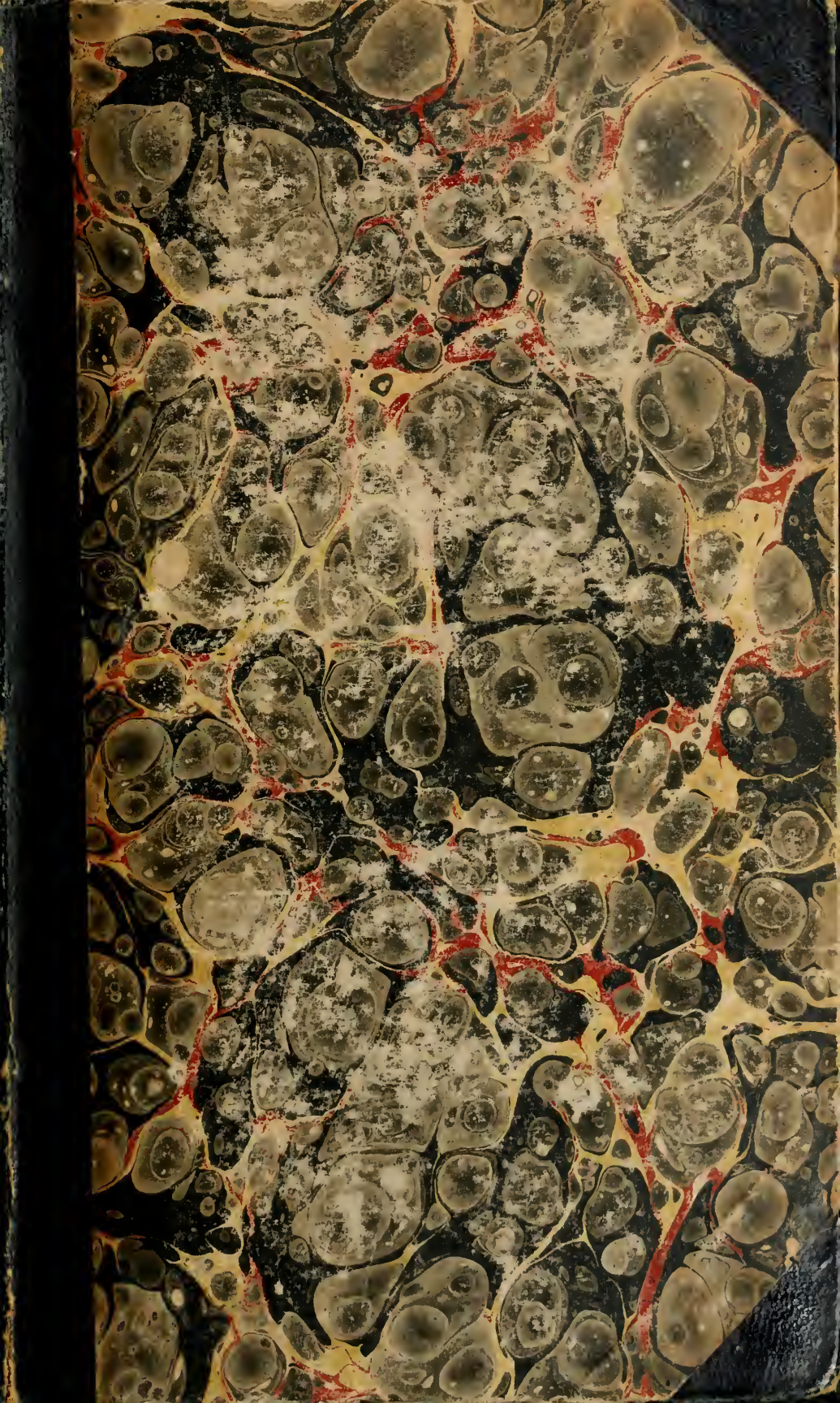




Re. M. Thorne -

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THE

A T H E N E U M ;

OR,

SPIRIT OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, ON ALL
SUBJECTS.
MORAL STORIES.
MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT
PERSONS.
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.
ORIGINAL LETTERS.
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CHEMICAL AND AGRICULTURAL
IMPROVEMENTS ; &c. &c.

VOL. I. SECOND SERIES.

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APRIL TO OCTOBER, 1824.

VOL. 15

Monthly Magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various ; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

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SEVEN years have elapsed since the first Number of the *ATHENEUM* was presented for public patronage. During this time a large mass of odd numbers has accumulated, and left us in possession of about forty complete sets only, notwithstanding the republication of several volumes. It is now thought advisable to commence a New Series, as there are many persons who wish a complete set of any work, but perhaps are deterred from subscribing, on account of the number and expense of previous volumes. To those, who have already perused the work, we can only say, that the same spirit which has animated the former volumes will be diffused through the future series ; and that a number of new articles from a new magazine will be begun and carried on in short lectures, adapted to the capacities of *young* readers, and amusing to those already conversant with the subjects, which are, Chemistry and Scientific Miscellany. Other useful and entertaining matter will be inserted, especially Extracts from Modern Travels illustrative of the Manners and Customs of Scripture History.

The great increase of periodical works in Europe has necessarily increased the amount and diversity of talent engaged in this pleasing and useful mode of publication. To gleaners, like us, in this extensive field, 'the harvest is truly great ;' and the difficulty of compiling a work like the *Atheneum*, does not arise from a want of matter in every kind of reading, solid and light, but in making the proper choice of what is best from these abundant fountains. Never has genius and critical acumen been enlisted into more active service, than at the present moment. They stand sentinel over the publishing world, encouraging, marshalling and protecting whatever is worthy in morals or in mind, and strangling in embryo the noxious ephemera of literature.

It may be truly said, that the wizard regions of fancy are every day extending ; the spacious fields of science and invention are constantly widening ; and the reading public, as in Athens of old, seems destined to embrace the whole community. Under such circumstances, it appears surprising that there are so few Magazine readers in America, compared with those of England. Any thing in the shape of a newspaper, is patronized, torn up, and its contents, if not upon the eternal topic of politics, even forgotten, till the old dish is perhaps hashed up for a new course. The American reader, in contra-

distinction to the European, seems to entertain a mortal antipathy to any kind of periodical reading that can be laid on the shelf ; his money is freely given for the mental ‘ food that perisheth,’ but for that which endureth in sheep-skin for the edification of his children, he thinks it a ‘ twice-told tale.’

The dearth of interest in the old song of politics, since the suspension of party-spirit in this country, has been so great, that the newspapers have begun to occupy the ground which in England is almost exclusively possessed by magazines ; how inconveniently need scarcely be mentioned, as the vehicles of communication are hardly held together during perusal, and at farthest are destined, like Jonah’s gourd, to perish on the morrow—“ to wrap a package or to singe a goose.”

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SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 1.]

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1824.

[VOL. I. N.S.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Gent. Mag.)

NIGHT. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;
How sweet when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose ;
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems
Blend in fantastic strife ;
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil—
To plough the Classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes that were Angels in their birth,
But perished young like things of earth !

Night is the time to watch ;
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,

That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;
Brooding on hours mis-spent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus midst his slumbering host
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse ;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Describes athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,
So will his followers do ;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease ;
Think of Heaven's bliss and give the sign
To parting friends ;—such death he mine !
Jan. 1, 1824.

THE POET'S STUDY.

BY BERNARD BARTON, THE QUAKER POET.

OH ! not in ceiled rooms of state,
Cumber'd with books the while,
Would I the Muse's influence wait,
Or there expect her smile.

A nook in some lone church-yard green,
Fann'd by the summer breeze—
The living and the dead between,
Would more my fancy please.

Not unto Fancy's power alone
Should such a scene appeal :
Its sober and its chasten'd tone
My inmost heart would feel.

The moss'd trunk of a scathed tree
Should be my only seat ;
And more than moral tomes to me
That relic should relate.

There too in living leafy pride,
Another tree should grow,
Whose writhed branches far and wide
Their welcome shade should throw.

Those boughs, by whisp'ring breezes stirr'd,
My canopy should be,
And every gentle whisper heard
Should tell a tale to me.

A crystal brook should babble by,
And to its bordering flowers
Impart fresh loveliness of dye,
And yet more fragrant powers.

Behold me, half conceal'd from sight
As shunning public view,
The ivied church-tower's humble height
Should greet Heaven's vaulted blue.

A few low glossy mounds should tell
Where slept the silent dead ;
And there the modest heather-bell
Should bend its graceful head.

A guileless infant too should stray
Where those blue flowers might wave;
And cull, perchance, a posy gay
From off a parent's grave.

While o'er her head a butterfly,
That type, with beauty crown'd,
Of future immortality,
Should lightly flutter round.

My task is done :—who scorns my taste
May paint me, if he can,
A scene with gentler beauties grac'd
For poet or for man.

Jan. 1824.

(Lond. Mag. Feb.)

A PEN AND INK SKETCH
OF A LATE TRIAL FOR MURDER,
IN
A LETTER FROM HERTFORD. BY EDWARD HERBERT, ESQ.

—As I stand here,—I saw them !—*Macbeth.*

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Hertford, — Jan. 1824.

DEAR SIR,

BY this time I fear you will have become heartily wearied of the names of Thurtell, Probert, and Hunt, upon which the London newspapers have rung the changes so abominably ; I fear this,—because, having consented to give you a narrative of the Trial of these wretched and hardened men, with the eye of a witness, and not the hand of a reporter ; and having in consequence of such consent borne up an unfed body with an untired spirit for two days, against iron rails and fat men, I tremble lest all my treasured observations should be thrown away, and my long fatigue prove profitless to my friend. On consideration, however, I have withstood my fears, and have determined not to abandon my narrative ;—in the first place, because the newspapers have given so dry a detail of the evidence as to convey no picture of the interesting scene,—and secondly, because in a periodical work like the LONDON MAGAZINE, which ought to record remarkable events as they pass by, a clear account, not made tedious, as far as possibly can be avoided, by repetitions and legal formalities, may be interesting not only to the reader of this year, but to the reader of twenty years hence !—if at that extremely distant period readers should exist—and the Roxburghe Boys should then, as now, save old books from the cheesemonger and the worm !

It is my intention, good my master, to give you the statements only of those persons from whose mouths you will best get the particulars of the murder, and of the circumstances preceding and following it ; for, judging by myself, I am sure you and your readers would be fairly tired out, if

you were compelled to undergo Mr. Hunt's confession, first poured from his own polluted lips, and then filtered through Mr. Upson, Mr. Beeston, Mr. Symmonds, and a host of those worthy Dogberrys of Hertfordshire, who had an opportunity of "wasting all their tediousness upon his Lordship." It is well for the prisoner that Inquiry goes about her business so tire-somely and thoroughly,—but to the hearer and the reader her love of "a twice-told tale" is enough to make a man forswear a court of justice for the rest of his life ! I do believe that no man of any occupation would become a thief, if he were fully aware of the punishment of listening to the "damnable iteration" of his own trial. In the present case, we had generally three or four witnesses to the same fact. It is strange that, solitary as the place was, and desperate as was the murder,—the actors, the witnesses,—all,—but the poor helpless devoted thing that perished, were in clusters ! The murderers were a cluster ! The farmer that heard the pistol had his wife and child, and nurse with him ; there were two labourers at work in the lane on the morning after the dreadful butcher-work : there was a merry party at the cottage on the very night, singing and supping, while Weare's mangled carcass was lying darkening in its gore, in the neighbouring field ; there were hosts of publicans and ostlers, witnesses of the gang's progress on their blood-journey ; and the gigs, the pistols, even the very knives ran in pairs ! This is curious at least ; and it seems as though it were fated that William Weare should be the only solitary object on that desperate night, when he clung to life in agony and blood, and was, at last, struck out of existence as a thing single, valueless, and vile !

I shall, as I have promised, avoid repetition; and, when you have read Mr. Gurney's statement for the prosecution, which very perspicuously details the case, as afterwards supported by evidence, and Probert's wife's hard-wrung words; I shall call no other witnesses—for none other will be necessary to satisfy the reader. After these I shall but speak of what I saw: I shall but turn my eye to that green table, which is now and will ever be before me, and say what thereon I beheld! I shall but, in the good impressive words of the crier to the jury, "look upon the prisoners;" and describe that one strong desperate man playing the hero of the tragic trial, as at a play; and show his wavering weak comrade, a baby's Turpin! visibly wasting by his side, in the short space of eight-and-forty hours! You want to *see* the trial you say, not to read of it: Oh! that I could draw from the life with the pen (your pen and ink drawings are the only things to make *old masters* of you)! Then would I trace such lines as should make the readers breathless while they read, and render a Newgate-Calendarian immortal! It was, in spite of what a great authority has said, an unimprovable horror!

You remember how we parted when I left your hospitable table, to take my place in the Hertford coach, on the cold evening of the 5th of December; and how you enjoined me to bear a wary eye on the morrow's trial. I promised you fair.—Well. I had strange companions in the coach with me, a good-looking middle-aged baronet, who was going to Hertford upon speculation; a young foolish talkative reporter who was travelling with all the importance of a Sunday newspaper encircling him, and who had a dirty shirt on his back, and a clean memorandum book tied up in his pocket handkerchief;—all his luggage! And a gentleman of about thirty who was going to his house in Hoddesdon, never having heard of the trial! "not but what he had read something in the news about a baddish murder." We exchanged coach-conversation sparingly, and by fits, as usual. The Sunday press was on *my side* (the only time in my life), and the baronet sat pumping it slyly of all its watery gossip; while the Hoddesdon body, at the same time occasionally kept craftily hitting at the character of a person, whom he declared to have known abroad, and who bears the evil repute of lending his aid to our fellow traveller's paper. We dropped our *fourth* at Hoddesdon, and pretty well played *dummy* the rest of the journey.

The moment I arrived, I called upon the friend who was to give me a bed for the night; a *gift* which, on these occasions, inn-keepers and housekeepers are by no means in the habit of indulging in; and I found him with a warm fire, and a kettle singing, aye,—more humanely than Hunt. I soon despatched the timely refreshment of tea, for during it, I learnt the then strange news

of Probert having been admitted evidence for the crown, and of his being at that very moment before the grand jury undergoing his examination. I hastened to the Town Hall (a poor pinched-up building, scarcely big enough to try a well-grown petty-larceny in) and found there the usual assize scene; a huddled cold crowd on a dim stone staircase,—a few men of authority, with their staves and long coats, thence called javelin men; patient ogles of hard-hearted doors, red cloaks, plush breeches, and velveteen jackets—and with all these the low hum of country curiosity! On approaching the door of the grand jury room, wherein stood that bad but not bold man, Probert, I met with a legal friend under whose wing I was to be conducted into the court. He was in some way concerned in the trial; and the first words he accosted me with were "Well!—Probert is in that room!" The dimness of the place helped his sudden words, and I looked at the door that parted me from this wretch, as though it were a glass, through which I could see Probert himself darkly. I waited,—the door opened for the eighth of an inch—then arose the murmur and cry, "Probert is coming out!" No! It was only to tell some inveterate *tapster* that he could not be admitted. Another pause—and in the middle of an indifferent conversation, my friend exclaimed—"There—there goes Probert!" And I saw an unwieldy bulk of a man sauntering fearlessly along (he was now safe!) and sullenly proceeding to descend the stairs. I rushed to the balustrade—and saw this man, who had seen all! go step by step quietly down,—having just sealed the fate of his vicious associates (but his associates still) and returning, with his miserable life inflicted upon him, to clanking irons and a prison bed. He was dressed in black, and had gloves on:—But through all these, I saw the creature of Gill's Hill Lane—I saw the miscreant that had held the lantern to the rifled pocket, and the gashed throat,—and I shuddered as I turned away from the staircase vision!

On this night the lovers of sleep were sadly crossed in their love,—for there was a hum of men throughout the streets all the dead-long night,—broken only by the harsher grating of arriving chaises and carriages, which ceased not grinding the gravelled road and vexing the jaded ear till morning. The inn-keepers and their servants were up all night, looking out for their prey;—and very late into the night, servant-maids with their arms in their aprons, and sauntering lads, kept awake beyond nine by other men's guilt, were at doors and corners talking of Thurtell and his awful pair! Gaping witnesses too were idling about Hertford town, dispersing with potent beers and evil spirits, as well as they were able, the scanty wits and frail memories which Providence had allotted to them.—The buzz of conversation, amidst all and in all places, was a low murmur, but of

"Thurtell"—"Miss Noyes"—"Probert"—"Mrs. Probert"—and "Hunt." You heard one of these names from a window—or it came from under a gateway,—or over a wall,—or from a post,—or it met you at a corner! these vice-creatures were on all lips—and in no hour betwixt the evening and the morning was their infamy neglected to be tolled upon the night!—The gaol, to which I went for a few minutes, looked solemn in the silence and the gloom;—and I could not but pierce with my mind those massive walls, and see the ironed men restless within; Thurtell rehearsing his part for the morning's drama, with the love of infamous fame stimulating him to correctness;—(for I was told that evening that he was to make a great display;) and Hunt cowering in his cell, timorous of fate,—while Probert, methought was steeping his hideous senses in the forgetfulness of sleep—for when such men are safe, they can sleep as though their hearts were as white as innocence or virtue!

We were up early in the morning, and breakfasted by candlelight;—with a sandwich in my pocket I sallied forth to join my legal friend, who had long been dressed, was sitting at his papers and tea, in all the restlessness of a man whose mind defies and spurns at repose when any thing remains to be accomplished.—We were in court a little after eight o'clock—but as you know that on this day the trial was postponed, I shall not here describe the scene, but shall reserve my description of the prisoners for the actual day of trial, to which I shall immediately proceed.—I should tell you that I saw Mrs. Probert for a few minutes on this day, and was surprised at her mode of conducting herself, having heard, as I knew she had, of her husband's safety.

Immediately that the trial was adjourned I secured a place in the coach, and returned to London. The celebrated Mr. Noel was on the roof, and my companions inside were an intelligent artist and craniologist, who had been sketching and examining the heads of the prisoners,—and a tradesman from Oxford-street, who had been frightened out of his wits and Hertford, by hearing that pictures of Gill's Hill Cottage were actionable, for he had brought "some very good likenesses of the Pond to sell," and been obliged to take them out of the window of the Seven Compasses, almost the very moment they were placed there!—From this December day to the 5th of January—all the agitation of the public press ceased—and murder had no tongue until the day on which it was privileged to speak.

To the day of trial therefore I come;—for I compelled my curiosity to slumber the ordered sleep of the newspapers.—I arrived at Hertford about the same hour as on the former occasion. I drank tea over again,—sat again by the fire. The former day seemed but a rehearsal of this—and I as anxiously looked for the morning.—

Throughout the night Hertford was as sleepless as before.—The window at the Plough was as luminous as usual;—the Half Moon swarmed with post-chaises and drab-coats;—and the Seven Stars—the Six Compasses—the Three Tuns—and the Horse and Magpie, abounded with tippling witnesses, all dressed in their Sunday clothes, and contriving to cut a holiday out of the remnant of the murder. "Pipes," as Lord Byron says, were every-where,—*"in the liberal air."*

With great and laborious difficulty I made my way into court about half past seven in the morning. The doors were sadly ordered, for instead of the wholesome guardianship of Ruthven, Upson, and Bishop, men who know how to temper a crowd with kind severity, we had great country-constable-bumpkins with long staves, which they handsomely exercised upon those excrescences in which they themselves were deficient, the heads of the curious!—Such bumping of skulls I never before witnessed. Gall would have loved them. One or two sensible officers might have kept the entrances free and quiet;—but tumult had it all her own way.

The Court was crowded to excess. It appeared to be more closely and inconveniently packed than on the first day, and even at this early hour the window panes, from the great heat, were streamered and streaming with wet. The reporters were closely hedged in, and as a person observed to me, had scarcely room to write even *short hand*.

Before the entrance of the judge, the clerk of the arraigns beckoned Mr. Wilson, the humane jailer of Hertford prison, to the table, and inquired of him whether the fetters were removed from the prisoners: Mr. Wilson replied that they were not, as he did not consider it advisable to free them without orders. The clerk recommended the removal, and Mr. Wilson, apparently against his own will, consented,—declaring that he thought it "dangerous." Mr. Andrews, Thurtell's counsel, said impressively there was no danger—and the jailer retired to take the chains from his charge. I had heard that Thurtell meditated and even threatened violence against Hunt,—and indeed Hunt himself apprehended some attack from his tremendous companion;—but the former had evidently been counselled as to the effect of such vengeance being wreaked, and doubtless he had himself come to the conviction that revenge was a profitless passion,—and particularly so at such a time!

At eight o'clock the trumpets of the javelin men brayed the arrival of Mr. Justice Park, who shortly afterwards entered the court and took his seat:—as usual the court was colloquial respecting the heat,—and the crowd,—and the sitting down of tall men,—to the loss of much of that imposing dignity with which the ermine and trumpets invariably surround a judge. Sir Allan is a kind but a warm tempered man;

and few things distract him so much as the disorder occasioned by full-grown persons standing up, or by unwieldy men in any position. I really think he would not be able to endure even a *standing order*.

The pressure was great at this early time. Only one space seemed left, and who, to be ever so comfortably accommodated, would have filled it? The dock was empty! Some short time was lost in the removing of the irons from the prisoners,—and although the order to “place the prisoners at the bar” had long been given,—the anxious stretch of the crowd to behold them was not relieved by their presence.

The situation in which I stood commanded the entrance to the dock, which was from the back part of it: it was lost in gloom, and seemed like the dark portal to a condemned cell. At length, the approach of the prisoners could be discerned. Hunt entered first and took his place at the bar; and Thurtell immediately followed. They slightly bowed to the court. Every motion of Thurtell seemed watched and guarded at first; but when from his attention to his papers, it was clear that he had no idea of violence, his actions were less observed by his keepers.

Hunt was dressed in black, with a white cravat and a white handkerchief, carefully disposed, so as to give the appearance of a white under waistcoat. There was a foppery in the adjustment of this part of his dress, which was well seconded by the affected carriage of his head and shoulders, and by the carefully disposed *disorder* of his hair. It was combed forward over his ears from the back part of his head, and divided nicely on his forehead, so as to allow one lock to lie half-curved upon it. His forehead itself was white, feminine, and unmeaning; indeed his complexion was extremely delicate, and looked more so from the raven blackness of his hair. Nothing could be weaker than his features, which were small and regular, but destitute of the least manly expression. His eye was diminutive and unmeaning, indeed coldly black and poor. He gazed around at the crowded court, with the look and the attitude of a person on the stage just about to sing. Indeed the whole bearing of Hunt was such as to convince any person that even his baseness was not to be relied upon, that his self-regard was too deep to make him bear danger for his companions, or to contemplate death while safety could be purchased at any price!

Beside him stood the murderer—complete in frame, face, eye, and daring!—The contrast was singularly striking,—fatal indeed, to the opinion which it created of Thurtell. He was dressed in a plum-coloured frock coat, with a drab waistcoat and gilt buttons, and white corded breeches. His neck had a black stock on, which fitted as usual stiffly up to the bottom of the cheek and end of the chin, and which therefore pushed forward the flesh on this part of the face so as to give an additionally sullen

weight to the countenance. The lower part of the face was unusually large, muscular, and heavy, and appeared to hang like a load to the head, and to make it drop like the mastiff's jowl. The upper lip was long and large, and the mouth had a severe and dogged appearance. His nose was rather small for such a face, but it was not badly shaped: his eyes too were small and buried deep under his protruding forehead, so indeed as to defy you to detect their colour. The forehead, was extremely strong, bony, and knotted;—and the eyebrows were forcibly marked though irregular;—that over the right eye being nearly straight, and that on the left turning up to a point so as to give a very painful expression to the whole face. His hair was of a good lightish brown, and not worn after any fashion. I have been thus particular, because, although I have seen many pictures, I have seen none resembling him in any respect, and I should like to give you some idea of him. His frame was exceedingly well knit and athletic—and if you have ever seen Shelton the prize-fighter, you will have a perfect idea of John Thurtell,—even to the power and the stoop of the shoulders. I observed that Thurtell seldom looked at the person with whom he conversed,—for whenever he addressed Wilson, or his solicitor, or a turnkey, he leant his head side-ways to the speaker, but looked straight forward. He had a large bundle of papers and books,—and very shortly after being placed at the bar he commenced making remarks and penning notes to his counsel and advisers.

The trial commenced I should conceive about ten o'clock; for some time was consumed in a fruitless application on the part of Hunt for a further postponement of his trial to allow of his petitioning the crown for mercy on the ground of his confession before the magistrates. The Jury were mustered by main strength—and several Hertfordshire yeomen seemed much perplexed at hearing that they were *challenged*:—indeed one or two had taken a comfortable seat in the box, and seemed determined not to be *called out*.

It now fell to Mr. Gurney's lot to detail the case, which he did in a slow, distinct, and concise manner, pretty well in the following words. The Jury listened with an almost breathless attention—and in several of the most appalling parts of his statement,—there was a cold drawing in of the breath and an involuntary murmur throughout the whole court. The Judge, who had read the depositions, leant back in his chair at the narrative!

“The deceased, whose murder was the subject of the present inquiry, was the late Mr. William Weare—a man, it was said, addicted to play, and, as had been suggested, connected with gaming-houses. Whether he was the best, or the least estimable individual in society, was no part of their present consideration. The prisoner at the bar, John Thurtell, had been his acquaintance, and in some practices of play

had, it was said, been wronged by him, and deprived of a large sum of money. The other prisoner, Hunt, was described as being a public singer, and also known to Mr. Weare, but not, as he believed, in habits of friendship. Probert, who was admitted as an accomplice, had been in trade a spirit-dealer, and rented a cottage in Gill's-hill-lane, near Elstree. It was situated in a by-lane, going out of the London-road to St. Alban's, and two or three miles beyond Elstree. The cottage of Probert was, it would appear, selected from its seclusion, as the fit spot for the perpetration of the murder. Probert was himself much engaged in London, and his wife generally resided at the cottage, which was a small one, and pretty fully occupied in the accommodation of Mrs. Probert, her sister, (Miss Noyes,) some children of Thomas Thurtell's (the prisoner's brother,) and a maid and boy servant. It should seem, from what had taken place, that the deceased had been invited by John Thurtell, to this place to enjoy a day or two's shooting. It would be proved that the prisoner Thurtell met the deceased at a billiard room, kept by one Rexworthy, on the Thursday night previous to the murder. They were joined there by Hunt. On the forenoon of the Friday, he (deceased) was with Rexworthy at the same place, and said he was going for a day's shooting into the country. Weare went from the billiard-rooms between three and four o'clock to his chambers in Lyon's inn, where he partook of a chop dinner, and afterwards packed up, in a green carpet bag, some clothes, and a mere change of linen, such as a journey for the time he had specified might require. He also took with him when he left his chambers, in a hackney coach, which the landress had called, a double-barrelled gun, and a backgammon box, dice, &c. He left his chambers in this manner before four o'clock, and drove first to Charing-cross, and afterwards to Maddox-street, Hanover-square; from thence he proceeded to the New-road, where he went out of the coach, and returned after some time, accompanied by another person, and took his things away. Undoubtedly the deceased left town on that evening with the expectation of reaching Gill's-hill cottage; but it had been previously determined by his companions, that he should never reach that spot alive. He would here beg to state a few of the circumstances which had occurred antecedent to the commission of the crime. Thomas and John Thurtell were desirous of some temporary concealment, owing to their inability to provide the bail requisite to meet some charge of misdemeanour, and Probert had procured for them a retreat at Tetsall's, the sign of the Coach and Horses, in Conduit-street, where they remained two or three weeks previous to the murder. On the morning of Friday, the 24th of October, two men, answering in every respect to the description of John

Thurtell, and Hunt, went to a pawnbroker's in Mary-le-bone, and purchased a pair of pocket-pistols. In the middle of the same day, Hunt hired a gig, and afterwards a horse, under the pretence of going to Dartford in Kent: he also inquired where he could purchase a sack and a rope, and was directed to a place over Westminster-bridge, which, he was told, was on his road into Kent. Somewhere, however, it would be found that he did procure a sack and cord, and he met the same afternoon, at Tetsall's, Thomas Thurtell and Noyes. They were all assembled together at the Coach and Horses in Conduit-street. When he made use of the names of the two last individuals, he begged distinctly to be understood as saying, that he had no reason to believe that either Thomas Thurtell or Noyes were privy to the guilty purpose of the prisoners. Some conversation took place at the time between the parties, and Hunt was heard to ask Probert if he "would be in it,"—meaning what they (Hunt and John Thurtell) were about. Thurtell drove off from Tetsall's between four and five o'clock to take up a friend, as he said to Probert, "to be killed as he travelled with him;" an expression which Probert said at the time he believed to have been a piece of idle bravado. He requested Probert to bring down Hunt in his own gig.

"In the course of that evening, the prisoner Thurtell is seen in a gig, with a horse of very remarkable colour. He was a sort of iron grey, with a white face and white legs—very particular marks for identity. He was first seen by a patrol near Edgeware; beyond that part of the road he was seen by the landlord; but from that time of the evening until his arrival at Probert's cottage on the same night, they had no direct evidence to trace him. Probert, according to Thurtell's request, drove Hunt down in his gig, and, having a better horse, on the road they overtook Thurtell and Weare in the gig, and passed them without notice. They stopped afterwards at some public-house on the road to drink grog, where they believe Thurtell must have passed them unperceived. Probert drove Hunt until they reached Phillimore-lodge, where he (Hunt) got out, as he said by Thurtell's desire, to wait for him. Probert from thence drove alone to Gill's-hill cottage, in the lane near which he met Thurtell, on foot alone. Thurtell inquired, Where was Hunt, had he been left behind? he then added, that he had done the business without his assistance, and had killed his man. At his desire, Probert returned to bring Hunt to the spot, when he (Probert) went to Hunt for that purpose. When they met, he told Hunt what had happened. "Why it was to be done here," said Hunt (pointing to nearer Phillimore-lodge), admitting his privy, and that he had got out to assist in the commission of the deed. When Thurtell rebuked Hunt for his absence; "why (said the latter), you had the tools." "They were not good," replied Thurtell; "the pistols were no better than pop-guns. I fired at his cheek, and it glanced off"—that Weare ran out of the gig, cried for mercy, and offered to return the mon-

ey he had robbed him of---that he (Thurtell) pursued him up the lane when he jumped out of the gig. Finding the pistol unavailing, he attempted to reach him by cutting the penknife across his throat, and ultimately finished him by driving the barrel of the pistol into his head, and turning it in his brains, after he had penetrated the forehead. Such was the manner in which Thurtell described himself to have disposed of the deceased, and they would hear from Probert what he said on the occasion. A gig was about that time heard to drive very quickly past Probert's cottage. The servant-lad expected his master, and thought he had arrived; but he did not make his appearance. Five minutes after that period, certain persons, who would be called in evidence, and who happened to be in the road, distinctly heard the report of a gun or pistol, which was followed by voices, as if in contention. Violent groans were next heard, which, however, became fainter and fainter, and then died away altogether. The spot where the report of the pistol and the sound of groans were heard, was Gill's-hill-lane, and near it was situated the cottage of Probert. They had now, therefore, to keep in mind, that Thurtell arrived at about nine o'clock in the evening at Probert's cottage, having set off from Conduit-street at five o'clock; and though he had been seen on the road in company with another person in the gig, yet it appeared that he arrived at the cottage alone, having in his possession the double-barrelled gun, the green carpet-bag, and the backgammon-board, which Mr. Wcare took away with him. He gave his horse to the boy, and the horse appeared to have sweated, and to be in a cool state, which corroborated the fact that he had stopped a good while on his way. He left Conduit-street, it should be observed, at five, and arrived at the cottage at nine---a distance which under ordinary circumstances, would not have occupied more than two hours. The boy inquired after Probert and Hunt, and was told that they would soon be at the cottage. At length, a second gig arrived, and those two persons were in it. They rode, while Thurtell, who went to meet them, walked with them. The boy having cleaned his master's horse, then performed the same office for the horse of Thurtell, which occupied a good deal of time. Probert went into the house. Neither Thurtell nor Hunt was expected by Mrs. Probert. With Thurtell she was acquainted; but Hunt was a stranger, and was formally introduced to her. They then supped on some pork chops, which Hunt had brought down with him from London. They then went out, as Probert said, to visit Mr. Nicholls, a neighbour of his; but their real object was to go down to the place where the body of Wcare was deposited. Thurtell took them to the spot down the lane, and the body was dragged thro' the hedge into the adjoining field. The body was, as he had previously described it to be, enclosed in a sack. They then effectually rifled the deceased man, Thurtell having informed his companions, that he had, in the first instance, taken part of his property. They then went back to the cottage. It ought to be stated, that Thurtell, before he went out, placed a large sponge in the gig; and when he returned from this expedition, he went to the stable

and sponged himself with great care. He endeavoured to remove the spots of blood, many of which were distinctly seen by Probert's boy; and certainly such marks would be observable on the person of any one who had been engaged in such a transaction. In the course of the evening Thurtell produced a gold watch, without a chain, which occasioned several remarks. He also displayed a gold curb chain, which might be used for a watch, when doubled: or, when singled, might be worn round a lady's neck. On producing the chain, it was remarked that it was more fit for a lady than a gentleman; on which Thurtell pressed it on Mrs. Probert, and made her accept it. An offer was afterwards made that a bed should be given to Thurtell and Hunt, which was to be accomplished by Miss Noyes giving up her bed, and sleeping with the children. This was refused, Thurtell and Hunt observing, that they would rather sit up. Miss Noyes, therefore, retired to her own bed. Something, however, occurred, which raised suspicion in the mind of Mrs. Probert; and, indeed, it was scarcely possible, if it was at all possible, for persons who had been engaged in a transaction of this kind to avoid some disorder of mind---some absence of thought that was calculated to excite suspicion. In consequence of observing those feelings, Mrs. Probert did not go to bed, or undress herself. She went to the window and looked out, and saw that Probert, Hunt, and Thurtell, were in the garden. It would be proved that they went down to the body, and, finding it too heavy to be removed, one of the horses was taken from the stable. The body was then thrown across the horse; and stones having been put into the sack, the body, with the sack thus rendered weighty by the stones, was thrown into the pond. Mrs. Probert distinctly saw something heavy drawn across the garden where Thurtell was. The parties then returned to the house; and Mrs. Probert, whose fears and suspicions were now most powerfully excited, went down stairs and listened behind the parlour door. The parties now proceeded to share the booty; and Thurtell divided with them to the amount of 6*l.* each. The purse, the pocket-hook, and certain papers which might lead to detection, were carefully burned. They remained up late; and Probert, when he went to bed, was surprised to find that his wife was not asleep. Hunt and Thurtell still continued to sit up in the parlour. The next morning, as early as six o'clock, Hunt and Thurtell were both seen out, and in the lane together. Some men who were at work there, observed them, as they called it, "grabbling" for something in the hedge. They were spoken to by these men, and as persons thus accosted must say something, Thurtell observed, "that it was a very bad road, and that he had nearly been capsized there last night." The men said, "I hope you were not hurt." Thurtell answered, "Oh no, the gig was not upset," and they then went away. These men, thinking something might have been lost on the spot, searched after Hunt and Thurtell were gone. In one place they found a quantity of blood, further on they discovered a bloody knife, and next they found a bloody pistol---one of the identical pair which he would show were purchased by

Hunt. That pistol bore upon it the marks of blood and of human brains. The spot was afterwards still further examined, and more blood was discovered, which had been concealed by branches and leaves, so that no doubt could be entertained that the murder had been committed in this particular place. On the following morning, Saturday, the 25th of October, Thurtell and Hunt left Probert's cottage in the gig which Hunt had come down in, carrying away with them the gun, the carpet-bag, and the backgammon-board, belonging to Mr. Weare. These articles were taken to Hunt's lodgings, where they were afterwards found. When Hunt arrived in town on Saturday, he appeared to be unusually gay. He said, "We Turpin lads can do the trick. I am able to drink wine now, and I will drink nothing but wine." He seemed to be very much elevated at the recollection of some successful exploit. It was observed, that Thurtell's hands were very much scratched, and some remark having been made on the subject, he stated, "that they had been out netting partridges, and that his hands got scratched in that occupation." On some other points, he gave similarly evasive answers. On Sunday, John Thurtell, Thomas Thurtell, Noyes, and Hunt, spent the day at Probert's cottage. Hunt went down dressed in a manner so very shabby, as to excite observation. But in the course of the day he went up stairs, and attired himself in very handsome clothes. There was very little doubt that those were the clothes of the deceased Mr. Weare. He had now to call the attention of the jury to a very remarkable circumstance. On the Saturday, Hunt had a new spade sent to his lodgings, which he took down to the cottage on Sunday. When he got near Probert's garden, he told that individual, "that he had brought it down to dig a hole to bury the body in." On that evening, Probert did really visit Mr. Nicholls; and the latter said to him, "that some persons had heard the report of a gun or pistol in the lane, on Friday evening; but he supposed it was some foolish joke." Probert, on his return, stated this to Thurtell and Hunt, and the information appeared to alarm the former, who said, "he feared he should be hanged." The intelligence, however, inspired them all with a strong desire to conceal the body effectually. Probert wished it to be removed from his pond; for, had it been found there, he knew it would be important evidence against himself. He declared that he would not suffer it to remain there; and Thurtell and Hunt promised to come down on the Monday, and remove it. On Monday, Thurtell and Hunt went out in the gig, and in furtherance of that scene of villany which they meditated, they took with them Probert's boy. They carried him to various places, and finally lodged the boy at Mr. Tetsall's, in Conduit-street. On the evening of that same Monday, Hunt and Thurtell came down to the cottage. Hunt engaged Mrs. Probert in conversation, while Thurtell and Probert took the body out of the pond, put it into Thurtell's gig, and then gave notice to Hunt that the gig was ready. In this manner they carried away the body that night; but where they took it to, Probert did not know. It appeared, however, that the body was carried to a pond near Elstree, at a considerable distance from Probert's

cottage, and there sunk, as it had before been in Probert's pond, in a sack containing a considerable quantity of stones. Hunt and Thurtell then went to London; and the appearance of the gig the next morning clearly told the way in which it had been used over night; a quantity of blood and mud being quite perceptible at the bottom. The parties heard that the report of the pistol in the lane on Friday evening, and the discovery of the blood in the field, had led to great alarm amongst the magistracy. Inquiry was set on foot, and Thurtell, Hunt, and Probert were at length apprehended. Where it was found that Hunt had adopted a peculiar mode for the purpose of concealing his identity; for when he was hiring the gig, and doing various other acts connected with this atrocious proceeding, he wore very long whiskers; but on the Monday after the murder, he had them taken off; and they all knew that nothing could possibly alter the appearance of a man more than the taking away of large bushy whiskers. Strict inquiries were made by the magistrates, but nothing was ascertained to prove to a certainty who was murdered. The body was, however found on the Thursday, Hunt having given evidence as to the place where the body was deposited. The evidence which Hunt gave, and which led to the finding of the body, he would use: but no other fact coming out of his mouth, save that, would he advert to. He was entitled, in point of law, to make use of that. The fact only of the disclosure by Hunt, in consequence of which the body was discovered, was he permitted to make use of; and to that alone, so far as Hunt's confession went, he would confine himself. But by reference to his conversations with others, and to various circumstances not adverted to by him, he was convinced that he should be enabled to establish a perfect and complete chain of evidence. He had now stated the principal part of the facts which it would be his duty to lay before the jury. Some of them, they must observe, would depend on the evidence of an accomplice; for Probert, though not an accomplice *before* the murder, was confessedly privy to a certain part of the transaction---to the concealment of the body---to the concealment, consequently, of the murder. He must be looked upon as a bad, a very bad man. He was presented to the jury in that character. What good man could ever lend himself, in the remotest degree, to so revolting a transaction? An accomplice must always be, in a greater or less extent, a base man. The jury would therefore receive the evidence of Probert with extreme caution; and they would mark, with peculiar attention, how far his evidence was confirmed by testimony that could not be impeached. But he would adduce such witnesses in confirmation of Probert's statement---he would so confirm him in every point, as to build up his testimony with a degree of strength and consistency which could not be shaken, much less overturned. He would prove by other witnesses besides Probert, that Thurtell set out with a companion from London, who did not arrive at the ostensible end of his journey; he would prove that he had brought the property of that companion to Probert's house, the double-barrelled gun, the backgammon-board, and the green carpet-bag; he would prove

that some time before he arrived at the cottage, the report of a gun or pistol was heard in Gill's-hill-lane, not far from the cottage; he would prove that his clothes were in a bloody state; and that, when he was apprehended, even on the Wednesday after the murder, he had not been able to efface all the marks from his apparel. Besides all this, they would find, that in his pocket, when apprehended, there was a penknife which was positively sworn to as having belonged to Mr. Weare, and also the fellow-pistol of that which was found adjoining the place where the murder was committed,---the pair having been purchased in Mary-le-bone-street by Hunt. These circumstances brought the case clearly home to Thurtell. Next as to Hunt. He was charged as an accomplice before the fact. It was evident that he advised this proceeding. For what purpose, but to advise, did he proceed to the cottage? He was a stranger to Mrs. Probert and her family; he was not expected at the cottage. There was not for him, as there was for Thurtell, an apology for his visit. He hired a gig, and he procured a sack---the jury knew to what end and purpose. They would also bear in mind, that the gun, travelling-bag, and backgammon-board, were found in his lodging. These constituted a part of the plunder of Mr. Weare, and could only be possessed by a person participating in this crime. Besides, there was placed about the neck of Probert's wife, a chain, which had belonged to Mr. Weare, and round the neck of the murdered man there was found a shawl, which belonged to Thurtell, but which had been seen in the hands of Hunt. In giving this summary of the case, he had not stated every circumstance connected with it. His great anxiety was, not to state that which he did not firmly believe would be borne out by evidence. One circumstance he had omitted, which he felt it necessary to lay before the jury. It was, that a watch was seen in the possession of Thurtell, which he would show belonged to Mr. Weare. After Thurtell was apprehended, and Hunt had said something on the subject of this transaction, an officer asked Thurtell what he had done with the watch? He answered that "when he was taken into custody, he put his hand behind him, and chucked it away." Thurtell also made another disclosure. He said, when questioned, "that other persons, near the spot, were concerned in it, whom he forbore to mention. As to Thurtell, the evidence would, he believed, clearly prove him to have been the perpetrator of the murder; and with respect to Hunt, it was equally clear that he was an accessory before the fact."

I have to the best of my ability given you the circumstances as detailed by Mr. Gurney, and have omitted his preliminary remarks and observations as to evidence.

The officers and constables gave their accounts plainly, firmly, and ungrammatically, as gentlemen in their line generally do; and Mr. Ward, the surgeon of Watford, described the injuries of the deceased in a very intelligent manner, in spite of Mr. Platt, whose questions might have pozed the clearest heads. When Ruthven was called, there

was a great stir in the court, as it was known that he had in his possession several articles of great interest. He took his place in the witness box, and in the course of his examination deposited on the table a pistol, and a pistol-key, a knife, a muslin handkerchief spotted with blood,---a shirt, similarly stained; and a waistcoat, into the pockets of which bloody hands had been thrust. A coat and a hat marked with blood were also produced. These all belonged to Thurtell, and he looked at them with an eye of perfect indifference. Ruthven then produced several articles belonging to the deceased,---the gun, the carpet bag, and the clothes;---there was the shooting jacket, with the dog-whistle hanging at the button hole, the half dirty leggings, the shooting shoes, the linen: and yet the sight of these things had no effect on either of the prisoners.

Symmonds the constable, when sworn, took from his pocket a white folded paper, which he carefully undid, and produced to the court the fatal pistol with which the murder had been committed. It was a blue steel-barrelled pistol, with brass about the handle; the pan was opened, as the firing had left it, and was smeared with the black of gunpowder and the dingy stain of blood. The barrel was bloody, and in the muzzle a piece of tow was thrust, to keep in the horrid contents, the murdered man's brains. Against the back of the pan were the short curled hairs, of a silver sabled hue, which had literally been dug from the man's head: they were glued to the pan firmly with crusted blood!--This deadly and appalling instrument made all shudder, save the murderers, who on the contrary looked unconcernedly at it, and I should say their very unconcern, when all others were thrilled, was guilt!

Thomas Thurtell, when called, seemed affected---and his brother seemed calm. Miss Noyes was very plain and very flippant. Rexworthy, the billiard-table keeper, spoke of his dead friend with great decision; but the brother of Weare was truly shocked, and his sincere grief exposed the art and trickery of many serious and hysterical witnesses. The landlords were all thorough-bred landlords, sleek, sly, and rosy. Mr. Field of the Artichoke, with a head which Rexworthy could have cannoned off, was a very meek kindly tapster. His little round head, with a little round nose to snit, a domestic nose, that would not quit the face, with a voice thin as small ale, was right pleasant to behold. The osters were rather overtaken,---all except he of the stable in Cross-street, Jim Shepherd, a thin, sober, pert fellow, who said all he knew clean out. Old John Butler, of the Bald Faced Stag, had steadied himself with very heavy liquor, and he contrived to eject his evidence out of his smock frock with tolerable correctness. Dick Bingham, another hero of the pitchfork, was quite undisguised, and he seemed to be confident and clear in proportion to the cordials and compounds.

Little Addis, Probert's boy, was a boy of uncommon quickness and pretty manner. He was a nice ingenuous lad. When you saw his youth, his innocence, his pretty face and frankness, you shuddered to think of the characters he had associated with, and the

scenes he had witnessed. His little artless foot had kicked up the bloody leaves; he had seen the stains fresh on the murderer's clothes. His escape from death was miraculous!

The cook, Susan Woodroffe, had no prepossessing appearance. She had no great skill too in language, like Dan in John Bull, who when asked if he ever *deviated*, said---No!---he always *whistled*!---she in speaking of the supper, when Mr. Bolland asked her if it was *postponed*! she replied---No! It was *pork*!

When Probert was called, he was ushered through the dock into the body of the court. The most intense interest at his entering the witness box was evidently felt by all persons, in which indeed even the prisoners joined. Hunt stood up, and looked much agitated!---Thurtell eyed the witness sternly and composedly. Probert was very well dressed; and had a pair of new gloves on. He did not seem the least ashamed of his situation, but stood firmly up to answer Mr. Gurney, who very solemnly prefaced his examination, with charging him to tell the whole truth. The face of Probert is marked with deceit in every lineament. The eyes are like those of a vicious horse, and the lips are thick and sensual. His forehead recedes villanously in amongst a bush of grizzly black hair--and his ears project out of the like cover. His head and legs are too small for his body, and altogether he is an awkward, dastardly, and a wretched looking animal. He gave his account with no hesitation, or shame, and stood up against Mr. Andrewes's exposure with a face of brass. Indeed he seems to fear nothing but death or bodily pain. His grammar was very nearly as bad as his heart!

Mrs. Probert is by no means possessed of "a well-favoured face."---It has a good and a constant colour, which in moments of great grief and hysteric passion, is a great comfort,---but her forehead is ill-shaped and large---and her sly grey eyes have a wildness which I should be loth to confide in. She gave her evidence drop by drop, and not then without great squeezing. Every dangerous question overcame her agitated nerves,---and she very properly took time to recover before she answered. Her sudden vehement and tearful joy at the safety of her husband was late but timely, for, to my certain knowledge, Mr. Nicholson had informed her of it on the 5th of December, just one month before her hysterics. In truth, my dear friend, so abominable a farce never was played off in a Court of Justice; but it had its effect, for it touched his Lordship and made Mr. Gurney weep!---This was the sum of her evidence:

"I remember the night of the 24th of October, when Mr. John Thurtell and Mr. Hunt came to Gill's hill Cottage, to have heard the sound of a gig passing my cottage. It was about eight o'clock, I think. The bell of our cottage was rung nearly an hour after. After that ringing nobody came into our house. My husband came home that night nearly at ten. I came down stairs, found Mr. Probert, John Thurtell, and a stranger, in the parlour. My husband introduced that stranger as Mr. Hunt, to me. I saw John Thurtell take out a gold chain, which he showed to me. It was a gold watch chain

with a great deal of work about it; it was such a chain as this, I think (the chain was shown her). He offered to make it a present to me; I refused it for some time, and at last he gave it to me (she was shown the box and chain produced by the constable at Watford). I recollect giving that box and the chain to the constable, in the presence of the magistrates. When I and Miss Noyes went up stairs, we left John Thurtell, Hunt, and Mr. Probert in the room. I did not go to bed immediately; I went from my room to the stairs to listen; I leaned over the banisters. What I heard in leaning over the banisters, was, I thought, about trying on clothes. The first I heard was, "This, I think, will fit you very well." I heard a noise like a rustling of papers on the table; I heard also something like the noise of papers thrown into the fire. I afterwards went up to my own chamber. Out of doors I saw something; I looked from my window, and saw two gentlemen go from the parlour to the stable; they led a horse out of the stable, and opened the yard gate and let the horse out. Some time after that I heard something in the garden; I heard something dragged, as it seemed, very heavily; it appeared to me to come from the stable to the garden; the garden is near the back gate; it was dragged along the dark walk; I had a view of it, when they dragged it out of the dark walk; it seemed very large and heavy; it was in a sack. It was after this I heard the rustling of papers, and the conversation I have described. After the sack was dragged out of the dark walk, I had a view of it until it was half way down the walk to the pond. I had a good view of it so far. After this I heard a noise like a heap of stones thrown into a pit, I can't describe it in any other way; it was a hollow sound. I heard, besides what I have before mentioned, some further conversation. The first I heard was, I think, Hunt's voice; he said, "let us take a 5*l*. note each." I did not hear Thurtell say any thing; then---I am trying to recollect---I heard another voice say, "we must say there was a hare thrown up in the gig on the cushion---we must tell the boy so in the morning." I next heard a voice, I can't exactly say whose, "we had better be off to town by four or five o'clock in the morning;" and then, I think, John Thurtell it was, who said, "we had better not go before eight or nine o'clock;" and the parlour door then shut, I heard John Thurtell say also (I think it was his voice), "Holding shall be next." I rather think it was Hunt who next spoke; he asked, "has he (Holding) got money?" John Thurtell replied, "it is not money I want, it is revenge; it is," said John Thurtell, "Holding who has ruined my friend here." I did not at first understand who this friend was; I believe it meant Mr. Probert, my husband, I cannot say whether Holding had any thing to do in the transactions of my husband's bankruptcy. "It was Holding," said John Thurtell, "who ruined my friend here, and destroyed my peace of mind." My husband came to bed about half-past one or two o'clock; I believe it was; I did not know exactly the hour."

At the close of the evidence for the crown, although in answer to his Lordship's inquiry, the jury decided on going through the case:---they revoked that decision at the desire of

John Thurtell ; who strongly but respectfully pressed on their attention the long and harassing time he had stood at that bar ; and begged for a night's cessation to recruit his strength previous to his making his defence. Hunt said nothing :---but Thurtell's manner was too earnest to admit of denial, and the Court adjourned---an officer having been sworn to keep the jury apart from all persons.

I should not have omitted to mention an admirable piece of presence of mind and bye-play which Thurtell showed towards Clarke the publican, who had been an old acquaintance : on Clarke's turning to bow to him when he entered the witness box, in which he was about to speak to the prisoner's identity ;---Thurtell received the bow with a look of ignorant wonder,---and elevated his eyebrows as though to say, "How !---bow to me !---I know you not." This could but have been instantaneous, but the intention of the prisoner was evident, and the trick was inimitably well performed.

At half-past ten at night we were allowed to return to our houses and our food :---at half-past seven in the morning we were again wedged together, in the same Court.

Thurtell, with the exception of a white kerchief round the neck, was dressed as on the previous day ;---he looked as though he had passed a good night ; and yet he must have been busy in the brain through all the dark hours !---There was a more sallow paleness on Hunt's face,---and less care seemed to have been taken in the arrangement of his Court-dress.

The jury were re-assembled---and the trial proceeded.

Ruthven and Thomas Thurtell were recalled on some trifling points---and in a short time, Mr. Justice Park informed John Thurtell, that he was ready to hear any observations he had to make. Thurtell intimated, in a murmur to Wilson, which Wilson interpreted to the Court, that he wished his witness to be examined first, as though he thought their evidence would interfere with his eloquence : but this was refused, as being contrary to the practice.

Thurtell now seemed to retire within himself for half a minute,---and then slowly,---the crowd being breathlessly silent and anxious,---drawing in his breath, gathering up his frame, and looking very steadfastly at the jury, he commenced his defence.---He spoke in a deep, measured, and unshaken tone ;---accompanying it with a rather studied and theatrical action.

"My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,---Under greater difficulties than ever man encountered, I now rise to vindicate my character and defend my life. I have been supported in this hour of trial, by the knowledge that my cause is heard before an enlightened tribunal, and that the free institutions of my country have placed my destiny in the hands of twelve men, who are uninfluenced by prejudice, and unswayed by power. I have been represented by the press, which carries its benefits or curses on rapid wings from one extremity of the kingdom to the other, as a man more depraved, more gratuitously and habitually profligate and cruel, than has ever appeared in modern times. I have been held up to the world as

the perpetrator of a murder, under circumstances of greater aggravation, of more cruel and premeditated atrocity, than it ever before fell to the lot of man to have seen or heard of. I have been held forth to the world as a depraved, heartless, prayerless villain, who had seduced my friend into a sequestered path, merely in order to despatch him with the greater security---as a snake who had crept into his bosom only to strike a sure blow---as a monster, who, after the perpetration of a deed from which the hardest heart recoils with horror, and at which humanity stands aghast, washed away the remembrance of my guilt in the midst of riot and debauchery. You, gentlemen, must have read the details which have been daily, I may say hourly, published regarding me. It would be requiring more than the usual virtue of our nature to expect that you should entirely divest your minds of those feelings, I may say those creditable feelings, which such relations must have excited ; but I am satisfied, that as far as it is possible for men to enter into a grave investigation with minds unbiassed, and judgments unimpaired, after the calumnies with which the public mind has been deluged---I say, I am satisfied, that with such minds and such judgments, you have this day assumed your sacred office. The horrible guilt which has been attributed to me, is such as could not have resulted from custom, but must have been the innate principle of my infant mind, and have 'grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength.' But I will call before you gentlemen whose characters are unimpeachable, and whose testimony must be above suspicion, who will tell you, that the time was when my bosom overflowed with all the kindly feelings ; and even my failings were those of an improvident generosity and unsuspecting friendship. Beware, then, gentlemen, of an anticipated verdict. Do not suffer the reports which you have heard to influence your determination. Do not believe that a few short years can have reversed the course of nature, and converted the good feelings which I possessed into the spirit of malignant cruelty to which only demons can attain. A kind, affectionate, and religious mother directed the tender steps of my infancy, in the paths of piety and virtue. My rising youth was guided in the way that it should go by a father whose piety was universally known and believed---whose kindness and charity extended to all who came within the sphere of its influence. After leaving my paternal roof, I entered into the service of our late revered monarch, who was justly entitled the "father of his people." You will learn from some of my honourable companions, that while I served under his colours, I never tarnished their lustre. The country which is dear to me I have served. I have fought for her. I have shed my blood for her. I feared not in the open field to shed the blood of her declared foes. But oh ! to suppose that on that account I was ready to raise the assassin's arm against my friend, and with that view to draw him into secret places for his destruction---it is monstrous, horrible, incredible. I have been represented to you as a man who was given to gambling, and the constant companion of gamblers. To this accusation, in some part my heart with feeling penitence plead,

guilty. I have gambled. I have been a gambler, but not for the last three years. During that time I have not attended or betted upon a horse-race, or a fight, or any public exhibition of that nature. If I have erred in these things, half of the nobility of the land have been my examples; some of the most enlightened statesmen of the country have been my companions in them. I have indeed been a gambler---I have been an unfortunate one. But whose fortune have I ruin'd?---whom undone?---My own family have I ruin'd---I have undone myself! At this moment I feel the distress of my situation. But, gentlemen, let not this misfortune entice your verdict against me. Beware of your own feelings, when you are told by the highest authority, that the heart of man is deceitful above all things. Beware, gentlemen, of an anticipated verdict. It is the remark of a very sage and experienced writer of antiquity, that no man becomes wicked all at once. And with this, which I earnestly request you to bear in mind, I proceed to lay before you the whole career of my life. I will not tire you with tedious repetitions, but I will disclose enough of my past life to inform your judgments; leaving it to your clemency to supply whatever little defects you may observe. You will consider my misfortunes, and the situation in which I stand---the deep anxiety that I must feel---the object for which I have to strive. You may suppose something of all this; but oh! no pencil, though dipped in the lines of heaven, can portray my feelings at this crisis. Recollect, I again entreat you, my situation, and allow something for the workings of a mind little at ease; and pity and forgive the faults of my address. The conclusion of the late war, which threw its lustre upon the fortunes of the nation generally, threw a gloomy shadow over mine. I entered into a mercantile life with feelings as kind, and with a heart as warm, as I had carried with me in the service. I took the commercial world as if it had been governed by the same regulations as the army. I looked upon the merchants as if they had been my mess-companions. In my transactions I had with them my purse was as open, my heart as warm, to answer their demands, as they had been to my former associates. I need not say that any fortune, however ample, would have been insufficient to meet such a course of conduct. I, of course, became the subject of a commission of bankruptcy. My solicitor, in whom I had foolishly confided as my most particular friend, I discovered, too late, to have been a traitor---a man who was foremost in the ranks of my bitterest enemies. But for that man, I should still have been enabled to regain a station in society, and I should have yet preserved the esteem of my friends, and, above all, my own self-respect. But how often is it seen that the avarice of one creditor destroys the clemency of all the rest, and forever dissipates the fair prospects of the unfortunate debtor. With the kind assistance of Mr. Thomas Oliver Springfield, I obtained the signature of all my creditors to a petition for superseding my bankruptcy. But just then, when I flattered myself that my ill fortune was about to close---that my blossoms were ripening---there came "a frost---a nipping frost." My chief creditor refused to sign

unless he was paid a bonus of 300*l.* upon his debt beyond all the other creditors. This demand was backed by the man who was at the time his and my solicitor. I spurned the offer---I awakened his resentment. I was cast upon the world---my all disposed of---in the deepest distress. My brother afterwards availed himself of my misfortune, and entered into business. His warehouses were destroyed by the accident of a fire, as has been proved by the verdict of a jury on a trial at which the venerable Judge now present presided. But that accident, unfortunate as it was, has been taken advantage of in order to insinuate that he was guilty of crime, because his property was destroyed by it, as will be proved by the verdict of an honest and upright jury in an action for conspiracy, which will be tried ere long before the Chief Justice of the King's Bench. A conspiracy there was---but where? Why, in the acts of the prosecutor himself, Mr. Barber Beaumont, who was guilty of suborning witnesses, and who will be proved to have paid for false testimony. Yes; this professed friend of the aggrieved---this pretended prosecutor of public abuses---this self-appointed supporter of the laws, who panders to rebellion, and has had the audacity to raise its standard in the front of the royal palace---this man, who has just head enough to contrive crime, but not heart enough to feel its consequences---this is the real author of the conspiracy which will shortly undergo legal investigation. To these particulars I have thought it necessary to call your attention, in language which you may think perhaps too warm---in terms not so measured, but that they may incur your reproof. But--

"The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,

"The blood will follow where the knife is driven."

You have been told that I intend to decoy Woods to his destruction; and he has said that he saw me in the passage of the house. I can prove, by honest witnesses, fellow-citizens of my native city of Norwich, that I was *there* at that time; but, for the sake of an amiable and innocent female, who might be injured, I grant to Mr. Woods the mercy of my silence. When, before this, did it ever fall to the lot of any subject to be borne down by the weight of calumny and obloquy which now oppresses me? The press, which ought to be the shield of public liberty, the avenger of public wrongs---which, above all, should have exerted itself to preserve the purity of its favourite institution, the trial by jury---has directed its whole force to my injury and prejudice; it has heaped slander upon slander, and whetted the public appetite for slanders more atrocious; nay more, what in other men would serve to refute and repel the shaft of calumny, is made to stain with a deeper dye the villainies ascribed to me. One would have thought, that some time spent in the service of my country would have entitled me to some favour from the public under a charge of this nature. But no; in my case the order of things is changed---nature is reversed. The acts of times long since past have been made to cast a deeper shadow over the acts attributed to me within the last few days; and the pursuit of a profession, hitherto held honourable among honourable men, has been turned to the advantage of the accusation against me.

You have been told that after the battle, I boasted of my inhumanity to a vanquished, yielding, wounded enemy---that I made a wanton sacrifice of my bleeding and supplicating foe, by striking him to the earth with my cowardly steel; and that, after this deed of blood, I coldly sat down to plunder my unhappy victim. Nay, more---that with folly indescribable and incredible, I boasted of my barbarity as of a victory. Is there an English officer, is there an English soldier, or an English man, whose heart would not have revolted with hatred against such baseness and folly? Far better, gentlemen, would it have been for me, rather than have seen this day, to have fallen with my honourable companions, stemming and opposing the tide of battle upon the field of my country's glory. Then my father and my family, though they would have mourned my loss, would have blessed my name, and shame would not have rolled its burning fires over my memory!----Before I recur to the evidence brought against my life, I wish to return my most sincere thanks to the High Sheriff and the Magistrates for their kindness shown to me. I cannot but express my unfeigned regret at a slight misunderstanding which has occurred between the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, the visiting magistrate, and my solicitor. As it was nothing more than a misunderstanding, I trust the bonds of friendship are again ratified between us all. My most particular gratitude is due to the Rev. Mr. Franklin, whose kind visits and pious consolations have inspired me with a deeper sense of the awful truths of religion, and have trebly armed my breast with fortitude to serve me on this day. Though last, not least---let me not forget Mr. Wilson, the governor of the prison, and the fatherly treatment which he has shown me throughout. My memory must perish ere I can forget his kindness. My heart must be cold ere it can cease to beat with gratitude to him, and wishes for the prosperity of his family."

* * * * *

Here the prisoner read a long written comment on the weaker parts of the evidence;---the stronger and indeed the decisive parts he left untouched. This paper was either so ill-written, or Thurtell was so imperfect a reader, that the effect was quite fatal to the previous flowery appeal to the Jury. He stammered, blundered, and seemed confused throughout; until he came to the Percy Anecdotes, from which he preached some very tedious instances of the fallibility of circumstantial evidence.---When he finished his books and laid aside the paper, he seemed to return with joy and strength to his memory,---and to muster up all his might for the peroration.---

"And now, gentlemen, having read those cases to you, am not I justified in saying, that unless you are thoroughly convinced that the circumstances before you are absolutely inconsistent with my innocence, I have a claim to your verdict of acquittal? Am I not justified in saying, that you might come to the conclusion that all the circumstances stated might be true, and yet I be innocent? I am sure, gentlemen, you will banish from your minds any prejudice which may have been excited against me, and act upon the principle that every man is to be

deemed innocent until he is proved guilty. Judge of my case, gentlemen, with mature consideration, and remember that my existence depends upon your breath. If you bring in a verdict of guilty, the law afterwards allows no mercy. If upon a due consideration of all the circumstances you shall have a doubt, the law orders, and your own consciences will teach you to give me the benefit of it. Cut me not off in the summer of my life! I implore you, gentlemen, to give my case your utmost attention. I ask not so much for myself as for those respectable parents whose name I bear, and who must suffer in my fate. I ask it for the sake of that home which will be rendered cheerless and desolate by my death. Gentlemen, I am incapable of any dishonourable action. Those who know me best know that I am utterly incapable of an unjust and dishonourable action, much less of the horrid crime with which I am now charged. There is not, I think, one in this court who does not think me innocent of the charge. If there be---to him or them, I say in the language of the Apostle, "Would to God ye were altogether such as I am, save these bonds." Gentlemen, I have now done. I look with confidence to your decision. I repose in your hands all that is dear to the gentleman and the man! I have poured my heart before you as to my God! I hope your verdict this day will be such as you may ever after be able to think upon with a composed conscience: and that you will also reflect upon the solemn declaration which I now make---I---am---innocent!---So---help---me---God!"

The solid, slow, and appalling tone in which he wrung out these last words can never be imagined by those who were not auditors of it: he had worked himself up into a great actor---and his eye for the first time during the trial became alive and eloquent; his attitude was impressive in the extreme. He clung to every separate word with an earnestness, which we cannot describe, as though every syllable had the power to buoy up his sinking life,---and that these were the last sounds that were ever to be sent into the ears of those who were to decree his doom! The final word, God! was thrown up with an almost gigantic energy,---and he stood after its utterance with his arms extended, his face protruded, and his chest dilated, as if the spell of the sound were yet upon him, and as though he dared not move lest he should disturb the still echoing appeal! He then drew his hands slowly back,---pressed them firmly to his breast, and sat down half exhausted in the dock.

When he first commenced his defence, he spoke in a steady artificial manner, after the style of Forum orators,---but as he warmed in the subject and felt his ground with the jury, he became more unadvisedly earnest and naturally solemn---and his mention of his mother's love and his father's piety drew the tear up to his eyes almost to falling. He paused,---and, though pressed by the Judge to rest, to sit down, to desist, he stood up resolute against his feelings, and finally, with one vast gulp, swallowed down his tears! He wrestled with grief, and threw it!

When speaking of Barber Beaumont, the tiger indeed came over him, and his very voice seemed to escape out of his keeping.

There was such a savage vehemence in his whole look and manner, as quite to awe his hearers. With an unfortunate quotation from a play, in which he long had acted too bitterly,---the *Revenge!* he soothed his maddened heart to quietness, and again resumed his defence, and for a few minutes in a doubly artificial serenity. The tone in which he wished that he had died in battle, reminded me of Kean's farewell to the pomp of war in *Othello*---and the following consequence of such a death, was as grandly delivered by Thurtell as it was possible to be! "Then my father and my family, though they would have mourned my loss, would have blessed my name: and *shame would not have rolled its burning fires over my memory!*" Such a performance, for a studied performance it assuredly was, has seldom been seen on the stage, and certainly never off. Thus to act in the very teeth of death, demands a nerve, which not one man in a thousand ever possesses.

When Hunt was now called upon for his defence (Thurtell's poor group of five witnesses having been examined) his feeble voice and shrinking manner were doubly apparent, from the overwrought energy which his companion had manifested. He complained of his agitation and fatigue, and requested that a paper which he held in his hand might be read for him: and the clerk of the arraigns read it according to his request in a very feeling manner. It was prudently and advisedly composed; but Mr. Harmer is no novice at murderers' defences. Reliance was placed on the magistrates' promise, and certainly Mr. Noel did not come brightly out of Hunt's statement.

When the paper was concluded, Hunt read a few words on a part of Probert's evidence, in a poor dejected voice, and then leant his wretched head upon his hand. He was evidently wasting away minute by minute. His neckcloth had got quite loose, and his neck looked gaunt and wretched.

Mr. Justice Park summed up at great length, and Thurtell with an untired spirit superintended the whole explanation of the evidence; interrupting the Judge, respectfully but firmly, when he apprehended any omission, or conceived any amendment capable of being made. The charge to the Jury occupied several hours---and the Jury then requested leave to withdraw. Hunt at this period became much agitated, and as he saw them about to quit the box, he intreated leave to address them,---but on his counsel learning and communicating to the Judge what the prisoner had to say, the Jury were directed to proceed to the consideration of their verdict.

During their absence, Thurtell conversed unalarmed with persons beneath and around him: Hunt stood up in the deepest misery and weakness. Twenty minutes elapsed; and the return of the Jury was announced!

Whilst way was making through the throng, Hunt leant over the dock, and searched with an agonized eye for the faces of his doomsmen: As they, one by one, passed beneath him, he looked at their countenances with the most hungry agony: he would have devoured their verdict from their very eyes! Thurtell maintained his steadiness.

The foreman delivered the verdict of "guilty" in tears, and in a tone which seem-

ed to say, "we have felt the defence---we have tried to find him innocent---but the evidence is too true!"---respecting Thurtell, he uttered with a subdued sigh "He is guilty!"

A legal objection was taken to the day of trial, but it failed.

Thurtell shook not to the last: Hunt was broken down,---gone! when asked why sentence of death should not be passed; the latter said nothing, so sunk was he in grief; but Thurtell stood respectfully up, inclining over the dock towards the judge, requesting his merciful postponement of his death from the Friday to Monday; not for himself, but for his friends! Having pressed this on the judge in a calm yet impressive tone,---he stood silently waiting his doom. The judge had put on his black hat---the hat of death, before this appeal; he heard it---and then gave the signal to the crier; who spoke out to the breathless court, those formal yet awful words: "*Be silent in the court, while sentence of death is passed upon the prisoners!*" His own voice being the only sound that broke the silence.

The sentence was passed. The prisoners were doomed. The world was no longer for them!

Hunt sobbed aloud in the wildness of his distress; his faculties seemed thrown down. Thurtell, whose hours were numbered, bore his fate with an unbroken spirit. While the very directions for his body's dissection were being uttered, he consumed the pinch of snuff which had to that moment been pausing in his fingers! He then shook hands with a friend under the dock, and desired to be remembered to others! Almost immediately the sentence was passed. Wilson handcuffed both the prisoners: and in a few minutes they were removed.

I confess I myself was shaken. I was cold and sick. I looked with tumultuous feelings at that desperate man, thus meeting death, as though it were an ordinary circumstance of his life; and when he went through the dark door, he seemed to me gone to his fate. It struck me that death then took him! I never saw him more.

There is the trial, as I saw it. You know that Thurtell on the drop met his death as he met his trial, without a tremor.* His life had been one long vice, but he had iron nerves and a sullen low love of fame,---even black fame,---which stimulated him to be a hero, though but of the gallows. He had learned his defence by heart,† and often boasted of the effect it would have: To Pierce Egan, indeed, he rehearsed it a month before he played his part in public, and he thought that, with a gentlemanly dress and a pathetic manner, it would bring him through, or, at least, insure him a gloomy immortality. His ordinary discourse was slang and blasphemy; but he chained up his oaths in court. The result of all this masquerading, for a short time, has been public sorrow for his fate, and particularly among women! The re-action is, however, again coming round,

* I know it to be a fact that Thurtell said about seven hours only before his execution: "It is perhaps wrong in my situation, but I own I should like to read Pierce Egan's account of the Great Fight yesterday," (meaning that between Spring and Langan.) He had just inquired how it terminated.

† I have no doubt this defence was written by Mr. C. Pearson.

and although it is impossible not to admire this man's courage and his intellect; it is also as impossible not to rejoice in the death of so much revenge, cruelty, and bloody power! Hunt may yet be punished with a pardon: How must he envy Thurtell now, whose death is over!

The trial, after all, I believe, has left the public mind much dissatisfied, and in doubt; and certainly the general opinion is, that Probert, the worst and the most dastardly of the gang, has improperly escaped. That he merited death, who can deny? That he knew all at Tetsall's, who disbelieves? I have already carried this letter to an unexampled length, but I cannot close it, without putting down the result of a very careful consideration of, and inquiry into, the matter. And seeing how unsatisfactorily the accounts and confessions before and at the trial dovetail with each other, I cannot resist hazarding a *supposition* that the following may be nearer the truth of the particulars of this horrible transaction.

Thurtell, with a person resembling Weare, in a gig drawn by a roan horse, is seen by Wilson, the horse patrol, driving fast on the wrong side of the road, between the fifth and sixth mile-stone, about twenty minutes before seven. At a very little before seven, Richard Bingham, the ostler of the White Lion, at Edgeware, sees him and his victim. Then about a mile further on, (nine miles from town) Clarke, the landlord of the inn, sees Thurtell pass with another in a gig, in which was also a parcel or bag. The last time the murderer and Weare are seen, is in Gill's-hill-lane, near Probert's cottage, by James Freeman. They were then waiting, probably for the arrival of Probert and Hunt, but the sight of Freeman disturbed Thurtell, and he drove down the lane to the place where the crime was perpetrated.---This was a little before eight o'clock.

It should seem that the hour appointed for the murder, was eight o'clock; all the circumstances conspire to prove it. This accounts for the rapid pace of Thurtell down the Edgeware road, he supposing himself late; and the waiting about of Probert, who thought himself beforehand. Thurtell passed Probert unawares in Edgeware.

The first time Probert and Hunt are seen, after leaving London, is at the Red Lion at the Hyde about six o'clock, and Probert seems to have wished to impress on the landlord's (Hardings) mind who he was, for he said, "You forget me, my name is Probert." Hunt next got down before Probert reached the Bald Faced Stag, where the latter was familiarly known; here Probert told the hostler to make haste as he had to take up a *Lady*. They are next recognised at the White Lion at Edgeware about seven o'clock, to which place Clarke had just returned, having seen Thurtell. The horse of Probert, which is a very fine one, and capable of going eleven or twelve miles an hour with ease, was quite cool and fresh. This both Clarke and Bingham well remember. Probert and Hunt drank brandy and water here in the gig, and Hunt then jumped out and proposed a second glass each, to which Probert consented, saying "I don't care, but damn it, make haste!" Hunt here looked up

at the clock as though to mark the time: at this period Clarke is sure that it was not later than a quarter past seven. The White Lion is three miles only from the Artichoke at Elstree. And it was nearly twenty minutes after eight when Probert and Hunt arrived there---Probert's fine horse very much distressed and bathed in sweat. Thus one hour is consumed in going the three miles! And the horse experiences such distress in travelling them! How is this to be accounted for? Let me try to explain it:---And now I must come to the place of murder.

About five minutes before the report of the pistol in the lane, a gig was heard by some cottagers, of the name of Hunt, passing rapidly by their house towards Gill's-hill-lane. Other cottagers, named Clarke and Broughall, who live on the straight road, beyond the turning into Gill's-hill-lane, heard no gig pass, so it must have gone into the lane. About five minutes after this gig was heard to go by, Mr. Smith, the farmer, his wife and nurse, who were about three hundred yards from the spot in another lane, heard the pistol; and Smith himself had indeed heard the wheels of a gig coming in the direction from Hunt's Cottage. They all listened and heard groans, but no shrieking or singing out. Mr. Smith indeed heard voices as in contention before the groans. The nurse also now heard voices distinctly of two or three persons, though the groans had ceased! All then became still---And a gig was afterwards heard rattling off.

The supposed track of the wheels, as described by Mrs. Smith, ran into the high road between Radlett and Elstree. It is not impossible for a gig to have gone a considerable way towards Elstree, then to have turned and taken a circuit by Aldeobam Common, and so turning again to the left round the Red Lion at Elstree, to have reached the Artichoke with the appearance of coming from London.

Of course the party would only be seen at Elstree once,---it was possible therefore for a gig to have gone to Gill's-hill-lane through Stanmore, over Stanmore Common, Caldecott Hill, by Mill Field Lodge, and so on to Battler's Green. Probert was not seen at Elstree until nearly twenty minutes after eight. The return must have been rapid, and the appearance of the horse, who was cool at Edgeware and could trot ten or eleven miles an hour easily, bears it out. In confirmation of the supposed route by Aldenham Common back to Elstree, a poor woman of the name of Mary Hale, says she heard a gig "tearing by," in front of her cottage, the horse apparently galloping. This she says was between eight and nine.

From this statement I should say all three were at Gill's-hill-lane on the fatal night and at the fatal hour of eight o'clock. The confessions rendered all attempts at proving an *alibi* needless; although this seems to have been the object in view.

You must by this time be as tired of the Murderers as I am, and I therefore abruptly close here, praying that it may be long before the English character is again cursed with such blights upon it as Thurtell, Probert and Hunt!

Yours truly,

EDWARD HERBERT.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF DR. JOHNSON.

(Gent. Mag.)

Mr. Urban,

Nov. 4, 1823.

YOU have in some of your former publications treated your readers with Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Observations upon the Poets, the Philosophers, and other distinguished characters among the ancients; and it must be confessed that the actions, the sentiments, and the wise sayings of great and eminent men of every age and nation are peculiarly interesting.

As such, I presume that some characteristic traits of your early Correspondent, Doctor Johnson, may be gratifying to you, and somewhat entertaining to such of your readers who have heard of him, and more especially to those who personally knew him, and who can enter into a delineation of character, and appreciate the merit of that wonderful man—that profound moral Philosopher, whom they will see could moralize upon every, the most trivial circumstance.

Walking one day with him in my garden at Litchfield, we entered a small meandering shrubbery, whose “Vista not lengthened to the sight,” gave promise of a larger extent. I observed that he might perhaps conceive that he was entering an extensive labyrinth, but that it would prove a deception, though I hoped not an unpardonable one.—“Sir,” says he, “don’t tell me of deception, a lie, Sir, is a lie, whether it be a lie to the eye or a lie to the ear.”

Passing on we came to an urn which I had erected to the memory of a deceased friend. I asked him how he liked that urn, it was of the true Tuscan order.—“Sir,” says he, “I hate them, they are nothing, they mean nothing, convey no ideas but ideas of horror—would they were beaten to pieces to pave our streets!”

We then came to a cold bath. I expatiated upon its salubrity. “Sir,” says he, “how do you do?” “Very well, I thank you, Doctor.” “Then, Sir, let well enough alone, and be content—I hate immersion?”—Truly, as Falstaff says, the Doctor “would have a sort of alacrity at sinking.”

Upon the margin stood the Venus De Medicis.

“So stands the statue that enchants the world.”

“Throw her,” says he, “into the pond to hide her nakedness, and to cool her lasciviousness.” He then, with some difficulty, squeezed himself into a root-house, when his eye caught the following lines from Parnell:

“Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next began in this.”

The Doctor, however, not possessing any *Silvan* ideas, seemed not to admit that Heaven could be an Arcadia. I then observed him with Herculean strength tugging at a nail which he was endeavouring to extract from the bark of a plum tree, and having accomplished it, he exclaimed, “There, Sir, I have done *some* good to day, the tree might have festered. I make a rule, Sir, to do some good every day of my life.”

Returning through the house, he stepped into a small study or book-room. The first book he laid his hands upon was Harwood’s “Liberal Translation of the New Testament.” The passage which first caught his eye was from that sublime apostrophe in St. John upon the raising of Lazarus, “Jesus wept,” which Harwood had conceitedly rendered, “and Jesus, the Saviour of the World, burst into a flood of tears.” He contemptuously threw the book aside, exclaiming—“Puppy!” I then showed him Sterne’s Sermons. “Sir,” says he, “do you ever read any others?” “Yes, Doctor, I read Sherlock, Tillotson, Beveridge, and others?” “Aye, Sir, *there* you drink the cup of Salvation to the bottom: here you have merely the froth from the surface.”

Within this room stood the Shakspearean Mulberry vase, a pedestal given by me to Mr. Garrick, and which was recently sold with Mr. Garrick’s gems

at Mrs. Garrick's sale at Hampton.
The Doctor read the inscription :

"Sacred to Shakspeare, and in honour of David Garrick, Esq. the Ornament—the Reformer of the British Stage."

"Aye, Sir, Davy, Davy loves flattery, but here indeed you have flattered him as he deserves, paying a just tribute to his merit."

Yours, &c.

J. WICKENS.

THE PHYSICIAN---ON CORPULENCE.

(New Mon.)

I HAVE somewhere met with the observation, that there are persons in imaginary health who are not so deserving of ridicule as the *Malades imaginaires*, at whose expense the satirist of physicians, Molière, made himself so merry; but for which the vengeance of Hygæa overtook him, since he was seized, during the representation of this celebrated comedy, with an illness which afterwards carried him off. These healthy persons in their own imagination are the plethoric and corpulent, who take weight for the standard of health, and look with pity on the spare and meagre. It is to such great folks that I address this paper, and I claim no thanks from them if I should be so fortunate as to convince them of their error. I am well aware how gratifying it is to retain errors which persuade us that we are happy; for this very notion confers happiness. I know what pleasure is felt by one who is congratulated on the portliness of his corporation, and the goodly rubicundity of his visage. It is this pleasure of the corpulent that I intend to spoil. I shall prove to them that they are diseased; and, instead of confirming them in the idea that they are pictures of health, I will strike a terror into them that shall penetrate to the very centre of their sub-pectoral protuberances. I can easily foresee how they will reward me for my pains, and I shall, therefore, reply to them in the words of the culprit, who, when the judge had commented on the heinousness of his crime, and concluded with asking him, what he thought he deserved for it—coolly answered, "Oh! 'tis not worth mentioning—I desire nothing for it!"

When the blood contains too many nutritious and oily particles, these tran-

spire by innumerable, and almost invisible pores, through the arteries and veins, and collect in the cellular substance, which covers nearly the whole body. Here they form vesicles, or small bags of fat, which become fuller and larger the more of this superabundant nutritious matter is conducted to them. In this manner the otherwise empty interstices of the body are filled up, and it acquires rotundity and corpulence. The fat deposited in these interstices has all the properties of an oil, when it appears in a fluid form. In this state fat exists in some fishes; and Pocock relates of the ostrich, that when it is dead, the Arabs shake it till its fat dissolves and is changed into an oil, which they apply externally in contractions and pains of the limbs, and also administer internally.

A person may grow fat from various causes, the principal of which consists in the use of soft, fluid and nutritious food; such as gravy-broth, juicy flesh, a milk and farinaceous diet and strong beer. Upon the whole, all alimentary substances which convey many fatty particles into the blood, should be avoided by people in good health.

Another cause of corpulence is want of exercise. "A man who lives well," says Hippocrates, "cannot be healthy unless he takes exercise, and attention should always be paid to keep the exercise and food in equilibrium." It is the violation of this rule that produces corpulence, and hence corpulence has justly been described as a mark affixed by Nature upon those who transgress her precepts. In fact, we know from experience, that nothing fattens so rapidly as good eating and drinking, combined with bodily inactivity and love of ease. We see how soon horses grow fat when they are well fed and

not worked. The oxen which have been used for draught, when turned into a rich pasture, are soon covered with wholesome fat. By means of abundant food and confinement, geese, turkeys, and other poultry, may be rendered prodigiously fat; and the same effect is produced by them upon man. When Demetrius Poliorcetes was kept in confinement, and yet provided for in a royal style, he acquired such corpulence that he died of it in a few months.

Tranquillity of mind also tends to promote corpulence when superadded to the circumstances already mentioned. Hence we rarely find that persons subject to violent passions grow fat; but in general that such as are disposed to corpulence are either volatile or not overburdened with sensibility. For the same reason much sleep encourages the increase of fat. If it be true, as some naturalists assert, that the bears, which sleep all the winter, are fat when they come forth again from their retreats, this is to be ascribed to no other cause but the torpid state in which they have passed their time. Why do carp grow so fat when enveloped in moss, unless because they are kept in a state of inactivity and stupor out of their natural element?

The absence of such passions as reduce the strength and consume the vital spirits contributes not a little to corpulence. Compare only a patient ox and a quiet gelding with an ungovernable bull and a fiery stallion, and you will find that a more weakly body and cooler blood render the former infinitely more disposed to feed than the latter. This calmer circulation of the blood is favourable to the secretion of fat in general; and this is the reason why most persons increase very much in bulk between the ages of forty and fifty years. At that period the pulsations of the heart and the circulation are not so strong and so rapid as in the heyday of youth, and to this the cessation of the growth of the body must certainly contribute its share. A man after he has ceased to grow continues to live, as far as regards food and exercise, just as he did before; the consequence is, that the juices which used to

be applied to the enlargement and completion of the members, are from this time produced in a superabundance, which turns to fat. The same is the case with people who have lost their arms or legs. As they eat and drink no less, though they have no longer those limbs to nourish, they become in general exceedingly plethoric and fat, since they daily retain a quantity of nutritious juices that is not distributed as formerly in the deficient members.

From these observations any one who wishes for rotundity of form will know how to proceed in order to obtain that desirable quality. I am not so biassed, however, as to assert that no advantage whatever is attached to corpulence. A fat man may tumble into the water with less apprehension than a raw-boned figure; because the fat being a substance of a lighter nature is better calculated to keep him afloat than the muscle of the latter, who needs the aid of a couple of blown bladders or a cork to give him the bouyancy which the former derives from his portly paunch. As fat saves from drowning, so also it may preserve for a time from the effects of intense frost, because it protects the flesh from the inclemency of the weather. On other accounts it would not be well to have no fat: for it renders the joints supple and fitter for motion; it prevents the friction of contiguous parts, keeping them always moist and slippery; it communicates a greasiness to the skin which renders it soft and smooth, and defends it from the sharpness of the air; it unites the fibres of the muscles into compact masses, and secures them from becoming entangled with each other, and with the minute vessels and nerves which are every where distributed among them; it serves the purpose of a soft and compressible cushion on which we sit and lie more comfortably; it prevents wrinkles, by imparting a pleasing plumpness to the contours of the body; and it adds to the whiteness of the complexion, owing to the transparency of the skin, wherefore sick and meagre people usually have a sallow look. All these are real benefits, but they are attached to a moderate degree of corpulence alone.

Quesnay calculated that a grown person, when in his natural state, ought to have about eight pounds of fat. The average weight of a man is about one hundred and sixty pounds : but as there have been very fat people who have weighed four, five, nay even six hundred pounds, it may easily be imagined, that in these cases there must have been a prodigious deviation from the state of nature. There have been seen persons with fat six inches deep under the skin ; and similar instances have been known among brutes. Hogs have been made so fat that their skin was fifteen inches above the bone. An ox, which otherwise would weigh five or six hundred weight, may be fattened to nearly a ton and a half, which is half the weight of an elephant.— These astonishing deviations from nature cannot possibly be attended with beneficial results ; and of this physicians in all ages have been fully aware. It is an observation as ancient as Hippocrates, that health, when at the height, as in the fat *athletæ*, was precarious, because it could not then experience any change, unless for the worse. Celsus considered a square-built figure, neither too fat nor too lean, as the best. Sanctorius observed, that after the process of digestion is finished daily, a man ought to be as heavy as he was before it, if he is in perfect health. But how can this hold good respecting people, who, after every meal, add to their weight a considerable quantity of superfluous juices ?

In enumerating the dangers to which very corpulent persons are exposed, I shall quote the words of other physicians, without taking any personal share in these sinister predictions. Apoplexies hold a prominent place in the list. Hippocrates knew from experience that fat persons more commonly die a sudden death than less ones ; and so he says in several places. Boerhaave ascribes the disposition of corpulent persons to apoplexies, to the obstructed circulation of the blood through the vessels compressed by the fat. The blood gives way to this pressure, and accumulates in those places where there is no fat to prevent the expansion of the vessels. As then the

brain never becomes fat, the blood accumulates in its vessels and expands them to such a degree that they burst, which is frequently the immediate cause of apoplexy. Haller mentions it as a fact universally known, that corpulent persons are disposed to apoplexy. The annals of medicine relate, that a man who, though weighing upwards of six hundred pounds, nevertheless possessed extraordinary agility, and whose waistcoat would button, without straining, round seven men of ordinary dimension, died in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, leaving a pregnant wife and five children. Louis Couste, who measured eight feet round the body, and whose fat, after the removal of the skin, was, from the outer surface to the abdominal muscles, between thirteen and fourteen inches thick,—in short, a man weighing eight hundred pounds, died in his forty-sixth year of apoplexy. The intestines were neither larger nor fatter than in an ordinary subject. His liver, on the other hand, was triangular and indurated ; and it was attached for the space of five inches to the omentum. No person can hesitate to believe such evidence, which is moreover confirmed by the experience of all ages.

Somnolency is another complaint to which corpulent persons are liable. Boerhaave once had an interview with a doctor, who had grown fat with frequent unnecessary bleeding, and who was so lethargic that he fell asleep at least ten times during their conversation. Athenæus relates of Dionysius, tyrant of Heraclea, that he was so sleepy, owing to his excessive corpulence, that it was impossible to keep him awake without thrusting pins through the fat into his flesh.

The insensibility and stupidity of corpulent persons go hand-in-hand with this disease ; for the fat covers and buries the nerves, which must be touched by sensible objects, in order to our having any perception of them. It moreover compresses and paralyses the muscles, the nerves of which also it incapacitates for moving them. Nicomachus, of Smyrna, was by corpulence rendered incapable of locomotion ; and we have had instances in England of

persons, who, from the same cause, could scarcely stir from the spot. The meagre animals, on the contrary, which might be supposed to be weak, such as greyhounds, racers and hunters among horses, stags, &c. are remarkable for their agility, and appear to fly through the air.

As the exuberant fat compresses the lungs, it is obvious why corpulent persons experience a difficulty of respiration, and are sometimes suddenly suffocated. The same thing frequently happens to ortolans and other birds, which are apt to grow very fat. Similar instances are related of men. Aristotle makes mention of a man who was suffocated by his fat, which was six inches thick; and Dionis observes, that infants at the breast are sometimes carried off in the same way, because the milk contains many butyraceous particles, which are easily transformed into fat. Hippocrates also was acquainted with this species of death. Corpulent persons, says he, are frequently suffocated by inflammatory fevers and shortness of breath, and in general die suddenly.

The corpulent have also reason to apprehend a deficiency of blood. Their alimentary juices are deposited in too great quantity, and as it were in a crude state in the cellular substance, because their impaired powers are incapable of digesting them. The blood vessels, moreover, are too much compressed by the fat to be able to contain much blood. On this account Boerhaave makes a fundamental distinction between fat and plethoric persons. "The corpulent," says he, "are considered as plethoric, because they are out of breath at the slightest motion; because the most trifling circumstance impels the blood to the head; and because they are so liable to apoplexy." But all this merely proves that the blood does not flow freely through the straitened vessels, and by no means that those vessels contain too much of that fluid. This observation is of practical utility. Bleeding is serviceable to plethoric, and must of course be pernicious to the fat, unless in cases like that related by Boerhaave, who, by bleeding, saved the life of a very

corpulent person. The patient had overheated himself by too violent exercise in summer. The melted fat had discharged itself into the vessels, and distended them to such a degree as to produce apoplexy, which was removed by the bleeding.

"Lastly," says Haller, "excessive corpulence induces dropsy, and this is the most common end of such persons, in whom those blood-vessels, which ought to receive the returning gaseous fluids, are probably obstructed. Finally, there are observations proving that stones are liable to be formed in the kidneys when overloaded with fat."

What a terrific catalogue of ailments for you miserable gorbellies! But what is still worse, every word of this is true, and not a single point can be denied, or even doubted. I feel for you much too sincerely not to lay before you all the means that should be employed by those who would either prevent or reduce corpulence. Here you will find lessons which will make your hair stand on end.

Abstinence is a really golden mean against the exuberance of nutritive juices. By long continued abstinence serpents become quite lean. In autumn the cellular substance of the camoleon, the lizard, and the frog, is full of fat; and after the winter's fast, they are found in spring quite empty. But though it is certain that fasting cannot make a person fat, still it is not a little of it that will make him lean. A young man who drank nothing but water, abstained from drinking at one time sixty days and at another forty-six. During the first of these periods he took animal food, but in the second nothing but such aliments as the Catholic church authorizes in fasts. Being weighed both before and after, he was found each time a few pounds lighter; but after the second abstinence, this reduction was greater than after the first. By drinking afterwards twice a day, he recovered his former weight in six days, and gained a few pounds in addition. Hence we very speedily recover, by means of the most temperate meals, what we have lost by rigid and long-continued abstinence, even though we were to confine ourselves to a fast-

diet, which furnishes a smaller quantity of juices than animal food, but yet more than is requisite for the support of life. We must therefore seek more efficacious means.

Galen commended the effect of mental cares and anxieties as a remedy for corpulence, and Ovid was well acquainted with their operation :—

Attenuant vigiles corpus miserabile curæ ;
Adductique cutim macies et in aëra succus
Corporis omnis abit; vox tantum atque ossa supersunt.

Haller mentions two cases in point, which I must introduce. "Cares and exertion of the mental powers render the body very lean; and those persons are invariably fatter in whom the passions are more moderate. Hence, Cæsar was accustomed to say that he was not afraid of 'fat, sleek-headed men,' because such men are not in general very solicitous about the common weal or the preservation of liberty. The celebrated Dean Swift, while involved in cares and hostilities, was extremely meagre; but became excessively corpulent after his mental faculties failed, and he had fallen into a state of idiocy."

In this list may be classed all the violent passions. Strong exercise also reduces fat; but this method should not be resorted to, till great part of the exuberant fat has been absorbed in some other manner. This follows of course, for the shortness of breath and indolence of corpulent people, forbids much bodily exertion. Hence, other means must previously be tried for reducing the "huge hill of flesh," and to this end friction, which is a passive motion, may probably conduce. Zacutus Lusitanus, Muys, and Quesnay, relate, that by oft-repeated friction unwieldly corpulence has been removed. Fever diminishes fat in a wonderful manner. One person lost from this cause thirty pounds, another after salivation fifty pounds, and a third in the small-pox eighty pounds of his weight. But it should be observed, that after illness and a course of medicine, the fat usually accumulates again as fast as it before diminished. A hog that is fastened up may be made fat in three days, and a lark fatted in one night becomes much poorer in the course of the ensuing day.

I wish corpulent people no diseases for their cure; still less can I recommend medicines to them. Dr. Fothergill observes, that a strict adherence to vegetable diet reduces exuberant fat more certainly than any other means that he knows, and Dr. Cheyne furnished, in his own person, an extraordinary instance of its efficacy. This physician, when between thirty and forty years of age, had, by indulgence in the pleasures of the table, swelled to such a size as to exceed thirty-two stone weight. He was obliged to have the whole side of his chariot made open to admit him; and he grew short-breathed, lethargic, nervous, and scorbutic, so that his life became an intolerable burden. In this deplorable condition, after trying in vain all the power of medicine, he resolved to confine himself to a milk and vegetable diet, the good effects of which quickly appeared. His size was reduced almost a third, and he recovered his strength, activity, and cheerfulness, with the perfect use of all his faculties.

White Castile soap has been proposed as a remedy to melt down and facilitate the absorption of fat. A very corpulent man took every evening half an ounce dissolved in half a pint of water, and in two years became half a hundred weight lighter. He continued the use of it, and in six years was perfectly cured. The soap operated as a diuretic without any inconvenience. Boerhaave employed acids, crystals of tartar, cream of tartar, and such like purgatives; but Haller relates that vinegar taken for this purpose by a master-builder, occasioned incessant vomiting and death, after which the inner coat of the stomach was found indurated to the depth of an inch or more.

Lieutaud recommends *acetum scilliticum* taken in small doses, with frequent purging and brisk exercise: but it will seldom happen that the patients will be found sufficiently steady to persist in any of these courses; the disorder, from its nature, rendering them irresolute and inattentive to their condition. The principal use of rules, therefore, must be with a view to prevention; and persons disposed to cor-

pulence should be careful in time to prevent it from becoming an absolute disease, by taking a great deal of exercise, not indulging in sleep, and abridging their meals, especially supper.

Instead, however, of the tedious and partly dangerous means enumerated above I would recommend to my cor-

pulent readers, nocturnal vigils and meditation. There is no remedy for reducing obesity with more honour than *algebra*, if the patient only studies it fundamentally at night and cuts wood by day. This remedy is sympathetic: it operates through the spirits, and removes fat by $a+b$. Feb. 1824.

(Sel. Mag.)

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

No. I.

OF VINOUS OR SPIRITUOUS FERMENTATION.

WINE, beer, and similarly fermented liquors, appear to have been known in the earliest ages. Thus the Scripture informs us that the patriarch Noah planted a vineyard, and drank wine; and the heathen writers are unanimous in ascribing the invention of this beverage to their earliest kings and heroes. Beer also seems to have been discovered at a very remote period. It was in common use in Egypt in the time of Herodotus; and Tacitus informs us that it was the general drink of the Germans. Whether the ancients had any method of procuring *ardent spirits* from these or any other liquor does not appear. The Greeks and Romans, however, seem to have been ignorant of them; at least we can discover no allusion to them in their writings.

Wine is mostly obtained from the juice pressed from grapes and other fruits. This is at first a sweet watery liquor with a little tartness, but which has no strength or spirit, and in this state is called *must*. The tartness arises from the presence of some acid, one or more of which may be found in most if not all fruits. Those most abundant and likewise most common are the Malic, Sorbic, and Citric acids.* Apples, barberries, plums, sloes, elder berries, and the berries of the mountain ash, contain both malic and sorbic acids; gooseberries, currants, bilberries, cherries, strawberries, and raspberries, have the malic and citric combined; while oranges, lemons, cranberries, and

the hip, have the citric acid unmixed with any other.

After this sweet but somewhat tartish liquor of which I have spoken is pressed from the different fruits employed in making wine, it is left to stand awhile. It then becomes thick and muddy, moves up and down, and throws up scum and bubbles of air to the surface. This is called *working* or *fermenting*. It continues in this state for some time, differing according to the quantity of the juice, and the temperature of the air. It then gradually settles again, becoming clearer than at first. It has now lost its sweet flat taste, and has acquired a briskness and pungency with a heating and intoxicating property; that is, it has become *wine*. And this process is called *vinous fermentation*.

The basis of wine, as may be perceived from what has been mentioned above, is its sweetness; and if sugar and water, with the addition of a little tartar, be mixed together, *an artificial must* might be made, and the vinous fermentation would take place as before: but in this latter case the wine would be devoid of flavour. The great advantage then of fruits in making wine is, that, in addition to the sweetness, they communicate likewise the flavour for which they are themselves distinguished, and which is generally supposed to arise from the presence of some volatile oil; though it exists in such a small proportion, that chemists have not as yet been able to obtain it in a separate state. The fruits employed in our own country for making wine, are principally currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and elder berries. The

* *Malic* from *malum* the apple, in which this acid most abounds; *Sorbic* from *Sorbus aucuparia*, the mountain ash; and *Citric* from *Citrus* the citron tree.

flowers of cowslips also are frequently used, but they merely communicate their *flavour* to the wine, the spirit almost entirely arising from the sugar: and indeed when our own fruits are employed, they are not sweet enough to make any wine which would keep, and therefore a considerable quantity of sugar is invariably added; while the continental fruits are sufficient of themselves.

The foreign wines are principally made from grapes, or the fruit of the vine, from which our own word wine is evidently derived. When the grapes are fully ripe, they are gathered, and submitted to the action of a press, from which their juice runs into vessels. The quantity of sugar contained in grapes when fully ripe is very considerable. It may be obtained in crystals by evaporating the *must* to the consistency of syrup, separating the tartar which precipitates during the evaporation, and then setting aside the must for some months. The crystals of sugar will thus gradually be formed.

The colour of foreign wines is in many instances artificial, and imparted to those liquors after they come into mercantile hands. Thus white wines are tinged red by decoctions of log wood or brazil chips, the juice of elder and bilberries, and, in France, by means of the husks of tinged grapes; while other ingredients are too frequently employed by unprincipled persons which are decidedly deleterious.

The saccharine part of the grapes which as we have seen is the basis of the spirit, resides in the cells of the grapes, while the colour is the husk or skin. White wines therefore may be prepared from red grapes, provided that the juice may be carefully expres-

sed and the husks rejected, for there will be no redness unless the husks be mixed up and fermented with the grape; and the same observation may be made respecting the damson, black currant, and deeply coloured gooseberries, used by ourselves.

The natural colour of wine may be entirely and speedily destroyed, by the addition of hot well-burnt charcoal in pretty fine powder, or by pouring into it lime-water. This colouring matter likewise may be gradually separated and precipitated by exposing the wine to the heat of the sun. It sometimes precipitates of itself, as is observed not only in the incrustation of the bottles of port wine, but in its becoming more and more tawny the longer it is kept.

The *Red Port* which is so much drank in England, derives its name from Oporto in Portugal. The quantity exported is from 50,000 to 70,000 pipes annually, by far the greater part of which goes to the British Dominions. — *Sherry* is prepared near Xeres in Spain, and has hence been termed by our merchants Sherries and Sherry. — *Malmsey* was formerly only made in the Greek isles, but is now brought chiefly from Spain. — *Champagne*, *Burgundy*, *Frontinac*, *Rhenish*, *Hock*, *Alicant*, &c. are among the most celebrated of the French and German wines. Those from Germany are full of spirit, and will keep for a long time.

Madeira is procured from the Madeira Islands, and from Palma, one of the Canaries. — This wine is of two kinds, the first called *Madeira sec*, the latter, which is far richer, *Canary* or *Palm sec* (corruptly written *sack*) signifies *dry*, these wines being made from half-dried grapes.

(Lon. Mag.)

FEMALE TONGUES.

Hippel, the author of the book “Upon Marriage,” says—“A woman, that does not talk, must be a stupid woman.” But Hippel is an author whose opinion it is more safe to admire than to adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent amongst women; and again the most stupid and the most silent are often neither the one nor the other except

amongst men. In general the current remark upon men is valid also with respect to women—that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when *light* is brought to the water’s edge.—However, in fact, the disproportionate talking of women arises out of these dementariness of their labours:

sedentary artisans,—as tailors, shoemakers, weavers,—have this habit as well as hypochondriacal tendencies in common with women. Apes do not

talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work : but women often talk double their share—even *because* they work.

THE SPIRITS OF THE AGE.

(New Mon.)

MR. IRVING.

THIS gentleman has gained almost unprecedented, and not an altogether unmerited popularity as a preacher. As he is, perhaps, though a burning and a shining light, not “one of the fixed,” we shall take this opportunity of discussing his merits a *second* time, while he is at his meridian height ; and in doing so, shall “nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.”

Few circumstances show the prevailing and preposterous rage for novelty in a more striking point of view, than the success of Mr. Irving's oratory. People go to hear him in crowds, and come away with a mixture of delight and astonishment—they go again to see if the effect will continue, and send others to find out the puzzle—and in the noisy conflict between extravagant encomiums and splenetic objections, the true secret escapes observation, which is, that the whole thing is, nearly from beginning to end, a *transposition of ideas*. If the subject of these remarks had come out as a player, with all his advantages of figure, voice, and action, we think he would have failed : if, as a preacher, he had kept within the strict bounds of pulpit-oratory, he would scarcely have been much distinguished among his Calvinistic brethren : as a mere author, he would have excited attention rather by his quaintness and affectation of an obsolete style and mode of thinking, than by any thing else. But he has contrived to jumble these several characters together in an unheard-of and unwarranted manner, and the fascination is altogether irresistible. Our Caledonian divine is equally an anomaly in religion, in literature, in personal appearance, and in public speaking. To hear a person spout Shakespeare on the stage is nothing—the charm is nearly worn out—but to hear any one spout Shakespeare (and

that not in a sneaking under-tone, but at the top of his voice, and with the full breadth of his chest) from a Calvinistic pulpit, is new and wonderful. The *Fancy* have lately lost something of their gloss in public estimation, and after the last fight, few would go far to see a Neat or a Spring set-to ;—but to see a man who is able to enter the ring with either of them, or brandish a quarter-staff with Friar Tuck, or a broad-sword with Shaw the Life-guards' man, stand up in a strait-laced old-fashioned pulpit, and bandy dialectics with modern philosophers or give a *cross-buttock* to a cabinet-minister, there is something in a sight like this also, that is a cure for sore eyes. It is as if Cribb or Molyneux had turned Methodist parson, or as if a Patagonian savage were come forward as a patron-saint of Evangelical religion. Again the doctrine of eternal punishment was one of the staple arguments with which, eternally drawled out, the old school of Presbyterian divines used to keep their audiences awake, or lull them to sleep ; but to which people of taste and fashion paid little attention, as inelegant and barbarous, till Mr. Irving, with his cast-iron features and sledge-hammer blows, puffing like a grim Vulcan, set to work to forge more classic thunderbolts, and kindle the expiring flames anew with the very sweepings of sceptical and infidel libraries, so as to excite a pleasing horror in the female part of his congregation. In short, our popular declaimer has, contrary to the Scripture-working, put new wine into old bottles, or new cloth on old garments. He has, with an unlimited and daring licence, mixed the sacred and the profane together, the carnal and the spiritual man, the petulance of the bar with the dogmatism of the pulpit, the theatrical and theological, the modern and the obso-

lete;—what wonder that this splendid piece of patchwork, splendid by contradiction and contrast, has delighted some and confounded others? The more serious part of his congregation, indeed, complain, though not bitterly, that their pastor had converted their meeting-house into a play-house: but when a lady of quality, introducing herself and three daughters to the preacher, assures him that they have been to all the most fashionable places of resort, the opera, the theatre, assemblies, Miss Macauley's readings, and Exeter Change, and have been equally entertained no where else, we apprehend that no remonstrances of a committee of ruling-elders will be able to bring him to his senses again, or make him forego such sweet, but ill-assorted praise. What we mean to insist upon is, that Mr. Irving owes his triumphant success, not to any one quality for which he has been extolled, but to a combination of qualities, the more striking in their immediate effect, in proportion as they are unlooked-for and heterogeneous, like the violent opposition of light and shade in a picture. We shall endeavour to explain this view of the subject more at large.

Mr. Irving, then, is no common or mean man. He has four or five qualities, possessed in a moderate or in a paramount degree, which, added or multiplied together, give him the important space he occupies in the public eye. Mr. Irving's intellect itself is of a superior order; he has undoubtedly both talents and acquirements beyond the ordinary run of every-day preachers.

These alone, however, we hold, would not account for a twentieth part of the effect produced: they would have lifted him perhaps out of the mire and slough of sordid obscurity, but would never have launched him into the ocean-stream of popularity, in which he "lies floating many a rood;"—but to these he adds uncommon height, a graceful figure and action, a clear and powerful voice, a striking, if not a fine face, a bold and fiery spirit, and a most portentous obliquity of vision, which throw him to an immeasurable distance beyond all competition, and effectually relieve whatever there might be of com-

mon-place or bombast in his style of composition. Put the case that Mr. Irving had been five feet high—Would he ever have been heard of, or, as he does now, have "bestrode the world like a colossus?" No, the thing speaks for itself. He would in vain have lifted his Lilliputian arm, people would have laughed at his monkey tricks. Again, had he been as tall as he is, but had wanted other recommendations, he would have been nothing.

"The player's province they but vainly try,
Who want these powers, deportment, voice, and eye."

Conceive a rough, ugly, shock-headed Scotchman, standing up in the Caledonian chapel, and dealing "damnation round the land" in a broad northern dialect, and with a harsh, screaming voice, what ear polite, what smile serene, would have hailed the barbarous prodigy, or not consigned him to utter neglect and derision? But the Rev. Edward Irving, with all his native wildness, "hath a smooth aspect framed to make women" saints; his very unusual size and height are carried off and moulded into elegance by the most admirable symmetry of form and ease of gesture; his sable locks, his clear iron-grey complexion, and firm-set features, turn the raw, uncouth Scotchman, into a noble Italian picture; and even his distortion of sight only redeems the otherwise "faultless monster" within the bounds of humanity, and when admiration is exhausted and curiosity ceases, excites a new interest by leading to the idle question whether it is an advantage to the preacher or not. Farther, give him all his actual and remarkable advantages of body and mind, let him be as tall, as straight, as dark and clear of skin, as much at his ease, as silver-tongued, as eloquent and as argumentative as he is, yet with all these, and without a little charlatanry to set them off, he had been nothing. He might, keeping within the rigid line of his duty and professed calling, have preached forever; he might have divided the old-fashioned doctrines of election, grace, reprobation, predestination, into his sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth heads, and his *lastly* have been looked for as "as a consummation devoutly to

be wished; he might have defied the devil and all his works, and, by the help of a loud voice and strong-set person—

“A lusty man to beu an Abbot able”—

have increased his own congregation, and been quoted among the godly as a powerful preacher of the word; but, in addition to this, he went out of his way to attack Jeremy Bentham, and the town was up in arms. The thing was new. He thus wiped the stain of musty ignorance and formal bigotry out of his style. Mr. Irving must have something in him to look over the shining close-packed heads of his congregation, to have a hit at the *Great Jurisconsult* in his study. He next, ere the report of the former blow had subsided, made a lunge at Mr. Brougham, and glanced an eye at Mr. Canning; *mystified* Mr. Coleridge, and *stultified* Lord Liverpool in his place—in the Gallery. It was rare sport to see him, “like an eagle in a dovecote, flutter the Volsians in Corioli.” He has found out the secret of attracting by repelling. All those whom he attacks are curious to hear what he says of them: they go again, to show that they do not mind it. It is no less interesting to the by-standers, who like to witness this sort of *onslaught*,—like a charge of cavalry, the shock and the resistance. Mr. Irving has, in fact, without leave asked or a licence granted, converted the Caledonian Chapel into a Westminster Forum or Debating Society, with the sanctity of religion added to it. Our spirited polemic is not contented to defend the citadel of orthodoxy against all impugnors, and shut himself up in texts of scripture and huge volumes of the Commentators as an impregnable fortress;—he merely makes use of the strong-hold of religion as a resting-place, from which he sallies forth, armed with modern topics and with penal fire, like Achilles of old rushing from the Grecian tents, against the adversaries of God and man. Peter Aretine is said to have laid the Princes of Europe under contribution by penning satires against them: so Mr. Irving keeps the public in awe by insulting all their favourite idols. He does not spare their politicians, their rulers, their moralists, their poets, their critics, their reviewers

their magazine-writers; he levels their resorts of business, their places of amusement, at a blow—cities, churches, palaces, ranks and professions, arts and elegances—and leaves nothing standing but himself, a mighty land-mark in a degenerate age, over-looking the wide havoc he has made! He makes war upon all arts and sciences, upon the faculties and nature of man, on his vices and his virtues, on all existing institutions, and all possible improvements, that nothing may be left but the Kirk of Scotland, and that he may be the head of it. He literally sends a challenge to all London in the name of the KING of HEAVEN to evacuate its streets, to disperse its population, to lay aside its employments, to burn its wealth, to renounce its vanities and pomp; and for what?—that he may enter in crowned with *glory*; or after enforcing his threat with the battering ram of logic, the grape-shot of rhetoric, and the cross-fire of his double vision, reduce the British metropolis to a Scottish heath, with a few miserable hovels upon it, where they may worship God according to *the root of the matter*. Such is the pretension and the boast of this new Peter the Hermit, who would get rid of all we have done in the way of improvement on a state of barbarous ignorance, or still more barbarous prejudice, in order to begin again on a *tabula rasa* of Calvinism, and have a world of his own making. It is not very surprising that when the whole mass and texture of civil society is indicted as a nuisance, and threatened to be pulled down as a rotten building ready to fall on the heads of the inhabitants, that all classes of people run to hear the crash, and to see the engines and levers at work which are to effect this laudable purpose. What else can be the meaning of our preacher’s taking upon himself to denounce the sentiments of the most serious professors in great cities as vitiated and stark-nought, of relegating religion to his native glens, and pretending that the hymn of praise or the sigh of contrition cannot ascend acceptably to the throne of grace from the crowded street as well as from the barren rock or silent valley? Why put this affront upon his hearers? Why belie his own aspirations?

"God made the country and man made the town."

So says the poet; does Mr. Irving say so? If he does, and finds the air of the city death to his piety, why does he not return home again? But if he can breathe it with impunity, and still retain the fervour of his early enthusiasm, and the simplicity and purity of the faith that was once delivered to the saints, why not extend the benefit of his own experience to others, instead of taunting them with a vapid pastoral theory? Or, if our popular and eloquent divine finds a change in himself, that flattery prevents the growth of grace, that he is becoming the god of his own idolatry by being that of others, that the glittering of coronet-coaches rolling down Holborn-Hill to Hatton Garden, that titled beauty, that the parliamentary complexion of his audience, the compliments of poets, and the stare of peers, discompose his wandering thoughts a little; and yet that he cannot give up these strong temptations tugging at his heart; why not extend more charity to others, and show more candour in speaking of himself? There is either a good deal of bigoted intolerance with a deplorable want of self-knowledge in all this; or at least an equal degree of cant and quackery.

To whichever cause we are to attribute this hyperbolic tone, we hold it certain he could not have adopted it, if he had been a *little man*. But his imposing figure and dignified manner enable him to hazard sentiments or assertions that would be fatal to others. His controversial daring is *backed* by his bodily prowess, and, bringing his intellectual pretensions boldly into a line with his physical accomplishments, he, indeed, presents a very formidable front to the sceptic or the scoffer. Take a cubit from his stature, and his whole manner resolves itself into an impertinence. But with that addition, he *overcrows* the town, browbeats their prejudices, and bullies them out of their senses, and is not afraid of being contradicted by any one *less than himself*. It may be said, that individuals with great personal defects have made a considerable figure as public speakers; and Mr. Wilberforce, among others, may be held out as an instance. Nothing

can be more insignificant as to mere outward appearance, and yet he is listened to in the House of Commons. But he does not wield it, he does not insult or bully it. He leads by following opinion, he trims, he shifts, he glides on the silvery sounds of his undulating, flexible, cautiously modulated voice, winding his way between heaven and earth, now courting popularity, now calling servility to his aid, and with a large estate, the "saints," and the population of Yorkshire to swell his influence, never venturing on the forlorn hope, or doing any thing more than "hitting the house between wind and water." Yet he is probably a cleverer man than Mr. Irving.

There is a Mr. Fox, a dissenting minister, as fluent a speaker, with a sweeter voice and a more animated and beneficent countenance than Mr. Irving, who expresses himself with manly spirit at a public meeting, and is the darling of his congregation; but he is no more, because he is diminutive in person. His head is not seen above the crowd the length of a street off. He is the Duke of Sussex in miniature, but the Duke of Sussex does not go to hear him preach, as he attends Mr. Irving, who rises up against him like a martello tower, and is nothing loth to confront the spirit of a man of genius with the blood-royal. We allow there are, or may be, talents sufficient to produce this equality without a single personal advantage; but we deny that this would be the effect of any that our great preacher possesses. We conceive it not improbable that the consciousness of muscular power, that the admiration of his person by strangers might first have inspired Mr. Irving with an ambition to be something, intellectually speaking, and have given him confidence to attempt the greatest things. He has not failed for want of courage. The public, as well as the fair, are won by a show of gallantry. Mr. Irving has shrunk from no opinion, however paradoxical. He has scrupled to avow no sentiment, however obnoxious. He has revived exploded prejudices, he has scouted prevailing fashions. He has opposed the spirit of the age, and not consulted the *esprit de*

corps. He has brought back the doctrines of Calvinism in all their inveteracy, and remitted the inveteracy of his northern accents. He has turned religion and the Caledonian Chapel topsyturvy. He has held a play-book in one hand and a Bible in the other, and quoted Shakespeare and Melancthon in the same breath. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil is no longer, with his grafting, a dry withered stump; it shoots its branches to the skies, and hangs out its blossoms in the gale—

“*Miraturque novos fructus, et non sua poma.*”

He has taken the thorns and briars of scholastic divinity, and garlanded them with the flowers of modish literature. He has done all this relying on the strength of a remarkably fine person and manner, and through that he has succeeded—otherwise he would have perished miserably.

Dr. Chalmers is not by any means so good a looking man, nor so accomplished a speaker as Mr. Irving; yet he at one time almost equalled his oratorical celebrity, and certainly paved the way for him. He has therefore more merit than his admired pupil, as he has done much with fewer means. He has more scope of intellect and more intensity of purpose. Both his matter and his manner, setting aside his face and figure, are most impressive. Take the volume of “*Sermons on Astronomy*,” by Dr. Chalmers, and the “*Four Orations for the Oracles of God*” which Mr. Irving lately published, and we apprehend there can be no comparison as to their success. The first ran like wild-fire through the country, were the darlings of watering-places, were laid in the windows of inns,* and were to be met with in all places of public resort; while the “*Orations*” get on but slowly, on Milton’s stilts, and are pompously announced as in a Third Edition. We believe the fairest and fondest of his admirers would rather see and hear Mr. Irving than read him. The reason is, that the

groundwork of his compositions is trashy and hackneyed, though set off by extravagant metaphors and an affected phraseology; that without the turn of his head and the wave of his hand, his periods have nothing in them; and that he himself is the only *idea* with which he has yet enriched the public mind. He must play off his person as Orator Henley used to dazzle his hearers with his diamond-ring. The small frontispiece prefixed to the “*Orations*” does not serve to convey an adequate idea of the magnitude of the man, nor of the ease and freedom of his motions in the pulpit. How different is Dr. Chalmers! He is like a monkey-preacher to the other. He cannot boast of personal appearance to set him off. But then he is like the very genius, or demon, of theological controversy personified. He has neither airs nor graces at command; he thinks nothing of himself; he has nothing theatrical about him (which cannot be said of his successor and rival); but you see a man in mortal throes and agony with doubts and difficulties, seizing stubborn knotty points with his teeth, tearing them with his hands, and straining his eyeballs till they almost start out of their sockets, in pursuit of a train of visionary reasoning, like a Highland seer with his second-sight. The description of Balfour of Burley in his cave, with his Bible in one hand and his sword in the other, contending with the imaginary enemy of mankind, gasping for breath, and the cold moisture running down his face, gives a lively idea of Dr. Chalmers’ prophetic fury in the pulpit. If we could have looked in to have seen Burley hard-beset “by the coinage of his heat-oppressed brain,” who would have asked whether he was a handsome man or not? It would be enough to see a man haunted by a spirit, under the strong and entire dominion of a wilful hallucination. So the integrity and vehemence of Dr. Chalmers’ manner, the determined way in which he gives himself up to his subject, or lays about him and buffets sceptics and gainsayers, arrests attention in spite of every other circumstance, and fixes it on that, and that alone, which excites such interest

* We remember finding the volume in the orchard at Burford-bridge near Box-hill, and passing a whole and very delightful morning in reading it, without quitting the shade of an apple-tree. We have not been able to pay Mr. Irving’s book the same compliment of reading it at a sitting.

and such eagerness in his own breast ! Besides, he is a logician, has a theory to support whatever he chooses to advance, and weaves the tissue of his sophistry so close and intricate, that it is difficult not to be entangled in it, or to escape from it. "There's magic in the web." Whatever appeals to the pride of the human understanding, has a subtle charm in it. The mind is naturally pugnacious, cannot refuse a challenge of strength or skill, sturdily enters the lists and resolves to conquer, or to yield itself vanquished in the forms. This is the chief hold Dr. Chalmers had upon his hearers, and upon the readers of his "Astronomical Discourses." No one was satisfied with his arguments, no one could answer them, but every one wanted to try what he could make of them, as we try to find out a riddle. "By his so potent art," the art of laying down problematical premises, and drawing from them still more doubtful, but not impossible, conclusions, "he could bedim the noon-day sun, betwixt the green sea and the azure vault set roaring war," and almost compel the stars in their courses to testify his opinions. The mode in which he undertook to make the circuit of the universe, and demand categorical information "now of the planetary and now of the fixed," put one in mind of Hecate's mode of ascending in a machine from the stage, "midst troops of spirits," in which you now admire the skill of the artist, and next tremble for the fate of the performer, fearing that the audacity of the attempt will turn his head or break his neck. The style of these "Discourses" also, though not elegant or poetical, was like the subject, intricate and endless. It was that of a man pushing his way through a labyrinth of difficul-

ties, and determined not to flinch. The impression on the reader was proportionate ; for, whatever were the merits of the style or matter, both were new and striking ; and the train of thought that was unfolded at such length and with such strenuousness, was bold, continuous, and consistent with itself.

Mr. Irving wants the continuity of thought and manner which distinguishes his rival—and shines by patches and in bursts. He does not warm or acquire increasing force or rapidity with his progress. He is never hurried away by a deep or lofty enthusiasm, nor touches the highest point of genius or fanaticism, but in the very storm and whirlwind of his passion, he acquires and begets a temperance that may give it smoothness." He has the self-possession and masterly execution of an experienced player or practised fencer, and does not seem to express his natural convictions, or to be engaged in a mortal struggle. This greater ease and indifference is the result of vast superiority of personal appearance, which "to be admired needs but to be seen," and does not require the possessor to work himself up into a passion, or to use any violent contortions to gain attention or to keep it. These two celebrated preachers are in almost all respects an antithesis to each other. If Mr. Irving is an example of what can be done by the help of external advantages, Dr. Chalmers is a proof of what can be done without them. The one is most indebted to his mind, the other to his body. If Mr. Irving inclines one to suspect fashionable or popular religion of a little *anthropomorphism*, Dr. Chalmers effectually redeems it from that scandal.

(Lit. Gaz.)

PERSIAN MELODIES.

When life has no sorrow
And youth has no woes,
When the roses of beauty
Are twined on our brows,
'Tis yon arch where the stars
And the planets advance,
When the bright orb of Zurah
Is leading the dance.

And life, when our pleasures
And sorrows combine,
Is a land full of flowers
Where the sunny rays shine ;

Tho' the sky may be clear,
Yet the flowers may fall,
Torn up from their roots
By the piercing Shimal.

But life, when forsaken
By hope, is the bark
That is rock'd by the waves
When the ocean is dark ;
When the wretch that is in it
May steer where he will,—
But the dread of the tempest
Oppresses him still.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(Lit. Gaz.)

A SAILOR'S TALE.

"They that wants pity, why I pitiees they."

"**P**RAY, Sir, bestow one ha'penny on a poor child, to buy a morsel of bread ; indeed I'm very hungry : " such was the petition of a little ragged urchin, as he ran by the side of the worthy Captain N—, of the East India service. The 'pray sir, bestow one ha'penny,' was so common a sound, that it passed unheeded, but 'indeed I'm very hungry,' uttered in a voice of plaintive sorrow, could not be resisted by the humane and generous N—. "Hunger, poor child, while I am living on luxuries ; let me see, let me see," gazing in the lad's face. The tears were trickling down, but so obscured was every feature by dirt, there was nothing to excite satisfaction. They were close to the buttock-of-beef shop, in the Old Bailey ; "Aye, aye, let me see," continued N—, and grasping the boy's arm, with eagerness entered the house. "Here, my good woman, give this lad as much bread and beef as will make him a hearty meal, d'ye hear, and and I'll thank you to bear a hand. The child looked at him with astonishment, burst into tears and caught hold of his hand, but instantly let it go again, with a look of deep humiliation and shame ; there was no deception in it, it was the workings of the heart pictured on the countenance. "Look at the young dog ! there, there, don't be snivelling, you little hypocrite," while the dew-drop of pity trembled in his own eye. "Where's your parents ?" "Parents," repeated the boy. "Aye, your father and mother." "I never had any, Sir." "What's your name ?" "Ned, Sir." "Where do you belong to ?" "I don't know, Sir." "Where do you come from ?" "I have been travelling about the country with old Nan, till, yesterday, she brought me here and told me to shift for myself ; and indeed, Sir, I think I could work." "Aye, aye, you've been well tutored, no doubt ; there, run along, and sit on yon step and eat your meal." Away trudged the lad, looking first at his vic-tuals and then at his benefactor. "Poor

fellow, what's to become of him ?" said N—, as he paid the demand and walked into the street ; "What's to become of him ?" He stopped a moment, and looked towards the spot where the delighted boy was devouring his meal with all the savouriness of real hunger ; at this instant, a gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and together they proceeded for the Jerusalem. Can it be mere fate that regulates our actions ? Is there no still small voice that whispers to the soul, soft as the balmy zephyr in the summer's eve ? Ah, yes, it is the divinity that stirs within us, else why should this expression be deeply stamped in a moment on the mind of the Captain, the words of our blessed Master, 'Forasmuch as you have done it unto one of these, you have done it unto me.' The noise and confusion of Lloyd's, the transacting of business, rise and fall of stocks, the price of freightage, nothing could wear out the recollection of the poor little houseless child of want ; and, 'What's to become of him,' frequently burst from his lips. As soon as Change was over, away strode the Captain towards Newgate Street, with indescribable sensations of anxiety and feeling ; yet without any definite intention—he reached the spot—the child was gone ; in vain he inquired at the shop, the woman was ignorant of his route, but said he had come across to thank her, and pray for a blessing on his generous provider. "What, didn't you ask him where he was going, and what he meant to do ?" "No, Sir, we have so much to attend to." N— would have scolded, but conscience told him he had been equally negligent ; and thus, perhaps, a useful member was lost to society, or what was worse, he might become its very pest. Quitting the house, he turned down the alley leading to the cloisters of Christ Church, where all the smiling countenances and cheerful looks of the boys, operated like a momentary charm. "And you," said he, "poor

Ned, might have been here, aye, shall be here, if I find you worthy—till I return from my next voyage, and then you shall go to sea; I know my friend B— would do it for me—but where is he!" He made every inquiry, searched every nook, but his efforts were vain. Leaving money and directions with the woman, that should he make his appearance again, to take care of the lad, he once more pursued his way to his lodgings. What nonsense, thought he, for me to take such interest in the welfare of a little ragged dog I never saw before; perhaps the scout of some infamous wretch, who has brought him up to all manner of wickedness—But avast, no, I cannot be deceived, that look was honest truth; poor fellow, what's to become of him? He had now reached the place against the walls of Newgate, where the porters rest from their burdens, when, by the side of an apple stall, on some straw, lay the unconscious boy fast asleep. "Halloa, you young rascal!" roared the Captain, with a look between a smile and a tear, to the great terror of the lad, who sprung up instantly; "Hallo, what do you mean by giving me all this trouble, arn't I been looking for you this hour, while you lie skulking here in the lee scuppers; come, rouse out." "God bless him!" said the owner of the stall, a poor female apparently in the last stage of a consumption, with an infant at the breast and a child about three years old by her side, "God bless him, my poor little Bess must have gone home hungry if he had not shared his dinner with her. "Did he," said N—, throwing down a crown, "then I say God bless him too; but come along," catching hold of the boy's hand. Regardless of the looks of the assembled crowd, he brushed hastily through them, called a hack, jumped into it, and away they drove, the Captain whistling with all his might, Dibdin's song of "The heart that can feel for another." Arrived at an elegant house in Piccadilly, "Here Will Junk; Will, where are you? you lazy old swab." "Here, Sir; here, Sir." "Take this young scamp and give him a fresh scrape and a paint, and

then hand him up into the parlour upon a clean plate." "Aye, aye, Sir," replied Will; "come along, young six-foot." In about half an hour the boy was brought up. "Well, now let me see, let me see," gazing with astonishment on the animated and beautiful countenance of the delighted boy, whose full round eyes sparkled with pleasure;—"Well, Will, what do you make of him?" "I don't know, Sir, can't tell; it's a comical world, Sir." "Aye, and there's comical creatures in it, Will, comical creatures in it," giving the old man a look he well understood. "But let me see, come here." His former questions were repeated, and many others put, but still the boy knew no more than that his name was Ned, and he had wandered about the country with old Nan. "He's got a some'ut hanging round his neck, Sir," said Will, "but I wouldn't open it to be made an Admiral; for I thinks it's a charm." "Go along, you old blockhead: let me see, let me see." The boy drew out a small bag closely sewed up. "Where did you get this?"—"I don't know, Sir; I've worn it ever since I can remember." "I'll open it—no—yes—avast." He paused a minute, raised the lid of his desk, and deposited it in safety. "Well, Ned, will you live with me?" The boy looked, but he could not speak. "What, dumb founder'd?" said Will; "d'ye hear, will you live with his honour?"—"Yes, for ever," sobbed the lad, "if he'll let me." "There, take him down, Will; and to-morrow morning, let him be fresh rigg'd by the time I turn out; and now send my dinner up."

The father of Captain N— was the son of a wealthy merchant, who, by dint of industry and taking care of the pence, rose by degrees from a very low station to one of great opulence; but his penurious habits still continued, and, though literally rolling in riches, was always haunted by the fears of poverty. At the age of forty he married a young and beautiful female, of engaging manners and amiable disposition. The bear and the lamb were yoked together. On her part it was indeed a sacrifice; for her heart had been en-

gaged to one who was her counterpart ; but her father becoming embarrassed, and Mr. N— the principal creditor, how could they reject, or she refuse ? Every effort was tried to avert the evil ; but ruin came on with rapid strides, and the horrors of want, of pinching poverty, of a jail, resolved the heroic girl to sacrifice herself, to save her sinking family. She sent for her lover. Oh, what an interview was that ! They who had pictured future years of mutual happiness ; whose hearts were bound in the silken cords of real rich affection ; whose existence seemed almost dependent on each other ; yes, they met to meet no more ; they should live and breathe, and yet be dead to each other for ever. I cannot describe their meeting and their separation ; those that can feel will do it for themselves. Her lover left his native land—the land of his fathers—of his childhood, and once his dearest boast. Yes ; he left it, and was never heard of more. As the wife of Mr. N—, Amelia endeavoured to discharge her duties with scrupulous attention ; but still her thoughts would sometimes wander to the scenes of departed days, and remembrance linger on him who, perhaps, had gone before her to the blessed realms of immortality. The birth of a boy now occupied her mind. None but a mother can tell a mother's delight, when gazing on her first-born ; or a father the joy which a father feels, while looking on his smiling babe. But Mr. N— knew not these sensations ; he was proud of his child, and loved his wife, so far as his rugged nature would permit ; but he was not aware of the treasure he possessed. Immersed in speculations and amassing wealth, he was unacquainted with those little tendernesses, those endearing attentions, so precious to a sensitive mind ; and his early education being very imperfect, he was unable to converse on subjects gratifying to an enlightened and liberal understanding. Amelia's chief delight was to watch and tend her blooming boy ; and for a few weeks in the year to visit the place of her nativity in Devonshire. There, with her parents, she could smile or weep without restraint. Eight years

had now passed away since her parting with her heart's first love ; and she once more arrived for a short time at the home of her parents. It was a sweet, romantic spot, and at a little distance was a lonely wood, where the foot of mortal seldom trod ; but it was hallowed to Amelia. There she had passed, oh ! how many happy hours, in the society of Henry, as they sat in a small arbor, formed by their own hands with the twisted nut-boughs, upon a turf-raised seat, overspread with downy moss, while the wild thyme breathed its fragrance and the waving flowers their odours on the breeze. Here they would sit and watch the white sail far distant on the ocean, and picture the happy countenance of the mariner, who joyed to see his native land once more ; or heave the sigh of lingering regret, as it gradually lessened to a spot just dazzling on the horizon, with those who were bidding their own white cliffs adieu ; here, too, they had pledged their vows in the presence of the Majesty of heaven. This spot had never been visited since Henry's departure ; but the morning after her arrival, Amelia rose, and almost unconsciously advanced towards the place. She reached the opening pathway, between two old embracing oaks, who, like an aged pair passing through life's pilgrimage, had been each other's support through many a winter's storm. An indescribable impulse seemed to urge her on ; and, without reflection, she separated the tangled wood, and wound up the ascent : yet did the well-remembered feeling thrill through her heart—the once-cherished hope that they might often meet together there. The umbrageous foliage wept its tears of dew as she hastily passed by the tree where her name was carved—the hazels had formed so thick a canopy above as almost to exclude the light of day—the arbor was now before her ; but what were her feelings when she beheld a man kneeling at the mossy seat, in the attitude of prayer ! “ Henry, Henry ! ” she shrieked with convulsive agony, sprung to his side, and grasped his hand. Oh ! horror, horror ! Shriek after shriek followed ; for she pressed the fleshless

fingers of a dead man's hand, and her eyes rested on the blanched cheek-bones and whitened skull of a human skeleton! Yes, it was Henry. At a short distance was found a bottle, which had contained laudanum, enclosed in a sheet of paper, written in a wild, incoherent manner, leaving no doubt as to the manner or cause of his

death, under a total deprivation of mental faculty. * * Amelia awoke once more from a state of lethargic stupefaction to sense and reason. She gave the above brief sketch, clutched her hands, closed her eyes with a shudder, laid her head back upon her pillow, and her pure spirit returned to Him who gave it.

(Sci. Mag.)

CHEMICAL ESSAYS. NO. I.

INTRODUCTION—HOMOGENEOUS AND HETEROGENEOUS ATTRACTION—CALORIC.

THERE is perhaps no branch of science which has improved so rapidly within the last thirty years as that of Chemistry. Before that time it wanted regular classification, and was entirely veiled from the eyes of all but the professed philosopher, owing to the confusion of its nomenclature. But now it presents to all an interesting field of enquiry, which will amply repay the casual as well as the unintermitting labourer. By the help of this science, he may examine and admire the works of the great Creator of the universe, as well in the objects which are constantly before him, as in the grander operations of nature. To give a brief outline of this interesting branch of knowledge will be the object of this and the following papers.

The investigation of the properties and mutual action of elementary parts of bodies, and all changes in the constitution of matter, whether effected by heat, mixture, or any other means, may be considered as the peculiar province of chemistry. It must therefore be one of the most diffuse subjects upon which we can enter; and to treat it with regularity will be indispensably necessary. Let us first then take a view of the powers and properties of matter connected with chemical changes. These may be viewed under the heads of—

- I. HOMOGENEOUS ATTRACTION.
- II. HETEROGENEOUS ATTRACTION.
- III. CALORIC, OR HEAT.
- IV. ELECTRICITY.

Homogeneous attraction, or the attraction of cohesion, always tends to the union of particles of the same nature.

6 ATHENEUM VOL. 1. *new series*.

This it is which under the name of gravitation attracts all bodies to the earth.—The chief connexion it has with chemistry is, that it may be considered as being the primary cause of crystallization; a subject upon which our narrow limits and its present uncertainty must prevent our enlarging. We will therefore pass on to *heterogeneous* or *chemical attraction*. This from some property unknown to man, causes particles of different natures to unite in various manners. If into a glass containing a piece of copper, some nitric acid* be poured, the acid will immediately unite with the copper, and form a new compound, which does not partake of the properties of its elements, but presents a distinct character. This is the first thing we should observe in the unions caused by chemical attraction; that, for the most part, the compound formed differs entirely from both its elements; whereas, in the unions caused by homogeneous attraction, no change in the nature of the matter acted upon can take place. Thus, in the case before us the acidity of the nitric acid is gone, and a body remains which partakes of none of its powers. The *chemical nature* of the body is not the only thing that experiences a change. Frequently the colour and solidity of the body are equally affected. In the case before us, the resulting compound is of a beautiful blue colour, which was

* Nitric acid will be treated of in the course of these papers. For the sake of preserving regularity no more than its name can now be mentioned. It may be obtained at the chemist's, by any persons desirous of trying the experiment, but great care should be taken in using it, as it is a very corrosive fluid, and rapidly destroys clothes.

seen in neither of the original bodies. Solids are changed by it into aëriform shapes, as when gunpowder is inflamed.

But we may also observe that, during the process of this union, great commotion appears in the bodies acted upon. This is the case in the instance to which we have already alluded. A great deal of air is extricated during the decomposition of the copper. In many unions, however, the immediate effect is much greater. If sulphuric acid* be added to water, in the proportion of four pounds of the latter, so much heat will be produced in the mixture as to raise the thermometer to 300° Fahrenheit.

We shall also find that, after a time, this commotion will cease : from which we may learn that nitric acid and copper will only unite in certain proportions.

Another very important fact in the system of chemical attraction is, that different bodies are possessed of different attractive powers. If into the solution (chemically termed *nitrate of copper*) which we obtained in the former experiment, a piece of iron be immersed, you will perceive that it will be immediately covered with a thin coating of copper. The cause of this is, that the nitric acid has a greater affinity to the iron, than to the copper it holds in solution ; that, consequently, it quits the copper and forms a new compound with the iron ; the copper being thus relinquished is *precipitated*, and forms that thin coating which you may observe on the surface of the iron. Upon this principle depends the power of chemically decomposing bodies, i. e. reducing them to their original matters. Here the copper is first dissolved by the acid, and then the compound thus formed is decomposed by the intervention of the iron, and the copper restored in its former state. On this principle it is that chemical tables have been formed, by which at one view the chemist may be informed of the various powers of attraction between different

matters. A single column of this sort is here introduced as a specimen.

SULPHURIC ACID.

BARYTA.		LIME.
STRONTIA.		MAGNESIA.
POTASSA.		AMMONIA.
SODA.		

From this table we should deduce that sulphuric acid had a greater affinity to baryta than to strontia, to strontia than to potassa, to potassa than to soda, and so on ; and, consequently, that baryta would decompose any compound of sulphuric acid formed with those bases enumerated after it. There are two classes of decomposition, simple and double. In the simple, one body separates a second from its combination with a third. In the double, two new compounds are formed ; as when nitrate of baryta* and sulphate of soda are mixed, the nitric acid of the former compound quits its form, and enters into a new compound with the soda ; while the sulphuric acid quits the soda, and enters into a new compound with the baryta : so that two new compounds, nitrate of soda and sulphate of baryta, are formed. It is evident from what has been said, that there are some laws which govern the union of particles of different natures. Concerning these and concerning the causes propelling the particles to unite, many conjectures have been made, but nothing certain has been discovered. Some suppose that all particles of matter are endued with one of the two electricities, and that these subtle fluids are always tending to unite. But as we do not intend to enter upon the more abstruse points of chemistry, but merely to take a general and popular view of the science, we will pass on to the next general power alluded to, *heat or caloric*.

There are many doubts entertained as to the nature of this agent. It is however generally supposed to be a fluid pervading, more or less, all matter, and has been divided into

I. FREE CALORIC.

II. SPECIFIC HEAT, or COMBINED CALORIC.

* Further mention of sulphuric acid must be postponed for the same reason as that of nitric. It may be obtained at the chemist's. Greater care should be taken of this than the nitric, as it destroys not only clothes, &c. but also animal fibre, and consequently would cause painful wounds.

* Although the reader may not yet know what these drugs are, he may still make the experiments alluded to. It would be quite impossible to preserve any regularity of design, if we stopped to explain the nature of each drug alluded to by way of example. They will all of them be explained hereafter.

The name caloric has been proposed in the new nomenclature as a substitute for heat, which has by common use been applied merely to the *sensation* of heat. One of the great characteristics of caloric is, that it always tends to an equilibrium. It may be supposed that there are rays of caloric flowing in all conceivable directions from all bodies. But when any body is below the temperature of those around it, the rays of caloric flowing from it are not equal in number to those which it has a capacity for receiving, and consequently its temperature is gradually heated to the same warmth with the objects around it. When bodies are once raised to the same temperature with the atmosphere around them, they radiate and absorb caloric in equal quantities, so that they preserve their equilibrium. Cold is merely a negative subject, implying the absence of heat. Thus, when we lay our hand upon a marble slab, the *feeling* of cold which we experience, is merely the caloric flowing from our hand into the marble, and endeavouring to raise the marble to the same temperature.

We have already observed that caloric is proceeding in different rays from all bodies. This is called the *radiation of caloric*. Different bodies have different radiating powers. This has been clearly proved by the experiments of Mr. Leslie. All heat which is perceptible to the senses may be considered as free caloric.

Besides the power of radiation, caloric may be reflected, subject to the same laws as those which govern optical reflection.—Another very important power of caloric is, its expanding all bodies, and thus acting in direct opposition to the attraction of cohesion. It effects this by introducing its particles between the particles of the body upon which it acts. The power of bodies to bear in this way the introduction of caloric between their particles, is called their conducting power. All bodies have more or less the power of conducting caloric, but some possess it in a much stronger degree than others. Generally the denser bodies, such as metals, &c. are the best conductors of caloric. Porous substances, such as wood, cork, &c.

are the worse conductors, down to woollen cloth, flannel, and down, which is one of the lightest bodies and at the same time one of the worst conductors. The reason of this may probably be, that in the dense substances there is much less air, which scarcely conducts caloric at all. On this principle of the different conducting powers of bodies, depends the mode of clothing ourselves. Flannel and woollen dresses being very *bad conductors* of caloric, prevent, when the temperature of the atmosphere is lower than that of our bodies, the escape of the animal heat from them, and thus keep us warm in the winter season. The same dress would keep us cool when the atmosphere was warmer than our body, as it would prevent its penetrating to our frame. If you lay your hand on a piece of marble, on the wood of the table, and on the carpet of the room, they will all *appear* to you to be of *different* temperatures; the marble coldest, the wood medium, the carpet warmest, and yet the thermometer would inform you that they are *really* of the *same* temperature. The reason of this is, that the marble being the best conductor of caloric of the three, (as they are all of a temperature below that of your hand, though of the same with the atmosphere,) absorbs from you the caloric you possess more *rapidly* than the others; and though it really makes you no colder than the others would in the end, yet as it produces the same effect in a shorter time, the change is more sudden, and consequently the sensation of cold (which we must always remember is merely the abstraction of caloric) is much greater. The reverse of this would be seen, from the same cause, were we to put three pieces of ice on the various bodies enumerated. In this case, that on the marble would first be melted, that on the wood next, and that on the carpet last, because, here the conducting power would act the other way, and induce the marble to part with its excess of caloric to the ice more readily than the wood or the carpet could do. And here we must admire and adore the gracious dispensations of a Being who has stooped to adapt the various

coverings of his creatures to the circumstances in which they are placed. Who has provided those most exposed to cold with furs or with plumage, and who has especially guarded with *down* (the

worst conductor of caloric known to us) the breast of aquatic birds, which is the part most exposed to the action of the water.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

(Lit. Gaz.)

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

WITH SEVERAL OF HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS.

THE mingled character of Cowper is finely displayed in these Letters, and they are full of anecdote and remark upon the literature of the preceding generation. From grave to gay the transitions are charming; but we will offer no farther comment on volumes which we can illustrate in so gratifying a way by the following almost unselected extracts:

“TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

“Jan. 21, 1769.

“DEAR JOE,—I rejoice with you in your recovery, and that you have escaped from the hands of one from whose hands you will not always escape. Death is either the most formidable, or the most comfortable thing, we have in prospect, on this side of eternity. To be brought near to him, and to discern neither of these features in his face, would argue a degree of insensibility, of which I will not suspect my friend, whom I know to be a thinking man. You have been brought down to the sides of the grave, and you have been raised again by Him who has the keys of the invisible world; who opens, and none can shut, who shuts, and none can open. I do not forget to return thanks to Him on your behalf, and to pray that your life, which He has spared, may be devoted to his service, ‘Behold! I stand at the door and knock,’ is the word of Him, on whom both our mortal and immortal life depend, and blessed be his name; it is the word of one who wounds only that He may heal, and who waits to be gracious. The language of every such dispensation is, ‘Prepare to meet thy God.’ It speaks with the voice of mercy and goodness, for without such notices, whatever preparation we might make for other events, we should make none for this. My dear friend, I desire and pray, that when this last enemy shall come to execute an *unlimited* commission upon us, we may be found ready, being established and rooted in a well-grounded faith in His name, who conquered and triumphed over him upon his Cross.

Yours ever,

W. C.

We extract the following short passage for the purpose of pointing out the singular mixture which it presents,

even within the same paragraph, of the adventitious, or perhaps we should say, the *habitual*, and the natural. The change from one to the other, at the last clause, is striking.

“Though much obliged to you for the favour of your last, and ready enough to acknowledge the debt, the present, however, is not a day in which I should have chosen to pay it. A dejection of mind, which perhaps may be removed by to-morrow, rather disqualifies me for writing,—a business I would always perform in good spirits, because melancholy is catching, especially where there is much sympathy to assist the contagion. But certain poultry, which I understand are about to pay their respects to you, have advertised for an agreeable companion, and I find myself obliged to embrace the opportunity of going to town with them in that capacity.”

— “I remember (the last thing I mean to remember upon this occasion) that Sam Cox, the counsel, walking by the sea-side, as if absorbed in deep contemplation, was questioned about what he was musing on. He replied, ‘I was wondering that such an almost infinite and unwieldy element should produce a *spiral*!’ — — —

The following is very pleasant and natural, and the style of it is the perfection of easy simplicity. The occasion was that of having just converted a little summer-house in his garden into a writing-room.

“It is an observation that naturally occurs upon the occasion, and which many other occasions furnish an opportunity to make, that people long for what they have not, and overlook the good in their possession. This is so true in the present instance, that for years past I should have thought myself happy to enjoy a retirement even less flattering to my natural taste than this in which I am now writing; and have often looked wistfully at a snug cottage, which, on account of its situation at a distance from noise and disagreeable objects, seemed to promise me all I could wish or expect, so far as happiness may be said to be local; never once adverting to this comfortable nook, which affords me all that could be found in the most sequestered

hermitage, with the advantage of having all those accommodations near at hand which no hermitage could possibly afford me. People imagine they should be happy in circumstances which they would find insupportably burthensome in less than a week. A man that has been clothed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, envies the peasant under a thatched hovel; who, in return, envies him as much his palace and his pleasure-ground. Could they change situations, the fine gentleman would find his ceilings were too low, and that his casements admitted too much wind; that he had no cellar for his wine, and no wine to put in his cellar. These, with a thousand other mortifying deficiencies, would shatter his romantic project into innumerable fragments in a moment. The clown, at the same time, would find the accession of so much unwieldy treasure an incumbrance quite incompatible with an hour's ease. His choice would be puzzled by variety. He would drink to excess, because he would foresee no end to his abundance; and he would eat himself sick for the same reason. He would have no idea of any other happiness than sensual gratification; would make himself a beast, and die of his good fortune. The rich gentleman had, perhaps, or might have had, if he pleased, at the shortest notice, just such a recess as this; but if he had it, he overlooked it, or, if he had it not, forgot that he might command it whenever he would. The rustic, too, was actually in possession of some blessings, which he was a fool to relinquish, but which he could neither see nor feel, because he had the daily and constant use of them; such as good health, bodily strength, a head and a heart that never ached, and temperance, to the practice of which he was bound by necessity, that, humanely speaking, was a pledge and a security for the continuance of them all.

"Thus I have sent you a school-boy's theme." - -

The following is another singular compound of gloom and humour. It would be worth extracting, if it were only for the capital simile about the riot-act.

"I do not at all doubt the truth of what you say, when you complain of that crowd of trifling thoughts that pesters you without ceasing; but then you always have a serious thought standing at the door of your imagination, like a justice of peace, with the riot-act in his hand, ready to read it, and disperse the mob. Here lies the difference between you and me. My thoughts are clad in a sober livery, for the most part as grave as that of a bishop's servants. They turn too upon spiritual subjects, but the tallest fellow and the loudest amongst them all, is he who is continually crying with a loud voice, *Actum est de te, peristi*. You wish for more attention, I for less. Dissipation itself would be welcome to me, so

it were not a vicious one; but however earnestly invited, it is coy, and keeps at a distance. Yet with all this distressing gloom upon my mind, I experience, as you do, the slipperiness of the present hour, and the rapidity with which time escapes me. Every thing around us, and every thing that befalls us, constitutes a variety, which, whether agreeable or otherwise, has still a thievish propensity, and steals from us days, months, and years, with such unparalleled address, that even while we say they are here, they are gone. From infancy to manhood is rather a tedious period, chiefly, I suppose, because at that time we act under the control of others, and are not suffered to have a will of our own. But thence downward into the vale of years, is such a declivity, that we have just an opportunity to reflect upon the steepness of it, and then find ourselves at the bottom."

The passage which follows we should willingly have passed over, if we could have persuaded ourselves that it really belonged to Cowper. We can only trust ourselves to say that it is addressed to the Rev. Mr. Newton, the poet's friend and religious Mentor—a person who not long afterwards "improved the occasion" of Handel's celebrated Commemoration, by preaching a sermon on the profanation of that ceremony!

"He seems, together with others of our acquaintance, to have suffered considerably in his spiritual character by his attachment to music. The lawfulness of it, when used with moderation, and in its proper place, is unquestionable; but I believe that wine itself, though a man be guilty of habitual intoxication, does not more debauch and befoul the natural understanding, than music, always music, music in season and out of season, weakens and destroys the spiritual discernment. If it is not used with an unfeigned reference to the worship of God, and with a design to assist the soul in the performance of it, which cannot be the case when it is the only occupation, it degenerates into a sensual delight, and becomes a most powerful advocate for the admission of other pleasures, grosser perhaps in degree, but in their kind the same."

We meet with several passages in these volumes in which Cowper roundly asserts that all the light and humorous passages in his poetry are mere tricks—invented purely to inveigle the reader into listening to something more serious and useful. To this, as before, we shall only venture to say, that the passages in question occur in letters addressed to Mr. Newton. Here are two of them:—

"Be that as it may, it is quite sufficient that I have played the antic myself for their diversion; and that, in a state of dejection such as they are absolute strangers to, I have sometimes put on an air of cheerfulness and vivacity, to which I myself am in reality a stranger, for the sake of winning their attention to more useful matter."

"By the way—will it not be proper, as you have taken some notice of the modish dress I wear in *Table Talk*, to include *Con-*

versation in the same description, which is (the first half of it, at least,) the most airy of the two? They will otherwise think, perhaps, that the observation might as well have been spared entirely; though I should have been sorry if it had, for when I am jocular I do violence to myself, and am therefore pleased with your telling them, in a civil way, that I play the fool to amuse them, not because I am one myself, but because I have a foolish world to deal with."

VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

The instruments to be used by Capt. Parry on the new Expedition are ordered to be shipped by the 1st of May; so that we may presume it will sail about the middle of that month.

The following anecdote of the sagacity of an Ass, and the attachment displayed by the animal to its master, may help in some degree to redeem that ill-used race from a portion of the load of stupidity which is generally assigned to them, and which, with so many other loads, they bear with such exemplary patience. Thomas Brown, residing near Hawick, travels the country as a Higgler, having an ass the partner of his trade. From suffering under a paralytic affection, he is in the habit of assisting himself on the road by keeping hold of the crupper of the saddle, or more frequently the *tail* of the ass. During a recent severe winter, whilst on one of his journeys near Rule Water, "the old man and his ass" were suddenly plunged into a wreath of snow. There they lay long, far from help, and ready to perish,—at length the poor ass, after a severe struggle, got out, but finding his unfortunate master absent, he eyed the wreath for some time, with a wistful look, and at last forced his way through it to where his master still lay, when, placing his body in such a position as to afford a firm grasp of the tail, the honest Higgler was thereby enabled to take his accustomed hold, and was actually dragged out by the faithful beast to a place of safety.

Mr. Prior has in the press, A Memoir of the Life and Character of the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke, with an Estimate of his Genius and Talents, compared with those of his great Contemporaries.

PARISIAN ANECDOTES.

Paris, Jan. 26, 1821.

THE suite au Memorial de Sainte Helene, or critical observations and unpublished anecdotes, designed as a supplement and a corrective to that work, has such a run that the second edition is already demanded. Though the author preserves the anonyme, it is evident from his detection of the numerous errors in M. Las Cases' work, and from the numerous original anecdotes that he relates, that he must have filled some important post near the person of the Emperor. The impartiality with which the facts and reflections are presented, is as honourable to the writer's mind as the composition is to his taste—For example:

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE.

"Napoleon knew perfectly well the character of Josephine—nothing could equal the grace and affability of that princess. At her court she had the habit of speaking to a hundred persons, and always gave an agreeable word to each. She was so generous that she never knew how to refuse, and would soon have ruined the treasury, had it been at her disposal. Not having it in her power to give, she was profuse in her promises, of which she was equally forgetful, and which she repeated with equal facility. On one occasion there was given a remarkable exemplification, of which every one at court was informed but herself. An officer of high rank, who had been acquainted with her at Martinique before her first marriage, and had been intimate with her family, desired, when Napoleon was in his glory, to resume his military employment, and counted on the influence of Josephine for his

success. He visited her, and was received with that kindness and affability which always appears sincere, but which so often deceives. She expressed the warmest interest in his plans, and requested him to transmit to her his memorial. The officer did not make his patroness wait long, for the next day he returned with the petition, which he had already in his side-pocket. It so happened that the tailor had clapped his bill into the same pocket, and Mr. — mistaking the one for the other, most unfortunately presented the account of Snip to the Empress, who received it most gracefully, and, without perusing it, assured the delighted officer that it should be immediately presented to the Emperor, and that he might depend on a favourable result. Enchanted, the son of Mars returned home; but scarcely had he arrived, when he discovered his misfortune—it must be repaired—he set off for the palace of Josephine, and the first word she utters, is an assurance that her husband had read his memoir, and had promised her that her protégé should be immediately placed. As she was surrounded by crowds, she turned to promise and assure others; she was then lost to the officer, and he had not any opportunity of saying a word. Several times he returned and endeavoured to obtain the fatal bill, and replace it by a courtly memorial, but he could never succeed. He disappeared from the brilliant circle, told his story to his friends, and was the first to laugh at his own bad luck."

HORSE-SHOES.

The custom of nailing horse-shoes on the masts of ships, lintels or thresholds of doors, &c. is very ancient, and originated in a superstitious belief that no witch can injure the inmates of a house or vessel so protected. Aubrey, in his *Miscellanies*, says, "It is a thing very common to nail horse-shoes on the thresholds of doors, which is to hinder the power of witches that enter into the house. Most houses of the West end of London, have the horse-shoe on the threshold. *It should be a horse-shoe that one finds.*" Again, in Gay's fable of the "Old Woman and her Cats," the supposed witch says:

"Straws laid across my pace retard;
The horse-shoes nail'd each threshold guard."

Country wenches, when they experience any peculiar difficulty in making butter, will sometimes drop into the churn a horse-shoe heated, believing the cream to be spell-bound, and that this operation will destroy the charm. I have read in Glanville, or some such work, of this experiment being once tried by a weary churner, when immediately an old hag, a reputed witch, who lived close by, shrieked violently, and exclaimed that she was scorched. Upon examining her body, the mark of a horse-shoe was found distinctly branded on her flesh!!! Passing under the arcade of the Royal Exchange a day or two since, I observed a horse-shoe nailed to one of the benches belonging to the ticket-porters, so that the superstition it seems is not yet extinct even in London.

CHRONOMETRY.

Observing upon a notice in the daily papers that an American experimentalist, of the name of H. G. Dyar, has "invented a clock, the principles and movements of which are different from those of chronometers now in use, and are not to be found in any treatise on mechanics extant; that the pendulum moves in cycloidal arcs, and performs long and short vibrations in equal time, while that of our common clocks swings in the arc of a circle, and makes unequal vibrations in equal time—"

Messrs. Parkinson and Frodsham (to whom science is already largely indebted) state to us, that having devoted much time to the observations on the pendulum, and in endeavouring to reduce its theory to practice, they have at length so far succeeded as to discover a simple contrivance applicable to any description of clock, which will cause the pendulum to vibrate in cycloidal arcs, and performs all its vibrations, however long or short, in the same time. "It has now (they add) been for a considerable time sufficiently and accurately proved; and it is our intention to submit the discovery to one of our learned and scientific Institutions, as we feel assured its simplicity will insure its general adoption in all machines

where the accurate mensuration of time is required. Our intention in thus addressing you, is to preserve to the artists of this country the priority of their claim to the merit of the discovery."

A Moonlight Apparition.—When I was a schoolboy, there dwelt in the neighbourhood a gentleman who had a strong touch of the tulipæmania. His parterre displayed the gayest specimens, the produce of bulbs imported from Holland, whose illustrious names might have vied with any of those that would be found, if one could only get a sight of it, in the late Sir Joseph Banks' vocabulary of Butterflies. But an evil-minded cat often disturbed his tulip-bed, and laid prostrate many a darling flower of exquisite beauty. Early one morning he caught my gentleman in the fact, and, laying violent hands on him, not only broke every bone in his skin, but, as in his wrathful mood he was led to fancy, beat out his brains. The gardener buried him in a pit a foot deep, carefully treading down the earth. Grimalkin was not so dead, however, but that he was seen the next morning crawling from his hiding-place. He was now slain a

second time, and sunk in a pit at least three feet deep, in a snug corner of the tulip-bed, it being judiciously considered that his remains, in their decomposed state might add to the freshness and variety of the colours next year.

One of my school-fellows, as merry a little wag as ever drew breath, lived next door, and was at home for the holidays. Having scrupulously watched all that had passed, he borrowed a ladder of the glazier over the way, and, as soon as the families were retired to rest, scaled the wall, dug up Grimalkin, and, proceeding to the street, planted him erect on the sill of his neighbour's bed-room window. Descending a few steps of the ladder, he mewed most piteously. Up started the tulip-fancier, and drawing aside the curtain, saw with horror and dismay, by broad moonlight, his old enemy the tom-cat, with saucer eyes, staring him full in the face.

It is reported at Brussels, that the *Memoirs* left by Carnot, embracing the period from 1789 to the second fall of Buonaparte, after the battle of Waterloo, are likely to be published in London. We do not understand, however, that they are yet in the possession of any of our booksellers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Mon. Mag.)

IS THERE A GOD ?

Answered by an Appeal to Morning, Noon, and Night.

Now breathes the ruddy *Morn* around
His health-restoring gale,
And from the chambers of the East
A flood of light prevails.

Is there a God ? Yon rising sun
An answer meet supplies ;
Writes it in flame upon the earth,
Proclaims it round the skies.

The pendant clouds that curtain round
This sublunary ball,
And firmament on high, reveal
A God that governs all.

The warbling lark, in realms of air,
Has thrill'd her matin lay ;
The balmy breeze of morn is fled,
It is the *Noon* of day.

Is there a God ? Hark ! from on high
His thunder shakes the poles :
I hear his voice in every wind,
In every wave that rolls.

I read a record of his love,
His wisdom and his power,
Inscrib'd on all created things,
Man, beast, and herb, and flower.

The sultry sun has left the skies,
And day's delights are flown ;
The owl screams amid the shade,
And *Night* resumes the throne.

Is there a God ? With sacred fear
I upward turn mine eyes ;
There is ! each glittering lamp of light—
There is ! my soul—replies.

If such convictions to my mind
His works aloud impart ;
O let the wisdom of his Word
Inscribe them on my heart :

That while I ponder on his deeds,
And read his truth divine,
Nature may point me to a God,
And grace may make him mine !

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 2.]

BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1824.

[VOL. I. N.S.]

(Mon. Mag.)

SONNET TO A CLUSTER OF SNOW-DROPS IN FEBRUARY.

FIRST in the virgin coronet of Spring,
 Meek modest flowers ! your stainless buds I hail ;
 O now, ere Zephyr breathes kind welcoming,
 Or your light sister Primrose decks the vale
 With bright-hue'd yellow bloomings,—silently
 Under this old worn copse, unfenc'd from cold,
 While vegetation yet doth torpid lie,
 Your little trembling bells I pleas'd behold,
 Spangling the earth with lustre. O ye look,
 Snowdrops ! so fair, so purified, so bland,
 Ye lovely cheerers in this little nook,
 Ye seem to have dropp'd from some bright angels' hand,
 Forming his couch to rest on : then be ye,
 Sweet flowers ! the type of Heaven's purity.
February 1824.

INSCRIPTION FOR PICTON'S CENOTAPH AT WATERLOO.

(Extracted from Blackwood's Magazine.)

—“ *Dare*
Orbe quietem, seculo pacem suo.
Hæc summa virtus, petitur hæc cælestia.”

WEEP not, though the hero's sleep
 On this spot was dark and deep ;
 And beside him lay
 Hearts that never felt a fear
 In the rushing of the spear,—
 Silent, glorious clay !

What is life, to death like theirs ?
 Heartless wishes,—weary years,—
 Follies fond and vain !
 Theirs a gasp of gallant breath
 On the wave, or on the heath—
 Momentary pain !

Not upon the sick'ning bed
 Has the wasting spirit fled
 From their hallow'd mould ;—
 In the soldier's hour of pride,—
 In the triumph, Picton died !
 The boldest of the bold.

Where the famine, where the fight,
 Bloody day, and deadlier night,
 Wore host by host away ;
 Where thy wild Sierra, Spain,

Where thy pestilential plain,
 Were piled with proud decay—

Uncheck'd by pain, untired by toil,
 He led the lions to the spoil,
 Through desert and through flood ;
 Till, ye eternal Pyrenees !
 Ye heard the thunder on the breeze,
 Whose fearful rain was blood.

Where the final battle roar'd,
 Mightiest harvest of the sword,
 Immortal Waterloo !
 There his banner, like a star,
 Blazing o'er the clouds of war,
 To death and glory flew.

Weep not, though his spirit past
 In the spirit's fiery blast ;
 Th' unconquerable Will,
 The living Mind, shall hover o'er
 The warriors that he led before,
 And love and lead them still !

Bold companions of his grave,
 England's richest wreath shall wave
 In sorrow o'er your tomb ;
 And the sad infant on the knee
 Shall hush the dear-bought victory,
 In ages yet to come !

(Blackwood's Mag.)

PANACEAS FOR POVERTY.

" I like not the humour of bread and cheese."—*Shakespeare*.

FROM the days of Job, downwards, COMFORTERS (to me) have always seemed to be the most impertinent set of people upon earth. For you may see, nine times in ten, that they actually gratify themselves in what they call "consoling" their neighbours; and go away in an improved satisfaction with their own condition, after philosophizing for an hour and a half upon the disadvantages of yours.

There are several different families of these benevolent characters abroad; and each set rubs sore places in a manner peculiar to itself.

First and foremost, there are those who go, in detail, through the history of your calamity, showing (as the case may be) either how completely you have been outwitted, or how exceedingly ill or absurdly you have conducted yourself—and so leave you with "their good wishes," and an invitation to "come and dine, when your troubles are over."

Next, there are those, a set, I think, still more intolerable, who press the necessity of your resolving immediately upon "something;" and forthwith declare in favour of that particular measure, which, of all the *pis allers* of your estate, is the most perfectly detestable.

Thirdly come the "whoreson caterpillars," who are what people call "well to do" in the world; and especially those who have become so (as they believe) by their own good conduct. These are very particularly vile dogs indeed! I recollect one such—(he was an opulent cheese-monger,) who had been porter in the same shop which he afterwards kept, and had come to town, as he used to boast, without cash enough to buy a night's lodging on his arrival.

This man had neither love nor pity for any human being. He met every complaint of distress with a history of his own fortunes. No living creature, as he took it, could reasonably be poor, so long as there were birch brooms or

watering-pots in the world. He would tell those who asked for work, that "idleness was the root of all evil;" prove to people "that a penny was the seed of a guinea," who were without a farthing in the world; and argue all day, with a man who had nothing, to show that "out of a little, a little might be put by."

Fourthly, and in the rear, march those most provoking ruffians of all, who uphold the prudence of always "putting the best face" (as they term it) upon an affair. And these will cure your broken leg by setting it off against somebody else's hump back, and so soundly demonstrate that you have nothing to complain of; or admit, perhaps, (for the sake of variety) the fact that you are naked; and proceed to devise stratagems how you shall be contented to remain so.

And it is amazing what a number of (mad upon that particular point, but otherwise) reasonable and respectable persons, have amused themselves by proving, that *The Poor* have an enviable condition. The poor "Poor!" They seem really to have been set up as a sort of target for ingenuity to try its hand upon; and, from Papin, the Bone Digester, down to Cobbett, the Bone Grubber,—from Wesley, who made cheap physic, and added to every prescription "a quart of cold water," to Hunt who sells roasted wheat (*vice* coffee) five hundred per cent above its cost—an absolute army of projectors and old women has, from time to time, been popping at them. High among these philosophers, indeed I might almost say at the head of them, stands the author of a tract called, "A Way to save Wealth;" which was published (I think) about the year 1640, to show how a man might thrive upon an allowance of TWOPENCE per day.

The observations prefatory to the promulgation of this inestimable secret, are worthy of everybody's—that is every poor body's—attention.

First, the writer touches, generally, upon the advantage of "thin, spare diet;"—exposing how all beyond is "mere pitiable luxury;"—enumerating the diseases consequent upon high living; and pointing out the criminal acts and passions to which it leads;—evidently demonstrating, indeed, to the meanest capacity, that no man can possibly eat goose, and go to Heaven.

Shortly after, he takes the question up upon a broader ground; and examines it as one of mere worldly policy, and of mere convenience. "The man who eats *flesh*, has need of other things (vegetables) to eat with it; but that necessity is not felt by him who eats vegetables *only*." If Leadenhall market could stand against that, I am mistaken.

The recipes for *cheap dishes* will no doubt (when known,) come into general practice; so they shall be given in the Saver of Wealth's own words.—Here is one—(probably) for a Christmas dinner.

"Take two spoonfuls of oatmeal; put it into two quarts of cold water, then stir it over the fire until it boils, and put in it a little salt and an onion. And this," continues our Economist,—"this does not cost above a farthing; and is a *noble, exhilarating meal*!"—For drink, he afterwards recommends *the same dish*, (unboiled);—and no form of regimen, it must be admitted, can be more simple, or convenient.

Now this man was, certainly, (as the phrase is,) "something like" a projector in his way. And it seems probable that he met with encouragement; for, passing upon the necessities, he goes on to treat upon the elegancies of life.

Take his recipe for instance, next,— "for dressing (cleaning) a hat."

"Smear a little soap on the places of your hat which are felthy, and rub it with some *hot* water and a *hard* brush. Then *scrape* it with the *back of a knife*, what felth sticks; and it will bring both grease and soap out."—The book of this author is scarce;—I suspect the hatters bought it up to prevent this secret from being known.

Only one more recipe—and really it is one worthy to be written in letters of gold;—worthy to stand beside that

never-to-be-forgotten suggestion of Mrs Rundell—her immortal direction to prevent the creaking of a door,—"*Rub a bit of soap on the hinges!*"—This it is.

"*To make your teeth white.*"

"Take a little *brick dust* on a towel, and rub them."—"The mechanical action, (the reader sees) not the chemical: but potent notwithstanding.

But Mrs. Rundell deserves better than to be quoted, in aid, on an occasion like this; nay, merits herself to take rank, and high rank, among our public benefactors. Marry, I say, that the thing is so, and shall be so; for, even amidst all the press and crowd of her moral and culinary precepts,—even while she stands already, as a man may say, "in double trust," teaching us good life in one page, and good living in another; here, holding up her ladle against "excessive luxury," such as "Essence of Ham"—(praised be her thick duodecimo, but for which the world had never known that there was such a perfume;) and, presently, pointing out the importance, and weeping over the rarity of such "creature comforts" as strong coffee, and smooth melted butter;—ever and anon, even amid all these complicated interests, the kind lady finds room to edge in a thought or two about the poor.

Pour Echantillon.

"The cook should be charged," says Mrs. R. "to save the *boiling* of every piece of meat or ham, *however salt*; the pieces of meat which come from the table *on the plutes*; and the *bones* made by the family. What a relief," adds she, "to the labouring husband to have a *warm, comfortable meal*!"—The rind of a ham, for instance, after Mrs. R. has extracted the "Essence."

And again she goes on.—"Did the cook really enter into this, (the love of her fellow creatures,) she would never wash away as useless the peas, or groats, of which soup, or gruel, *have been* made;—*broken potatoes*;—the *outer* leaves of lettuce;—the *necks* and *feet* of fowls, &c.; which make a delicious meat soup, *especially for the sick.*"

The *sick* soup essay concluding with a farther direction to the cook, not to take the *fat* off the broth, "as the poor

like it, and are nourished by it !” and with a calculation which, if we know anything of mathematics, might make Demoivre himself look to his laurels ; —“Ten gallons of this soup,” concludes Mrs. R., “from ten houses, would be a hundred gallons ; and that divided among forty families, would be two gallons and a half to each family.”

Tam Marti quam Mercurio ! And done with chalk upon a milk tally, ten to one else !—*Tam Cocker quam Kitchener !* And this lady is dead ! It almost makes us waver in our faith !—

Turn sour ye casks of table beer,
Ye steaks, forget to fry ;
Why is it you are let stay here,
And Mrs. Rundell die ?

But whims, (if they happen to take hold at all) take the strongest hold commonly upon strong understandings.

Count Rumford, tho’ an ingenious man, had a touch of this *bon chere a peu d’argent* disease ; and his Essays afford some pleasant illustrations of the slashing style in which men construct theories, when the practice is to fall upon their neighbours.

After exhausting himself upon the smoky chimnies of the world, the Count strips to the next of its nuisances,—the beggars.

He was to feed the poor ; (*encore the Poor !*) and the point was, of course, how to feed them at the cheapest rate.

“Water,” then, he begins—(the cunning rogue !) “*Water*, I am inclined to suspect, acts a much more important part in *nutrition*, than has been generally supposed.” This was a good active hobby to start upon ; and, truly, his Countship, in the sequel, does out-ride all the field.

First, he sets out an admirable table, at which he dines TWELVE HUNDRED persons, all expenses included, for the very reasonable cost of one pound fifteen shillings English.

But this (which was 3 dinners for a penny) was nothing ; and, in a trice, the Count, going on with his reductions, brings down the meal for twelve hundred, to one pound seven shillings. And, here, he beats our Saver of Wealth (the contractor at twopence a day) hollow ; because, with his dinner found

for a farthing, a man must be an example for debauchery—a mere rascal—to think of getting thro’ such a sum as twopence a day ; out of which, indeed, he might well put by a provision for himself and his wife, in old age ; and fortunes for two or three of his younger children.

The Count’s running commentary upon these evolutions, too, is a *chef-d’œuvre* in the art of reasoning. At one time, it seems, he dieted his flock, partly upon bread begged publicly in charity, and partly upon meat which was the remnant of the markets. Even out of evil the wise man shall bring good. The charity bread was found extremely *dry* and *hard* ; “but, therefore,” says the Count, “we found it answer *better* than any other ; because it made *mastication necessary*, and so *prolonged* the enjoyment of eating.” As for the meat, he soon finds that an article quite *unnecessary*, and actually omits it altogether in the people’s soup, *without the fact being discovered !*

But the crowning feature of all, (and there I leave Count Rumford,) is the experiment which he makes in eating (to be quite certain) *upon himself* ; arguing upon the nutritious and stomach-satisfying qualities of a particular *cheap* dish, he puts the thing to issue—thus :

“I took my coffee and *cream*, with my *dry toast*, one morning” (hour not given) “at breakfast, and ate nothing between that and four o’clock. I then ate,” [the particular dish,] I believe, however, it was a *three farthing* one, “and found myself *perfectly refreshed*.” And so the Count finishes his dissertation upon food, by declaring the *Chinese !* to be the best cooks in the world.

Now, I confess that (at first sight) there would seem to be something accomplished here. No doubt if our labourers would eat farthing dinners, and get rid of that villainous propensity which they have to beef-steaks, their “savings” and consequent acquisition of property, would be immense. But does not the Count perceive, and did it never strike his coadjutors, that, if this system were acted upon, all the poor would become rich ? when they would be an incomparably greater nuisance than they are in their present condition.

I grant the existing evil, but do not let us exchange it for a greater. The question is a difficult one, but there be minds that can cope with it. Such a turmoil as to what the poor shall eat ! I say, there are plenty of them—let them eat one another.

People must not be startled by the apparent novelty of this plan ;—those who can swallow Count Rumford's dinners, may, I am sure, swallow anything.---It is well known, that rats and mice take the same mode which I hint at, to thin their superabundant population---Let the public listen only to this suggestion, and they will find that it ends all difficulty at once. I grant that there might be some who would be ravenous, at first, upon their new diet ;* especially those who had been living upon Mrs. Rundell's soup ; but that is an evil which would correct itself ; because, so admirably operative and per-

fect is the principle, the mouths would diminish in exact proportion with the meat. Upon my system, (and, I repeat, I can see no objection to it,) the poor might go on pleasantly, reducing their numbers at their leisure, until one individual only, in a state of necessity, should be left ; and if it were worth while to go on to niceties, I could provide even for him under my arrangement, by having him taught to jump down his own throat, like the clown, in "Harlequin Conjuror." Certain it is, we hear, on every side, that, if the poor go on increasing, they will soon eat up the rich ; and, surely, if anybody is to be eaten by them, it ought, in fairness, to be themselves. And, moreover, as it is shrewdly suspected that too many of them are already eaten up with laziness, why, hang it, if they are to be eaten at all, let them be eaten to some purpose.

(Sel. Mag.)

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

No. XX.

OF VINOUS OR SPIRITUOUS FERMENTATION.

IN my last paper I endeavoured to explain the process of vinous fermentation generally ; and then considered its application to both British and foreign wines. I now proceed to its remaining branches of beer, alcohol, and ardent spirits.

The method of making BEER, as we have seen, was known in the most remote ages. Almost every species of corn has been employed for this purpose. In Europe, it is generally made from barley ; in India, from rice ; and in the interior of Africa, from the *holcus spicatus*. But whatever grain is employed, the process is very nearly the same ; and in each case is derived from the saccharine properties which they possess. They do not indeed possess them in the state in which they come from the ear ; for there is then little or no sweetness discoverable : but when subjected to the malting pro-

cess, they become sensibly sweet. The method adopted in our own country of converting barley into malt is as follows,—

The barley is steeped in cold water for a period which (as regulated by law) must not be less than forty hours ; but beyond that time the steeping may be continued as long as is thought proper. The water is then drained off, and the barley thrown out of the cistern upon the malt-floor, where it is formed into a rectangular heap, called the *couch*, about sixteen inches deep. In this situation it is allowed to remain about twenty-six hours. It is then turned by means of wooden shovels, and diminished a little in depth. This turning is repeated twice a day, or oftener, and the grain is spread thinner, till at last its depth does not exceed a few inches. When placed on the couch, it gradually absorbs oxygen from the atmosphere, which it converts into carbonic acid ; at first very slowly, but afterwards more rapidly. The temperature, during this process, gra-

* Compere Matthieu, I think, makes this remark somewhere, in a general defence of cannibalism. But my project does not go so far.

dually increases, and in about four days the grain is ten degrees hotter than the surrounding atmosphere. At this period, the grain which had been dry on the surface becomes again so moist, that it will wet the hand, and at the same time exhales an agreeable odour, not unlike that of apples. This appearance of the moisture is called *sweating*. The great object of the maltster is to keep the temperature from becoming excessive. This is effected by means of frequent turning.

While the sweating is taking place, the roots of the grains begin to appear, and would increase with great rapidity, unless checked by turning. About a day after the sprouting of the roots, the rudiments of the future stem, called *acrospire*, may be seen to lengthen. As it shoots along the grain, the mealy part undergoes a considerable change. The glutinous and mucilaginous matter is taken up and removed; the colour becomes white; and the texture so loose, that it may be crumbled between the fingers. When the acrospire has nearly reached the end of the seed, the process is stopped by drying the malt upon the kiln. The temperature at first does not exceed 90° ; but it is raised very slowly up to 140° or higher, according to circumstances. The rootlets are then separated, which are considered as injurious.

Malt, thus prepared, is ground, or rather broken, in a mill, and then infused in water, varying in temperature from 160° to 180° , but always short of the boiling point. This infusion is termed *wort*: and when this is drawn off, hot water is again and again added, till the malt is sufficiently exhausted.

Wort, if left to itself, would ferment: but this process is so slow and imperfect, that the liquor runs into acidity before the formation into beer or ale has made sufficient progress. To hasten this fermentation yeast is added.

ALE differs from beer chiefly in its strength, and its having a less proportion of hops. Pale is accounted more wholesome than brown ale, because it is brewed from malt slightly roasted, while the latter is made from malt of a drier nature.

In each of the above cases, it is the

same fermentation which takes place with that mentioned in the former paper, namely, the vinous or spirituous; for beer and ale might with strict propriety be called malt or barley wine. And, in the same manner, cider is, in fact, apple wine; and perry and mead, pear and honey wine.

SPIRITS OF WINE were formerly obtained by the distillation of wine; and from this circumstance they derived their name. But this spirit is now procured in a less expensive manner by distilling farinaceous and saccharine roots, as well as the pulpy fruit of vegetables: and private families might obtain perhaps more than enough for their ordinary use, by distilling the dregs of their ale and beer.

When this spirit first arises through distillation, it is mixed with a considerable portion of aqueous vapour, which combines with it, and which, after condensation, becomes water, and thus weakens the spirit. It is therefore subjected to a second or a third distillation, by which means it is divested of most of its aqueous particles, and in this state is termed *rectified spirits*; and is commonly sold under the denomination of *alcohol or spirits of wine*.

This, however, is not as strong as it may be; for with the greatest care in distillation, there will still remain a considerable portion of water. Pure alcohol, however, may be obtained by mixing with it very dry and warm salt of tartar, which, having a great affinity for water, easily combines with it, and leaves the spirit supernatant in a state of great purity.*

ARDENT SPIRITS, as they are termed, are obtained, as in the case of simple distillation, from fermented liquors, and receive their various names according to the nature of the substance employed. Thus, brandy is procured from wine; rum, from the fermented juice of the sugar-cane; and whiskey and gin, from the fermented infusion of

* The alcohol, thus obtained, contains indeed a little potash in solution: but this may be separated by distilling it in a water-bath with a very small heat. The spirit passes over, and leaves the potash behind. The distillation, however, must not proceed to dryness.

malt or grain. But ardent spirits, of whatever name, consist almost entirely of three ingredients; namely, water, pure spirit or alcohol, and a little resin or oil, to which they owe their colour and flavour.

PROOF SPIRITS consist of half spirit and half water. An instrument called an hydrometer is used by the officers of excise, and others, in order to ascertain the strength of spirituous liquors. This instrument, when there is an equal proportion of spirit and water,

sinks down to *proof*. But since water is heavier than spirits, if there be more water than spirit, the mixture will be of greater specific gravity than proof spirit, and, of course, the hydrometer will not sink so far down as proof, or the surface of the liquor will stand *below proof*. And in the same manner, if there be less than spirits, the specific gravity will in this case be less than that of proof spirits, and the surface of the liquor stand *above proof*.

(Gent. Mag.)

SOMNAMBULISM.

A Remarkable instance of this affection of the nerves occurred on Sunday, October 5, to a lad named George Davis, sixteen years and a half old, in the service of Mr. Hewson, Butcher, Bridge-road, Lambeth. At about 20 minutes after 9 o'clock, the lad bent forward in his chair, and rested his forehead on his hands, and in ten minutes started up, went for his whip, put on his one spur, and from thence to the stable. Not finding his saddle in the proper place, he returned to the house and asked for it; being questioned what he wanted with it, he replied to go his rounds. He returned to the stable, mounted his horse without the saddle, and was proceeding to leave the stable. It was with much difficulty and force, that Mr. Hewson, jun. assisted with the other lad, could remove him from the horse, his strength was great, and it was with difficulty he was brought in doors. Mr. Hewson, sen. coming home at the time, sent for me. I stood by the lad a quarter of an hour, during which time he considered himself stopped at the turnpike-gate, and took sixpence from his pocket to be changed, holding out his hand for it, the sixpence was returned to him; he immediately observed, none of your nonsense, that is the sixpence again, give me my change; when threepence halfpenny was given to him, he immediately counted it over, and observed, none of your gammon, that is not right, I want a penny more (making the fourpence-halfpenny, which was his proper change); then observing, give me my caster, meaning his hat, which slang terms he had been in the habit of using, and then began the motion of whipping and spurring, as if to get his horse on. His pulse at this time were 136, full and hard, no change of countenance could be observed, or any spasmodic affection of the muscles (the eyes remaining closed the whole of the time). His coat was taken off the arm, shirt sleeve stripped up, and I bled him to 32 ounces. No alteration had taken place in him during the first part of the time the blood was flowing; at about 24 ounces the pulse began to decrease, and when the full quantity named above had been taken, they were at 80, a slight perspiration on the forehead. During the time of bleeding, Mr. Hewson, jun. related a circumstance of a Mr. Harris, Optician, in

Holborn, whose son some years back walked out on the parapet of the house, in his sleep. This boy joined the conversation, and observed, he lived at the corner of Brownlow-street. After the arm was tied up he unlocked one boot, and said he would go to bed; in ten minutes from this time he awoke, got up, and asked what was the matter (having then been one hour in the trance). A strong opening medicine was then administered, he went to bed, slept well, and the next day appeared perfectly well, excepting debility from the loss of blood, and operation of the medicine, &c. None of his family or himself were affected in this way before.

Additional Facts which occurred during the Trance.---When stripped, he asked for his jacket, his coat was given to him, he observed this is not my jacket, it is my best coat, but never mind, I am behind my time. When he had put it on, he began the motions of whipping and spurring; he was held in the chair by force, and his observations were, "to get out of his way, and let go his horse; ah! damn you, won't you, I will soon make you let him go. Go along, Jack," and whipped and spurred in motion, to make his horse restive and to kick, in order to get away; observing again, "let go my horse's tail, or I will soon make you." He was then brought out of the parlour into the front shop, and was asked what orders he had; he then went through the regular list of all the customers living at Brixton, &c. which he had been in the habit of calling on, and named three pounds of beef-steaks for one, clump end of loin of veal for another, leg of lamb for another, quarter of lamb for another, &c. as regularly as if he had been sent out in a morning; he was then told to clean the shop, he stripped off his coat, and turned up his sleeves to begin washing the benches, and was obliged to be held to prevent his doing it. After two or three minutes, he observed, "there is no pig's victuals mixed up, let me go, when master comes home he will be angry at that." I then observed to Mr. Hewson, if I had the boy on board ship, I would tie him up, and ropes end him. It was agreed that experiment should be tried; he was held by the arms in front, and Mr. Hewson, jun. (a stout young man) took a hand-

whip, which he applied with all his force across the shoulders, but which did not appear to make any impression, although a dozen lashes were applied. Immediately after this, the operation of bleeding was had recourse to, and the conversation occurred as related before, during the time the blood was flowing. After the arm was tied up, Mr. Hewson, jun. told him to take some lights to a customer; he answered he had taken them in the morning. He was then told by Mr. Hewson, sen. to take some more; that is of no use, he answered, I shall have to bring them back again: in three or four minutes from this he awoke, and getting up, wondered at the scene around him, but could not tell any thing of what had occurred, or be made sensible of having done any thing: but

recollected having fetched in water, and of having moved from one chair to the other, in the kitchen, being the last two acts previous to sinking into the trance. His eyes were several times opened by force, and the pupils regularly contracted and dilated, but he was not sensible to vision. It was ascertained from his mother, on the Tuesday following, that twelve months previous he had been attacked with fever, which had affected his brain, and for which he had been sent to the Fever House at Battle Bridge, where his head was shaved and blistered.

Query? whether this latter circumstance could have, in any way, affected the particular nerves oppressed in this trance.

BENJAMIN RIDGE, Surgeon, &c.

No. 1, Bridge Road, Lambeth.

(Sel. Mag.)

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Eastern Bottles.

CHARDIN informs us, that the Arabs, and all those who lead a wandering life, preserve their water, milk, and other liquors, in leathern bottles. "They keep in them more fresh than otherwise they would do. These leathern bottles are made of goat-skins. When the animal is killed, they cut off its feet and its head, and they draw it in this manner out of the skin without opening its belly. They afterwards sew up the places where the legs were cut off and the tail, and when it is filled they tie it about the neck. These nations, and the country people of Persia, never go a journey without a small leathern bottle of water hanging by their side like a scrip. The great leathern bottles are made of the skin of a he-goat, and the small ones that serve instead of a bottle of water on the road, are made of a kid's skin." These bottles are frequently rent when old and much used, and are capable of being repaired by being bound up. "This they do," CHARDIN says, "sometimes by setting in a piece: sometimes by gathering up the wounded place in the manner of a purse: sometimes they put in a round flat piece of wood, and by that means stop the hole."—MAUNDRELL gives a similar account.

Speaking of the Greek convent at Bell-mount, near Tripoli in Syria, he says, "The same person whom we saw officiating at the altar in his embroidered sacerdotal robe, brought us the next day, on his own back, a kid and a goat-skin of wine as a present from the convent." MR. BRUCE gives a description of the girba, which seems to be a vessel of the same kind as those now mentioned, only of dimensions considerably larger. "A girba is an ox's skin, squared, and the edges sewed together very artificially, by a double seam which does not let out water, much resembling that upon the best English cricket-balls. An opening is left at the top of the girba, in the same manner as the bung-hole of a cask; around this the skin is gathered to the size of a large handful, which, when the girba is full of water, is tied round with whipcord. These girbas generally contain about sixty gallons each, and two of them are the load of a camel. They are besmeared on the outside with grease, as well to hinder the water from oozing through, as to prevent its being evaporated by the heat of the sun upon the girba; which, in fact, happened to us twice, so as to put us in imminent danger of perishing with thirst."

Vegetable Corrective of Bitter or Brackish Water.

Exodus xv. 23, 25. "And they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter.—And Moses cried unto the Lord; and the

Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.

The Hebrew word *marah* signifies

bitter. The water of the deserts of the East in general, and in particular in a part of the great Arabian desert, is bitter and brackish. It has likewise been discovered, that there are several kinds of plants by which this water is rendered drinkable. Thus, a certain tree growing on the coast of Coromandel, which is called in the Tamul language *nellimaram*, possesses this power. A missionary of the name of Kirnander states, that in the year 1744 they had the misfortune to have a fine spring, in the garden of the missionaries turn bitter from a want of rain, which is frequently the case. He was advised to cut down a *nellimaram*, and to throw it into the spring: he did so, and the water became and remained drinkable. The Tamulians, when digging a well, employ this wood as the underlayer, which is let down into the water, and stones built over it.

In Peru there is a plant, called by the Spaniards *Yerva Caniani*, which has the power of purifying and rendering drinkable any water, however brackish and corrupt. The Peruvians, when they travel to Buenos Ayres or Chili, always carry the herb with them, and do not hesitate to drink any water which they meet with on the way, when they have purified it with this herb; which is done by pouring the water upon it, and letting it stand a few minutes before it is wanted for use. The water thus purified, nearly resembles warm water poured upon the best green tea: its colour is light green with a light yellowish tinge.

The Gates of Ancient Cities.

Deuteronomy xxi. 19. "*And they shall bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place.*"—The gates of cities were in former times the places of judicature and of common resort. Here the governors and elders of the city went to hear complaints, administer justice, make conveyances of titles and estates, and, in short, to transact all the public affairs of the place. And hence the Psalmist remarks, "*They shall not be ashamed when they speak with their*

enemies in the gate." It is probable, that the room or hall where the magistrates sat, was over the gate, because Boaz is said to go up to the gate: and the reason of having it built there seems to have been for the convenience of the inhabitants, who, being all husbandmen, are forced to pass and repass every morning and evening as they went to and came from their labour, might be more easily called as they went by, whenever they were wanted to appear on any business.

The Asiatic Ox-Goad.

Judges iii. 31. "*And after him was Shamgar, the son of Anath, which slew of the Philistines six hundred men with an ox-goad.*"—Mr. Maundrell has an observation, which at once explains this transaction, and removes every difficulty from the passage. He says, "The country people were now every where at plough in the fields, in order to sow cotton. It was observable that in ploughing they used goads of an extraordinary size. Upon measuring of several, I found them about eight feet long, and, at the bigger end, six inches in circumference. They were armed at the lesser end with a

sharp prickle, for driving the oxen; and at the other end with a small spade or paddle of iron, strong and massy, for cleansing the plough from the clay that encumbers it in working. May we not from hence conjecture that it was with such a goad as one of these, that Shamgar made that prodigious slaughter related of him, Judges iii. 31? I am confident that whoever should see one of these instruments, would judge it to be a weapon not less fit, perhaps fitter, than a sword, for such an execution. Goads of this sort I saw always used hereabouts, and also in Syria, and the reason is, because the same person

both drives the oxen, and also holds and manages the plough; which makes it necessary to use such a goad as is above described, to avoid the incumbrance of two instruments."

Maundrell's Journey.

"At Tyre," Mr. Buckingham observes, "they were ploughing the ground for corn. Oxen were yoked in pairs for this purpose, and the plough was small and of simple construction; so that it appeared necessary for two to follow each other in the same furrow, as they invariably did. The

husbandman, holding the plough with one hand, by a handle like that of a walking-crutch, bore in the other a goad of seven or eight feet in length, armed with a sharp point of iron at one end, and at the other with a plate of the same metal, shaped like a calking-chisel. One attendant only was necessary for each plough, as he who guided it with one hand, spurred the oxen with the point of the goad, and cleared the earth from the plough-share, by its spaded heel, with the other."

Buckingham's Travels in Palestine.

Copiousness of Eastern Dews.

Judges vi. 38. "*And it was so: for he rose up early on the morrow, and thrust the fleece together, and wringed the dew out of the fleece, a bowl-full of water.*—It may seem a little improbable to us who inhabit these northern climates, where the dews are inconsiderable, how Gideon's fleece, in one night, should contract such a quantity, that when he came to wring it, a bowl-full of water was produced. Irwin, however, in his voyage

up the Red Sea, when on the Arabian shores, observes, "Difficult as we find it to keep ourselves cool in the day-time, it is no easy matter to defend our bodies from the damps of the night, when the wind is loaded with the heaviest dews that ever fell.—We lie exposed to the whole weight of the dews; and the cloaks in which we wrap ourselves are as wet in the morning as if they had been immersed in the sea."

Description of a Desert.

Psalm cvii. 4, 5. "*They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way.—Thirsty, their soul fainted in them.*"—"It is difficult to form a correct idea of a desert, without having been in one. It is an endless plain of sand and stones, sometimes intermixed with mountains of all sizes and heights, without roads or shelter, and without any sort of produce for food.

"Generally speaking, in a desert there are a few springs of water, some of them at the distance of four, six, and eight days journey from one another, and not all of sweet water; on the contrary, it is generally salt or bitter; so that if the thirsty traveller drinks of it his thirst is increased, and he suffers more than before. But when the calamity happens, that the next well which is so anxiously sought for, is found dry, the misery of such a situation cannot be well described. The camels, which afford the only means of escape, are so thirsty that they cannot proceed to another well, and if the

travellers kill them to extract the little liquid which remains in their stomachs, they themselves cannot advance any further. The situation is dreadful, and admits of no resource. Many perish, victims of the most horrible thirst. It is then that the value of a cup of water is really felt.

"In such a case there is no distinction. If the master has none, the servant will not give it to him; for very few are the instances where a man will voluntarily lose his life to save that of another. What a situation for a man, though a rich one, perhaps the owner of all the caravan. He is dying for a cup of water—no one gives it to him; he offers all he possesses—no one hears him; they are all dying, though by walking a few hours further they might be saved.

"In short, to be thirsty in a desert, without water, exposed to the burning sun, without shelter, and with no hopes of finding either, is the most terrible situation that a man can be placed in,

and one of the greatest sufferings that a human being can sustain : the tongue and lips swell ; a hollow sound is heard in the ears which brings on deafness, and the brain appears to grow thick and inflamed.

"If, unfortunately, any one falls sick on the road, he must either endure the fatigue of travelling on a camel, which

is troublesome even to healthy people, or he must be left behind on the sand, without any assistance, and remain so till a slow death come to relieve him. No one remains with him, not even his old and faithful servant ; no one will stay and die with him ; all pity his fate, but no one will be his companion."

Belzoni.

Eastern Hospitality.

Genesis xix. 2. "*Turn in, I pray you, into your servant's house, and tarry all night, and wash your feet, and ye shall rise up early, and go on your ways.*"—The Eastern nations have always distinguished themselves by their great hospitality. The following instance, from Tavernier's Travels, is truly characteristic.

"We were not above a musket shot from Auna, when we met with a comely old man, who came up to me, and

taking my horse by the bridle, 'Friend,' said he, 'come and wash thy feet, and eat bread at my house. Thou art a stranger, and, since I have met thee upon the road, never refuse me the favour which I desire of thee.' We could not choose but go along with him to his house, where he feasted us in the best manner he could, giving us over and above barley for our horses ; and for ourselves he killed a lamb and some hens."

Egyptian Onions.

Numbers xi. 5. "*We remember the onions which we did eat in Egypt freely.*"—"Whoever has tasted onions in Egypt," observes Hasselquist, "must allow that none can be found better in any part of the universe. Here they are sweet, in other countries they are nauseous and strong ; here they are soft, whereas in the north and other parts they are hard of digestion. Hence they cannot, in any place, be eaten with less prejudice and more satisfaction than in Egypt. They eat them roasted, cut into four pieces, with some bits of roasted meat, which the Turks in Egypt call *kobah* ; and with this dish they are so delighted that I have heard them wish they might enjoy it in Paradise. They likewise make soup of them in Egypt, cutting the onions in small pieces : this I think one of the best dishes I ever eat."

Dr. Edward Brown, in his description of Larissa, in Thessaly, says, "The inhabitants use garlick in most of their dishes, and their onions are extraordinary, as large as two or three common sized ones with us, and of a far better taste ; being sharp, quick, and pleasantly pungent, without any offensive smell. Though I was no lover of onions before, yet I found these exceedingly pleasant. I asked a Chiaus, then with us, who had travelled through most of the Turkish dominions, whether he had any where met with as good onions as those of Thessaly, who answered me that the onions of Egypt were better ; which was the first time I sensibly understood the expression in the Scripture ; and ceased to wonder why the Israelites lingered after the onions of that country."

THE SOULS OF THE JUST.

Souls of the just ! whose truth and love,
Like light and warmth, once lived below,
Where have ye ta'en your flight above,
Leaving life's vale in wintry woe ?
God hath withdrawn you near his throne,
Centre and source of brightness all,
As o'er yon hills the evening sun
Recalls his beams when shadows fall.

But there are wistful eyes that find
A loss in every parting ray ;
And there are exiled souls behind
That long with you to fly away.
Oh ! happy hour, when ev'ry germ
Of captive spirit shall be free,
And shine with you, all bright and warm,
Around one glorious Deity ! *New.M.*

BEAUTY.

"Quel dommage que tout cela nourrisse !
Oui, Monsieur ! mais cela n'est pas pourri."

JOHN BULL and Lord Byron are agreed on one point at least. Both assert "cant" to be the prevailing moral feature of the age we live in. Innumerable scribblers have caught up the same note, and spun it out in endless variation, and I, among the small fry of literature, am fain to join in the chorus. Of all cants, then, one of the most sickening to my taste is that of some parents who pretend (for I give them little credit for sincerity) to deprecate for their female offspring the possession of that precious gift, as it really is, or, as they are pleased to term it, "that dangerous endowment," personal attractiveness. They affect, forsooth, to thank Providence that their daughters are "no beauties"—or to sigh and lament over their dangerous comeliness, and then they run out into a long string of trite axioms, and stale common-places, about the snares and vanities of this wicked world, as if none but beauties were exposed to the assaults of the tempter. Now, I am firmly of opinion, (nay, every day experience proves it so,) that ugly women, called plain by courtesy, are just as likely to slip and stumble in those treacherous pitfalls, as others of their sex, more distinguished by personal attractions; and that, on a fair average, pretty women are the happiest, as well as the most agreeable of the species.

Let us take a fair sample of this genus—not a *perfect* specimen. The botanist may select such for his herbal, but it would not so well answer our purpose in exemplifying human varieties. Let us suppose a child endowed with moderate abilities, an amiable disposition, and a decent share of beauty, and other children in the same family, gifted in an equal proportion with the same mental qualifications, but wholly destitute of exterior advantages. Will not the fair attractive child be the most favoured, the best beloved, generally speaking, even of those parents who endeavour to be, and honestly believe

that they are, most conscientiously impartial? The same anxious cares may, it is true, be equally bestowed on all. The same tender and endearing epithets be applied to all—but the eye will linger longest on the sweet countenance of the lovely little one, the parental kiss will dwell more fondly on its cherub lip, and the voice, in speaking to it, will be involuntarily modulated to softer and more tender tones. I am not arguing that this preference, however involuntarily and unconscious it may be, is even then wholly defensible, or that, if knowingly, and weakly yielded to, it is not entirely inexcusable. I only assert that it is in human nature, and waving that side of the question, which if analyzed would involve a long moral discussion, not necessarily connected with my present subject, I shall simply proceed to observe, that if this unconscious, irresistible preference frequently influences even the fondest parents, how far more unrestrainedly does it manifest itself, in the surrounding circle of friends, guests, relations, and casual visitors. How many indulgences and gratifications are obtained for the irresistible pleader! How many petitions granted for the remuneration of a kiss! How tenderly are the tears of contrition wiped away from eyes that look so beautifully remorseful!—And all this, I firmly believe, if restrained by good feelings and just principle, from reaching a blameable success, is productive only of good results in the young mind, and that children happily constituted by nature in person and disposition, thrive best (even in a moral sense) in that atmosphere of tender indulgence, and become ultimately most amiable and equable, least selfish and exacting, in all the various relations of life. The reason of this I take to be—that they feel the most perfect confidence in their fellow-creatures; and how many of the best affections of our nature spring up and flourish under the kindly influence of that most Christian feeling! The fair engaging child expands into womanhood in the warm sunshine of affection-

ate encouragement, and all the delicate and grateful emotions of her heart are drawn out to bud and blossom in that congenial clime;—every individual of her family and friends, fondly or courteously contributing to her happiness or pleasure. Will not the desire to repay kindness with kindness, love with love, blessing with blessing, be the responsive impulse of her young heart? She finds by every day's experience, that the tenderest approbation, the warmest encomiums, the fondest caresses, reward her endeavours after the attainment of useful information, and elegant accomplishment, and that blessings more expressively silent, (the eloquent blessings of the eye,) beam unutterable things on her performance of higher duties; that a powerful stimulus to persevere in the paths of well-doing, to strive to be all she is thought capable of being!

Her natural failings and youthful errors are most mildly and tenderly rebuked; her motives most charitably interpreted—what incentives to conquer those failings! to avoid those errors! to realize hopes so fondly sanguine! Happiness is far less selfish than sorrow. Its natural tendency is to communicate, to infuse itself, as it were, into every surrounding object; and certainly nothing inspires us with such good will and charity towards our fellow-creatures, as the sweet consciousness that they are benevolently disposed towards us. If all the discourteous, ill-natured, uncharitable things that are said and done, were traced back to their real source, it would be found that every other one at least resulted, not from resentment for the infliction of serious injury, but from some wounded feeling, some smarting sense of neglect, unkindness, or, it may be, of conscious insignificance, a consciousness, (by the way) widely differing from Christian humility, and operating far otherwise on the heart and temper.

Allowing these to be fancied, or at least fancifully exaggerated injuries, their influence on the character is not therefore less pernicious, and the question is, Would these corroding, crushing thoughts, have sprung up in the cheering sunshine of favour and indulgence? Have they not been generat-

ed and fostered in a cold, ungenial shade, where "flowers that love the light" could never blossom?

But "vanity! vanity!" saith the Preacher. What sevenfold shield can fence the heart of woman, against vanity and its satanic legion? The only shield, I reply, capable of fencing any human heart against the perpetual, insidious, and ever-varying assaults of the tempter—sound moral principles, founded on religious knowledge, and a firm and humble faith in the truths of revelation. When these have not been early and sedulously inculcated, the Beauty is exposed, indeed, to great and peculiar dangers. But, is the ugly woman, on her part, more secure from those temptations, to which also she is peculiarly liable? Is vanity solely confined to the consciousness of personal attractions? Is there no such thing as conceit of sense, of talent, of taste, of goodness—nay, even of humility? There is conceit active, and conceit passive. That which plumes itself on being superior in such and such points, is, to my taste, less odious than the pharisaical cant, "Well! thank God, I am not so and so."

Now, verily, I am inclined to believe, that of all modifications of this infirmity—this vice, if you will have it so,—that is most harmless which plumes itself on outward advantages, (I speak with exclusive reference to *female* beauties,) and in point of fact, have we not often occasion to remark, that a pretty, vain, giddy girl, one of the most apparently inconsiderate character, will settle down for life with a companion who deserves and possesses her respect and affection, into a domestic, prudent wife, a careful and tender mother, an exemplary mistress of a family, while some grave, demure-looking maiden, guarded at all points in the armour of ugliness, bristling all over with decorum, and pinched into the very pattern of primness and propriety, will (if occasion offer) launch out into such extravagances and indiscretions, as defy all calculations on probability and *liability*, and utterly confound the wise theories of all declaimers against the dangerous endowment of beauty.

But, to sum up all—are there, in the

class of beauties, fewer good wives, good mothers, good women, and good Christians, than amongst those of the sex, to whom nature has been more niggardly of outward endowments? An impartial observer will acknowledge, that such characters are found, in pretty equal proportions, amongst the lovely and unlovely; but, reverting to minor considerations, from that higher ground of observation, I will venture to assert, that there is *less vanity*,—or, perhaps, more properly speaking, less solicitude about personal appearance, in pretty than in plain women. The cause is obvious—the one is perpetually striving to make herself, what nature has made the other. Its frequent result is more perplexing. The exuberant self-complacency with which an ugly woman, in the full pomp and panoply of dress and decoration, seems, as it were, to inflate and expand her whole person; and if some solitary charm of form or feature, has been grudgingly bestowed upon her, what sedulous anxiety to exhibit it to the best advantage! How the malady concentrates itself, in a manner, in that peculiar part! Betrays itself, by an unnatural and perpetual distention of the mouth, if a set of white and even teeth is the seat of the disorder;—is characterized by a delicate curve of the fingers, or graceful action of the hand, if that happens to be the part affected; or by a frequent protrusion of the foot, should the disease have possessed itself of the lower extremities.

Good Heavens! in what thing, in what place, under what circumstances, will not vanity take root, and thrive? Stick it, like house-leek, on a bare wall, its fibres will insert themselves into the crevices, and the plant will prosper *somehow*. Strew it like mustard and cress over a few woollen threads in an earthen platter, and you may pick salad to-morrow. Hang it up like the air plant, it will bud and blossom without other than ethereal nutriment. They are inexperienced naturalists, who affirm, that it flourishes only, or peculiarly, in soil or climate of such and such nature and temperature.

But to all who persist in the belief that beauty is the forcing bed of this idle flaunting weed—to all parents who

are really sincere in deprecating for their offspring, what *they* term so fatal an endowment—I would compassionately suggest one simple expedient, calculated to strike at the very root of the evil. Let the pride of civilization, for once, condescend to adopt the practice of those who (for very opposite purposes, it is true) flatten the noses, depress the skulls, and slit the lips and ears of their new-born females. The most obstinate charms,—the most inveterate beauty,—must infallibly yield to this early discipline; to which, for further security, may be added, a general tattooing of the whole person, so that no separate part or portion may become a strong hold for that subtle demon, who can entrench himself in the hem of an ear, or the tip of a little finger. But whither, in its compassionate zeal for the relief of parental anxiety,—whither tends this speculative genius? What might be the probable result of the measures I suggest? If adopted by a few leaders of rank and fashion, the universal rage for novelty and imitation would soon make the practice general, and then, indeed, a great and decisive conquest over beauty, might be confidently anticipated. But, with its utter extinction in the land, might not our present conception of its component parts, and general combinations, fade away to dim recollections? Those also, in progress of time, could hardly fail to be wholly obliterated; and in their stead, would arise a new standard of perfection, not less the object of a dangerous worship, for being the very reverse of a former idol. With the custom of a savage nation, we may adopt its tastes also; and thenceforward, a celebrated beauty of the British Court, may be constituted such, by perfections similar to those that qualify a Hottentot Venus,—an Esquimaux *pétite Maitresse*, or a reigning toast of the Sandwich Islands; and the first view of a squat nose, and flattened pericranium, in his new-born babe, may strike into the heart of an anxious parent, the same pious horror, with which he now contemplates the Grecian outline and delicate proportion of the infant beauty, who smiles in his face, with such innocent unconsciousness of the fatal charms with which nature has endowed her.

(Lon. Mag.)

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SPANISH ROMANCES.

THE passion of love, in Spain, was always associated with dangers and mysteries—and the spirit of chivalry deemed that a lover could hardly be acceptable until he had made his title good by deeds of heroism—by long and weary watching—or by acts of extravagant devotion. The prize seemed worthless that was won without toil and difficulty. In the southern provinces, even to the time of Charles III. a youth was not admitted to the common privileges of his standing, until he had watched over his arms, and had been solemnly invested with the right to bear them. He was compelled to pass the night in the vigil of prayer—in a solitary chapel—his unconsecrated weapons hanging near. When the day dawned, they received the sacerdotal blessing, and, from that moment, he was allowed to take his nightly rounds (*rondar*), and to watch over and protect the dwelling of his beloved.

SHEPHERDESS OF EARLY SPRING-TIDE.

Shepherdess of early spring-tide,
With thy look of innocence ;
God be with thee, gentle maiden !
For I wend me far from hence.

With my flocks I quit for ever
These sweet vales, fair maid ! Alas
Thou wilt see me slumbering never
'Midst the flow'rs, and on the grass.
Time from all these joys shall sever
Which made time so gayly pass.
Music's charm and song's endeavour
Cease—sighs break where gladness was.

On the snow-o'ermantled mountain
Shall my bed of silence be ;

By the beach-tree, near the fountain,
I will dwell and think of thee.
'Neath the cypress, dark and shady,
Long my mournful vigils keep,
Never through the night-tides, Lady !
Shall these eyelids cease to weep.

When the crippling frost is stalking
O'er the palsied earth—I'll go
With the moon unsocial walking :
Sending thoughts to thee, and woe.
Waking dreams of vanish'd sweetness,
Watching in thy solitude ;
Nought but heaven to be my witness,
And the birdlets of the wood.

Of the species of *Romances* with which the fair were serenaded, a thousand specimens exist, and they are as varied as they are original. Among a people overflowing with poetic genius, and harassed by an oppressive and tormenting government, which allowed only a bounded flight to the Muse, it may well be fancied how the imagination would revel among the subjects which were not interdicted, such as chivalry and love. These are treated with an infinite variety of form and language, and though often degenerating into excess, their general character is lively and poetical, and they are seldom tainted with any thing like grossness or indelicacy.

WHO'LL BUY A HEART? WHO'LL BUY? WHO'LL BUY?

Poor heart of mine ! tormenting heart !
Long hast thou teaz'd me—thou and I
May just as well agree to part.
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

They offer three testoons—but, no !
A faithful heart is cheap at more :
'Tis not of those that wandering go,
Like mendicants from door to door.
Here's prompt possession—I might tell
A thousand merits ; come and try.
I have a heart—a heart to sell :
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

How oft beneath its folds lay hid
The gnawing viper's tooth of woe—
Will no one buy? will no one bid?
'Tis going now. Yes ! it must go !
So little offer'd—it were well
To keep it yet—but, no ! not I.
I have a heart—a heart to sell :
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

I would 'twere gone ! for I confess
I'm tired—and longing to be freed ;
Come, bid, fair maiden ! more or less—
So good—and very cheap indeed

Once more—but once—I cannot dwell
 So long—'tis going—going—fie !
 No offer—I've a heart to sell :
 Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

Once—twice—and thrice—the money down,
 The heart is now transferr'd to you ;

Fair lady ! make it all your own,
 And may it ever bless you too !
 Its broken and its wounded part
 Your touch can heal. Go, lady ! try,
 And I will give you all a heart,
 You would not buy—you would not buy.

O THOU GAY SPRING TIME.

O thou gay spring time,
 Cover'd with flowers,
 Crown with thy garlands
 Passion like ours.

Crown with white lilies,
 Jasmynes, and roses—
 Every gay floweret
 That odour discloses—
 Violets, vervains,
 Pinks and all flowers,
 Crown with your garlands
 Passion like ours.

The tresses of gold
 That imprison the soul,

The bright suns of heaven
 In glory that roll—
 While I weep o'er my sorrows,
 And gather sweet flowers—
 O crown with thy garlands
 Passion like ours.

That forehead serene,
 Where love sits confest,
 Adorn with the zephyrs
 And balm of the east.
 Adorn that bright temple
 With incense of flowers—
 And crown with thy garland
 A passion like ours.

HOW CALM, HOW SWEET THE PLAIN.

How calm, how sweet the plain
 When spring walks forth—and gloomy days are gone
 —Birds pour their mournful strain,
 The winds expire, the streamlets linger on,
 And from the flowery bed
 Gay smiles awake, and odorous breaths are shed.

The elm tree and the pine
 Shade from the dazzling of the noon-tide beam ;
 A golden amber line
 Plays ever sparkling on the gentle stream
 Which rolls across the mead—
 Food for the mouth,—a pillow for the head.

But thou being absent, all,
 Fair maiden ! loses every beauty now ;
 For thy sweet footsteps fall
 As fall the morn-rays from the mountain brow,
 And gladness and soft joy
 Without thee are but sorrow and annoy.

It has been before mentioned, that festal songs always accompany the religious holidays of Spain ; here is one on the Carnival (Antrujejo.) These festivals have always been more joyous than devout ; and so, the old proverb sagely says, *A las romerías de cerca mucha vino y poca cera.*

COME LET US EAT AND DRINK TO-DAY.

COME, let us eat and drink to-day,
 And sing and laugh and banish sorrow,
 For we must part to-morrow.

In Antrujejo's honour—fill
 The laughing cup with wine and glee,
 And feast and dance with eager will,
 And crowd the hours with revelry,
 For that is wisdom's counsel still—

To-day be gay,—and banish sorrow,
 For we must part to-morrow.

Honour the saint—the morning ray
 Will introduce the monster death—
 There's breathing space for joy to-day,
 To-morrow ye shall gasp for breath ;
 So now be frolicksome and gay,
 And tread joy's round, and banish sorrow,
 For we must part to-morrow.

(Lon. Mag.)

THE CURSE OF COLDENGAME.

"Remove not the old landmarks ; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless."

Proverbs xxii. 10.

THERE is a part of Suffolk known by the name of the "dairy district," which, to the curious in the pastoral branch of domestic economy, presents all that is interesting in the care and pasturage of cows, and the production of the richest cheese and butter. When you pass from the land of the reap-hook and plough-share into the region of natural grass and perpetual pasturage, you cannot be insensible that a corresponding change has taken place in the manners and bearing of the people. It is true you will find no vacant shepherds piping in the dale, nor meet with flocks which seem fond of any other melody save that of the running brooks, where the grass is abundant and the wild yellow clover green and savoury. The herds of cows—the ring-straked, the speckled, and the spotted, seem a most laborious grass-devouring race, bearing no resemblance to those more favoured animals which browse with such delicacy of taste, and low so melodiously, over the bloomy fields of some of our pastoral bards. If they are not of a strict pastoral kind, and cannot claim descent from those flocks to which Apollo piped and Daphnis sang, they are nevertheless a fair and a stately breed—of the colour of the richest cream—with an appetite which seems unclayed with the balniest morsels of the fields, and with udders ample and distended, nearly touching the ground, and seeming ready to shed at every step the fragrant treasures they contain.

When you advance into the country, and the sharp edge of curiosity is somewhat blunted, you will find leisure to observe that each subdivision of the district has a system of management peculiar to itself. In one place a scrupulous observance of old pastoral rules prevails ; in another, the indiscreet goddess, Chance, seems to have acquired the mastery ; while the thirst of gain predominates on a third division.

It is of the division over which Mammon was then waving his banner that our story must speak ; and as it must speak with a tongue some sixty years old, we may suppose ourselves wafted back to that period, and that we are looking for the first time over the immense patriarchal establishment of herds, and hinds, and bondwomen. In other lands the cows roamed at large, feeding in groupes by the brook-banks ; but here they stood fastened to rough wooden mangers, in rank succeeding rank, with cut grass before them, and a moveable fence of rods or reeds to protect them from the wind. Many men and maidens attended to the filling or clearing of the mangers—or moved the fences, as the wind shifted, or knelt—or, to borrow a northern word, "hunkered" and filled their innumerable pails with milk. Others at home, on the cool tiled floors of the dairies, transformed, in many a reeking pan, the new milked-milk into curds, pressed out the whey with their hands, and filled the cheese-moulds, and placed them under the cheese-presses. Another department presented some dozens of busy hands extracting, with many a plunge and pull, the butter from the cream—washing it in cold spring water, and dressing it out in all its attractions for market. Over the whole, one or two old, considerate, calculating female spirits presided, and seemed, by their smooth shining looks, and round plump forms, something like suitable personifications of those savoury commodities—butter and cheese.

The house, or rather hall, to which all those herds and hinds belonged, merits some notice. It had been in other times a dwelling of note. It was built chiefly with beams of framed oak, richly carved in a deep sharp old Saxon style, with high peak ends and latticed windows, and with many marks of original grandeur and antique beauty about it. Those who are anxious after

day and date for all the labours of man may obtain a useful lesson in the controversy which then burned, and which still smoulders, concerning the age of the hall. On that very morning in which a man somewhat curious about truth would desire to commence this desultory but remarkable tale, it happened that the antiquity of the hall had engaged the attention of two persons, who, summoned on other business, sat under the southern porch-way, side by side. From this place they had a view of a wandering stream—which had obtained the name of the Larke, from emitting, as it ran, a kind of melodious din among its pebbles; they had also a view of many clumps of very old and stately oaks, and of a distant field grazed by numerous cows.

"It is, indeed," said one, who had all the tokens of the pastoral charge of souls about him, "an ancient and a venerable place—tradition hesitates about the date of its foundation, and certain of those sages, the antiquaries, have written very learnedly and unintelligibly about it. In groping after its date, they have filled their hands with idle controversy, and, in a style swollen with Norman and Saxon names, have floundered on till they are stayed by the very reasonable legend of the Wolf and St. Edmund's head—and there have they halted for breath before they take another step up the dark stair of conjecture and absurdity." "It would perhaps be presumptuous," said his companion, who seemed, by his shrewd and suspicious eye, to be one learned in the law, "while such a controversy pends, to offer the opinion of one so simple as myself: but to eyes less inspired indeed than those through which antiquaries look, the house seems of the age of Henry VII. The arms of the noble name of Bennet may be seen very curiously carved amid the interlacings of vine and ivy-leaves, while over it is the figure of a wolf couching with a human head between its paws, which it may be either watching or devouring. The wise on those matters say it is the wolf and the head of St. Edmund—while the simple, and therefore unwise, say it is the arms of the corporation of weavers—a wolf's

head with a shuttle in its mouth." "Are ye sure," said the divine, "that the leaves are those of the grape?" "As sure," said the lawyer, "as that grapes never grow without leaves." "Then," said the divine, "this throws some light on an old boast, that the lands of Framlingham, that now flow with milk, once flowed with wine." "Ah! the old vine terraces of Framlingham," said the lawyer, "which, planted by the Romans, intoxicated the Saxons, and filled the monks with delight, and the nuns with joy. Those were merry times, Mr. Horegrove; but merry times never last long. And I am afraid, after all, that this English wine would feel sour to the fastidious lips of the present generation."

At this moment a female shriek was heard in the hall, and the person who uttered it came suddenly out, smiting one hand upon another, "Come, start ye!" said she, addressing at once the divine and the lawyer;—"Come, stir ye—stir ye: the breath will be out, and the devil will be in, and Coldengame-hall will lack a master, while ye sit here talking of Framlingham oaks and Robin Grande's vine terraces. He's gasping his last gasp, and no a sensible soul near him to hear the last words of an expiring sinner!" The room into which they rose and followed this unceremonious messenger was a small chamber, hewn out of oak as hard as iron, and as black as ink; and lighted by a small window half shut up with a vine run wild. In an old stuffed arm-chair—with arms, and mottoes, and texts of scripture, strewn over it, they found a hale-looking old man, who, with clasped hands, and an unsettled wildness of eye, sat gazing round and round as if something visible to him alone flitted from place to place, and was giving him great pain.

"Where is Elias, my son?" said the old man;—"when the wind is shaking the fruit tree, he should be near to gather the fruit. You are welcome, Mr. Horegrove—if that's your name—and you, sir, are welcome too—ye are the new-come lawyer—ye came here when the Norfolk breed of cows came—and the dairy district has never thriven since. We come weeping, Mr. Hore-

grove, into the world; and we go groaning out; and of all that we love, we can take nought with us. I wish the curse of man and of God would remain behind on the earth with them who brought in the brindled breed of cows. But when will moaning mend us—the fair fields and the pure gold we have sinned our souls in seeking must bide where they are. What could I do with the broad lands of Coldengame in another world? And now I think that's nearly as good as a sermon, Mr. Horegrove; I knew all you would say, and said it for ye, and so I bid you good morrow. And now I think on't, ye may as well take Mr. Windlas the lawyer with you—I hate the breed—I hate the breed. Will the pleasant lands of Coldengame not descend with the old name of Neyland, unless it's scribbled on a sheep's skin by a knave? I hate the breed—I hate the breed. The Lord deliver the pasture-lands of the old district from priests, lawyers, and the brindled brood of Norfolk. Away with you! Away with you!" They rose, and went away.

A tall handsome young man now entered the chamber; he advanced to the chair, took the sick man by the hand, and turned his head away—to hide the tear which was not there to drop. "Elias Neyland," said the old man, "I must leave the green pastures of Coldengame and the clear stream of the Larke, and all my milch-cows—and a fairer brood never nipt the morning grass, nor yielded milk to a maiden's hand—I must leave them all, Elias—and leave my gold, and my gains, and my thrifty bargains, and the prospect of large increase, and all to a thriftless and a prodigal son, who spent four-pence half-penny at last Ipswich fair, and drank the cream off yesterday morning's milk. Men will say, as they hold out their fingers at thee, 'There goes waster Elias, the only son of old saving Edward Neyland.' Ah! Elias, Elias, what made ye of the silver sixpence I gave ye on your birth-day—ye will break your father's heart, Elias."

"Father," said the youth, "your days may yet be many; and you may live to add field to field, and sum to sum; and the delight of gain and the

gladness of riches may be yours for a score of years. Father, your reproach is unjust. I have learned to make money work while men sleep—I beat Gisleham at bargain-making; I took in Gripington in open barter at noon-day, and fairly outwitted Cresswell out of one of his best heifers. I cannot pass along the street on a market-day but I hear men whisper, 'That's young Neyland of Coldengame—a flint—a nail—a file—his father's a cloud raining manna compared to him—he has an eye like a cormorant, and every finger is a fish-hook.' "My son," said the old man, "my heart is cheered—ye are indeed my child. Ah! I thought ye had a touch too much of your mother—a wise and a thrifty woman, Elias, in all things, save in giving her cheese-parings to the parish poor, and wearing laced head-gear on holidays—her extravagance has shortened my days by five years and upwards. Now, Elias, lad, I have some words to say, to which ye must listen. When ye hear that Duke this, and Earl that, and Lord the other thing, recommend a new manger and a new cheese-press, and an improved creaming-cup, and new grasses, and new broods of cows—even laugh, and bide by thy wise father's plans. Mind them not—these are maggots which breed—and where's the harm—in great men's heads—but great men's heads, Elias, are as empty as a milk-pail before milking-time. It was bidding by one wise plan of thrift, that raised me from a poor herdsman to be proprietor of Coldengame, with some pretty slips of pasture about Cranesford and Thrandestone. I wish that cursed cough would keep away, that I might engrave the description of the kind of cow which filled my pails and pockets upon your memory."

The old man coughed long, and then re-commenced his train of advice. "My favourite cow had no horns—horns will gore others of the herd, and spill the pails of milk. She had a clean, clear throat—a small dewlap—a heavy belly—a ridged back—a large carcase and thin legs, with a hollow chine and a snake head. Her udder was big and her milk-veins large; her eye was greedy, and her colour was the

hue of her own cream—what I call a golden cream. Thy mother favoured the brindled sort—but my dying word will be a cream, a golden cream. She will yield eight gallons a-day, and her milk will cast a coat of cream over which a mouse might walk dry-footed. That's the cow, Elias, for the world—will ye learn the description by heart?" The heir nodded assent, and the old man continued. "Now I think I may give a thought or two to the other world—to the state of my soul, as Parson Horegrove says—not that I have so much need as many others, for I have ever kept matters close by the head there. I went regularly to church—I gave Lady Religion her just dues—and her dues are far from light." "Ah! father," said Elias, "the church is a greater cormorant than the state: she claims and takes all the gains of Coldengame every tenth year—I think her company might be spared." "Spared, lad!" said old Neyland, "fiend make their skull into a skimming-dish for the caldrons of darkness, that would wish otherwise. To the church and state, my child, I have ever given as little as I could—they have always put a greedy hand into our pockets—and if the parson's prayers can be useful where I am going, it is more than I can credit. I shall soon see. Now, Elias, I have ever kept nature in as with a bridle-hand. I have not diced—nor horse-raced—nor fought cocks—nor bulls—nor sworn an oath, save what was for my own advantage—and swearing can hardly be regarded as sin where the gain is great."

As he spoke, a footstep was heard in the passage—the door of the chamber opened, and an old woman, tall and erect—with a look keen, shrewd, and sarcastic, walked up to the sick man. She seemed the votary rather of some obsolete order of devotees than the wife of a pastoral farmer. She wore a long dark mantle, with open sleeves, that almost reached the floor—it was drawn close round her neck, terminating in a small ruff; while a little black print bible, clasped and cornered with silver, hung by a chain from her girdle nearly as low as her feet. "Edward Neyland!" said she, regarding the old man

with a look which seemed to make him creep together with terror; "Edward Neyland, the hour of death is come—let it be the hour of retribution and repentance also. Need I tell you who I am, and what my meaning is? In the dark hour of night, when one child lay in its coffin, another was dying in my arms, and my husband lay in his shroud by my side, ye went and moved our landmark, and robbed the widow and the fatherless of a fair inheritance. When ye justified your villany by a false oath, did ye think ye imposed on God as ye imposed on man? Arise! Edward Neyland; ye have yet strength left to do an act of justice—arise! and replace the landmark—and if ye die in righting the widow and the fatherless, ye may hope for grace—but ye are incapable of repentance—ye will die in sin—and I am come to curse ye where ye sit."

Young Neyland stepped in between his father and this stern old monitress; and, looking her full in the face, seemed willing to impose silence on her by his looks. She was not to be so daunted—there she stood like the pride of old English virtue and truth personified, while the demon of gain and rapacity seemed represented by the other. "Young man," said the old woman, "I read your heart—it is leaping with joy at the hope of a speedy possession—and ye curse death as dilatory, and think the grave and the pit are slow in claiming their morsel. There ye stand, anxious to succeed to the gains of that wretched old man whom God smote with a year's blindness, yet he repented not—with a year's madness, yet he cried not for mercy—and when he restored him to his faculties, did he bless the hand of heaven, and rue the wrongs he had done to the widow and the orphan? From that infirm portion of clay I hope not for restitution—let him go unworthily and unblessed to his grave—where the loathing worms will spare his poisonous carcase. But from you, young man—gripping and greedy as you are, the only child of one whom God has sent among us for a curse—I expect—nay, I demand justice—and see ye delay it not. Now mark my words. The tongue that never spoke

on the side of mercy and truth before, will command you to do justice to me and mine—obey, and thy days shall be long in the land—refuse, and within the light of one short moon ye shall be summoned before an inexorable judge, and an end shall be of thee and thine.”

“Woman, woman!” said Elias, “dost thou think, with thy clasped book at thy belt, and ungracious words on thy tongue, to dismay me? Ye have been long known for one who could do no good for yourself: and whenever you have seen a neighbour prosper, lo! ye came and clasped your hands and shouted, ‘He has robbed the widow, and plundered the fatherless; and there he rides gallantly with the Lincoln green coat and silver buttons, who deserves to be made a tassel to a gibbet.’ Had honest men their will, ye would pass the herring-brook, dame, for an ill-wisher—and a prayer of evil prayers.” “The herring-brook which ye will pass,” said the old woman, “will be that brook which runs down the valley and shadow of death. The old tree is rotten and ripe, and the fire will soon catch its branches—the young tree looks green and fair—but the axe is whet, and a stroke shall strike it low, when there shall be none to raise it again. And the last words ye shall utter will be, Ruth Rushbrook said it.” And she awaited no reply, but strode out of the room.

Elias, after having fastened the door, to secure himself from farther intrusion, returned to his father; but the looks of the old man were changed—his face was dark, his eye was wandering—and his voice sounded like an echo among the tombs, “Elias, my son, come near—death is more fearsome than I thought—and though I wished once to groan out my last, leaving ye owner of all the fair fields of which I am master, I find it may not be. Ye may mind how sore your mother pleaded near her last gasp to be kind—honest was the word—to the widow and the fatherless babes—she died with the word landmark, and with the name of Rushbrook, on her tongue. Now, Elias, I have often tried to do the honest deed myself—and one summer morning, before the sun or the seed of man, save myself, was up, I went out

to replace the landmark—but the fields looked so green and fair, and my cows seemed to graze with so much rapture, that my hands refused an act of kindness to my soul. I have sometimes thought that Satan—ye have heard the parson preach about him, my man, and how he dwells in a bottomless pit, where the heat would melt the buckles in your shoes—I think Satan himself painted the widow’s fields with a richer hue, and dyed the grass with a more beauteous dye, in order that the temptation might get the better of my wish to be merciful. Lord! lad, if I thought that the fields are not so rich as I imagined, may the fiend make my right leg bone into the drone of a Scotchman’s bagpipe, if I would not, this precious moment, restore them to widow Rushbrook! Lord help me, and have I sinned my soul for seven sand hills instead of seven good pasture parks. Tell me, Elias, my lad, were they clothed, think ye, by the Tempter, in that long and beautiful herbage, in order that I might sell him my soul for a simple luck-penny?”

“The cows,” answered Elias, “love the fields—and their milk is more abundant and rich from that pasture than from others—nine gallons a-day, and a pound and a half of butter, each, can be no work of the fiends—else he’s a kind fiend to us.” “Spoken like thy father’s son,” said the old man; “and now hearken to me. All my neighbours know me for a close-handed man—and may be some suspect I am no honester than an honest man ought—now mind my words. Ye will soon have riches—ye will want only a fair name and a fair fame—and these are far easier to be had than the broad lands of Coldengame. When I am cold—and no sooner—send for widow Rushbrook, and send for some of the old wise heads of the district. Quote some two or three words about grace and mercy from scripture—thy mother’s bible is sewed up in the sleeve of her damasked gown—I sometimes take a look at it myself. And, now, I think on’t, ye will find my shroud lying beside it—thy mother shaped and sewed it for me—blessed be her thrift—and—what was I talking about?—Aye—and

ye'll say that your father felt the conscience pang, and commanded ye to restore the two fields to Ruth Rushbrook which he had retained—retained, Elias, is a soft word—now this will open the world to thee with a fine sound—Ruth will be delighted, and the world will forget the father for the sake of the son, and your fortune will bud forth and flourish—and ye will be Sir Elias—or wherefore not Lord? But what see ye at the window?—ye will see the green fields when I am dead and gone."

"See at the window?" answered Elias; "if yonder's not Gaffer Grippagen driving his brindled Lady Mary over the Larke to our cream-coloured Cush—he'll steal the breed—Father, d'ye think ye'll not die till I come back?" And away he started, muttering, "One may find an old man of sixty-eight again; but when shall I find two fair fields such as Suffolk cannot match?" A full hour elapsed before he returned—he went not near the Larke, nor sought he after Gaffer and his brindled Lady Mary—but he ran away to look at the two fields which were to become the property of Ruth Rushbrook. He paced them from end to end, and from side to side, and shook his head and muttered, "I will keep them though the dead should rise and demand them." He examined the sward; it was rich in natural clover, and savoury with the sweetest grasses, and tempting to the lip of all cows, whether cream-coloured or tawny. He muttered again, "Plague on't! must the price of his repentance come out of my pocket!" and, with a firm resolution to retain them, he returned to the chamber where the dying man lay.

The hand of death was fast subduing the strength, and softening the hard iron spirit, of his father, "Elias!" he sighed, "are ye come? Oh make the two fields four if ye would have your father to find rest in his grave." "Father," said the youth, "can ye tell me how many stone weight of cheese ye sold to Gabriel Grippal, of Ipswich? he's dead, or become bankrupt—and—either the devil or the lawyers have the picking of him—it matters little which—it's a sore loss." "Elias," said the old

man, "I sold him twenty and eight stone—half money down—but, oh! death's dealing with me, and he's a hard creditor—I wish I could put over the winter—I think I could drop away with less reluctance in the spring. Make the four fields five, Elias—I shall sleep the sounder for't—there's no sleeping in hell-fire, if all tales be true. Save us! what put that in my head?"

"Speaking of hell-fire," said Elias, "are ye sure that Stephen Elborde, whom men call Steenie Hellbird, may be trusted, father? He has a doctor and an attorney with him—and the priest rode down the bridle-road this morning. He'll confess him, and bless him; and for a piece of gold give him absolution for all his sins, and send him gaily to heaven, though he had stolen the whole county of Suffolk, and moved all the widows' landmarks between this and the Land's End. It's a religion that accommodates itself to men's dispositions and desires, better than any form that I know of. But touching old Elborde, depend on't, his lease is near run—I saw smoke in his chimney at six this blessed morning—a sign that some unthrifty thing is about to happen." "Elias," said the old man, gasping for breath—"listen to me—make the five fields seven, and add to them one hundred pieces of gold—and then I think men will bless me when I'm in the grave—and I may take heaven in my own hand. Send for Ruth Rushbrook, I say." "Father," answered Elias, "where have ye hid the rights of Framlingham lea, the title deeds of Grublington? and I have not seen for a twelvemonth, and more, the silver token by which ye hold of the crown Lily-acres and the six fields of Skimagain." "Elias," said Edward Neyland, his visage sharpening in death, and his last respiration rattling in his throat; "seven fields, I say, and one hundred pieces of gold, to Ruth Rushbrook—do as I say, and God and my spirit shall bless you. Keep them—and I shall come from the dead and disinherit ye: keep them, and the widow's curse, which missed me, shall fall on you: keep them—and God shall make ye a wonder and a warning to all children who disobey their parents:

keep them—and thy young blood shall be spilt on thine own threshold, and thy habitation shall be in hell !” He fell slowly back, when he had done speaking—his lips quivered, and a slight convulsion was visible in the fingers of his right hand. “Father,” said Elias, “answer me but one question—how many—God ! it will never do to die now, and so many things unsettled ! Father, I say.” The old man gave a groan—expanded his hands, and sunk down and expired. “Father,” continued the son, “where’s the old cheese-mould hid, that’s full of coined gold ? No, no ; he won’t answer that. Father, where’s the key that hung at your belt, and opened the oaken chest in the dark closet ?” and he laid his hand upon a bunch of keys, which hung at the old man’s girdle. “He heeds not the rattle of his coffer keys—he must be far gone : Father, father,” he wrung his hands—“and have ye died without blessing me ! I’ll answer for’t, he’ll never speak on this side of time more. There’s a pretty piece of business. An he would open his lips again, I would give the widow back a couple of parks to hear but the sound of his tongue.”

The young owner of Coldengame stood pondering for a minute’s space, at last he shouted, “Mardel—Mardel, ye snail—come here—I have something to tell ye, and something to show ye, that will make ye pleased and sad—Mardel, I say.” In answer to this rude summons, a very old woman—a sort of domestic drudge, made her appearance, shaking the husk of flax from her arms, as she came, and murmuring at being taken from her task. “Here ye grumbling gammerstang—hold him in the chair, till I search for the keys, and lock up the house, and see what I am to call my own. He has been spending money lately as if it had not come by the sweat of the brow—it was no good symptom of health when he became a spendthrift.” “Troth, and that’s true,” said the old domestic ; “I saw him, no farther back than Tuesday, give a quarter of a pound of cheese-parings to a beggar’s brat ; and a bit of money—it could not be less than a half-penny—to an old man with a white head, who begged hard and long—he

has been spending hard lately—but he sleeps soundly. Eh ! Elias, this is not the repose of sleep, but of death—if ye keep Coldengame till he awake, ye’ll be lord long enough. I trow it was not for nought that the bats fluttered, and the daws screeched, when I kindled a fire in our chamber-chimney yesterday. And now I think on’t, I saw two ravens sitting on the house-top, when I rose this morning—a sight I never have seen since Crombie the Scotch cow died—I think I cried away all my tears then—for I can hardly find one to drop by my old master’s side.” And she put her hands before her face, and raised up a kind of low and melancholy cry—but no drops of sorrow came.

Word soon flew over the district that Edward Neyland was dead—mourning made no struggle for mastery with mirth—one would have thought that a mill-stone had been removed from every bosom. The hinds swore deeper oaths, the maidens sang merrier songs, the dogs barked in chorus, and the very cows seemed to feel an increase of gladness as they tasted the rich pastures. “And so old Coldengame’s dead,” said one rustic ; “if the devil keeps cows, let him make Ned the cow-herd—and there will be more wit in hell than I wot of if he fails to nick him out of some of the best calves.” “Aye ! dead !” said the second rustic ; “dead as a door nail—my dream has had a glorious clearing up. I dreamed I saw old Coldengame dished out like a roasted pig at a bridal dinner, with a sprig of rosemary in his mouth, and the devil dining on him in the shape of a great hooded crow. And speaking of bridals, when will little Will Chessel be married ? The parish gives away the bride, and the magistrate recommends the nuptials—and a ripe morsel for the altar she is.” “Ripe for the altar !” said a third rustic ; “as ripe as old Coldengame was for the grave. They say that after he died there remained a fiend within him that made him move, and his lips to mutter—but it must have been a conscientious fiend, for when old Mardel laid him in his last linen, they say he started half up, and cried, ‘Ruth Rushbrook’s landmark !’ Now d’ye

think a dead man's word will stand law?' "Who the devil doubts it, man?" said a fourth rustic; "a thing that won't stand in common sense, will stand in law—and precious good law too. I wish I had a dead man's word for a thousand pounds—I would put it into old Fishook's hand—he would make me good money out of it." "But have ye heard," said the fifth rustic, "that old Neddy-nick-the-Devil's to be buried like a man of high degree—like a Bennet or a Mordaunt—a hearse and four horses, no less, to draw him! and ranks of people with torches. Gore! an it will be prime sport to see old Carrion-crow, the cow-feeder, laid in the vaults among our lords and nobles. All's one to the worms—a king or a cowman—and wherefore should I grumble? Are ye going to the foot-ball match to-night, twelve on a side, o'er the moonlight lea? Moll Grabbert will be there—and Nan Reamen-cap will be looking on; and our side will do their best." "Foot-ball!" said the sixth and last rustic; "who would go to foot-ball, and old Coldengame going to be buried! Folk expect he will come to life again—d'ye think he'll leave the world, that he loved so dearly, in this quiet and easy way? And if he were so disposed, d'ye think mother Biblebelt—old Ruth Rushbrook, will let him slip decently under the sod, without giving him her benediction? Have I not both seen and heard her stand at Coldengame's chamber-window at midnight, and shout, 'A widow's curse! a widow's cry! and a widow's tears! Cursed be he who moveth his neighbour's landmark, and robs the widow and the fatherless!' Every body knows the curse of Ruth Rushbrook—who has not heard the curse she has pronounced on the house of Coldengame? and they say it is fulfilling."

On the day when this conversation happened, an unwonted crowd of people had assembled at Coldengame hall. A hearse, nodding with black horse-hair, and streaming with tears, stood in the midst—and so naturally were the tears painted, that the young heir, and all his dependants, considered weeping a mere superfluity. Elias was decorous

in his grief—his grief was beyond tears. He drew on his father's boots, and strutted from room to room, looking at every step on this paternal benefaction, which fitted him, as the apothecary remarked, as a mortar fits a pestle. He endowed his person in an ample coat, with sleeves like carronades, and buttons like butter-prints—and threw aside the lappets, to display a scarlet vest, ornamented with tarnished lace, which had descended into the family, in a somewhat oblique way from Matthew Hopkins, of Manningtree, witchfinder to good King James, who burned and hanged those only possessed of a rich wardrobe and a familiar spirit. The new-born pride of a miser broke out, as it ever breaks, in fits of extravagance. In every chimney there burned a fire—in every window there burned a light—the crows, startled by the unaccustomed glare, rose from their roosting places, and screeched out, according to the interpretation of the crowd, "Fire! fire!"

Hunger and thirst, on that auspicious day, forsook the mansion where they had been born, and fled out of the district. The roasted oxen smoaked—the brown ale flowed—and a little rill, that runs in the neighbourhood, lost its ancient name, and assumed that of Brandy-brook—so much was its current augmented by the liquor which drunkenness spilt.

It was past eleven at night when the hearse began to move, and the torches to stream towards the place of burial. The abundance of meat and drink, and the mirth which got the better of sorrow, gave it more the look of a wedding than a funeral. All the pastoral chiefs of the district were present—they gazed on the singular extravagance of the scene—wondering in what it was all to end. Many of them afterwards acknowledged that a presentiment of some coming calamity pressed upon them. "I'll tell ye, neighbour," said one; "I like none of these grand processions. Why should the living waste their means on the dead? Lay me in white linen—let a kind neighbour or two bear me to the grave—let a short prayer be said over me, and let a cup of good ale go round—for sorrow is ever dry—and that's the way Dick

Dilsey, of Ashbocking, wishes to be buried." "And a wise way it is," said another pastoral proprietor; "the good green sward, say I. Plague on't, if I would like to be laid up like one of death's cut-and-dry morsels for the worms, in a mouldy vault. It may do well enough for the lords, and the nobles, and other folk with carcasses which disease has rendered uneatable. But a man as wholesome as a breeze in May—as fresh as a new-moulded cheese, and as sweet as new-churned butter—a ten-foot grave, and a green sod for him—and that's what Hodge Guthram, of Thrandestone, thinks." "Ah! but, man," said John Chokeband, of Latheringham, "ye speak like one of the simple men of Suffolk, who wished to be kings, for the sake of living ever on sweet cream and cheese-parings. Young Coldengame is laying the foundation-stone of a house that is to give knights and nobles to the land. Ye will see him soon in a carriage with three churn staffs and a half cheese for a coat of arms; and his motto will be, 'My father's cat liked his neighbour's cream.' And ye know well, neighbours, this is more than likely. A crescent has been suggested instead of a cheese—the moon is made of green cheese—therefore men call her the Suffolk lanthorn; but I have counselled him to stand by the cheese—I am a plain man, and like comprehensible things."

They had now reached the churchyard—a romantic burial-ground, over-shaded by lines of lofty elms, underneath the boughs of which flashed a succession of torches. By the same wavering and uncertain light the relics of an ancient gothic church might be seen, and rank after rank of tomb-stones, recording the resting-places of the old worthies of the district. Before them yawned the vault destined to receive the first of the house of Neyland that had ever been buried in lead; the pilasters of the door gave room for two mourners with enormous torches, between which the coffin, richly covered with velvet, was borne down the broad stone stairs. A line of mourners, and a stream of torches, followed; and round the whole, the hinds of the dis-

trict gathered, gazing at the piled-up coffins of their old nobles, and wondering what took old Ned Neyland, the cow-feeder, among them.

The clergyman, with a voice which to those in the open air sounded as hollow as the proverbial voice from the grave, proceeded with the burial service; and, lifting up a handful of the dust at his feet, was about to cast it on the coffin, completing the symbolical presentation of sepulture—dust to dust. He was startled—and his hand stayed by a human figure, which, shrouded from head to foot, started from among the piled-up coffins, and cried out, "Edward Neyland, I forbid thy body to lie here!" "It is Ruth Rushbrook," whispered a voice or two, scarce audible with shuddering. "Woman," said the clergyman, with a mild beseeching voice, "I desire you to depart, or be silent—let dust be laid to dust—let the body, out of which the spirit has passed, moulder in peace. War not with inanimate clay! 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.'" "Hark ye, Sir Priest," said Ruth, "I interpret not what heaven says of a scene like this, but I will tell you what a frail and injured mortal thinks: that whoso lays the dust of the unrepenting sinner—the robber of the widow and the fatherless—the mover of his neighbour's landmark—whoso lays him, with words of scripture and with prayer, to mingle with the dust of the high-born, the high-souled, and brave—doth a wrong which will bring vengeance down on the living, and fierce judgment on the dead. Lay him among the sordid and the vile—lay him in some dark and sequestered nook, over which an honest man's foot will never tread—and let all men look at his grave as they pass, and point the moral to their children with the infamous name of Neyland."

The clergyman stood with the dust in his hands looking on the rapt and enthusiastic woman. The young heir of Coldengame was alone unmoved and undaunted. "Get thee gone, foul woman!" he said; "wilt thou tear the morsel from the grave?"—"Wretch!" said Ruth, "the power is not given thee to harm one hair of my head. Remove thy hands, and give ear one

moment. Vengeance for a wrong which made me and my children beggars has been my earnest cry to heaven, morning, noon, and night, for many, many years. Listen—will you obey your father's dying words? will you restore the seven fields to the widow and the fatherless? Behold ye all, how hardened he stands, and answers me not; while one may number seven, will I give him before I speak in other words." And she paused and stood, with her eyes closed and her arms extended. More than the time she named had elapsed—she broke out with a startling cry, that made the church-yard echo. "Elias Neyland—before man, and before God, I warn you that the curse which I invoked on Coldengame is about to be fulfilled. A blow shall come in the dark, and no one shall know the hand that dealt it. Arise!" and she struck the coffin with her foot; "Arise! let a spirit come forth, an evil spirit, and smite and destroy—let the name of Neyland live no more on the earth." And gliding from among the mourners, she disappeared in the church-yard. One of the torch-bearers, at the entrance of the vault, uttered a cry as she passed him, more like the bellow of a startled bull than like the cry of a human creature. "Why, what the fiend makes thee afraid, man?" said his companion; "it's only an old woman, though a fearful one. What would you have said had you seen her ghost?" "Ghost, man!" said the other; "I would rather lay my head all night on Queen Mary's bloody stone at Framlingham than have seen such a sight—for if that was not old mother Biblebelt, I'm the Christmas flowering thorn of Parham, and no longer Bill Boxhall." "And what if it be, lad?" said the other; "old dame Biblebelt won't bite thee, man; hang it, ye'll drop the torch." "Bite me," said the first spokesman; "how could she bite me? for the old woman's dead—aye! dead—as dead as a post, and as stiff as a crutch, and as cold as a stone. What the deuce could she be wanting here! I'll hold thee it can be for no good—I shall find my brindled cow dead at the stake—or my wife Sue ready for her last linen.

And yet I'm not sure that she's dead either—I know she's bed-fast; and old dame Clenche, who makes the gossip caudle, told me that her glass was run."

One by one, the mourners quitted the vault—and two by two, they left the church-yard, and proceeded towards Coldengame hall, which lay a short mile distant. The heir of Coldengame was observed to linger in the vault—he was the last that left it; and as he passed through the church-yard, his face was flushed, his eye restless—he regarded no one—he associated with no one—but walked slowly homewards. It was on the stroke of twelve. The day had been unusually sultry, the cattle had sought the shaded parts of their pastures—had stood up to their bellies in the brooks, and the sun had gone down without leaving a cloud or a speck behind. But the eye of the experienced swain, as it skimmed along the hill-tops where the land and sky met, or rested on the darkening beams of the departed sun, foresaw an approaching storm, and secured his cattle, and called his children home. The sky to a late hour continued clear—you might have heard the Larke utter a loud murmur—gusts of wind shook the oaks of Framlingham, while the innumerable rooks which found shelter in the groves of the district sought out the most sheltered trees—they seemed to expect the sweep of the tempest from the east.

The mourners, or to use a more suitable word for those who sorrowed not—the guests, had all reached Coldengame, and were gathered round the tables—spice cake and dainties were ready; and the wine bottles stood in clusters, with their corks undrawn. Many a thirsty and expecting lip was there—and many an eye was turned to the door, expecting the heir—but no heir appeared—the church clock was striking twelve. A sudden rush of wind shook the roof, and made the wine-bottles clatter—flash succeeding flash of lightning followed—rain descended on the house like a brook; and the two tall oak-trees, which stood before the porch, were cast to the ground. The foot as of one running

was heard—and thick breathings—the sound echoed on the pavement—it was heard on the threshold—it ceased, and came no farther. “Some one has caught a fall,” cried old John Copindale, of Gilsingame; and he ran to the door; and there lay Elias Neyland over an old carved stone which stood at the porch—his eyes were dilated, his nostrils expanded, his locks standing in stiffened curls—it seemed that death had frozen him up amid a fit of moral horror—no one could look on him and keep from shuddering. They carried him into the chamber—they chafed his temples—they loosed his dress—no wound appeared—but life had utterly left him. At last a small wound is discovered in his left side—not straight, like the wound of a sword—nor round, like that of a ball; but forming a waving line, an inch in length, and deeper than it was necessary to go to expel life. Not a drop of blood flowed.

“Some one has stabbed him,” said John Bloodmore; “and the weapon has been a conical one—but crooked though it was, a straight piece of steel could scarce have been more handy.” “That’s no sword wound,” said old Guthram, who had been a soldier in his youth;—“no sword ever wrote its deeds in characters so crooked as that—it is a wound, nevertheless, and a deadly one. Who will heir the broad lands of Coldengame now?” “If it is not a sword wound,” said young Lackland, the poacher, “it is as little the wound of a ball—powder never gives lead the leisure to make such curious work. I wonder now how it has been done—it’s a pretty secret. It’s some o’er-sea fashion that’s done with little din. I’ll warrant, shot and steel will go out of vogue, like Robin Hood’s arrows.” “Lead and steel!” said Harry Hasleton; “any one may see it’s the work of a more ethereal hand than what deals with such weapons. It’s the death stroke of some evil spirit. Does it look like the deed of blade or bullet? Look at that face of horror—these eyes started in terror from their sockets—these hands clenched and convulsed—and that wound which refuses to open and bleed. It’s the angry spi-

rit of his father—it’s clear that no mortal could do the deed so deftly.” “Aye, aye,” said more mourners than one, “no doubt—no doubt—he was of a greedy and a sinful race—heaven has taken him into his own hand, and sent a spirit to smite him on his own threshold.” “It is the work of heaven, indeed,” said Mr. Horegrove, the clergyman; “and let the wicked be warned. With what weapon hath God smitten him?—with the weapon of wrath—the sword of fire. It was no evil shape that came—it was the spirit of the tempest—the storm blew, and the fire came, and it smote the clay, and the clay fell. The heathen hath said, what lightning strikes is a thing accursed—I will not say with the heathen, since the lightning strikes the green trees and the barren rocks; but I accept it as a sign of anger and sore displeasure—and all who hear me would do well to humble themselves in secret, and confess their sins to God, and seek for forgiveness.”

“Forgiveness!” said an old woman, a domestic of the house of Neyland, who stood at the door of the chamber, and heard imperfectly what the divine said; “would ye forgive the hand that slew the last hope of my master’s house? Ye call him griping, and hard-hearted; but had ye nursed him on your knees, as I have done—had ye carried him out of a dead mother’s bosom, and dandled him, as these two hands have, in the sunny air—ye would feel as I feel, and pity an old woman’s wail. Hold away, and let me look on him—the only one that never had aught but an open hand, and a warm heart to me.” And she stooped over the body, and shook her head sorrowfully, and dropt a tear or two.

The story of the death of Elias Neyland flew over the land with something like a supernatural speed; and every mile that it went, some wild and wonderful embellishment was added. In those times the old beliefs of the district were in active force—the minds of men had not been sobered down to doubt all, and believe nothing—the evil spirit of political writing was not then unchained and let loose among the

multitude ; and the fear of punishment in another world, for crimes wrought in this, was still the whip to hold men in order, which the poet has imagined. The tragic close of the line of Neyland was dramatised by the active imaginations of the peasantry. One had seen strange lights—a second had heard strange noises—and a third had seen a shape so questionable, that he had no doubt the spirit of old Neyland, invoked by the powers of Ruth Rushbrook, had come back to earth to punish a disobedient son.

Several of the ruling names of the district—the Chiltons, the Peytons, the Malets, the Winthorps, and Gurdons, were there along with Mr. Horegrove, the divine, when an old man came pressing forward, with the sweat of fear, as well as of haste, on his brow—he looked on the body, and said, “Who doubts that a supernatural hand was here ? I myself have seen a sight which will be ever before me, were I to live these threescore years and seven.” “Old man,” said the divine, “remember that you stand before a body on which the hand of God hath this evening been, and that your words are for the ears of devout men—speak, therefore, advisedly—we seek for truth—we wish not to find romance.” “Romance !” said the old man, “what’s that ? But if it be ought of a man’s invention, then I tell ye that truth is wilder than the wildest romance—truth, and truth only, shall I tell you.

“Look at this child ;” and he held up an infant, which he had folded up very carefully in a long mantle ; “and wonder not that I love it. The child grew weak, and began to fade away, and I wrapt it up as you see, and came to pass it through a cloven ash at Coldengame, as my fathers have done before me, when something evil had breathed upon their babes. I singled out a fair tree—a stripling ash—I cleft it with my own hands—and having blessed my babe, first I passed it eastward, with a prayer—then I brought it westward, with another prayer—and each time that I slipt it through, it laughed, and leaped for joy. So I tied up the young tree with a careful hand

—for as the wood grows together, so will my child recover. And I stood and blessed the tree, as the old story bids us—and looked upon it, that I might know it again. The church clock had warned twelve, when an owl flew by, and a bat followed—and a cloud came over the moon, and thick rain fell, and the wind was loosed, and thunder was heard, and fire from heaven ran along the ground. I trembled for my babe. But that was nought. What think ye I saw ? Nay, I am not sure that I saw it, either—and yet how such a vision should come into my brain, unless it passed before me, I know not. Suppose that I saw it. Then ye may suppose me half way from Coldengame to the church-yard—and that, as I stood with my babe in my arms, I saw a fearful light running upon the grass. And then I saw the shapes or shadows of men coming—they were shadows if shadows can be without bodies, and they came all muttering, and muttering, and muttering—making a noise—like the twitter of wild geese when they hear a distant sound. I may not, dare not name them—for there I saw all the evil doers of the district—some dead many years, and some dead, as it were, but yesterday, and they went sweeping away towards Coldengame—and who d’ye think was the hindmost ? who but old Ned Neyland himself. Why, the wickedest spirits should be last, let the divines tell ye—but there he was—much the same griping and deceitful look that he had when living. Had there been justice among the damned, he would have been at the head of them. I followed with my child—for why should I fear these babes of darkness ?—and then I heard the cry that young Coldengame was killed on his own threshold. And now ye know as much as I do.” And when he had done speaking, he departed.

When all present had exhausted their conjectures, and the superstitious impulse was beginning to abate, they removed the body into a little chamber, with a window which opened upon the lawn ; and returning to the wine, circulated the cup with a grave and a silent rapidity. The storm had for some

time flown by, the moon had resumed her reign, and you might have seen the rooks pluming their drenched wings, on the pine-trees, for a mile around. All the marvellous stories of the dead and the wicked, which the district contained—were told with many a comment—it was still two hours from the morning light. "There was wild Tom Grimstone," said one, "you know Tom—(Why this wine grows better) he was passing through Dowsley church-yard, when his foot took an old skull, and Tom tumbled. (This is what I call right stuff.) So he turned round, and gave it a blow with his foot. 'I would come and sup with ye to-night for all that has passed,' said Tom to the skull, 'if ye had the grace to ask me.' Now at midnight—(Another cup of wine, Gilsington, for I tell this story badly)—At midnight a voice came crying 'Come sup with me.' And Tom's grandame rose from her knees, and said, 'What voice is that?'—and the voice answered, 'Ah! had it not been for thy prayers, Tom Grimstone should have supped with me in hell.' It's a true story—I have heard it a hundred times."

Ere he had done speaking, a voice, to which two or three were instantly joined, cried, "In heaven's name, come here! Elias is up and gone, body as well as soul." All rushed into the chamber—it was floating with blood, but no body was to be found. "An evil spirit has entered the body, and walked away with it into the bottomless pit," said one.—"It is the hand of heaven," said a second. "The hand of the fiend, rather," said a third. "He has gone forth at the window," said a fourth, leaping into the lawn; "and here's his blood staining all the grass—like the blood of a wounded deer." "I have lost the trace now," cried a fifth; "he has sunk into the earth here—the blood is scarce cooled on the grass." "And here he lies," cried a sixth, "on this small narrow ridge—and half-a-dozen cows are running snuffing and marvelling round him; he's cold and stiff." "And there's a carved stone under him," said a seventh; "his blood has run freely over it—the curse of Coldengame's fulfil-

ling." "It is fulfilling, indeed," said an old pious man, whose white hairs had not been abroad in the night damp for fifteen years. "Here stood the landmark of Ruth Rushbrook; and here have I seen her kneeling, crying for heaven's vengeance on the spoiler of the widow and the fatherless. We buried the father yesterday, and here lies his only son to-night—his life's blood marking the boundary, and staining the stone land-mark, which in a fatal hour he removed. Let us carry this youth home; and when we see an evil deed done, and him that did it flourishing, let us think on the name of Neyland, and on the curse of Coldengame."

In the course of this wild story the current of the narrative has been allowed to meander according to all the varieties of popular belief. In telling a tale which is old and mysterious—and perhaps can never be unravelled—it is best to relate all the various versions and comments in the order in which they come: it forms a curious history of traditional belief, and affords an opportunity to a reader desirous of signaling his own sagacity of coming to a conclusion satisfactory at least to himself. I have not ventured any opinion of my own—I wish not to be wiser than other men—such a distinction would be exceedingly painful; and I am quite willing to believe with all the varying traditions in the dairy district of Suffolk. Once indeed, in my youthful and undiscerning days, I had the hardihood to endeavour to draw aside the supernatural veil which belief had extended over the catastrophe of the house of Neyland—it was looked upon as an insult to the country—and I lost many a choice and wonderful legend—for the flowing founts of ancient stories instantly dried up—and I lost an annual present of two noble cheeses, which the rich pastures of Coldengame produced. When I had written thus far, I submitted my narrative to a worthy old pastoral proprietor of Suffolk, who was pleased to commend the spirit in which I had united all the circumstances and opinions together. The landmark, he assured me, is still pointed out by the peasantry, stained with

blood—no one presumes to touch it—for the spirits of the two Neylands are *laid* below it—and they would be let loose again on earth, were it removed. He had the charity to assure me, that he thought good old feelings and beliefs, and salutary terrors of evil, and dread of the invisible world, would be cher-

ished and strengthened by the publication of this legend—and he bade me hope that the proprietors of the butter and cheese portion of Suffolk would reward my desire to signalize their country by a mark of their respect worthy of my merit, and of their own unrivalled pastoral productions.

PERKINS'S STEAM ENGINE.

(Mon. Feb.)

WE have seen many attempts to explain the principles of Mr. Perkins's new steam-engine, but none which is more likely to render them plain to every capacity than the observations contained in the Four Dialogues just published between an Oxford Tutor and a Disciple of the Common Sense Philosophy. Many of our readers will therefore thank us for giving place to the passage:—

"The basis of Mr. Perkins's improvement consists in his bringing water into actual contact with the metal, by which the excitement is directly communicated to the water, which excitement, heretofore, has been allowed to dissipate itself by the simultaneous generation of steam. The atomic motion, transferred by the fixation of the gases in the process of the external combustion, passes through the substance of the vessel containing the water, and its first effect has been to convert the adjoining liquid into steam. Room being allowed in ordinary boilers for the expansion of this steam, the ultimate force consisted only of the first simple force; or, if accelerated, the acceleration depended on the vague dimensions and decreasing strength of an extended surface of boiler. But Mr. Perkins has contrived to press his liquid into his boiler, or generator, home to the interior surface of his generator, and to keep it full, so that no steam can be simultaneously generated, and hence, as the motion transferred by the fixation of the gases in the adjacent combustion is not simultaneously distributed in steam, the contained water receives all the acceleration of excitement of which it is susceptible. This accumulated excitement, does not, however, burst the generator, because the strength, other things alike, is inversely as the dimensions, and the thickness can conveniently, in so small a bulk, be increased to any required degree; thus, less of the motion transferred from the combustion is lost, than when, by the old system, steam was simultaneously generated; and the continued addition accelerates the excitement of the water, on the principle of accelerated motion in falling bodies. From this effect of acceleration, which cannot be complete in an ordinary expanded boiler, Mr. Perkins obtains great excitement with

much less fuel, or less gas-fixing, by combustion. He loses no motion, and he appropriates the whole by an accelerated result. The expansive force is all the motion of the gases fixed by the combustion; and, as long as the strength of cohesion in the materials of the generator is greater than the expansive force, no explosion can take place. But, as soon as Mr. P. has sufficiently excited his water, he allows some of it to escape, and every drop then evolves in steam many hundred times the original bulk. The excited atoms, of course, perform large orbits, creating a local vacuum, therefore, a perception of coldness to the evaporating hand plunged into it, and a force of expansion equal to any required, as 500lbs. or 20,000lbs. to the square inch. It is a case of motion compressed. The confined atoms of water are not to be supposed at rest; on the contrary, no motion is lost or gained in the whole process. It previously existed in the gases of the atmosphere; these are fixed by the combustion, which is a mere process of gaseous fixation; the generator and its contained water are placed in contact; the atoms in water receive the motion, but are unable, for want of space, to exhibit any of it in forming steam; the continuance of the transfer of motion causes acceleration, and a violent tendency to escape, which, however, is prevented, till the excitement is sufficient to evolve gas of the required power. Rationally explained, Mr. P.'s machine is founded on principles strictly philosophical:—he has safely generated a force before unknown; and, if he had failed to apply it with skill, his past reputation, as a mechanic of the first order, would have been undeserved. *Till we have fallen upon a method of applying gases themselves in various degrees of condensation, as contrasted with mechanical powers,* we must be content to regard Mr. Perkins's contrivance for producing the same power with one gallon of water as with sixty, and with one bushel of coals as with four, as the limit of human ingenuity in this branch of human art. At the same time I am persuaded, that the application of the force transferred by combustion through water, for the purpose of arriving at mechanical power, will by posterity be considered as a very bungling procedure; and I think that it has been continued merely because mankind have been confounded by the nonsense about caloric.

THE GRACES ; OR LITERARY SOUVENIR.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

DECEMBER.

*And after him next came the chill December,
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember.*

SPENSER.

WELCOME—Ancient of the year !
Though thy face be pale and drear,
Though thine eye be veil'd in night,
Though thy scatter'd locks be white,
Though thy feeble form be bow'd
In the mantle of the cloud.

Yet, December, with thee come
All the old delights of home ;
Lovelier never stole the hour
In the summer's rosy bower,
Than around thy social hearth,
When the few we love on earth,
With their hearts of holiday,
Meet to laugh the night away ;
Talking of the thousand things
That to time give swiftest wings ;
Not unmix'd with memories dear ;
Such as, in a higher sphere,
Might bedim an angel's eye,
Feelings of the days gone by ;
Of the friends who made a part
Of our earlier heart of heart ;
Thoughts that still around us twine
With a chasten'd woe divine.

But, when all are wrapp'd in sleep,
Let me list the whirlwind's sweep,
Rushing through the forest hoar
Like a charging army's roar.
Or, with thoughts of ripper age,
Wonder o'er some splendid page,
Writ as with the burning coal,
Transcript of the Grecian's soul !
Or the ponderous tomes unhasp
Where a later spirit's grasp,
Summon'd from a loftier band,
Spite of rack, and blade, and brand,
With the might of Miracle,
Rent the more than pagan veil,
And disclos'd to mankind's eyes
God's true pathway to the skies.

Every autumn leaf has fled,
But a nobler tree has shed
Nobler scions from its bough ;
Pale Mortality ! 'tis thou
That hast flung them on the ground
In the year's mysterious round !
Thou that hadst the great "To come,"
Thing of terror !—Darkness !—Tomb !
Oh ! for some celestial one,
That has through thy portals gone !
To pour upon our cloudy eye
The vision—what it is "to die."——
Yet, no seraph traveller
Bends his starry pinion here ;
Since the birth of hoary Time,
All is silent, stern, sublime,

All unlimited,—unknown !
Father ! may thy will be done !
Let me die, or let me live,
KING OF SPIRITS ! but—forgive !

There are about fifty pages of anecdote and *jeux d'esprit*, which form by no means the least interesting part of the work. They are almost entirely from the highest rank of society, and in some instances, by individuals whose wit has hitherto been but little known to the public. Talleyrand, whom we suppose to be meant under the name of the *Minister*, is, however, sufficiently acknowledged as one of the most fertile and subtle wits of the day ; but the bon mots which we have attributed to him, are to us perfectly original. The following seems extremely piquant.

"The late Fouché and T. had quarrelled. On their next meeting, 'M de T.' said Fouché, 'you need not triumph in your rank. Under an usurpation, the greatest scoundrel may be prime minister, if he please.'—'How fortunate, then, for me, M. Fouché,' said T., 'that you condescended to be *Minister of Police* !'"

Our readers will thank us for giving the following touching and powerful fragment.

A BRIDAL SONG.

Caligine profonda
Gia opprime i sensi miei
Del piu fatale orror
Per sempre Io ti perdei.

COME ye to seek me ? Then bear me home,
For the lover is banish'd—the bridegroom
in come !

Hear ye the chime of the bridal bell ?
Soon shall it toll a funeral knell.
Hear ye the bridal song this morn ?
Soon shall ye hear a song forlorn.
Scatter sweet flowers on my thorny way,
I shall be wither'd as soon as they.
Clothe my form in bridal white,
So shall it serve for my shroud to-night.
Deck with jewels my raven hair,
To-night it a darker wreath shall wear.
Take this fading rose from my breast,
And give it to him that loves me best ;
And say, as ye point to my early tomb,
That the lover was dear, though the bride-
groom was come.

(Lit. Gaz.)

NOVELTIES ! NOVELTIES !

Mr. Editor,—I expected at the epocha of the New Year, that some Good or even Evil Genius might have put it in your head to throw a glance backward over your career, and tell us, at a Parthian view, of the wonders which have happened since you set out on the selfish principle of taking care of *Number One*. But the same principle, I fear, still predominates, and you are occupied in looking before instead of behind you ; therefore, I pray, let me be your inverted reverted telescope, while I try to discern and recall a few of the novelties—novelties of these times.

Since you commenced your course, *Mr. Editor*, Safety Coaches have commenced theirs—on the principle of never upsetting. I saw one overturned a short while ago in Regent Street, but the passengers on the top were safely thrown into the mud, and the inside passengers escaped safely out of the window which lay uppermost ; thus demonstrating the excellency of the invention, and the impossibility of being hurt when travelling by so secure a vehicle.

Coaches to run without horses have also been invented. A multitude of grooms being thus thrown out of bread, *Mr. Malthus* proposes an Act of Parliament to prevent a proportionate number of pseudo bridegrooms from assuming that character. The horses released by this arrangement have been engaged to perform the principal parts at the National Theatre.

Lighting by Gas has become general ; and several Expeditions have been sent to the polar regions to communicate this welcome intelligence to the whales. The holiday of Candlemas is about to be abolished in consequence ; and a new holiday, to be called Gasmas, instituted in lieu thereof, on the shortest day.

Bridges, instead of being arched on solid piers, had come to be hung in chains, just before they were rendered utterly unnecessary by the art of walking on the water at the rate of three miles and a half an hour.

The legislative and judicial functions of the Commonwealth have been liberally undertaken by the erudite and prodigiously-gifted Editors of a certain number of newspapers ; who dispose of all political questions, try all crimes, condemn or acquit all prisoners, superintend and regulate the police ; and, in fine, order the entire foreign relations of the state and domestic economy of persons and families, without fee or reward,—and owing to which regime the nation has notoriously prospered beyond precedent.

The age of Miracles has revived. Prince Hohenlohe, the representative, some say the lineal descendant, of Joanna Southcote, by Brothers the prophet, restores the dumb to speech, the cripple to soundness, the sick

to health, and the half-dead to life, by muttering incantations in a Chapel in Germany. Notwithstanding this, a majority of sensible people contumaciously persist (according to circumstances) in being dumb, lame, sick, and even in dying.

A system of Education has been found out by which children are taught three tongues in two lessons, just as easy as a magpie is taught to speak one language by splitting its tongue into two. By this method all the languages of the world, or in Adelung's Mithridates, may be acquired in six weeks.

Iron and Steam are calculated to be sufficient for all the wants of civilized life. All solid articles manufactured from the former, and all motion supplied by the latter. Iron rooms may be lighted through iron windows, and heated by hot steam generating itself in iron pipes. Steam Carriages transport themselves overland ; and iron ships propelled by steam are to sail to Calcutta, over the Isthmus of Suez, in about fifty-seven hours. High pressure and low prices is the grand secret on which the certain success in these schemes is founded.

The production of Novels and other literary works by steam is coming rapidly into fashion ; and as soon as the principle can be applied to the propagation of the human species, steam authors and editors are to be appended to steam presses and engines.

The calculation of every imaginable question in Arithmetic is now executed by machinery. Square roots are worked by a round wheel, cubes discovered by a cylinder, and infinite forms, by turning a screw with infinitely little trouble.

It is demonstrated that there are bumps on men's skulls, which cause their actions, govern their minds, influence their characters, and decide their destinies. This is called Phrenology ; and hats and nightcaps are made on phrenological principles to fit the heads whose dimensions and organs are ascertained. Previously, that a bump raised by the blow of a stick caused stupidity or anger, according to its severity, was almost the extent of our human knowledge on this important subject ; but it is now satisfactorily proven that the difference on a few lines of bone must make an individual a murderer or a philanthropist—a sage or a fool.

As the head is found to possess such unwarrantable powers, it is well that means should, at the same era, have been devised to deprive the stomach of its wonted capabilities. An engine is invented for pumping it out at the owner's pleasure ; but I do not like to contemplate this matter any farther, and shall only add, that if you approve of this sample, you may hear again, with a chapter of Improvements still projected by

Your humble Servant, SQUARE PIE.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM COWPER, THE POET.

Now first published by his nephew, John Johnson, LL.D.

(New Mon.)

NOTHING can be more picturesque than the first portion of the following extract, nor more amiably easy than the second.

"At seven o'clock this evening, being the seventh of December, I imagine I see you in your box at the coffee-house. No doubt the waiter, as ingenious and adroit as his predecessors were before him, raises the tea-pot to the ceiling with his right hand, while in his left the tea-cup descending almost to the floor, receives a limpid stream; limpid in its descent, but no sooner has it reached its destination, than frothing and foaming to the view, it becomes a roaring syllabub. This is the nineteenth winter since I saw you in this situation; and if nineteen more pass over me before I die, I shall still remember a circumstance we have often laughed at.

"How different is the complexion of your evenings and mine! yours, spent amid the ceaseless hum that proceeds from the inside of fifty noisy and busy periwigs; mine, by a domestic fire-side, in a retreat as silent as retirement can make it; where no noise is made but what we make for our own amusement. For instance, here are two rustics, and your humble servant in company. One of the ladies has been playing on the harpsichord, while I, with the other, have been playing at battledore and shuttlecock. A little dog, in the mean time, howling under the chair of the former, performed, in the vocal way, to admiration. This entertainment over, I began my letter, and having nothing more important to communicate, have given you an account of it. I know you love dearly to be idle, when you can find an opportunity to be so; but as such opportunities are rare with you, I thought it possible that a short description of the idleness I enjoy might give you pleasure. The happiness we cannot call our own, we yet seem to possess, while we sympathize with our friends who can."

Here is an exceedingly droll description, written in Cowper's own genuine and exquisitely humorous manner:—

"He had stolen some iron-work, the property of Griggs, the butcher. Being convicted, he was ordered to be whipt; which operation he underwent at the cart's tail, from the stone-house to the high arch, and back again. He seemed to show great fortitude, but it was all an imposition up-

on the public. The beadle, who performed it, had filled his left hand with red ochre, through which, after every stroke, he drew the lash of his whip, leaving the appearance of a wound upon the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by Mr. Constable H——, who followed the beadle, he applied his cane, without any such management or precaution, to the shoulders of the too merciful executioner. The scene immediately became more interesting. The beadle could by no means be prevailed upon to strike hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder; and this double flogging continued, till a lass of Silver-end, pitying the pitiful beadle thus suffering under the hands of the pitiless constable, joined the procession, and placing herself immediately behind the latter, seized him by his capillary club, and pulling him backwards by the same, slapped his face with a most Amazonian fury. This concatenation of events has taken up more of my paper than I intended it should; but I could not forbear to inform you how the beadle thrashed the thief, the constable the beadle, and the lady the constable, and how the thief was the only person concerned who suffered nothing."

We shall conclude our extracts from the first volume, with a charmingly light and lively passage, on the manner in which time escapes from us in these short postdiluvian days:—

"It is wonderful how, by means of such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short; and, by the time I have made the observation, time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world; that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to fall to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goats'-milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I

fasten a new string to my bow; and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stript off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry: we dispute; we settle the point; but in the mean time the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipt through

his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this? Thus, however, it is; and if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste, when I have no good reason for being so."

It seems almost superfluous for us to say, that a work, from which such extracts as these can be culled in the space of a few pages, recommends itself to general attention, as a source of the most agreeable amusement.

VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

ON THE DEATH OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

Ephemera die all at ^{the} sun-set, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun.* Happier are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life; hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and of blossoms; and fell asleep in innocence before yet the morning dew was exhaled!

THE PROPHECIC DEW-DROPS.

A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops,† that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moon-light and through the morning

onwards to noon-day: "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat—or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards—"See," said he, "there stand the dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewellery—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.

ADVANTAGES OF A MILD WINTER.

The old proverb, "An open winter makes a fat church-yard," or, more literally, "A green yule makes a fat kirk-yard," is contradicted by experience and observation. The influence of the weather on the human frame is not to be estimated merely by the thermometrical changes in the atmosphere. An east wind with the thermometer at 50 degrees will impress the body with a more chilling effect, than a southwest

* Some class of ephemeral insects are born about five o'clock in the afternoon, and die before midnight—supposing them to live to old age.

† If the dew is evaporated immediately upon the sun-rising, rain and storm follow in the afternoon; but, if it stays and glitters for a long-time after sunrise, the day continues fair.

wind, when the thermometer indicates a temperature ten degrees lower ; and a foggy atmosphere, in like manner, is much more injurious than a clear one of equal cold ; in fact, there is no condition of the air so invariably pernicious, so chilling, and oppressive to the organs of respiration, as the frequent combination of frost with fog. The sudden vicissitudes of the weather, especially from heat to cold, are among the most active causes of inflammatory disease. As, then, the vicissitudes of the weather, and especially its cold, are by far the most prolific source of disease, is it not a little extraordinary, that opinions so diametrically the reverse of truth, as the wholesomeness of frost and the fatality of mild weather, should not only be generally prevalent, but even supported by the proverbial authority that "An open winter makes a fat church-yard ?"—Ask any attentive observer, he will not fail to tell you, he has remarked, that during a Christmas of severe frost, how much the gaiety of the season has been chequered by the numerous funerals which daily pass along the streets, evincing at once the *bracing* and *wholesome* influence of frost !—The origin of this erroneous doctrine, which is so palpably contradicted by facts, may probably be traced to the sensations of alertness and the disposition to activity, and the consequent glow of the circulation, experienced by the vigorous and healthy in a clear and moderately frosted atmosphere. But such persons forget how much the weak and infirm, the aged and the invalid, suffer under such circumstances.

IRISH WHISKEY.

The fondness of the Irishman for his whiskey, I have often curiously observed ; above the wines of France, he quaffs his native punch ; and among the vines of Spain he longs for it. This love is only like the Swiss emotion for the *Ranse des Vaches* ; but this preference did not appear so strange when I found their faculty declaring they knew no spirit less noxious in dilution. It is still the custom in Ireland to impregnate their whiskey with fruit : some

years ago black currants were generally used, and gave a very pleasant flavour ; but, unfortunately, some doctor happened to take it into his head, that the currants made the whiskey very urinal and enervating, and immediately the influence of the gentle sex became evident : currant whiskey disappeared from every table in the island, and has not since been seen.

SAGACITY AND RAPACITY OF WATER RATS.

Nature certainly shows less wisdom in some parts of her management for the preservation of species than in others : let the following fact suffice. That species of water-fowl called moor-hen is, during the progress of incubation, in the habit of uttering a frequent and plaintive cry, which is pleasing, though mournful : this note serves to betray the otherwise attentive bird into the hands of sauntering boys, who are wandering on the sedgy banks of rivers which they haunt, and where their nests are invariably found. It likewise tends to draw the attention of its direst enemy, that keen sporting animal the water-rat ; than whom there is not a more active rapacious "hunter of prey," throughout the domains of every river. During the many hours I have sat silent on the banks of the Darent, which is an asylum for thousands of those noxious animals, I have seen them repeatedly on hearing the moor-hen's pitiful plaint from her nest, dash immediately into the water from the opposite side, and, swimming across to the spot, immediately dart into the nest, and, having scared the mother from her eggs or brood, would either devour the former by sucking them on the spot, or, seizing hold of a young bird in its mouth, would re-plunge with it into the water, and carry it across, to be devoured in its own nest. The otter himself, is not more bold, quick, rapacious, than this spirited animal ; he will frequently dive and bring up small fish, such as gudgeons, minnows, fry, &c. and quite in a manner similar to the "water-dog," the otter himself. None of the watery tribe, not even the largest trout, as he swims across, dare attack him, except

the larger species of pike, who proves an overmatch for him, and draws him, after a short struggle, a shrieking victim, into the watery gulph, where suffocation precludes the exercise of his natural powers and courage. It is not uncommon, in opening a large-sized pike, to find one, or sometimes two, water-rats in his maw; and these fish certainly do good in large pools, ponds, and rivers, by diminishing the race of such depredators as water-rats; for, although their natural propensities cause them to prefer any spot where water is, to other places, they are great depredators, of all field produce, and their disposition for eating is almost unceasing.

ANECDOTE OF FOX.

An anecdote of Fox, at a time when declining life had taught him the more sober views of character, is interesting. He had now lost his old homage for our republican imperial neighbours.

"In one of the latest days of Fox, the conversation turned on the comparative wisdom of the French and English character. 'The Frenchman,' it was observed, 'delights himself with the present; the Englishman makes himself anxious about the future. Is not the Frenchman the wiser?'—'He may be the merrier,' said Fox; 'but did you ever hear of a savage who did not buy a mirror in preference to a telescope?'"

ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN.

Sheridan's pleasantries are proverbial; but the following instance of his conversational sportiveness is new:—

"Sheridan used to say, that the life of a manager was like the life of the Ordinary of Newgate—a constant superintendence of executions. 'The number of authors whom he was forced to extinguish, was,' he said, 'a perpetual literary massacre, that made St. Bartholomew's shrink in comparison. Play-writing, singly, accounted for the employment of that immense multitude who drain away obscure years beside the inkstand, and haunt the streets with iron-moulded visages, and study-coloured clothes. It singly accounted for the rise of paper, which had exhausted the rags of England and Scotland, and had almost stripped off the last covering of Ireland. He had counted plays until calculation sank under the number; and every rejected play of them all seemed, like the clothes of a Spanish beggar, to turn into a living, restless, merciless, indefatigable progeny.'"

A NOVEL METHOD OF INTERPRETATION.

I was one day dining at an eminent restaurateur's, when I observed a Cockney-looking gentleman regarding a plate of roast duck at an opposite table, with an eagerness which evinced a strong desire to partake of the same delicious morsel, he seized hold of a waiter's arm, and ineffectually endeavoured to make him comprehend the cravings of his appetite, by pointing to the quickly-vanishing wing; finding his efforts unsuccessful, he bawled out, equally to the astonishment and amusement of the guests,—"*Apportez-moi!*" and then imitated to perfection the quacking of a duck; and, as animals were not included in the curse of Babel, he succeeded in obtaining the object of his desires.

SINGULAR HABIT OF ROOKS.

It is a fact that these busy noisy birds prefer building their nests in elm-trees to any other. As an illustrative fact, I beg to mention, that there is a fine mingled assortment of elms and horse-chestnut trees growing in beautiful diversification on the banks of the river Darent, at Hawley, in Kent, and yet not in one of the latter species of trees do the rooks ever build their nests. Every frequenter of rural nature knows what a grand picturesque object a full grown horse-chestnut tree forms; it possesses much of the masculine majesty of the oak in the breadth and height of its structure; and in autumn, when its full shining leaves are spread in perfection, and their verdant drapery is intermingled with its prolific round prickly fruit, the sight is beautiful, as well as it is in spring, when its full dotted blossoms form a variety of snow-like festoons, delighting the climbing and searching eye, as it views them.

I consider it singular that rooks should dislike building their nests in these trees, which are far better adapted to shelter them and their young, either from a too intense heat of the sun, or the visitation of unpleasant rains, than the elm-tree is: but such is the fact, that they uniformly reject the

horse-chestnut trees, and fix their airy settlements among the elms.

If that eminent naturalist, Bingley, were alive, I would ask him for a solution of so singular a phenomenon; as he is not, I will endeavour to answer it myself. I consider this strong objection to arise from a rankness of vegetation which is inherent in the horse-chestnut tree, and which proves so offensive and unpleasant to the sensitive organs of these birds, that they cannot dwell comfortably in their branches: the bitter quality of the fruit, when ripe, is well known to be of so repulsive a nature that even hungry swine will not eat them. It is likewise singular with what strength (and wisdom of instinct,) rooks attach their nests to the highest branches of those trees where they form their colonies; so much so, that village boys inform me they can stand on them without disturbing in the least the equilibrium of their position.

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

It is not generally known how much Hume revised his History. When living in Edinburgh, busy with that classical composition, he was intimate with an old Jesuit, who, like most of the order, was a scholar, and a man of taste; to his opinion, as the parts were finished, the manuscript work was submitted. Soon after the publication of Elizabeth's reign, the priest happened to turn over the pages, and was astonished to find on the printed page sins of the Scottish queen that never sullied the written one; Mary's character was directly the reverse of what he had read before. He sought the author, and asked the cause: "Why, (answered Hume,) the printer said he should lose 500*l.* by that story; indeed he almost refused to print it: so I was obliged to revise it as you saw." It is needless to add, the Jesuit reviewed no more manuscripts.

FLOWER-POTS.

Plants may be completely protected from the depredations of insects, by washing them with a solution of bitter aloes, and the use of this wash does not appear to affect the health of the plants in the slightest degree; and, wherever the solution has been used, insects have not been observed to attack the plants again.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

M. DUCIS.

Paris, Feb. 7, 1824.

I MENTIONED to you M. Camponon's Life and Writings of Ducis. J. T. Ducis, who died in 1817, was one of our first tragic poets, and perhaps the first of his day. His Hamlet, Romeo et Juliette, Othello, Roi Lear, d'Abu-far, Macbeth, will always be popular on the stage, and demanded from the press. M. Camponon was the poet's intimate friend, and he relates a variety of anecdotes, which friendship only could have known. Ducis had a sort of *antique* spirit. Napoleon sought his acquaintance, and was esteemed by him, while he thought him the champion of liberty; but when he became its oppressor, he was deserted. The most brilliant places were offered to Ducis, but he refused them all, and preferred his independence to splendid slavery. Even in old age this firmness of character was unyielding and intact. The first interview with Bonaparte took place at Malmaison, on the invitation of the first Consul. "M. Ducis presented himself in the costume he usually wore in his walks—a gray coat, worsted stockings, round hat, and walking stick. Nothing occurred at dinner, which was simple. During the evening the conversation turned on the events of the day. The first Consul spoke of his projects as one accustomed by victory to vanquish all obstacles. "You want, (said he, to his guests,) laws altogether different from those you have hitherto had—*Quand tout le monde marche au hasard, tout le monde se heurte*—I see nothing regular any where—your administration is still without system, because your late government was without will and energy. I will establish order; I will place France in a condition to give law to Europe. I shall make all the wars accessory to a stable peace,—give you solid institutions, harmonize your wants and your habits,—protect religion, and place its ministers above necessity"—*Et après cela, General?*" interrupted Ducis, in a gentle tone. "*Après cela!*" resumed Bonaparte, somewhat surprised, *Après cela, bon homme Ducis, vous me nommerez juge de paix dans quelque village.*" The modest reply

too feebly disguised his ambition to deceive any of the company.

"Ducis made a second visit to Malmaison when the first Consul spared neither praises nor promises; but these fine words, so sweet in the mouth of the great, were powerless and tasteless for Ducis. During dinner, he was distinguished and flattered; and after the coffee, Bonaparte took him into the park, where the following dialogue occurred;—

"How did you come, Papa Ducis?" "In a good hackney coach, which waits for me at your door, and will take me back to mine."—"What! in a hackney coach, at your age—it is not suitable—" "General, I have never had any other carriage, when the distance has been too great for my legs."—"No, I tell you, it is not proper; it must not be. A man of your talents, and at your age, ought to have his own carriage—as plain as you please, but easy and convenient. Leave it to me; I will arrange that matter." "General, (replied Ducis, looking up at a flock of wild ducks that flew over his head;) you are a sportsman; you see those birds that cut the cloud yonder: There is not one that does not smell at a distance the odour of your powder, and sniff the gun—*Eh bien!* I am one of those birds—I am a wild duck."

"After this short and singular explanation there was no hope of negotiating, and the conversation languished—dropped. Napoleon, who was not accustomed to such refusals, spoke of Ducis to his favourites in terms of contempt, and treated him as an old fool."

Never have we had more balls at Paris than this winter. The Chevalier Wilmot's was nothing to Marshal Soult's; and since, Marshal Suchet has given a most splendid fete. M. de Chateaubriand will shortly give one, to which only 3000 persons are invited; and Mr. Rothschild, the banker, is preparing another: it will cost more than 100,000 francs.

TRAGICAL EVENT AT BOURDEAUX.

Feb. 13.

Bordeaux has been agitated by an event of another kind,—a real tragedy. A merchant of that city writes as follows: "M. *** had a son and daughter.

Anxious to ensure his son a considerable fortune, he desired his daughter should enter a convent; and though she had a horror for such a life, she consented to become a novice in a house of Carmelites. After a year's trial she found her situation insupportable, and returned to her father's house. She was received; and she then avowed an attachment to a young friend, who was altogether eligible as a lover, and who aspired to be her husband. Her father refused to listen to the proposition; she was treated with severity, and home became intolerable. She asked permission of her father to return to the convent, and her father was delighted. She was received by the Carmelites with transport, and was promised, as a boon, that the ceremony of the vows should take place as soon as possible—at farthest a month. The day arrived. She rose early, dressed herself, and added the cover of a long white veil. She walked out as if to take the air, and in a moment precipitated herself into a well. Natural instinct struggled with despair, and she cried for deliverance. The neighbours heard her cries; the gate was fast; the nuns, instead of opening it, deliberated on the rules and orders of the house; and at length when help arrived, it was too late—she was no more! The father is overwhelmed; and the brother has shown symptoms of derangement produced by excessive grief."

NEW EXPEDITIONS TOWARDS THE POLE.

Three Arctic winters have not cooled the zeal of our distinguished countryman, Captain Parry, who is in frequent communication with Government on the subject of a new expedition in search of the much-wished-for passage to the Pole, which has been determined upon. It is said that Captain Parry will be provided with every thing requisite to enable him to extend his voyage to a period of three years, should he deem it necessary. The route to be taken, it is thought, will be Lancaster Sound, and that Captain Parry will proceed there in the first instance, and endeavour to pass through an inlet which he discovered in his former voyage, and named in honour of the Prince Regent. This inlet does not open in a direction towards the Pole, but is thought to communicate with the sea which Hearne discovered. If so, Captain Parry may be enabled to reach the point which he failed in doing through Hudson's Bay

in his last voyage, and, without approaching too near the American coast, proceed at no great distance from it. Such is said to be part of the plan of the new Expedition, from the circumstance that Captain Franklin is again to be sent out, on an overland expedition, to Mackenzie and the Copper-mine rivers; and from the union of the North-West and Hudson-Bay Companies, every facility for so arduous an undertaking may be expected. Could guides and attendants be procured, possessing the same moral energies as our enterprising countrymen, we should entertain no doubt of Captain Franklin making the most important discoveries; but we have almost invariably seen, that natives bear with less resolution the rigours of climate, the pains of hunger, and the numerous privations to which such an expedition is exposed, than our sailors, who climb mountains, ford rivers, sleep on beds of snow, and feed on *tripe de roche*, without a murmur. The period is not fixed when the two expeditions shall set out; but it is expected that that of Captain Franklin will be ready to start early in the spring. Captain Parry has been appointed hydrographer to the Admiralty.

EGGS.

The Preserving of Eggs, fresh and good, through many months, may be effected by merely altering their position daily to a fresh side downwards, in order to prevent the yolk settling, and coming in contact with the shell. It is the practice of farmers' wives in several of the midland and northern counties of England, to closely pack with interposed straw, their increasing stock of eggs, daily, into a beehive, or a similarly-shaped basket; laying straw upon them, and stretching three or four pointed sticks across, tight upon the straw, so as to enable the beehive to be tilted on its side, or even turned upside down, into a new position, each day, in their dairy or beer-cellar; and this daily turning is continued until, on the approach of Lent, the eggs are removed from the hives, and carefully packed in the flats or boxes which convey them to market. Lime-water, suet, and other external applications to the shells, have been recommended for preserving of eggs; but all these must assuredly fail, when long rest in one position is allowed to them; and with frequent moving, and avoiding extremes of temperature, none others are necessary. It is often pleasing to a weary and hungry traveller, on entering a small inn or pot-house, in Derbyshire and its vicinity, to see strong cabbage-nets full of eggs, suspended by hooks from the ceiling, in a fresh and good state; and this the landlady effects, through very considerable periods, by her precaution of every day hooking up the net on a fresh mesh, so as to turn the eggs, tightly tied up therein. When eggs are left to accumulate in a hen's nest, or during her sitting, instinct directs her to turn daily each egg.

THURTELL'S TRIAL.

It deserves to be noticed, that of the *Observer* newspaper which contained the details of the trial and execution of Thurtell for the murder of Weare, no less than 137,000 copies of a double paper were sold,—a number at once astonishing and unprecedented. There were used 274,000 stamps, and 548 reams of paper; the excise-duty upon which, added to the stamp duties, must have amounted to about 4000*l.* for this one publication only.

VEGETABLE MILK.

Amongst the many interesting vegetable productions which are met with in the equinoctial regions, may be reckoned a tree, which abundantly affords a milky juice, similar in its properties to the milk of animals, and is employed for the same purposes, as M. de Humboldt witnessed at the farm of Barbula, where he himself drank of this milky juice. This liquid is derived from the *pala de loche* or *de vacca*, a tree which grows somewhat abundantly in the mountains above Periquito, situated on the north-east of Maracay, a village to the west of Caraccas. This milk possesses the same physical qualities as that of the cow, with this only difference—that it is a little viscous: it has the same taste also as cow's milk. With respect to its chemical properties, they sensibly differ from those of animal milk. The constituent parts of the milk of the *Arbre de la Vache* are—1st, wax; 2d, fibrine; 3d, a little sugar; 4th, a magnesian salt; and fifth, water. The presence, in vegetable milk, of a product which is not commonly met with, except in the secretions of animals, is a surprising fact, which we should not have announced without much circumspection, had not a celebrated chemist, M. Vauquelin, already found animal fibrine in the milky juice of *carica papaya*.

It is clearly proved and has been satisfactorily accounted for, that the air is warmer close to the earth than at some distance above it. Hence we find lofty mountains in warm climates constantly covered with snow. During a frost, however, things appear to be reversed. An observation, leading to this consequence, has been made in Hampshire. Mr. White placed a thermometer on the top of a hill at Selbourne, and another in the valley, towards the evening of a very cold day. During the night that in the valley lowered to one degree below zero, that is, to 33 deg. below the freezing point; whereas that on the hill, though 200 feet higher, fell only to 17 deg., or 15 deg. lower than the freezing point. On the following morning, that in the vale was at 10 deg., while the elevated thermometer was at 22 deg.; so that the difference of cold between the two situations was at one time 18 deg. less above than below; and through the whole frost continually 10 deg. or 12 deg. This varia-

tion in temperature was confirmed by the total destruction of the forest evergreens in the valley, those on the hill remaining unharmed.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BLOOD.

Sir Everard Home's new theory, respecting the physiology of the blood, purports, that carbonic acid gas forms a large proportion of the blood, and that this fluid is of a tubular texture. It exists in the proportion of two cubic inches to an ounce, and is given out in large quantities, from the blood of a person after a full meal, but very little from the blood of a feverish person. The fact, of the appearance of the tubes passing through every particle of the blood, was discovered by Sir Everard on observing the growth of a grain of wheat, daily, through a microscope. He first saw a blob, and then a tube passing from it; the blob was the juice of the plant, and the tube was formed by the extrication of carbonic acid gas. He then examined a globule of blood, and found it composed of similar tubes, which he injected under the exhausted receiver of an air pump. His discovery will probably lead to important results.

MR. ANGERSTEIN'S PICTURES.

It is pretty generally admitted that his present Majesty is a zealous and munificent patron of the Fine Arts. One of his favourite projects is to establish a grand National Depository in this country for the noblest productions of human art that money can procure, on a plan somewhat similar to that of the Louvre, at Paris. The entire collection of pictures of the late John Julius Angerstein, esq. has been purchased of his executors by Lord Liverpool for the country; and this splendid collection will be made the foundation of a National Gallery of the Old Masters. The purchase money is stated to have been only a little short of 60,000*l*. Some idea may be formed of the value of these paintings from the fact that the sum of 16,000*l*. has been repeatedly offered for one of them—*The raising of Lazarus*, by Sebastian del Piombo.

THE LEAPING FISH.

The flying fish appears in its aerial excursions, assisted by its long, broad, and thin, gill-fins, perhaps less singular and surprising than the feats of the skipper or leaping-fish (*Esox saurus*.) lately described by Mr. J. Couch, of Cornwall, in the "Linnean Transactions," which, though possessing only very small pectoral fins, is enabled, by the action of its tail and finlets, to spring from the surface of the sea, and pass over the space of thirty or forty feet, before immersing for an instant, and then taking another such leap, and often several of them in succession. Whether this was done in sport, or for escaping a finny pursuer, it has often been difficult to ascertain.

LONGEVITY.

M. Neumark, of Ratisbon, has just published a curious Treatise, on the means of attaining to an advanced age. The examples which he has quoted of persons who have lived to between 90 and 100 years are from

12 to 20 every year in that interval. Those of centenarians, and up to 115 years, are more numerous; but the number diminishes of those who have attained the age of from 116 to 123 years, being not more than from four to nine. The examples of persons of a greater age than 123 years are naturally more rare. M. Neumark has quoted only one of 200, two of 296, and one of 300. The individual who reached the last mentioned age was called Jean de Temporibus: he was equerry to Charlemagne, and died in Germany in 1128. It is remarkable that there are few people of rank, and few physicians, among the centenarians. Hippocrates and Dufournel (the latter of whom died at Paris in 1815, aged 115 years) are almost the only ones. Among monarchs, except Frederick the Second, who lived to the age of 76 years, few have passed 70. Among 300 Popes, only seven have reached the age of 80. Among philosophers who have become old may be reckoned Kepler, Bacon, Newton, Euler, Kant, Fontenelle, &c.

COMETS.

So numerous are comets, that in the last fifty years the elements of the orbits of 125 have been collected by Schumacher, and at least as many more must have escaped accurate observation. This averages five in two years. That which appeared in January 1786 is believed to have been seen again in December 1797, Nov. 1805, Jan. 1819, and May 1822. In 1790, 1805, 1811, and 1822, three were observed; and in 1819, no less than four.

The minor theatres have been outraging decency beyond all former example within the last month: and seldom as we are in the habit of noticing their performances, we cannot be silent on the present occasion; as we are quite sure that the tacit suffering of such indecencies on the part of the public is a surer proof, than any other, of the sad perversion of public taste. The Surrey Theatre, not lectured into wisdom or good feeling by the criticism of the King's Bench Judges, has returned to its vile representation of the murder of Mr. Weare, the very moment the verdict of the jury rendered such a step safe. Before the trial of Thurtell, a drama founded on the harrowing circumstances of the murder, was iniquitous, as tending to poison the sources of justice: but since that objection has been removed, the stronger though more hidden causes for the suppression of such a piece have not been perceived, and the murder has come out, enriched with all that can satiate the savage curiosity of an audience. The real horse and gig are introduced; the table at which Probert and his hideous gang supped,—the very chairs fresh from Gill's Hill cottage.

NEW WORKS.

Charlton, or Scenes of the North of Ireland; by John Gamble. 3 vols. 18s.

Adventures of Hajji Baba, 3 vols. fools-cap 8vo. 1*l*. 1s.

Arthur Seymour 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

First Love, a Tale. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6*d*.

Herwald de Wake, a Romance. 3 vols.

How to be rid of a Wife. 2 vols. 12mo.

Koromantyn Slaves, or West Indian Sketches. 12mo. 5s. 6*d*.

SPIRIT

OF THE

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[VOL. I. N.S.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

THE LADYE'S BRYDALLE.

"Come hither! come hither, my little foot-page,
And beare to my gay Ladye
This ring of the good red gowde, and be sure
Rede well what she telleth to thee:

"And take tent, little page! if my Ladye's cheek
Be with watching and weeping pale,
If her locks are unkeipt, and her bonnie eyes red,
And come back and tell me thy tale.

"And marke, little page! when thou showest the
ringe,
If she snatcheth it hastilye—
If the red bloode mount up her slender throate,
To her forehead of ivory;

"And take good heede, if for gladnesse or griefe,
So chaungeth my Ladye's cheere—
Thou shalt know by her eyes—if their light laugh out
Throw the miste of a startynge tear;

"(Like the summer sun throwe a morninge cloude)
There needeth no further token,
That my Ladye brighte, to her own true Knighte,
Hath keepit her faithe unbroken.

"Now ryde, little page! for the sun peeres out
Ower the rimme of the eastern heaven;
And back thou must bee, with thy tydinges to mee,
Ere the shadowe falles far at even."

Awaye, and awaye! and he's far on his waye,
The little foot-page alreddye,
For he's back'd on his Lord's owne gallant graye,
That steede so fleete and steddye.

But the Knighte stands there lyke a charmed man,
Watchinge with ear and eye,
The elattering speede of his noble steede,
That swift as the wynde doth flye.

But the wyndes and the lightnings are loiterers alle
To the glaunce of a luvyr's mynde;
And Sir Alwynne, I trowe, had call'd Bonnybelle
slowe,
Had her fleetnesse outstrippit the wynde.

Beseemed to him, that the sun once more
Had stayded his course that daye—
Never sicke man longed for morninge lighte,
As Sir Alwynne for eueninge graye.

But the longest daye must end at last,
And the brightest sun must sette.
Where stayded Sir Alwynne at peepe of dawne,
There at euen he stayded him yette:

And he spyethe at laste—"Not soe, not soe,
'Tis a smalle graye cloude, Sir Knighte,
That risethe up like a courser's head
On that border of gowden lighte."

"But harke! but harke! and I heare it now—
'Tis the cominge of Bonnybelle!"

"Not soe, Sir Knighte! from that rockye height
'Twas a clattering stone that felle."

"That slothfulle boy! but I'll thinke no more
Of him and his lagging jade to daye:"

"Righte, righte, Sir Knighte!"—"Nay, more by this
lighte,
Here comethe mye page, and mye gallant graye."

"Howe nowe, little page! ere thou lighteste downe,
Speake but one word out hastilye;
Little page, hast thou seen mye Ladye luv?
Hath mye Ladye keepit her faithe with mee?"

"I've seene thy Ladye luv, Sir Knighte,
And welle hath she keepit her faithe with thee."
"Lighte downe, lighte downe, mye trustye page;
A berry browne barbe shall thy guerdon bee.

"Tell on, tell on; was mye Ladye's cheek
Pale as the lilye, or rosie red?
Did she putte the ringe on her finger smalle?
And what was the verye firste word she said?"

"Pale was thy Ladye's cheek, Sir Knighte,
Blent with no streake of the rosie red.
I put the ringe on her finger smalle;
But there is no voice amongst the dead."

* * * * *
There are torches hurrying to and froe
In Raeburne Tower to-nighte;
And the chapelle doth glowe withe lampes alsoe,
As if for a brydalle rye.

But where is the bryde? and the brydegroome where?
And where is the holye prieste?
And where are the guesstes that shoulde bidden bee,
To partake of the marriage feaste?

The bryde from her chamber descendeth nowe,
And the brydegroome her hand hathē ta'en;
And the guesates are met, and the holye prieste
Precedeth the marriage traine.

The bryde is the faire Maude Winstanlye,
And death her sterne brydegroomē;
And her father follows his only childe
To her mother's yawning tombe.

An aged man, and a woeful man,
And a heavy moane makes hee:
"Mye childe! mye childe! myne only childe!
Would God I had dyed for thee!"

An aged man, those white hairs telle,
And that bended back and knee;
Yet a stalwart knight, at Tewkesburye fighte,
Was Sir Archibald Winstanlye.

'Tis a moving thing to see the teares
Wrung out from an aged eye;
Seldom and slowe, lyke the scantyedroppes
Of a fountaine that's neare a-drye.

'Tis a sorry sighte to see graye haire
Bro't downe to the grave with sorrowe;
Youth looks throwe the cloud of the present daye
For a gowden gleame to-morrowe.

But the olde white heade, and the feeble knees
Berefte of earthlye staye!—
God helpe thee nowe, olde Winstanlye!
Good Christians for thee praye!

But manye a voice in that buriall traine
Breathes gloomilye aparte.
"Thou had'st not been childlesse now, olde man!
But for thiue owne hard harte."

And manye a maide who streweth flowers
Afore the Lady's biere,
Weepes out, "Thou had'st not dyed, sweete Maude!
If Alwynne had been heere."

* * * * *

What solemn chaunt ascendeth slowe?
What voices peale the straine?—
The Monks of St. Switholm's Abbeye neare,
Have met the funerall traine.

They hold their landes, full manye a roode,
From the Lordes of Raeburne Tower,
And ever when Deathe doth claim his preye
From within that lordlye bowere,

Then come the holye fathers forth
The shrowdedde curse to meete,
And see it laid in hallowede grave,
With requiem sadde and sweete.

And nowe they turn, and leade the waye
To that last home so nigh,
Where all the race of Winstanlye
In dust and darknesse lye.

The holye altar blazeth brighte,
With waxen tapers high,
Elsewhere in dimme and doubtfull lighte
Doth all the chapelle lye.

Huge, undefined shadows falle
From pillar and from tombe,
And many a grimme old monumente
Lookes ghastlye throw the gloome.

And many a rustye shirte of mail
The eye may scantlye trace,
And crestedde helmet, black and barr'd.
That grins with steru grimace.

Banner and scutcheon from the walles
Wave in the cold night aire,
Gleames out their gorgeous heraldrye
In the en'ring torches glare.

For now the mourninge companye,
Beneathe that arched doore,
Beare in the lovelye, lifeless claye,
Shall pass there-out no more.

And up to the sounding aisle, ye stille
Their solemn chaunte may heare,
Till, 'neath that blazon'd catafalque,
They gentlye rest the biere.

Then ceaseth ev'rye sounde of life
So deepe that awfull hushe,
Ye hear from yon freshe open'd vaulte
The hollowe death-winde rushe.

Back from the biere the mourners alle
Retire a litle space,
All but that olde bereavedde manne,
Who taketh there his place

Beside the head; but none may see
The workings of his minde,
So lowe upon the sunken breaste
Is that graye head declined.

* * * * *

The masse is said, they raise the dead,
The palle is flunge aside;
And soon that flower untimelye cropped,
The darksome pit shall hide.

It gapeth close at hand—deep downe
Ye may the coffins see
(By the lampe's pale glare, just kindled there)
Of many a Winstanlye.

And the gilded nails on one looke brighte,
And the velvet of cramoisie!
She hath scarce lain there a full told yeare,
The laste Dame Winstanlye.

"There's roome for thee here, oh daughter deare!"
Methinks I heare her saye—
"There's roome for thee, Maude Winstanlye!
Come downe, make no delaye."

And from the vaulte, two grimlye armes
Upraisede, demaunde the dead—
Hark! hark! 'tis the thunder of trampling steedes;
'Tis the clank of an armed tread!

There are armed heads at the chapelle doore,
And in armour all bedighte,
In sable steele, from head to heele,
In steps a stately knight.

And up the aisle, with echoing tread
Alone advanceth he,
To barre his waye, dothe none essaye
Of the fun'ral companye.

And never a voice amongst them alle
Doth ask who he mote be;
Nor why his armed steppe disturbes
That sad solemnitie.

Yet manye an eye with fixed stare
Doth sternalye on him frowne;
But none may trace the strangerre's face,
He weares his vizorre downe.

He speakes no worde, but waves his hande,
And straightie they all obeye;
And everye soule that standethe there,
Falles back to make him waye.

He passethe on—no hande dothe stirre—
His steppe the only sounde;
He passethe on—and signs them sette
The coffinne on the grounde.

A momente gazinge downe thereon,
With foldedde armes doth staye;
Then stoopinge, with one mightye wrenche,
He teares the lidde awaye.

Then risethe a confused sounde,
And some half forward starte,
And murmur saerledge, and some
Beare hastilye apart

The agedde knight, at that strange sighte,
Whose consciounesse hath fledde;
But signe nor sounde disturbethe him,
Who gazethe on the dead.

And seemethe, as that lovelye face
Doth alle exposed lye,

As if its holye calme o'erspreadd
The frowninge faces bye.

And nowe, beside the virginne corse,
Kneels downe the stranger knighte,
And up his vizor'd helme he throwes,
But not in open sighte.

For to the pale, colde, clammye face,
His owne he stoopethe lowe,
And kisseth first the bloodlesse cheeke,
And then the marble browe.

Then, to the dead lippes glued, so long
The livinge lippes do staye,
As if in that sad, silente kisse
The soule hadde passed awaye.

But suddenne, from that mortalle trance,
As with a desp'rate straine;
Up, up, he springes! his armoure ringes!
The vizorre's downe againe.

With manye a flowerre, her weeping maides.
The Ladye's shrowde have dressed;
And one white rose is in the falde
That veils her whiterre breaste.

One goldenne ringlette, on her browe,
(Escappede forthe) doth straye;
So, on a wreathie of driftedde snowe,
The wintrye sunbeames playe.

The mailedde hande bathe ta'ene the rose
From offe that breste so fayre;
The faulchion's edge, from that pale head,
Hath shorne the goldenne hayre.

One heavy sighe! the firste and laste,
One deep and stifede groane;
A few long strides—a clange of hoofes—
And the armedde strangerre's gone!

PERCY MALLORY.*

(Extracted from Blackwood's Magazine.)

AMONG the rest of those sciences, beneficial and ornamental, which have been making huge strides of progress during the last fifteen years, the advancement of the art of novel-writing (in this country) stands very eminently distinguished. "Mrs. Roche" has ceased to rave; and, if she raved still, no man would mark her. "Mr. Lathom" can no longer terrify the prentices nor "Anne of Swansea" now delight the ladies boarding-schools. "Mrs. Blucmantle" (alas, poor "Bridget!") has washed her hands (of ink) for ever; and but a water-colour kind of reputation is left to Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. Helme. Harp of Leadenhall Street, thy strings are cracked past mending!—Messrs. Lane and Newman's "occupation's gone!"

In fact, (poetry apart,) the *standard* of novel-writing has changed among us. That which was the "trash" (*eo nomine*) "of the circulating libraries," the circulating libraries now can circulate no more.

Nonsense will be printed in the year 1824, but not much that is *pure*, unadulterated nonsense. The dog-eared darlings of the dressmakers' work-rooms have been at auction for the last time! "Miss Nimifie" and "Miss Moffat," and all the "ladies" and "gentlemen" of "fashion," have jumped up, to be "knocked down," at seven-pence-halfpenny a volume; and the cheesemonger smiles, for, at the

* Percy Mallory, a novel, in three volumes, by the author of Pen Owen. Edinburgh 1824.

next transfer, he knows them for his own.

For an array of new combatants have burst into the literary field, who canter, and caracole, and bear down all before them! There is the Waverly knight—he of the hundred weapons;—and his war-cry rings loudest on the plain. There is the author of *Valerius*, in his Roman armour; and the Ettrick Shepherd, with his knotted club; and there is *Hopè*, on his barb of the desert; and Galt, in his pawkie costume; and Maturin, with his frightful mask; and Washington Irving, just in his silk doublet, throwing darts into the air, and catching them again, and riding as easily as if he were on parade; and then there are the Amazons, equipped after every fancy and fashion! Miss Porter, waving her Polish lance, and Miss Edgeworth, holding up her *ferula*, and the authoress of “*Marriage*,” (in Miss Jacky’s green joseph,) tucked up upon a pillion; and Lady Morgan, astraddle, (and in French breeches,) since she has taken to be mad about politics! and poor old Mrs. Thickenwell, and her friends, are no more able to stand their ground against the trampling, and jostling, and capering, of this rabble rout, than a washing-tub (with a north-west wind,) could be fit to carry sail in the Bay of Biscay, or a poney chaise hope to pass unpulverized through Bond Street, in July.

A modern novel, indeed, if it hopes ever to be *cut open*, must show talent of some kind or other. Accordingly, we find, one author trusts to passion, another, to invention; one, to an acute perception of what *is*; another, to a vigorous fancy for what he *cannot be*. One brings to market wit—another, metaphysics—a third, descriptive force—a fourth, poetic feeling—a few, like the Waverley writer, bring the rare faculty of managing a long story; but very few venture to come at all, who cannot bring some faculty or other.

People commonly find out the value of any qualification best, in A, when, proceeding in their speculations, they fail to meet with it in B. The peculiar felicity of the Scottish novelist, in the business of telling a story, strikes us

now perhaps from a certain want of the same power in the author before us. But it is curious to observe the manner in which that extraordinary writer contrives to maintain as perfect an arrangement through his *history* of four volumes, as the Italian *conteur* ever did in his *anecdote* of four pages. The Tuscan artist built pavillions—the Scottish sorcerer raises cities; Boccaccio can steer a gondola, amid the “crinkum crankum” of a Venetian canal; but the author of *Waverley* is “The Flying Dutchman,” who doubles Cape Horn in the eye of the wind. The Italian prances along, to a hair’s breadth, in his *cabriolet*, the prettiest Pall Mall pacing in the world! but the Waverley man draws THE MAIL “through”—“from London to Edinburgh”—“twice a-week!”—He looks to his “way-bill”—takes care of his passengers, loses no parcels, and never “drags” an inch of the road! He has got his four “big ones”—“well in hand”—before him. His “five-and-thirty hundred weight,”—“live and dead load,” behind him. He gets his four “insides” up, and his three “out”—his “bags”—his “time-piece”—spare whip, and six great coats. The horn blows—he handles the “ribbands”—lets go the traces: off they go, and he comes in, five hundred miles off, without cracking a splinter bar, sleeps his six hours, has his boots cleaned, and is ready to start again.

Piecemeal, perhaps, we might match the author of *Waverley*, but we cannot match him as a whole. He awakens an impatience in us as to the fate of his *dramatis personæ*, from the very moment that we are introduced to them. He keeps us straining, and “craning,” and tiptoeing, after his catastrophe, and trotting along, with our noses in the air, like the hackney coach-horses of Dublin, who are coaxed forward by a pole with hay upon it, pushed from the window of the carriage before them. We are always villainously inclined, before we have got a hundred pages into his book, to kill the goose at once, and get the eggs out of the last volume; and we are just now (as we observed before) put in excellent condition to admire the dexterity and facile conduct of this author, the adroitness with which he keeps

constantly dragging his readers on, neck and heels, (sometimes, too, by the way, when they might be inclined to grumble a little, if he allowed them time to stop,) by the want of that same facility being the chiefest defect of the writer whose work lies before us for dissection.

"Percy Mallory, a novel, by the author of Pen Owen." It's a pretty practice this, upon "the living subject;" and we are inventing (only it must be a great secret) an improved system of "operative" surgery, by which we propose, shortly, to "cut up" authors in an entirely new way! In the meantime, however, we will open Monsieur Pen Owen, "from the systole, to the diastole." So!—one cut across the abdomen, from right to left; another incision (transverse) about from eight to eleven inches. There! now we shall see what the gentleman is made of.

The author of "Percy Mallory" has great talents, and his books will be generally read; but, either he has not the knack of *managing* a narrative, or he will not be at the trouble of exercising it. His main excellence lies in the rapidity and boldness with which he sketches character. He is a quick observer of men's habits and oddities, and has a clever sort of idea of their passions and affections; he writes a smart, *petillant* dialogue, with great apparent facility, and gives the chit chat, in general, of a mixed company, with an adroitness hardly to be exceeded.

Against these "good gifts" in an author, there are some grievous ill tricks to be set off. We would wager, although we don't know who he is, that he could write farces as fast as he could move his pen. He has the "touch and go" faculty (so lauded in the manager's room) as light as any gentleman we ever met with. No man is less likely to overlay a conversation, or under-

stands better the advantage of "shifting a scene;" but, in return, a general heedlessness makes his transitions pantomimic; his "situations" fall out inartificially, and his means are seldom proportioned to his end; he sets a great deal of machinery to work, which he cannot manage when it is in action; he makes a great bustle where he comes to a difficulty, walks round it, and fancies that he has overcome it. The links that connect his tale are often clumsy, and sometimes inefficient; and probably incident, or accurate description, are points upon which he seldom pauses to attend.

But he doesn't prose, and therefore we won't do it for him.—

His present work is better, upon the whole, than Pen Owen; but its faults (and they are not few) are pretty generally of the same character. In both novels, the great charm lies unquestionably in the display of a very extraordinary measure of practical shrewdness and knowledge of life. In addition to this, Pen Owen had a strong spice of *political*, and this book has a strong spice of *romantic* interest. The author appears to be gaining skill as to the management of fable; although we are far from wishing him to believe that he is not still much below what he might make himself as to this point. In that and other minor matters he may and must improve; we certainly can scarcely hope to see him better than he is already in regard to certain qualifications of a much higher order—qualifications in which he certainly is not surpassed by any living author, in any style whatever—the charming idiomatic character of his language—the native flow of his wit—his keen satire and thorough acquaintance with man, as man exists in the 19th century, and more especially as he exists in LONDON.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

"And Moses was a hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."—*Deuteronomy* xxxiv. 7.

A shadow passed before me, and the form
Of dying Moses on my vision rose:
Albeit he wore upon his aged brow
All that youth has of passionate and warm.
I looked once more, and saw the fatal scroll
On which 'twas writ the Prophet was to die;
And o'er his face th' eternal curtains roll,
Drawn by the hand of sweet Euthanasy.

His placid cheek assumed no paler dye
When his pure spirit burst from life's controul,
Nor age had cast her dimness on his eye;
But the bright angel that received his soul
Threw such unearthly calmness in his air,
That I had never deem'd the blight of Death was
there.

CHEMICAL ESSAYS. NO. II.**CALORIC—ELECTRICITY.**

WE have before observed, that caloric has the power of expanding all bodies. This expansion varies exceedingly in the various substances upon which it acts. Different metals expand in different degrees. To show these variations, instruments called pyrometers have been invented. Upon this principle, thermometers have been formed: they are tubes with a bulb at the bottom; the air is excluded from them, and some liquid (generally spirits of wine or mercury) is introduced into the bulb, which by its expansion or contraction, measured by a scale affixed to the tube, shows the temperature of the bodies with which it is brought into contact.

The most important powers then of free caloric to which we have alluded, are its tendency to an equilibrium, its power of radiation, of expansion, and of conducting. We will now pass on to examine our second modification of caloric; namely, *specific* or *combined caloric*. The study of this part of heat we may subdivide into two branches: first, the specific heat of bodies while they retain the same state; second, the heat connected with or developed by a change of state.

The specific heat of a body is that which is as it were imprisoned in it: for the only heat we can feel is the free caloric with which it parts, consequently the thermometer can form no test for the specific heat of bodies. The quantity of heat required to raise different bodies an equal number of thermometric degrees, is quite different. If, for instance, we take water, alcohol, mercury,* and oil, and heat them in tin vessels by the heat of an oven, we shall find that they will not all arrive at any given point of heat at the same time. The oil will be the last to acquire the temperature, the alcohol next, and then the water; the mercury will first reach it. Nor can this arise from the different conducting powers of the

various fluids; for if they are now all poured into water of the same temperature, (when they will give out all the caloric they have absorbed,) it will be found that the oil will heat the water most, and so on in succession; thus clearly showing that different bodies have different *capacities* for caloric.

But we will now proceed to our second division of specific heat: the heat connected with or developed in the changes of state. This is generally called *latent heat*. The sudden changes of bodies from a solid to a liquid, and from a liquid to a gaseous or aeriform state, and the reverse of these, give the body new capacities for caloric. In the changing of ice into water, great heat is absorbed; this becomes latent in the newly formed liquid. In the same way, to carry on the experiment, when water is boiled, it does not rise in temperature after it has once reached the boiling point, because the additional heat it acquires is employed in changing the water into steam, and becomes *latent heat* in the newly formed vapour. On the other hand, the latent heat of a liquid may be made *sensible*, by any method which we can adopt for solidifying it: for it may be remarked, (though with several exceptions,) that the more solid bodies have frequently less capacity for caloric than others which are less solid. If we mix sulphuric acid and water, we shall find, that sufficient heat is evolved to raise the thermometer considerably above the boiling point. The cause of this is, as we before saw, that through some disposition of chemical affinity, the particles of the acid and the water enter into composition in a much more *solid* form, the *capacity* for caloric is diminished, and that which was *latent heat* in its less condensed form, is now sensible, or free caloric, becoming sensible as it is evolved. Another example may be found in the slaking of quick-lime. The heat which is here produced arises from the water and the lime entering into a more solid form; and the *capacity* for caloric being less-

* Mercury was anciently called quick-silver, from its resemblance to silver. The name is not yet quite laid aside.

sened, the latent heat of the water is evolved, and becomes sensible. There is one more striking instance of the effect produced by the demand for caloric to be converted into latent heat; namely, in the cold produced by evaporation. This is very great in the evaporation of spirits of wine, ether, and other fluids which evaporate quickly. Here the caloric is absorbed by the spirits of wine, when converted into a state of vapour, to exist in the vapour in the shape of latent heat. In very hot climates, the cold produced is so intense, that a large animal may be actually killed by the frequent application of ether to his body. In India, ice is produced during the night, by evaporating water in large and very shallow vessels, so that a large surface shall be exposed to the air.

We have now discussed the subject of heat, or caloric. Its *chief* chemical use is as a *solvent*. As water destroys the attraction of cohesion by introducing its particles between the particles of the body acted upon, so fire acts with regard to many bodies which are not acted upon by water. Caloric introduces its particles, and thus renders the body more liable to be acted upon by other chemical operations.

We will now advert to our last general power, *electricity*; and here we must content ourselves with a mere cursory and popular view of the subject, as it would carry us to a far greater length than our limits will admit, were we to attempt to enter into its more abstruse speculations.

If we rub with a dry hand, or with a silk handkerchief, a glass tube, and then bring it near to bits of paper, cotton, or, which is better, gold-leaf, it will first attract these bodies, and then repel them. If when the atmosphere is dry, we take a glass rod in one hand, and a stick of sealing-wax in the other, and having rubbed one of them, approach it to a bit of gold-leaf floating in the air, it will repel, and then attract it: if while the one repels it, we rub the other, and approach it to the particle, it will attract it; and thus you may proceed for any length of time, alternately repelling and attracting.

Such are some of the phenomena of

this fluid in its weakest state: when collected in larger quantities by instruments which we shall hereafter describe, it appears as a spark. As for its operations, almost all the minute changes as well as the grander luminous appearances of matter, seem to originate in it.

There are several substances, such as glass and sealing-wax, which, by friction or other methods, seem to acquire an increased quantity of the electric matter from the atmosphere. We will mention some of these in the order in which they naturally occur, placing the more powerful bodies at the head of the list, and decreasing gradually to the close.

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. SHELL LAC. | 7. GLASS, and all vitrified |
| 2. AMBER. | bodies containing diamonds, |
| 3. RESINS. | and chrysalized transparent |
| 4. SULPHUR. | minerals. |
| 5. WAX. | 8. RAW SILK. |
| 6. ASPHALTUM. | 9. PAPER. |
| | 10. BAKED WOODS, &c. |

On the other hand, there are certain substances which do not partake in the least of the power to which we have just alluded, but which favour the distribution of electricities when they are acquired. Among these we may rank first the metals. The following is a list of a few of the best *conductors* of electricities, as these are termed, in opposition to the former class, which are termed *electrics*, and *non-conductors*.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------------------|
| 1. COPPER. | 8. DILUTE ACIDS. |
| 2. SILVER. | 9. WATER. |
| 3. GOLD. | 10. ICE and SNOW, above 0° |
| 4. IRON. | 11. LIVING ANIMALS. |
| 5. TIN. | 12. SMOKE. |
| 6. LEAD, &c. | 13. VAPOUR. |
| 7. CHARCOAL. | 14. DRY EARTH. |

But not to enter at present more at large upon this part of our subject, which would well merit a particular lecture, we will pass on to galvanism, a branch of electricity more especially connected with chemistry. Galvani, a professor of natural philosophy of Bologna, discovered, that when a piece of any kind of metal was laid on the nerve of the leg of a recently killed frog, provided the nerve rested on some other metal, the leg suddenly moved on a communication being made between the two pieces of metal. This was soon found to be effected by a fluid of the same nature as electricity. A mechanism was soon formed, by means of which this fluid might be collected.

It is a trough of earthenware, with plates of zinc and copper soldered together in pairs, each pair being fixed at regular distances from each other, and the interstices filled with fluid; the best is acid diluted in water. By this means the electric fluid is produced, and carried on from one plate to another, till it reaches the extremity, where a wire made of platina receives it. The fluid evolved at the one wire is positive electricity, or the same as we before stated was obtained from glass; that at the other wire negative, answering to what was obtained from the friction of sealing-wax or resin.

There are two theories with regard to the cause of this: one, that it arises in some way from the contact of the zinc and copper; this is supported by Sir Humphrey Davy; the other is called the *chemical* explanation, which we will here give. According to this, the acid of the water *oxidizes** the zinc,

and renders it unable to retain so much electricity as it had before. It accordingly gives it out to the fluid, which conducts it to the *opposite* plate of copper. Hence it passes to the succeeding plate of zinc, whence it is driven as before. The same action continues to the end. The chief difference between the electricity we obtain by the common glass machine and the voltaic or galvanic battery, is, that the latter gives us the fluid in the most intense state, the former in the greatest quantity.

The method of explaining the action of the electrical machine, according to the theory just mentioned, is, that the amalgam* put on the latter, obtains from the atmosphere *oxygen* by friction.

We have thus cursorily noticed the powers and properties of matter, under the four heads of the attraction of cohesion, the chemical or heterogeneous attraction, caloric, and electricity.

(Europ. Mag.)

THE LAST SHILLING.

THE clock struck six, as Harry Craven issued from his obscure lodging in Burleigh-street, Exeter Change, to attend his professional duties, in the orchestra, at one of the minor theatres, in the southern division of the metropolis. It was a dismal November evening; a dense fog obscured the atmosphere; yet he walked forward with a firm, buoyant step, for Harry had a light heart, and a clear conscience, and was not yet eighteen. In crossing Waterloo Bridge he did not encounter a single passenger; all above, before, around him, was loneliness and gloom; while the dark watery expanse flowing silently below, showed through the beautiful balustrade with an appalling dreariness. Harry was touched with a feeling of melancholy; but the emotion was

transient, and the unbidden sigh which arose to his lip terminated in a merry whistle.

About three hundred yards beyond the second toll, he came up with a woman, who was standing with her back towards him, as though avoiding observation, holding by the wall that skirts the foot-path, and leaning her cheek upon the stone parapet. Her tattered garb bespoke extreme poverty; her arms were bare, and the slight covering that was spread over her shoulders was drenched with the heavy dew. She asked no alms, she uttered no lamentations; but the sound of her bitter sobs reached Harry's ear, and arrested his progress. He briefly enquired the source of her suffering, and was soon enabled to gather from her broken, incoherent accents, that she was the mother of a large family, reduced to a state of the most abject distress and destitution, and having been unsuccessful during the day in her attempts to

* Here, as before, regularity obliges us to defer the explanation of some of the terms which we are compelled to use. In the acid there is a certain part of the acid and of the water called oxygen. This has a great inclination to unite with all metals, but with some more than others. It lessens the *conducting* power of those with which it unites.

† Amalgam is a metallic compound formed of mercury, zinc, and tin, with some oil or grease.

obtain some relief to their necessities, she had formed a resolution to drown herself, rather than return home to brave the unanswerable cries of her children's hunger. "But, oh! my baby," she exclaimed, "my own dear baby, what must become of you;" and the tears that gushed from her eyes seemed drops of blood wrung from her heart, by the torturing thought of her infant perishing for want. Harry's hand was instinctively in his pocket; there was but one single coin remaining there, and that was a love token! a curious shilling of the reign of Queen Anne; but the end justified the means; his time was pressing; he hastily drew forth the keepsake of his absent fair, and putting it into the woman's hand, ran off towards the theatre; while the object of his compassionate bounty sunk, overwhelmed with gratitude, on her knee, pouring out fervent benedictions on the head of her youthful benefactor, for his unsolicited and timely aid.

Harry was a sad, thoughtless, unthrifty cashier; his salary, such as it was, was always mortgaged a fortnight in advance; yet the boy had so much of honour and honesty about him, that his fellow-performers, or even the manager himself, never hesitated to lend him a guinea at any time. On this evening he executed his part, as *secondo violino*, with unusual ability and spirit; and when the performance was over, adjourned with a musical colleague, to a tavern in the neighbourhood, which the persons belonging to the theatre were accustomed to frequent.

"Come," said Harry's companion, when they had made an end of their refreshment, "show us your metal, my lad; hand up some semi-quavers."

"Devil a doit have I got," answered Harry, "not a single demi-semi to buy a bit of rosin," turning out his pockets as he spoke, to evince their utter emptiness.

"Why, where's your silver pocket-piece!" exclaimed the other; "your *Anna Regina*? the lady's head without a tongue in it. I thought you always carried it about you, just to swear by, and to pay for your swearing; a shilling's the change for taking an oath you know."

"Oh," replied Craven, hesitatingly, "I've lost it, that is, I gave it away just now."

"Fie, for shame," rejoined his friend, "give away the seal of your mistress's constancy! why, I'd as soon have parted with the great seals of England."

"The fact is," said Harry, in exculpation, "I used it to bribe a poor devil of a woman not to throw herself into the Thames; though, mayhap, I was a fool for my pains, for it's odds if the world of waters, or any other world, be not better than this one."

Harry then recounted the incident he had met with on his way to the theatre, adding, "I'd gladly give a sovereign this moment to redeem that old shilling; and it's not worth more than eight-pence, I guess, to any one but me."

"Ah, you're a noble rascal," cried his messmate; "I don't want your cash. There, mine host, subtract two-thirds out of that half-crown."

The landlord, who had been standing near the box during the latter part of the dialogue, bowed respectfully as he offered the change; and eyeing Craven with a marked expression of kindness, wished his customers a cordial "good night;" and the two friends shortly afterwards left the house. It was a few days subsequently to this that Harry, being engaged one morning at rehearsal, received a message, desiring to be spoken with by a person who refused to give his name; and, on descending to the box-office, was surprised to find the landlord of the Wellington Arms waiting to see him; who at once declared the object of his visit by proffering to the astonished Harry the identical piece of money that he had bestowed in charity; at the same time explaining how it had come into his possession by saying, that having been asked its worth by a baker in the neighbourhood, who stated that he had taken it of a poor woman in payment for a loaf of bread, on the very night in question, and having heard Harry bewail the loss of such a coin, he bartered with the baker for its full nominal value, in order that he might have the satisfaction of restoring it to its original owner. Harry, delighted with the re-

covery of his treasure, after making a thousand acknowledgments, drew out his purse to substantiate his gratitude; but the worthy old man declining his liberality, took Harry apart, and after briefly commenting on the youth's candour and generosity, went on to say, that, if he felt inclined to relinquish his present unprofitable pursuit, he would be happy to appoint him major domo of his own lucrative concern. "I have got neither chick nor child," said he. "I once had a boy, indeed, he might be about your age, but the perverse dog went to sea and was lost; and my wife is but a poor sickly thing, so I am obliged to confide the business almost entirely to servants, who consider it, I presume, their chief duty to cheat me of every sixpence that they possibly can; but now, if you will come and put

your honest hand foremost among 'em, I warrant it should be as much to your gain, as it would be to mine."

"Strike hands, most princely Boniface, I take your offer," cried Craven. "Henceforth I abandon drawing the bow, for drawing of beer; and, 'flow thou regal purple stream,' with accompaniments, be my morning and evening song."

Preliminaries were soon adjusted, and it was not long before Harry was installed in his new office, where he conducted himself with the utmost integrity; married an amiable and reputable young woman of his own rank in life, and in the course of a few years the whole property of the inn devolved to himself; which he directed should in future be known by the sign of the *Queen's Head*. ARIETTA.

(Sel. Mag.)

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DEADLY FIERY WIND.

NUMBERS xi. 1. "*The fire of the Lord burnt among them.*" This is now generally understood as referring to the *deadly fiery wind*, which sometimes appears in the eastern deserts. MAILLET mentions its being felt in the desert between Egypt and Mecca, in part of which the Israelites wandered for forty years. "If the north wind," he observes, "happen to fail, and that from the south comes in its place, then the whole caravan is so sickly and exhausted, that three or four hundred persons are wont in common to lose their lives; even greater numbers, as far as fifteen hundred, of whom the greatest part are stifled on the spot, by the *fire* and dust of which this fatal wind seems to be composed.

J. E. FABER is likewise of opinion, that by the fire of the Lord in the above passage, we are to understand the fiery poisonous wind described by MAILLET.

THEVENOT, who set out from Suez to Kahira, informs us, that on the journey they had for a whole day or more such a hot wind, that they were obliged to turn their backs to it, and had their mouths filled with sand whenever they

opened them. That the water which the caravan had with it was so heated by it, that it seemed as if it came from the fire, so that they were not able to drink it. The camels were so affected by this wind that they refused to eat. Its fury, however, lasted only six hours; if it had continued longer, half the caravan must have perished. The year before a similar wind had destroyed two thousand persons of the caravan going to Mecca.

NIEBUHR not only confirms these accounts, but adds some other particulars. "It is in the desert, between Bassorah, Bagdat, Aleppo, and Mecca, that we heard most of the poisonous wind Samum. The Arabs in the desert being accustomed to a pure air, are said to be able to discover its approach; and as it blows in a horizontal direction, and consequently has not so great a force near the surface of the earth, they throw themselves on the ground while it is yet at a distance. Nature also is said to have taught animals to hold their heads close to the ground when the wind approaches." "One of my servants," Mr. Niebuhr continues to observe, "who was with a caravan from Bassorah to Aleppo,

was overtaken by this wind : some of the Arabs in the company had called out in time, that they should throw themselves on the ground ; none of those who did this received any injury, but some of the caravan, and among these a French surgeon who wished to examine this phenomenon accurately, had been too secure, and perished in

consequence. When a man is suffocated with this wind, blood is said to flow from his nose and ears two hours after his death. The body is said to remain long warm, to swell, to turn blue and green, and if the arm or leg be taken hold of to raise it up, the limb is said to come off."

CUSTOM OF MAKING PRESENTS.

1 SAMUEL ix. 7. "*Then said Saul to his servant, But, behold, if we go, what shall we bring the man? for the bread is spent in our vessels, and there is not a present to bring to the man of God: what have we?*"

"We all dined at Consul Hastings' house, and after dinner went to wait upon Ostan, the Bassa of Tripoli, having first sent our present, as the manner is among the Turks, to procure a propitious reception. It is counted uncivil to visit in this country without an offering in hand. All great men expect it as a kind of tribute due to their character and authority, and look upon themselves as affronted, and indeed defrauded, when the compliment is omitted. Even in familiar visits among inferior people, you shall seldom have

them come without bringing a flower, or an orange, or some such token of their respect to the person visited."

MAUNDRELL.

BRUCE, after noticing some insignificant present which he had received from an individual who wished to obtain a favour from him, remarks, "I mention this trifling circumstance, to show how essential to civil intercourse presents are considered to be in the East: whether they be dates or whether they be diamonds, they are so much a part of their manners, that without them an inferior will never be at peace in his own mind, or think that he has hold of his superior for protection. But superiors give no presents to their inferiors."

THE FIGURATIVE STYLE OF SCRIPTURE.

ALTHOUGH sceptical readers of the Bible may be disposed to ridicule some of those figures which appear to them extravagant, and even absurd ; yet any one who lends an impartial attention to the subject, will clearly perceive that the occurrence of imagery which would be frequently obscure, and sometimes unintelligible to us, was to be expected in any composition formed on the models of our sacred writings.

1. The innovating hand of time has rendered many things obsolete ; and, consequently, the allusions which in metaphorical language are made to those things must be difficult, if not impossible, to be understood. And when we recollect that some portions of the Scriptures were written more than 3000 years ago, and that the latest of them were written between 1700 and 1800 years ago, it would have been very remarkable had we lost sight of none of those customs and none of

those events on which the figures of Scripture are founded.

2. The difference between the scene and climate in which the sacred writers lived, and our own, forms another barrier to the right understanding of their figurative terms. This prevents us often from perceiving the full force of a passage even when its beauty, nevertheless, powerfully affects the mind. Thus when the Psalmist says, "*As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God,*" it is impossible not to be affected by the combination of chaste elegance of expression with vehement ardour of feeling. Yet in our temperate clime, where water is scarcely ever known to fail, where the sun is scarcely ever known to pour his sickening ray upon our heads, we are not prepared to enter into all the beauty of the figure, as an inhabitant of Judea would have done. Again, the hart

is not with us a wild animal, subject to the various privations which it was compelled to endure in regions where the sun had burned up its food, and dried the streams at which it was accustomed to slake its thirst. It would be no unusual thing, however, for an Israelite to see this inoffensive animal exhausted and fatigued, and panting for a drop of water; and, consequently, the application of the figure to the Psalmist's desire after God would convey an impression far more forcible than can be produced by it on our minds.

Jeremiah 49, we have a figure still more peculiar to the land of Judea. *He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of the Jordan against the habitation of the strong.* In this passage too, there is obvious beauty and even sublimity of description; but it is considerably more obscure to us than the former. It would however be perfectly familiar and intelligible to those for whom it was first written. What we here know of a lion is chiefly by description, and by the exhibition of a few of these monarchs of the four-footed race engaged in caravans. These are comparatively small and feeble, and at the same time so tame through confinement and the discipline of keepers, that they show us nothing of the true character of that unrivalled animal, who walks in conscious superiority through the forest, or bounds with resistless speed and violence across the plain, and fills, by his tremendous roaring, a whole neighbourhood with terror. The river Jordan, too, is so dissimilar to our rivers, as to increase the obscurity of the passage to those who are not acquainted with the peculiarities of its course. When the snows of Lebanon and of the neighbouring mountains began to melt, and when the rainy season commenced, the mountain torrents rushed into the vale below, and regularly caused Jordan to overflow all its banks, and thus inundated all the adjoining lowlands. The lion had his abode among the lofty reeds which grew on the bank of this river; and when the descending waters caused Jordan to swell so as to invade his resting-place, he was driven to madness by the intrusion of an enemy whom he

could not resist, and flew to revenge himself against the inhabitants of the adjoining cities. How striking a picture of the rage and violence of an invading army!

In the second verse of the fourteenth chapter of Hosea, the prayer of repenting Israel is, "*Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously, so will we render the CALVES of our lips.*" To an English ear there is something grating in the expression "*the CALVES of OUR LIPS,*"—and without a knowledge of Jewish peculiarities, we shall not understand it. But when we remember that *calves* were among the best of the sacrifices which were offered up to God, we gain at once a key to the explanation, and a view of the beauty of the figure. The passage, in our language, means simply this; So will we render the best sacrifice of praise from our lips.

3. The dress and manners of the ancients was exceedingly different from ours. Their loose and flowing raiment formed a perfect contrast to the tight and inelegant garb of our own time and country. A knowledge of this is necessary to explain many passages of Scripture. The girding-up of the loins is frequently mentioned in places which allude either to diligence in labour, or to swiftness in running the appointed course. Now it is obvious, that a long, loose robe, would be very inconvenient to servants who required to have their hands much at liberty, and to be able to stoop with ease in the performance of their work; and also to those who had to move quickly, and required that their steps should not be impeded, nor their feet entangled by the length of their garments. To remedy this, they always had a girdle, by means of which, when they had gathered up the skirts of their garment, they fastened it round their loins. To one who knew that he could neither work nor run without having recourse to this measure, how forcible would be such passages as these—*Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men who wait for their Lord. Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope unto the end, &c.*

It were easy to extend observations of this kind, and to produce other causes of obscurity in the various figures which are employed in the page of inspiration. The truth is, that similar difficulties present themselves in all the classical productions of antiquity; and it would have been a strong argument against the genuineness of the Scriptures, had they been wanting in that style of speaking and thinking which were peculiar to the times in which they were written.

There is only one more remark on this subject to which the attention of the reader is particularly requested; and that is, the difficulty of conveying the true import of a figure in a translation. Let the reader take a French book, and, regardless of the idiom of the two languages, and of the different class of figures employed by them, let him translate literally, and how much will he lose of the beauty and, in many cases, of the sense of the original!

Now in the translation of the Bible there is less liberty allowed to the imagination, and even judgment of the translator, than in any other book. His business is not to embellish, and not even to give his own explanation of passages, but to put his reader in possession of the plain Word of God. He must not sacrifice correctness to beau-

ty; he must not aim at what he thinks the spirit of the passage, while he neglects the letter; because, in so doing, he may have missed its true meaning; he may have mistaken the nature of the allusion, and then he entails his own mistake upon posterity. But if he translates accurately, though the passage may be obscure to himself and to his readers, yet perhaps the information brought home by some traveller who has observed the custom of eastern nations, or the discovery of some book of antiquity, may throw light upon it, and enable us to perceive beauties which were before concealed, and which would have remained in darkness had the translator taken the liberty which translators of other books are permitted to take with impunity.

Making then due allowance for these several circumstances, which hinder us from perceiving many of the excellences of Scripture, we are still constrained to acknowledge that there is no book that can stand a comparison with the Bible—none, which labours under such great disadvantages to the developement of its peculiar beauties of composition, and which yet rises far above them all, exhibiting those specimens in every style of writing and of thinking, which are above all imitation and all praise.

LONDON LYRICS.

(New Mon.)

POOR ROBIN'S PROPHECY.

When girls prefer old lovers,
When merchants scoff at gain,
When Thurtell's skull discovers
What pass'd in Thurtell's brain;
When farms contain no growlers,
No pig-tail Wapping-wall,
Then spread your lark-nets, fowlers,
For sure the sky will fall.

When Boston men love banter,
When loan-contractors sleep,
When Chancery-pleadings canter,
And common-law ones creep:
When topers swear that claret's
The vilest drink of all;
Then, housemaids, quit your garrets,
For sure the sky will fall.

When Southey leagues with Wooller,
When dandies show no shape,
When fiddlers' heads are fuller
Than that whereon they scrape:

When doers turn to talkers,
And Quakers love a ball;
Then hurry home, street-walkers,
For sure the sky will fall.

When lads from Cork or Newry
Won't broach a whisky flask,
When comedy at Drury
Again shall lift her mask:
When peerless Kitty utters
Her airs in tuneless squall,
Then, cats, desert your gutters,
For sure the sky will fall.

When worth dreads no detractor,
Wit thrives at Amsterdam,
And manager and actor
Lie down like kid and lamb;
When bard with bard embraces,
And critics cease to man,
Then, travellers, mend your paces,
For sure the sky will fall.

When men, who leave off business
With butter-cups to play,
Find in their heads no dizziness,
Nor long for "melting day:"

When cits their pert Mount-pleasants
Deprive of poplars tall;
Then, poachers, prowl for pheasants,
For sure the sky will fall.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their honest joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

WHY aye, day after day we hear and read of great men's actions and their fame; but who is there beside a sheave of the old block would endeavour to snatch from oblivion the memorial of the humble Tar? No, no, the world's too busy bespattering their foes, or bepraising their friends, to heed the "auncient marinier." But to me—oh there is a rich treat in it far beyond what the antiquarian feels when he takes the rusty farthing out of the vinegar, expecting at least to find a CÆSAR. However, I hate detraction—"Jack un a son gout" is my old motto. For myself, I love to steal in unperceived among a group of old Pensioners, and listen to their *tails* of the olden time. There is a secret pleasure in notoriety when honourably acquired. Ask—whether he never felt a gratification at hearing the whisper as he passed along, "That's C—— the poet, that's the author of——." Well, so it is with me; I square my wig by the lifts and braces, get my spectacles a cock-bill, mount my sky-scraper hat with a dog-vane, and sally forth into the College. A graceful bow, like the heave-and-set of a Dutch dogger in a head sea, always attends my entry at the gates; and I pass on among the loud remarks of "That's he! that's the litter-later gemman—him as sends our yarns for the Head-it-er to spin." Once or twice, 'tis true, I have been annoyed by some pickled dog willing to preserve his wicked jest, who has sent a stale quid whistling by my left ear, to show his knowledge of Latin in declining quis-quis. But who is there, unmoved, can look at the grey-haired veteran—timber to the heel—his mathematical moon-raker topp'd to port, and his left arm upon either shoulder swinging about like the spanker-boom

in a calm, a good-humoured smile, and "What cheer! what cheer!" for every one he meets? Death and he have been playmates ever since he was a little powder-monkey in the *Thunder*; and though that gentleman has often grinn'd at him, and smugg'd (as the boys say) a bit of him now and then, he still lives in spite of his teeth, a French abridgement of an English work. Oh if I could persuade you once, Mr. Editor, to pass an hour at the Jolly Sailor, it would leave an impression upon your mind, never, to be erased. There all is honesty and truth; though to do them justice they can stretch the fox a bit, such as seeing the Purser running round the grater of Mount Vesuvius for making dead men chew tobacco, and placing the stoppages of grog to his own account; or a long story of the mermaids (as they pass'd the ships of a morning watch) with their pails, going to milk the sea-cows. "Aye, aye, (says old Sam,) I remembers a merman in the Mediterranean; he was about the civillest fellow of the kind I ever met with, for after dancing a hornpipe he comes alongside, and pulling off his hat to the Captain, asked to light his pipe by the binnacle lamp, for his wife had got drunk and let the fire go out, and they had chips only once-a-day." But then to hear them talk of wounds and battles, while the names of the gallant heroes of the wave as 'familiar in their mouths as household words'—names that once warmed the Briton's heart with glowing ardour,—Howe, Duncan, Nelson, Collingwood, Malcolm, and a hundred others, are 'in their flowing cups freshly remembered,' and each pointing to his scars, will tell of the feats done in his day. A few evenings since I took my usual seat in the room, (a snug corner being appropriated to the *absent* man,) and resting my head upon my hand, appeared involved in thought. "Ah! them were the times, messmate,

(said Dick Willis,) when they used to get their bread and cheese; bad luck to old —— for ever inventing water to grog! Howsomever, we are never satisfied, and shouldn't be content if they made us Lords of the Admiralty. I recollects as if it was but yesterday, when Nelson led us at Trafalgar, eh, Hameish?—that was a glorious day for England! You remember Mr. Rivers, a smart, active Midshipman, that lost his leg? I understands he's a Captain now—a worthier fellow never wore a head; nay, there wasn't a man a-board (though his precious limb was dock'd) that could beat him in going aloft; and I've seen him lead down a dance with his wooden pin flourishing away as well as the nimblest there. Almost the first as was killed fell close to Nelson; I shall never forget the look he gave! and when he received his own wound, 'twas as if the shot had pierced every heart in the ship. But he's gone, messmate, he's gone! Well, here's success to him wherever he is; we shall never look upon his like again. And my brave Commander, Collingwood, he too has slipt his moorings, and got a moneymint in St. Paul's, though I can't make any thing of it. Mayhap it may be all right, for I don't understand harkey-ecture and Greek; but yet I should have liked to have seen some-ut like himself." "Why, (says Jem Breeching,) "it's the fashion, and they wear 'em so now—Poor Joe Thompson—he lost his life—that Trafalgar business. We were messmates together in the —— frigate. He used to tell a comical story about his old mother. She was a press-biter or a methodiss, I don't know which—howsomever, before he got press'd, he sailed in a merchant-man, and the dame had waited a long time in anxious expectation of hearing from him. At last the letter arrived at the village, and all hands ran to hear the news, but the old lady chose to peruse it first; and because she couldn't read herself, the clerk of the parish was sent for, and then she found that her son 'had been driven into the Bay of Fundi by a pam-poosa right in their teeth. It blow'd great guns,' wrote Joe, 'and we carried away the bolt-sprit; a heavy sea

wash'd overboard the binnacle and the companion; the Captain lost his quadrant, and couldn't keep an observation for fifteen days: at last we arrived safe at Halifax.' 'Read it again, neighbour.' Again the letter was read. 'Once more, neighbour.' This too was complied with: when the old girl, thinking she'd got it all by heart, sallied forth, big with importance. 'Well, Dame, what news?' cried a dozen voices. 'Oh! my poor son'—'I hopes no mischief, dame'—'Thank God! he's safe! But he has been driven into the Bay of Firmament by a bamboozle right in the teeth. It blow'd great guns'—'La! bless us; what a wonder they wasn't all beat to atomys—well, I wouldn't be a sailor'—'Ah! but that warn't the worst—they carried away the pulpit—a heavy sea washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his conjuration, and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days—at last they arrived safe at Hallelujah.' Poor Joe was desperately fond of soaking his biscuit, and always got groggy whenever he could. Once I remember we were refitting in Portsmouth harbour, and lay over on the Gosport side, just above the old Gladiator, and so many hands had liberty every day. It was Sunday afternoon, and the first lieutenant, with the other officers, were walking the quarter-deck, Joe bowled aft, and dowsing his hat, ask'd leave to go on shore. 'No, Thompson,' said the lieutenant, 'it is not in my power.' 'Only for half an hour, Sir.' 'I cannot grant it.' 'I have been five years, Sir, without ever touching land, Sir, and if you don't let me go, I shall die.' 'You know, Thompson, if you go on shore you'll get drunk, kick up a row, and I shall be condemned—besides, the Captain's orders are positively against it.' Away went Joe forward to look over the gang-way. Back again he came, 'For ten minutes, Sir; indeed I won't get moon-eyed.' 'Not for one minute.' 'Only let me put my toes ashore.' 'Well, Thompson, (says the lieutenant,) if you like to go and tramp in the mud there (pointing towards Haslar Hospital) for the next two hours, you're welcome; but not a step fur-

ther.' 'Thank ye, Sir;' and down below he went. We all pitied him, 'cause he was a hearty fellow, and we knew the officer was only in joke. Up came Joe again, full dress'd. 'I'm ready, Sir.' 'Ready! ready for what?' 'To take a walk, Sir.' 'Why, Thompson, you could hardly think me serious.' 'I hope you won't go from your word, Sir.' A burst of laughter and surprise came from all hands; but Joe persevered, and was actually landed on the mud in his white dress, where he continued to travel to and fro, in the presence of some hundreds of spectators, till his two hours were expired, when he hailed to be taken aboard, and was as perfectly satisfied as he would have been with a week's liberty. He was a dry subject, though always wetting.' 'The Gladiator, (said Jack Rattlin,) why that was the time Sir I—C—had his flag flying aboard of her. Him as used to make us march like sodgers, two and two, in the Dock-yard; and one day our midshipman had only three hands ashore, and we

were going up to the rigging loft, when the flag lieutenant ordered him to make us fall in agreeable to the regulations. Well, there he was for about an hour facing us to all points of the compass. At last the Admiral catch'd sight of us: 'Halloo! halloo, Officer! what are you doing here?' 'I'm endeavouring to make the men fall in two and two, Sir; but as there are only three of them, I can't do it for the life o' me, though I have been squaring them all manner of ways.' I think I can see him now—his scraper athwart ships, white small-clothes, and military boots, (a famous hand at his legs;) then his eyes as keen as a northerly gale. There wasn't a Middie on the station but will remember him all the days of his life; and as for the Warrant Officers, to hear him call out, 'Halloo! Master Carpenter there, with the scupper leather boots!' But he was a smart Officer, and knew his duty, and while he lives may he never forget it."

AN OLD SAILOR.

HAJJI BABA OF ISPAHAN.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

WHEN Anastasius first made its appearance, everybody thought Lord Byron was taking to write prose; for there was no living author but Lord Byron supposed capable of having written such a book. When Byron denied the work, (and, in fact, his lordship could not have written it,) people looked about again, and wondered who the author could be. But, when the production was claimed by Mr. Thomas Hope, who had heretofore, written only about chairs and tables, and not written very well about chairs and tables neither, then the puzzlement of ratiocinators became profounder than ever.

All that could be made out at all in common between Mr. Hope and Anastasius, was, that Mr. Hope had had opportunities of getting at the local information which that book contained. He had visited those parts of the world in which the scene was chiefly laid; and had resided in some of them (as at Constantinople) for a considerable period.

But Anastasius, though full of circumstance which necessarily had been connected by travel, was (that circumstance, all of it, apart) a work of immense genius, and natural power. The thing told was good; but the manner of telling it was still better. The book was absolutely crammed with bold incidents, and brilliant descriptions—with historical details, given in a style which Hume and Gibbon could scarcely have surpassed; and with analysis of human character and impulse, such as even Mandeville might have been proud to acknowledge. Material, as regards every description of work, is perhaps the *first* point towards success, it is not easy for any man to write ill, who has an overflow of fresh matter to write about.

But Anastasius was anything rather than a bare combination of material. The author did not merely appear to have imbued himself completely, with a scarce and interesting species of information, and to have the power of

pouring that information forth again, in any shape he pleased; but he also seemed to have the power, (and withal, almost equally the facility,) of originating new matter, of most curious and valuable quality. He paraded a superfluity of attainment at one moment, and showed a faculty to act without any of it the next; displayed an extraordinary acquired talent for drawing MAN, as he is in one particular country; but a still more extraordinary intuitive talent for drawing man, as he is in every class, and in every country.

His capacity for producing effect was so extended, that he could afford to trifle with it. Anastasius was not merely *one* of the most vigorous, but absolutely *the* most vigorous, of the "dark-eyed and slender-waisted heroes," that had appeared. We liked him better than any of his cater cousins, because the family characteristics were more fully developed in him. The Giaours had their hundred vices, and their single virtue; but Anastasius came without any virtue at all. The Corsairs were vindictive, and rapacious, and sanguinary, as regarded their fellow-men; but Anastasius had no mercy even upon *woman*.

The history of Euphrosyne is not only the most powerful feature in Mr. Hope's book; but, perhaps, one of the most powerful stories that ever was written in a novel.

There is a vraisemblance about the villainy of that transaction, which it sickens the soul to think of. Crabbe could not have dug deeper for horrible realities; nor could the author of the *Fable of the Bees*, have put them into more simple, yet eloquent and energetic, language. For throughout the whole description of Euphrosyne's situation, after she becomes the mistress of Anastasius—his harsh treatment of her in the first instance, by degrees increasing to brutality—his deliberately torturing her, to compel her to leave him, even when he knows she has not a place of refuge upon earth—her patient submission, after a time, only aggravating his fury, and his telling her, in terms, "to go!" that "he desires to see her no more!" Through-

out all this description, and the admirable scene that follows—his leaving her when she faints, believing her illness to be affected—the nervous forebodings that come over him, afterwards, at the banquet, until, at length, he is compelled to quit the party—hurries home—and finds her gone! Throughout the whole of this narrative, there is not an epithet bordering upon inflation. The writer never stops to make a display of his feelings; but keeps up the passion as he goes on, merely by keeping up the action of the scene. The simplicity all through, and the natural elegance of the style, catches attention almost as much as the commanding interest of the subject. The tale is one of the most painful that ever was related; and it is told in the plainest, and most unaffected possible manner.

And it is the great art of Mr. Hope, in this story of Euphrosyne, as in the conduct of a hundred other criminalities into which he precipitates his hero—throwing him actually into scrapes sometimes, as though for the pleasure of taking him out of them again—it is the author's great art, that, with all his vices, Anastasius never thoroughly loses the sympathy of the reader. There is a rag of good feeling—a wretched rag it is, and it commonly shows itself in the most useless shape too (in the shape of repentance)—but there is a remnant of feeling about the rogue, (though no jot of moral principle,) and a pride of heart, which, with romance readers, covers a multitude of sins; and upon this trifle of honesty, (the very limited amount of which is a curiosity,) joined to a vast fund of attractive and popular qualities—wit, animal spirits, gay figure, and personal courage—he contrives, through three volumes, to keep just within the public estimation.

And apart too from, and even beyond, the interest of the leading characters in Anastasius, there is so much pains laid out upon all the tributary personages of the tale; the work is got up with the labour of a large picture, in which the most distant figure is meant to be a portrait. Suleiman Bey

--Aly Tchawoosh—the Lady Khadegé—Anagnosti—the Jew apothecary—Gasili, the knight of industry—even the brave Panayoti—there is not a personage brought in anywhere, even to fill up a group, who has not a certain quantity of finish bestowed upon him.

Then the historical episodes. The character of the Captain Pacha, and the circumstances which lead to his appointment in the Morea. Djazzar (the Butcher) and his atrocities—in the third volume. The court of Suleiman Bey in Egypt, and the march of Hassan Pacha into that country. The nervous terseness and brief style of these details, contrasted with the brilliant eloquence, the lively imagination, the strong graphic faculty, and the deep tone and feeling displayed in such passages as the *bagno*—the first field of battle—the flight of Hassan Bey through the streets of Cairo—the death of the Hungarian Colonel—the *lives* of all the women—and, beyond all, the cemetery near Constantinople, and the reflections which arise on it in the third volume! If, besides all this, we recollect the occasional rich descriptions of local scenery; the wit and spirit of those lighter sketches which abound in the first and third volumes; and, especially, the polished, cultivated tone, and the gracefulness of style and manner, which runs through the whole work, it will not appear surprising that the production of Anastasius by an author of (comparatively) no previous estimation, should have been considered, in the literary world, as a remarkable event.

But, if it excited wonder that Mr. Hope should, on the sudden, have become the author of Anastasius, it will be found quite as surprising, that the author of Anastasius should ever have written Hajji Baba. The curiosity about this book was great; the disappointment which it produces will not be little; not that it is absolutely destitute of merit, but that it falls so very far below what the public expected.

It is not easy to get at the solution of a failure like this. Mr. Hope evidently means to do his best. He sets out with all the formality of a long introduction—Hajji Baba is only a prelude to much more that is to be effect-

ed. And yet the work is not merely, as regards matter, interest, taste, and choice of subjects, three hundred per cent at least, under the mark of Anastasius; but the style is never forcible or eloquent; and in many places, to say the truth, it is miserably bad. Some of this objection may be comparative; but objection must be so, and ought fairly to be so. If an author takes the benefit of a certain accredited faculty to get his book read, it is by the measure of that accredited faculty, that he must expect the production to be tried. We can drink a wine, perhaps, of thirty *sous*, as a wine of thirty *sous*, but we will not submit to have it brought to us as claret. We might manage, upon an emergency, to read a dozen lines of Lady Morgan; but who would read half a line, if she were to get herself bound up as Lady Montague? There are chapters in Hajji Baba that may amuse;—there are a great many, most certainly, that will not amuse;—but, perhaps, the easiest way of making its deficiencies apparent, will be to give a short outline of the production itself.

Mr. Hope sets out in the character of "Mr. Peregrine Persic," by writing to "Doctor Fundgruben," chaplain to the Swedish Embassy, at the Ottoman Porte—a letter which explains the intention of his book.

Mr. Persic is dissatisfied (and, perhaps, fairly, may be) with all existing pictures of Asiatic habits and manners; and he suggests the advantage of inditing, from "actual anecdotes" collected in the East,—a novel upon the plan of *Gil Blas*, which should supply the (as he views it) deficiency. Dr. Fundgruben approves the idea of Mr. Persic, but doubts how far any European would be capable of realizing it; he thinks an Oriental *Gil Blas* would be most conveniently constructed, by procuring some "actual" Turk, or Persian, to write his life. The discussion which follows between the friends, would not convey a great deal to the reader. What the Swedish Doctor opines—we will give his own words—"That *no* education, time, or talent, can ever enable a foreigner, in *any* given country, to pass for a native;"—this, (for a Doctor, who should mind

what he says) has a smack of exaggeration; and Mr. Persic's charge of obscurity against the Arabian Nights, (so far as he himself illustrates it,) seems to amount to nothing. At a period, however, subsequent to this supposed conversation, Mr. P. (who is employed himself upon an embassy to Persia) saves Hajji Baba, a Persian of some station, from the hands of an Italian quack Doctor; and, in gratitude for certain doses of calomel, by the English gentleman administered, the Ispahani presents his written memoirs, for the benefit of the English public.

Now here is a blot in the very outset of the book. Mr. Hope starts, most transparently, with Gil Blass in his eye, and never considers that a character perfectly fitted for a hero in one country, may not be so well calculated to fill the same *role* in another. The attention to Gil Blas is obvious. The chapters are headed in Le Sage's manner.—“Of Hajji Baba's birth and education.” “Into what hands Hajji Baba falls, and the fortune which his razors prove to him.” “Hajji Baba, in his distress, becomes a Saka, or water-carrier.” “Of the man he meets, and of the consequences of the encounter,” &c. &c. There are occasional imitations too, and not happy ones, of the style *coupée* of some of the French writers. An affectation of setting out about twenty unconnected facts, in just the same number of short unconnected sentences. A rolling up, as it were, of knowledge into little hard pills, and giving us dozens of them to swallow, (without diluent,) one after the other. This avoidance (from whatever cause it proceeds) of conjunction, and connecting observation, leads to an eternal recurrence of pronouns—rattling *staccato* upon the ear. It makes a book read like a judge's notes of a trial, or a report of a speech of a newspaper. And, indeed, throughout the work before us (we can scarcely suppose the author to have written in a hurry)—but, throughout the work, there is a sort of slovenliness; an inattention to minute, but nevertheless material, circumstances; which could scarcely, one would think, have been overlooked, if it had been cautiously revised.

Hajji Baba, however, is the son of a barber at Ispahan, and is educated to follow his father's profession. He learns shaving upon the “heads” of camel-drivers and muleteers—a field of practice more extended than barbers have the advantage of in Europe—and having got a smattering of poetry, and a pretty good idea of shampooing—some notion of reading and writing, and a perfect dexterity at cleaning people's ears:—at sixteen, he is prepared to make his *entrée* in society.

Starting as a barber, is starting rather low; and it is one material fault in our friend Hajji Baba, that, from beginning to end, he is a low character. Obscure birth is no bar to a man's fortune in the East; nor shall it be any hinderance to him among us; but we can't take cordially, East or West, to a commonplace fellow. Anastasius is meanly born, but he has the soul that makes all ranks equal. Beggar him—strip him—starve him—make a slave of him—still nature maintains him a prince, and the superior (ten to one else) of the man that tramples upon him. Like the Mainote captain, in that exquisite chapter of “The Bagnio,” he is one of those spirits which, of themselves, even in the most abject condition, will command attention and respect;—which, “like the cedars of Lebanon,” to use the author's own simile, “though scathed by the lightning of Heaven, still overtop all the trees in the forest.”

But it won't do to have a hero (certainly not in Turkey) an awkward fellow. We don't profess to go entirely along with Mowbray, in Clarissa, who, extenuating Lovelace's crimes, by reference to the enormities of somebody else, throws his friend's scale up to the beam, by recollecting that the counter rogue is “an ugly dog too!” But we think, if a hero is to be a rascal, that he ought to be rascal like a gentleman. Mr. Hope denies Hajji Baba even the advantage of personal courage. As he got on in his last work without virtue, so he proposes to get on in this without qualification. This is Gil Blas; but we wish Mr. H. had let imitation alone. Gil Blas (*per se*) is no great model, anywhere, for a hero. It is the book carries him through—not him that car-

ries the book. Gil Blas (that is the man) has a great deal more whim, and ten times more national characteristic, than Hajji Baba; and yet we long to cane him, or put him in a horse-pond, at almost every page we read. And, besides, Gil Blas, let it be recollected, Gil Blas was the ORIGINAL. We have got imitations of him already enough, to be forgotten. The French Gil Blas—and the German Gil Blas—and now, the Persian Gil Blas! It is an unprofitable task; at least, Mr. Hope, at all events, has made it one.

To proceed, however, with Mr. Hajji Baba, whom we drag along, as it were, critically, by the ears; and whose first step in public life is into the service of Osman Aga, a merchant of Bagdad. His father gives him a blessing, accompanied by “a new case of razors;” his mother adds “a small tin case of a certain precious unguent,” calculated to cure “all fractures and internal complaints;” and he is directed to leave the house with his face towards the door, “by way of propitiating a happy return.”

Osman Aga has in view a journey to Meshed, where he will buy the lambskins of Bokhara, and afterwards resell them at Constantinople. He leaves Ispahan with the caravan, accompanied by his servant; and both are taken prisoners by certain Turcomans of the desert. Hajji’s sojourn among these wandering people, with their attack and pillage of the caravan, is given with the same apparent knowledge of what he writes about, which Mr. Hope displays in Anastasius.

The prisoners, after being stripped, are disposed of according to their merits. Osman Aga, who is middle-aged, and inclining to be fat, is deputed to wait upon the camels of his new masters; Hajji is admitted a robber, upon liking, in which capacity he guides the band on an excursion to Ispahan, his native city.

The movement upon Ispahan is successful; the robbers plunder the caravanserai. Afterwards, in a lonely dell, five parasangs from the town, they examine the prisoners, who turn out not so good as was expected. A poet—a *ferash* (house servant) and a *cadi*;—

“egregious ransom,” seems hardly probable. The scene that follows has some pleasantry.

The poet (Asker) is doomed to death, as being an animal of no utility any where. Hajji, however, is moved with compassion, and interferes.

“What folly are you about to commit? Kill the poet! Why it will be worse than killing the goose with the golden egg. Don’t you know that poets are very rich sometimes, and can, if they choose, be rich at all times, for they carry their wealth in their heads? Did you never hear of the king who gave a famous poet a *miscal* of gold for every stanza that he composed? And—who knows?—perhaps your prisoner may be the king’s poet-laureate himself.”

This observation changes the face of the affair, and the Turcomans are delighted with poetry.

“Is that the case?” said one of the gang; “then let him make stanzas for us immediately; and if they don’t fetch a *miscal** each, he shall die.”

“Make on! make on!” exclaimed the whole of them to the poet, elated by so bright a prospect of gain; “if you don’t, we’ll cut your tongue out.”

At length it is decided that all the prisoners shall be spared; and the *cadi* is set to work to divide the booty among the thieves. When it comes, however, to Hajji’s turn to share, he finds that he is to be allowed nothing, and thereupon resolves to escape from his new brethren; which he does on the first opportunity.

Arriving at Meshed, without any means of subsistence, he becomes first a “Saka,” a water-bearer, and afterwards an itinerant tobacconist, or “vender of smoke.” He afterwards gets acquainted with a party of dervishes—one, a man of sanctity—another, a story-teller—and a third, a talisman writer. He is bastinadoed by the *Mohtesib* for adulterating his wares, turns dervish himself and quits the city.

A variety of adventures, readable, but not worth talking about, then conduct Hajji to Tehran, and place him in the service of the king’s chief physician. He reaches this promotion just as we are terribly tired of reading on, almost without knowing, or caring, about what, and recollecting how, in Anastasius, we stopped at every third page, to

* Twenty-four grains of gold.

read something or other half-a-dozen times over. At last our feelings get a filip, by *Monsieur Hajji's* falling in love.

Hajji Baba is a vulgar man, and of course makes but an indifferent lover. The lady, however, "holds her state," of whom he becomes enamoured, and prattles away through twenty pages very thoughtlessly and delightfully.

The spring has passed over, and the first heats of summer are driving most of the inhabitants of Tehran to sleep upon their house-tops. Hajji disposes his bed in the corner of a terrace, which overlooks the court-yard of his master's *anderun*, or woman's apartments; and, one night, looking over the wall, he sees a female in this court, whose figure, and her face, (as far as he can see it,) are exquisite. After gazing for some time, he makes a slight noise, which causes the lady to look up.

"And, before she could cover herself with her veil, I had had time to see the most enchanting features that the imagination can conceive, and to receive a look from eyes so bewitching, that I immediately felt my heart in a blaze. With apparent displeasure, she covered herself; but still I could perceive that she had managed her veil with so much art, that there was room for a certain dark and sparkling eye to look at me, and enjoy my agitation. As I continued to gaze upon her, she at length said, though still going on with her work,

[She is sorting tobacco leaves.]

"Why do you look at me?—it is criminal."

"For the sake of the sainted Hosien," I exclaimed, "do not turn from me; it is no crime to love—your eyes have made roast meat of my heart. By the mother that bore you, let me look upon your face again!"

"In a more subdued voice she answered me,—'Why do you ask me? You know it is a crime for a woman to let her face be seen, and you are neither my father, my brother, nor my husband; I do not even know who you are. Have you no shame to talk thus to a maid?'"

This is a touch of our author's true spirit; but, unfortunately, it is but transient. At this moment, she lets her veil fall (so showing her face) as if by accident;—but the voice is heard within, impatiently repeating the name of "*Zeenab*;" and she disappears, leaving Hajji nailed to the spot from whence she departed.

This lady, who sorts tobacco leaves, is a slave belonging to the chief physician, and an object of jealousy and dislike to his wife. The lovers meet on the next evening; and *Zeenab's* scandal about the affairs of the *harem* is as light and chatty as Miss Biddy Fudge's letters about "Pa!" and "*Monsieur Calicot*," and the "rabbit-skin" shawls.

"We are five in the harem, besides our mistress," said she: "There is *Shireen*, the Georgian slave, then *Nur Jehan*, the Ethiopian slave girl; *Fatneh*, the cook, and old *Seilah*, the duenna. My situation is that of hand-maid to the *khanum*, so my mistress is called; I attend her pipe; I hand her her coffee, bring in the meals, go with her to the bath, dress and undress her; make her clothes, spread, sift, and pound tobacco, and stand before her. *Shireen*, the Georgian, is the *sandukdar*, or housekeeper; she has the care of the clothes of both my master and mistress, and indeed the clothes of all the house; she superintends the expenses, lays in the corn for the house, as well as the other provisions; she takes charge of all the porcelain, the silver, and other ware; and in short, has the care of whatever is either precious, or of consequence, in the family. *Nur Jehan*, the black slave, acts as *ferash*, or carpet-spreader; she does all the dirty work; spreads the carpets, sweeps the rooms, sprinkles the water over the court-yard, helps the cook, carries parcels and messages, and, in short, is at the call of every one."

All this is delightfully *naïf*, and natural! One sees so plainly that *Zeenab* has not had any one to talk to for "these two hours."

"As for old *Leilah*, she is a sort of duenna over the young slaves; she is employed in the out-of-door service, carries on any little affair that the *Khanum* may have with other harems, and is also supposed to be a spy upon the actions of the doctor. Such as we are, our days are passed in peevish disputes, whilst, at the same time, two of us are usually leagued in strict friendship, to the exclusion of the others. At this present moment, I am at open war with the Georgian, who, some time ago, found her good luck in life had forsaken her, and she in consequence contrived to procure a talisman from a Dervish. She had no sooner obtained it, than, on the very next day, the *Khanum* presented her with a new jacket; this so excited my jealousy, that I also made interest with the Dervish to supply me with a talisman that should secure me a good husband. On that very same evening I saw you on the terrace—conceive my happiness!"

We will be crucified if there be not

six Zeenabs in every boarding-school for five miles round London.

"But this has established a rivalry between myself and Shireen, which has ended in hatred, and we are now mortal enemies; perhaps we may as suddenly be friends again."

Agreeable variety!

"I am now on the most intimate terms with Nur Jehan; and, at my persuasion, she reports to the *Khanum* every story unfavourable to my rival. Some rare sweetmeats, with *baklara* (sweet-cake) made in the royal seraglio, were sent, a few days ago, from one of the Shah's ladies as a present to our mistress; the rats eat a part of them, and we gave out that the Georgian was the culprit, for which she received blows on the feet, which Nur Jehan administered. I broke my mistress's favourite drinking cup, Shireen incurred the blame, and was obliged to supply another. I know that she is plotting against me, for she is eternally closeted with Leilah, who is at present the confidante of our mistress. I take care not to eat or drink anything which has passed through her hands to me, for fear of poison, and she returns me the same compliment."

The ladies will kill Mr. Hope for having written this part of the book, and we shall kill him for having written the other parts of it.

There is a subsequent scene, in which Hajji is admitted to the *anderun*, written with the same sprightliness and gossiping pleasantry as the foregoing. Zeenab has been engaged to cry at a funeral, to which the *Khanum* goes with all the family; and for which service she is to receive a black handkerchief, and "to eat sweetmeats." Instead of going, she beckons Hajji into the *anderun* to breakfast.

"By what miracle," exclaimed I, "have you done this? Where is the *Khanum*? where are the women! And how, if they are not here, shall I escape the doctor?"

"Do not fear," she repeated again, "I have barred all the doors. You must know that our destinies are on the rise, and that it was a lucky hour when we first saw each other. My rival, the Georgian, put it into the *Khanum's* head that Leilah, who is a professed weeper at burials, having learned the art in all its branches since a child, was a personage absolutely necessary on the present occasion, and that she ought to go in preference to me, who am a Kurd, and can know but little of Persian customs; all this, of course, to deprive me of my black handkerchief, and other advantages. Accordingly, I have been left at home; and the whole party went off, an hour ago, to the house of the deceased."

That fine perception about the "black handkerchief," is worth a million! Zeenab afterwards relates her life, which is amusing, but not remarkable—exhibiting the customs of the Yezedies, a wild Curdish tribe, to which she belonged. Eventually, the chief physician makes a present of her to the Shah; and Hajji (who, in the meantime, has become a *nasakchi*, or sub-provost-marshal) is compelled to witness her execution, for a fault of which he himself is the author. But this scene, which the same pen that wrote the history of Euphrosyne, might have rendered (we should have supposed) almost too fearful for endurance, has, abstractedly, very little merit; and, coming from the author of Anastasius, is a decided failure.

Indeed, the latter part of the book consists mainly of matter, very little worthy of a considerable writer. Hajji's adventures as a *nasakchi* have not a great deal of novelty about them; and the personages are weak into whose association he is thrown. The chief executioner, for instance, is a dull fellow; and the attack (vol. II. p. 272) by two Russian soldiers upon five hundred Turkish horse, should be authenticated. The subsequent business, in which Hajji becomes a *mollah*, (priest,) with the attack upon the Armenians, tends to almost nothing. The episodes, too, are in no instance fortunate. The story of Yusuf and Mariam is tedious. The adventures of the Dervises few persons will get through; and the legend of "The Baked Head" is a weak imitation of the little Hunchback of the Arabian Nights.

The hero subsequently runs, during the whole of the last volume, through a round of incoherent, and often carelessly related adventures. He becomes a merchant, and that is not entertaining; marries, and is divorced again; writes accounts of the Europeans and their customs, which are puerile; and, at last, just as he is appointed secretary-in-chief to the Persian English embassy in Persia, (our supposed translator,) stops short, and addresses the reader. Profiting by the example of the Persian story-tellers, he

pauses in his tale at the most interesting point, and says to the public, "Give me encouragement, and I will tell you more. You shall be informed how Hajji Baba accompanied a great ambassador to England; of their adventures by sea and land; of all he saw and all he remarked; and of what happened to him on his return to Persia. But, in case," he adds, like the third Dervise, (a personage in the tale,) "he should find that he has not yet acquired the art of leading on the attention of the curious, he will never venture to appear again before the world, until he has gained the necessary experience to ensure success."

Now, the author of Anastasius may command encouragement in abundance to do any thing else; but he shall have no encouragement from us to continue the history of Hajji Baba. An Oriental gentleman, who can neither fight nor make love, will never do to buckle three more volumes upon the back of these.

Besides, we have already got some specimen of Hajji's talent for describing European peculiarities; and, from what we see, we should say most decidedly, Let us on that head have no more. All the business about the vaccination—and the doctor's desire to dissect dead bodies—"Boonapoot," the East India "Coompani," and the European constitutions, is, to speak the truth plainly, very wretched stuff indeed. And we say this with the less hesitation to Mr. Hope, because we have expressed our unfeigned admiration of his former work. It should

seem that he can do well; and if so, there is no excuse for him when he does miserably ill.

Let us guard ourselves against being mistaken. Hajji Baba may be read; and there are, as our extracts will prove, *some* good things in it. But, as a whole, it is tiresome, incoherent, and full of "damnable iteration." Combats—caravans—reviews—palaces—processions—repeating themselves over and over again—and many of them repetitions, and weak repetitions, of what we have had, in strength, from Mr. Hope before.

Seriously, Hajji Baba should be cashiered forthwith. As far as the public is concerned, the journey of the "pilgrim" should be at an end. And, indeed, England to be described by any foreigner, is a subject just now not the most promising. For the difference between Mr. Hope's last work and his present one, it would be difficult to account; but certainly, if he writes again, let him at least trust freely to his own conceptions. The present book has none of the eloquence or poetic feeling, very little of the wit, and still less of the fine taste, which distinguished the former in so eminent a degree. Of Anastasius, one would say, that it seemed to have been written by some mighty hand, from a store, full, almost to overflowing, with rich and curious material; of Hajji Baba, that some imitator, of very little comparative force indeed, had picked up the remnant of the rifled note-book, and brought it to market in the best shape that he was able.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

THE ROBIN—A COMPARISON.

TRUE, Mary! 'tis a shaded hour,
And friends are falsely flown;
Affliction's darkest tempests low'r,
And thou art left alone.
But thou canst cheer the gloomy way,
And share my sorrows too;
Ah, mid the beams of pleasure's day,
I ne'er thy value knew.

So, Mary, when the feather'd quire
Are wildly warbling near,

The robin's tones we scarce desire
To join the chorus here.

But when, 'mid winter's bleakest hours,
These minstrels chant no more,
And leave the lonely woodland bow'rs,
So musical before—

Then to my desolated cot
The Robin speeds his way,
And shares my hearth, my food, my lot,
And charms me with his lay.

THE MONTHS.--MARCH.

(New Mon.)

IF there be a month the aspect of which is less amiable, and the manners and habits of which are less prepossessing than those of all the rest, which I am loth to admit, that month is March. The burning heats of Midsummer (when they shall come to us at the prophetic call of the Quarterly Reviewers—which they never will,) I shall be able to bear. And the frosts and snows of December and January are as welcome to me in their turn as the flowers in May. Nay, the so much vituperated fogs in November I by no means set my face against; on the contrary, I have a kind of appetite for them—both corporeal and mental. As an affair of mere breath there is something tangible in them. In the evanescent air of Italy a man might as well not breathe at all, for any thing he knows of the matter. But in a November fog there is something satisfying. You can feel what you breathe, and see it too. It is like *breathing water*—as I suppose the fishes do.—And then the taste of them, when dashed with a due seasoning of sea-coal smoke, is far from insipid. Not that I would recommend them medicinally; especially to persons of queasy stomachs, delicate nerves, and afflicted with bile. But for one of a good robust habit of body, and not dainty withal, which such, by the bye, never are, there is nothing better in its way than a well-mixed Metropolitan fog. There is something substantial in it. You may “cut and come again.” It is at once meat and drink, too;—something between egg-flip and omelette soufflée; but much more digestible than either. And it wraps you round like a cloak, into the bargain. No—I maintain that a London fog is a thing not to be sneezed at—if you can help it.—*Mem.* As many spurious imitations of the above are abroad—such as Scotch mists, and the like—which are no less deleterious than disagreeable—please to ask for the “true London Particular”—as manufactured by Thames, Coal-gas,

Smoke, Steam, & Co.—no others are genuine.

In fact, and *sub rosa*,—November is a month that has not been fairly done by; and for my part I think it should by no means have been fixed upon as that which is, *par excellence*, the month best adapted to hang and drown one’s self in;—seeing that, to a wise man, *that* should never be an affair of atmosphere. But if a month must be set apart for such a process—(on the principle of *luck*—which determines that we are bound to *begin* our worldly concerns on a particular day, viz. on Saturday—and would, therefore, by a parity of reasoning, call upon us to end them with a similar view to times and seasons) let that month be henceforth March;—for it has, at this present writing, no one characteristic by which to designate it—being neither Spring, Summer, Autumn, nor Winter, but only March.

But what I particularly object to in March is its winds. They say—

“March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.”

But I doubt the fact. They may *call* them forth, perhaps,—whistling over the roofs of their subterraneous dwellings, to let them know that Winter is past and gone. Or, in our disposition to “turn diseases to commodities,” let us regard them as the expectant damsel does the sound of the mail-coach horn as it whisks through the village as she lies in bed at midnight, and tells her that *to-morrow* she may look for a letter from her absent swain.

The only other reason why I object to March is that she drives hares mad; which is a great fault.—But be all this as it may, she is still fraught with merits; and let us proceed, without more ado, to point out a few of them. And first of the country:—to which, by the way, I have not hitherto allowed its due supremacy—for

“God made the country, but man made the town.”

Now, then, even the winds of March,—notwithstanding all that we

have insinuated in their disfavour—are far from being virtueless ; for they come careering over our fields, and roads, and pathways, and while they dry up the damp that the thaws had let loose, and the previous frosts had prevented from sinking into the earth,—"pipe to the spirit ditties," the words of which tell tales of the forthcoming flowers. And not only so, but occasionally they are caught bearing away upon their rough wings the mingled odours of violet and daffodil—both of which have already ventured to

"—— Come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

Can it ever be too late in the day to go on with the quotation, and say that now, too, we have

"—— Violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids ; hold oxlips,
And the crown-imperial."

We have made our way into the garden at once, without intending it. But perhaps we could not do better ; for the general face of Nature is not much changed in appearance since we left it in February ; though its internal economy has made an important step in advance. The sap is alive in the seemingly sleeping trunks that every where surround us, and is beginning to mount slowly to its destination ; and the embryo blooms are almost visibly struggling towards light and life, beneath their rough, unpromising outer coats—unpromising to the idle, the unthinking, and the inobservant ; but to the eye that "can see Othello's visage in his mind," bright and beautiful, in virtue of the brightness and the beauty that they cover, but not conceal. Now, too, the dark earth becomes soft and tractable, and yields to the kindly constraint that calls upon it to teem with new life—crumbling to the touch, that it may the better clasp in its fragrant bosom the rudiments of that gay but ephemeral creation which are born with the Spring, only "to run their race rejoicing" into the lap of Summer,

and then yield up their sweet breath, a willing incense, at the shrine of that nature, the spirit of which is endless constancy growing out of endless change. Must I tell the reader this in plainer prose ? Now, then, is the time to sow the seeds of most of the *annual* flowering plants ; particularly of those which we all know and love—such as sweet-pea, the most feminine of flowers—that must have a kind hand to tend its youth, and a supporting arm to cling to in its maturity, or it grovels in the dust, and straggles away into an unsightly weed ; and mignonette, with a name as sweet as its breath—that loves "within a gentle bosom to be laid," and makes haste to die there, lest its white lodging should be changed ; and larkspur, trim, gay, and bold—the gallant of the garden ; and lupines, blue and yellow and rose-coloured, with their winged flowers hovering above their starry leaves ; and a host of others, that we must try to characterize as they come in turn before us. Now, too, we have all the bulbous-rooted flowers at their best, and may take a final leave of them ; for we shall see them no more :—of the tulip, beautiful as the panther, and as proud—standing aloof from its own leaves ; and the rich hyacinth, clustering like the locks of Adam ; and the myriad-leaved anemone ; and narcissus, pale and passion-stricken at the sense of its own sweetness.

Now, too, the tender green of Spring first begins to peep forth from the straggling branches of the hedge-row elder, the trim lilac, and the thin threads of the stream-enamoured willow—the first to put on its spring-clothing, and the last to leave it off. And if we look into the kitchen-garden, there too we shall find those forest trees in miniature, the gooseberries and currants, letting their leaves and blossoms, both of a colour, look forth hand-in-hand, in search of the April sun before it arrives—as the lark mounts upward to seek for it before it has risen in the morning. It will be well if these early adventurers-forth do not encounter a cutting easterly blast ; or, still worse, a deceitful breeze that tempts them to

its embraces by its milder breath, only to shower diseases upon them. But if they *will* be out on the watch for Spring before she calls them, they must be content to take their chance.

Now, too, the birds are for once in their lives as busy as the bees are always. They are getting their houses built, and seeing to their household affairs, and concluding their family arrangements—that when the summer and the sunshine are fairly come, they may have nothing to do but teach their children the last new modes of flying and singing, and be as happy as—birds, for the rest of the year. Now, therefore,—as in the last month—they have but little time to sing to each other; and the lark has the morning sky all to himself.

Lastly, now we meet with one of the prettiest, yet most pathetic sights that the animal world presents: the early lambs, dropped in their tottering and bleating helplessness, upon the cold skirts of winter, and hiding their frail forms from the March winds, by crouching down on the sheltered side of their dams.

Now, quitting the country till next month, we find London all alive—Lent and Lady-day notwithstanding; for the latter is but a day, after all; and he must have a very countryfied conscience who cannot satisfy it as to the former, by doing penance once or twice at an oratorio, and hearing comic songs sung in a foreign tongue; or if this does not do, he may fast, if he pleases, every Friday, by eating salt-fish in addition to the rest of his fare! Now, the citizens have pretty well left off their annual visitings, and given the great ones leave to begin; so that there is no sleep to be had in the neighbourhood of May-fair, for love or money, after one in the morning. Now, the dress-boxes of the winter-houses can occasionally boast a baronet's lady: this, however, being the extent of their attainments in that way: for how can the great be expected to listen to Shakespeare under the same roof with their shopkeepers? There is, in fact, no denying that the said great are marvelously at the mercy of the said little, in the matter of amusement; and there is

no saying whether the latter will not, some day or other, make an inroad upon Almack's itself. Now, however, in spite of the said inroads, the best boxes at the Opera do begin to be worth exploring; since a beautiful Englishwoman of high fashion is "a sight to set before a king." Now the actors, all but the singing ones, in their secret hearts put up periodical prayers for the annual agitation of the Catholic Question; for without some stimulus of this kind, to correct the laxity of our religious morale, there is no knowing how soon they may cease to give thanks for three Sundays in the week during Lent. But Mr. Irving will look to this on their behalf; so they need not fear just at present. Now, occasionally during the said pious period, an inadvertent apprentice gets leave to go to "the play" on a Wednesday; and, having taken his seat in the one-shilling-gallery, wonders during six long hours what have come to the players, that they do nothing but sit in a row with their hands before them, in front of a pyramid of fiddlers, and break silence now and then by singing a psalm—for a psalm he is sure it must be, though he never heard it at church. Now, Hyde-park is worth walking in at four o'clock of a fine week-day, though the trees are still bare: for there, as sure as the sunshine comes, shall be seen sauntering beneath it three distinct classes of fashionables;—namely—first, the fair immaculates from the mansions about May-fair, who loll listlessly in their elegant equipages, and occasionally eye, with an air of infinite disdain, the second class, who are peregrinating on the other side the bar—the fair frailties from the neighbourhood of the New-road; which latter, more magnanimous than their betters, and less envious, are content, for their parts, to appropriate the greater portion of the third class—the Ineffables and Exquisites from Long's and Stevens'. Among these last-named class something particular indeed must have happened if you do not recognize that *arbiter elegantiarum* of actresses, the Marquis of W——; that delighter in Dennets and decaying beauties, the honourable

L—S—; and that prince-pretty-man of rake-hells and *roués*, little George W—.

Finally, March, among its other merits, is richer than any other month in illustrious birth-days: a qualification which I had inadvertently neglected to notice in regard to January, though it includes those of our own Newton, of Robert Burns, and of that musical miracle, Mozart. On the 2d of March 1564 was given to a world which was unworthy of him, Galileo Galilei—"The *starry* Galileo, with his woes." On the 8th of March 1684 was breathed into a human form

that majestic spirit which afterwards was to alternately sigh and shout forth its high and holy aspirations, in the music of the Messiah. On the 15th of March, 1605, was born the gentle lover of the divine Saccharissa. On the 18th of March 1474, first saw the light that Atlas of modern art, Michel Angelo Buonarroti. And lastly, on the 23d, 1554, Nature, in a melancholy mood, *sighed* the breath of life into the form of Tasso; and which breath, retaining the character thus impressed upon it, was but one long sigh for ever after.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(New Mon.)

THE CIVIC DINNER.

THE guests assembled in Budge-row,
Sir Peter Pruin mumbles grace,
The covers are removed—and lo!

A terrible attack takes place:
Knives, spoons, and glasses clitter-clatter,
None seem to think of indigestions;
But all together stuff and clatter,
Like gluttons playing at cross-questions.

What's that on Mrs. Firkin's head?—
Roast hair and sweet sauce—wears a wig—
So Lady Lump is put to bed,—
What has she got?—a roasted pig.
Your little darling, Mrs. Aggs—
A reign-deer tongue—begins to chatter.—
How's little Tommy?—boil'd to rags;—
And Miss Augusta?—fried in batter.—

How well he carves!—he's nam'd by will
My joint executor—the papers
Say *Noblet's* coming to fulfil—
Some mint sauce, and a few more capers—
Lord Byron's cantos—where's the salt?
This trifle makes us lick our lips;
Angel's syllabubs some exalt,
But *Birch* is surely best for whips.—

Nice chickens—Mrs. Fry must carry
A tender heart—but toughish gizzard—
Do stick your fork in—little Harry
Knows all his letters down to Izzard.—

Ex-sheriff *Parkins*—fine calves head—
What's your gown made of?—curraut jelly:
Fat Mrs. Fubbs they say is dead—
A famous buttock—vermicelli—

Black puddings—pepper'd—dish'd—Belzoni;—
A glass of—Probert's pond with Thurtell;—
Lord Petersham—bad macaroni;—
She's a most loving wife—mock-turtle.—
Yes, Miss — pig's face—had caught his eye,
She lov'd his—mutton-chops—and so
They jumped into—a pigeon-pie,
Some kissing crust—and off they go.

I eat for lunch—a handkerchief—
A green goose—lost at Charing-cross;
I seiz'd the rascal—collared beef—
And we both roll'd in—lobster sauce.
St. Roman's Well—Scol's collops—fetch up
Another bottle, this is flat.—
The Princess Olive—mushroom ketchup—
His Royal Highness—lots of fat.

Poor Miss—red-herring—we must give her
Grand Signior—turkey dish'd in grease:
Hand me the captain's—lights and liver,
And just cut open—Mrs. Rees.
So Fanny Flirt is going to marry—
A nice Welsh-rabbit—muffins—mummery—
Grimaldi—ices—Captain Parry—
Crimp'd cod—crim-con—Crim Tartars—flummery.

HONESTY NOT THE BEST POLICY.

Ere aught I knew of this world's treasures,
Its tempting stores or tempting pleasures,
My good instructors always taught me
"Honesty is best policy"—and so I thought me:
But think no more—since, yother day,
Tempted by sparkling eyes to stray,
I *stole* a kiss—which gave such feeling,
I'm n'er so happy as when stealing.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY, NO. III.

(Sci. Mag.)

ACETOUS OR ACID FERMENTATION.

IN my two last papers, I described the vinous or spirituous fermentation, and considered its application to wine, beer, ale, alcohol and ardent spirits. The acetous or acid fermentation of which I am now about to treat, is simply a continuation of the former; for when fermentation has once commenced, it has a constant tendency to proceed, and unless some check be interposed, it will go regularly forward from spirit to acid, or, in other words, from wine to vinegar; and this change is so gradual, that it is very difficult to point out with precision when the vinous fermentation ceases, and when that of the acid begins. In those cases also in which the liquor has completely undergone the spirituous fermentation, if it be only exposed to the action of atmospheric air, and have a certain degree of temperature, it will spontaneously and necessarily be disposed to turn sour, that is, to become vinegar, as is well known in the case of wine; and it is to this circumstance that vinegar owes its name, it being derived from two French words—*vin* and *aigre*, signifying sour wine.

Vinegar was known many ages before the discovery of any other acid, if those only be excepted which existed ready formed in vegetables. It is mentioned by Moses, and seems to have been in common use among the Israelites and other eastern nations at a very early period.

Its manufacture, as an article of commerce, among ourselves, has long been kept a secret among the persons of the profession, who are said to bind themselves to each other by oath not to reveal it. The process, however, is pretty accurately known; and many private families are in the habit of making, and that with tolerable success, what they may want for their own use.

For the production of vinegar, two things, as I have before hinted, are indispensably necessary—an admission of atmospheric air, and a temperature somewhat higher than that which is

usually found in our own climate, that is, from about 75° to 80°. When a liquor already fermented is employed, it is also of importance, that yeast or some other ferment should be added, in order to hasten the fermentation; or else the change will be too gradual to obtain vinegar to perfection, and the first acetified portion will turn mouldy before the last can become sour. But if the material employed has not undergone fermentation, as in the case of making vinegar from malt or from sugar, the whole process of vinous and acetous fermentation will go on without interruption. It is important, also, that the process should be stopped in that stage in which the acid has attained to its highest degree of strength and perfection, after which the liquor becomes deteriorated, the acetous acid gradually disappears, and an offensive, mouldy, watery liquor remains, with scarcely any acidity. Much depends upon the skill and experience of the manufacturer, to determine when his vinegar is in a fit state to be drawn off and closely barrelled.

Vinegar may be prepared from either cider, beer, or wine; but the most usual method is to obtain it at once from malt or sugar. When malt is employed, it is macerated in water, and the fluid is made to ferment, so as to produce a strong ale without hops. This is barrelled and placed in a hot chamber for six or eight weeks, that the fermentation may proceed equally and uniformly. The soured liquor is next emptied into smaller barrels, which are set in rows with their bung-holes open, and placed in the open air till the liquor becomes perfect vinegar. This process, it will be perceived, is on the large scale; and though it will succeed on a smaller, yet it is well known, that the larger the mass the more perfect will be the fermentation. To this circumstance it is perhaps owing that the vinegar made by private families is so frequently spoiled; for the quantity being generally small, the fermentation

is not complete, and consequently, the vinegar in greater danger of being injured by some adventitious and unforeseen occurrence.—When sugar is employed, the process is exceedingly similar to that which I have just described.

Vinegar is very subject to decomposition, becoming ropy and muddy. It has been discovered, however, that if it be made to boil for a few moments, it may afterwards be kept for a long time without alteration.

For pickling, and other similar uses, the common vinegar is not sufficiently strong. Its strength, however, may be greatly increased by exposing it to the frost, and removing from it the layers of ice as they are successively formed: for the frozen part consists almost entirely of water. And, in the same manner, the strength of wines may be increased; but in each case, care must be taken that the frozen part be not suffered to remain on till it thaws; for by this means a very sensible deterioration takes place.

For chemical purposes, it is necessary that vinegar should be obtained in a yet more concentrated state, and that it should be divested of its several impurities; for it is found, that, besides acetic acid and water, it contains various other ingredients, such as mucilage, tartar, a colouring matter, and often two or more vegetable acids. But if it be subjected to distillation, and continued till about two-thirds of it are passed over, its impurities will be left

behind in the residuum which remains at the bottom of the still, and it will at the same time appear in a concentrated state. It is now found colourless as water, and is called by chemists *acetous acid*. When concentrated as much as possible, by peculiar processes, it is termed *radical vinegar*, or *acetic acid*. Under this latter form, it is extremely pungent and acid, and when applied to the skin, reddens and corrodes it in a very short time. It is exceedingly volatile, and, when heated, very readily takes fire.

Aromatic vinegar may be readily prepared as follows. Rosemary tops dried, and sage leaves dried, 4 oz. of each; lavender flowers dried, 2 oz.; cloves bruised, 2 drams; and distilled vinegar, or acetous acid, 8 lbs. These ingredients must be macerated, or steeped, for seven days, and the expressed liquor subsequently filtered through paper. The odour of this liquid is pleasant, pungent, and aromatic, and is a grateful perfume in sick rooms.

The aromatic spirit of vinegar, originally invented, and from time to time improved, by the late Mr. Henry of Manchester, is composed of highly concentrated vinegar, united with the most pleasant aromatics, and most powerful antiseptics; and may be kept unimpaired for any length of time. Its grateful odour renders it peculiarly refreshing in crowded rooms, and in the apartments of the sick. It is said also to counteract the infection of contagious disease.

(Lond. Mag.)

TO AN INFANT SLEEPING ON HIS MOTHER'S BOSOM, DURING A STORM AT SEA.

Softly pillow'd on the breast,
O how gently lies thy head!
Sleeping in unbroken rest,
All thy little wants are fled!

On thy cheek I've watch'd the tear—
Like a dew-drop on the rose;
Now its gone, and not a fear
Breaks the charms of thy repose.

Cradled on the rolling waves,
While the frenzied ocean scowls:
Floating o'er immeasur'd caves,
While the tempest round thee howls.

'Mid the storm, ah what a calm
O'er thy face serenely beams!

'Mid our fears, no dread alarm
Interrupt thine infant dreams!

Thus, when toss'd on life's rough seas—
And what storms await thee there!
Which nor anxious foresight sees,
Nor to flee avails our care!—

May thy confidence repose
On that high paternal love,
Whence, 'mid every tempest, flows
Peace—the pledge of rest above!

LIFE IN LONDON !

(New Mon.)

ALMACK'S ON FRIDAY.

"THE peculiar beauty of the British constitution, sir, consists in this," said an Opposition member to M. Cottu: "every man, however humble his origin, may aspire to the highest honours of the state. Thus it is that industry and talents are excited: all men feel an interest in the fabric, and therefore no men league to overthrow it." The Senator might have extended his eulogium. This aptitude for high places is not confined in England to the Senate, the Pulpit, and the Bar. The posts of fashion are as open to attack as the office of Lord High Chancellor; and it is not a little amusing to observe the straits to which people of ton are driven to avoid a contact with *les Bourgeois*. Bath, in the days of Beau Nash, was a resort for the great; so was Tunbridge Wells:—the North Parade and the Pantiles are now deserted. "The Moor is at the gate," and no Christian can be seen there. Ranelagh, the *ci-devant* "third heaven" of beauties of high life, is levelled with the dust. In vain did the Court make it unfashionable to be seen there before eleven. The East outbid the West, and would not enter till half-after that hour. Fashion withdrew in disgust, and Ranelagh perished. A very few years ago, an Autumn at Brighton was by no means an unfashionable affair. But, alas! in rushed all Cheapside, with the addition of Duke's-place. Coy Fashion took flight, and, when the coast was clear, resettled upon the Steine at Christmas. This had all the appearance of a decisive victory. But not so: hardly were her tents pitched, when the populous East "ponred from her frozen loins" an army of brokers, brewers, and broad-cloth venders, to shiver for a month upon the East Cliff. Old Dixon, of Savage-gardens, was destined to be added to the frost-bitten fraternity. His neighbour Culpepper, who must likewise follow the fashion, called upon the worthy citizen, and found him in a sorry nankeen kind of tenement, in the Marine Parade, gaz-

ing upon vacancy from out a bow-window which let in the winds from three points of the compass, until they inflated his carpet into the shape of a demiballloon. "Well," said the visitor to his host, "I never thought you, of all people, would have chosen to put in to Brighton at this time of the year."—"I did not choose to put in," answered Dixon, "I was driven in by stress of wife." I really do not know what people of distinction are to do next; for if turkey, chine, plum-pudding, galante-show, and twelfth-cake will not keep citizens in town, nothing will. To what Libyan desert, what rocky island in the watery waste, is high life now to retreat? Saint Helena may do, the distance is too great to allow of men of business frequenting it; they cannot well run down from Saturday to Tuesday: but I decidedly think that nothing short of it will be effectual. The Island of Ascension is too full of turtle: the whole court of aldermen would be there, to a dead certainty.

There is a dancing-establishment in King-street, St. James's-square, called *Almack's*. The proprietor of the mansion is named Willis. Six lady patronesses, of the first distinction, govern the assembly. Their fiat is decisive as to admission or rejection: consequently "their nods men and gods keep in awe." The nights of meeting fall upon every Wednesday during the season. This is selection with a vengeance: the very quintessence of aristocracy. Three-fourths even of the nobility knock in vain for admission. Into this *sanctum sanctorum*, of course, the sons of commerce never think of intruding on the sacred Wednesday evenings: and yet into this very "blue chamber," in the absence of the six necromancers, have the votaries of trade contrived to intrude themselves. I proceed to narrate the particulars.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of tradesmen's ladies, held at the King's-head Tavern in the Poultry, Lady Sinms in the chair, it was resolv-

ed, in order to mortify the proud flesh of the six occidental countesses above alluded to, that a rival Almack's be forthwith established, to meet on every Friday evening: that Mr. Willis be treated with as to the hiring of his rooms: that the worthy chairwoman, with the addition of Lady Brown, Lady Roberts, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Wells, and Miss Jones, be appointed six lady patronesses to govern the establishment: that those ladies be empowered to draw a line of demarcation round the most fashionable part of the city, and that no residents beyond that circle be, on any account, entitled to subscriptions. The six lady patronesses, who originated these resolutions, dwell in the most fashionable part of the city, viz. Lady Simms, in Cornhill, Lady Brown, in Mansionhouse-street, Lady Roberts, in Birchin-lane, Mrs. Chambers, in Throgmorton-street, Mrs. Wells, in Copthall-court, and Miss Jones, in Bucklersbury. It is astonishing with what rapidity the subscriptions filled; and the governesses of the establishment have acted with great circumspection in confining the amusement to none but their upper circles. The chief members are warehousemen and wholesale linen-draper, with, of course, their wives and daughters. The original plan was to exclude all retail traders; but, as this would have made the ball rather *too* select, the scheme was abandoned. Grocers dealing both wholesale and retail, silversmiths, glovers, packers, dyers, and paper-stainers, are admissible, provided their moral characters be unimpeachable and their residences be not too Eastward. Some discord has arisen in consequence of black-balling a very reputable pawnbroker in East Smithfield. West Smithfield is within the line of demarcation, but not East; and the exhibitor of three blue balls, who has been thus rejected, complains loudly that he is thrust aside to make room for a set of vulgar innholders and cattle-keepers from Smithfield in the West. But to squalls like this the best-regulated establishments are liable. The line of demarcation includes Bow-lane, Queen-street, and Bucklersbury, on the South side of Cheapside; and King-street,

the Old Jewry, and Saint Martin's-le-Grand on the north; but not a step beyond. The consequence is, that in the regions of Fore-street, Cripplegate and Moorfields, northward, and in those of Watling-street, Old Fish-street and Tower-royal, southward, a great mass of disaffection has been engendered. Wardmotes have been called, select vestries have been summoned, and special meetings have been convened; but *Almack's on Friday* flourishes notwithstanding. In the delivering out of subscriptions, I have heard it whispered that some tokens of partiality are discernible. Undue preferences are alleged to be given, which, if done in the way of trade, would force the obliged party to refund his debt for the equal benefit of himself and the rest of the creditors.

Lady Simms's husband is a lottery-office keeper in Cornhill, and "they do say" that young men have but slender prospects of admission if they omit to buy their sixteenths at his shop. Lady Brown's lord and master is a wax-chandler in Mansion-house street; let no man who hopes to visit Almack's on Friday seek his spermaceti in any other shop. Sir Ralph Roberts is a wholesale ironmonger in Birchin-lane; I have never heard that he is open to corruption in the way of trade; but he and Lady Roberts have six grown-up daughters, and the subscriber who fails to dance with them all in one night, may look in vain for a renewal of his subscription. Mrs. Chambers's helpmate is a tailor. A rule has recently crept into the establishment that no gentleman shall be attired otherwise than in the old school of inexpressibles terminating at the knee. This regulation (which I believe originated with Mrs. Chambers) has been productive of much confusion. The common attire of most of the young men of the present day is trowsers. These are uniformly stopped at the door, and the unhappy wearer is forced either to return home to re-dress, or to suffer himself to be sewed up by a member of the Merchant Tailor's Company, who attends in a private room for that purpose. This ceremony consists in doubling up the trowsers under the knee,

and stitching them in that position with black silk : the culprit is then allowed to enter the ball-room, with his lower man strongly resembling one of those broad immoveable Dutch captains who ply in the long room at the Custom-house. It sometimes happens that the party, thus acted upon by the needle, little anticipating such a process, has worn white under-stockings, and a pair of half black-silk upper-hose reaching but to the commencement of his calf. The metamorphosis, in these cases, is rather ludicrous, inasmuch as the subscriber reappears with a pair of black and white magpie legs, and looks as if he had by accident stepped ancle-deep into a couple of ink-bottles. These poor fellows are necessarily forced, the following Friday, to furnish themselves with a new pair of *shorts*. I am afraid Mrs. Chambers is at the bottom of all this. I have never heard of any corrupt motive having been assigned to Mrs. Wells ; and Miss Jones is a maiden lady of forty-four, living upon a genteel independence.

About eight o'clock on every Friday evening, during the season, (for I assure you the City has its seasons—"a Negro has a soul, your honour") a large mass of hackney coaches may be seen plying about the purlieus of Cheapside, the same having been hired to convey our City fashionables to the scene of festivity. Dancing commences precisely at nine, and the display of jewels would not discredit the parish of Marylebone. The large room with the mirror at the lower end is devoted to quadrilles. Waltzes were at first proscribed, as foreign, and consequently indecent : but three of the six Miss Robertses discovered accidentally one morning, while two of the other three were tormenting poor Mozart into an undulating see-saw on the piano, that they waltzed remarkably well. The rule thenceforward was less rigidly enforced. Yet still the practice is rather scouted by the more sober part of the community. Lady Brown bridles, and heartily regrets that such filthy doings are not confined to Paris : while Lady Simms thanks Gods that *her* daughter never danced a single waltz in the

whole course of her life. This instance of self-denial ought to be recorded, for Miss Simms' left leg is shorter than her right. Nature evidently meant her for a waltzer of the first water and magnitude, but philosophy has operated upon her as it did upon Socrates. There is a young broker named Carter, who has no very extensive connexion, in Mark Lane, but he has notwithstanding contrived to waltz himself into a subscription. He regularly takes out Harriet Roberts, and, after swinging with her round the room till the young woman is sick and faint, he performs a like feat with Jane Roberts, and successively with Betsey. The exhibitor of samples, when this is well over, is as giddy as a goose. He therefore retires to take a little breath ; but in about ten minutes returns to the large apartment like a giant refreshed, claps his hands, calls out "Zitti zitti" to the leader of the band, and starts afresh with Lucy, Charlotte, and Jemima Roberts, in three consecutive quadrilles. The pertinacity of this young man is indeed prodigious. When the most experienced quadrillers are bowled out of the ring, he may be seen spinning by himself, like an Arabian Dervise. He is no great beauty, his head being several degrees too big for his body ; but this disproportion does not extend lower down, for Lady Roberts says there is not a better-hearted young man in all Portsoken Ward. According to the rules of the establishment, nobody is admitted after ten o'clock, except gentlemen of the common council : their senatorial duties are paramount. About three Fridays ago an odd incident occurred. One Mrs. Ferguson and her daughter alighted at the outer door from a very clean hackney coach, delivered her card to Mr. Willis, and swept majestically past the grating upstairs into the ball-room. On a more minute inspection of the document, it was discovered to be a forgery. What was to be done ? The mother was sitting under the mirror, and the daughter was dancing for dear life. Lady Simms, Mr. Wells, and Miss Jones (three make a quorum) laid their heads together, and the result was a civil message to Mrs. Ferguson, requesting

her and her daughter to abdicate. Mrs. Ferguson at first felt disposed to "show fight," but, feeling the current too strong, had recourse to supplication. This was equally vain: the rule was imperative: indeed, according to Sir Ralph Roberts, as unalterable as the laws of the *Sweeds* and *Stertions*. The difference was at length split. A young stockbroker of fashion had just driven up from Capel-court in a hackney cabriolet. Mamma was consigned to the pepper-and-salt coated driver of the vehicle; and Miss Ferguson was allowed to dance her dance out, Lady Brown undertaking to drop her safe and sound in Friday-street in her way homeward, at the conclusion of the festivity.

The managing committee meet monthly, at the King's Head in the Poultry, picking their road on a pavement strewn with lively turtle, "with what appetite they may." Precisely at two o'clock Mr. Willis makes his appearance, with a large blue bag full of application cards, accompanied by proper certificates: these latter consist of the portrait of the candidates, a statement of their stature, age, &c. Each of the female candidates sends also her right shoe, to exhibit the size of her foot. I doubt whether the latter custom be any thing more than *Brutum Fulmen*. For certain it is, that I have seen feet at Almack's on a Friday, that never could have passed the ordeal of criticism. The gravity with which claims are here discussed, would not discredit a meeting of Privy Councillors to debate on the Recorder's report. Little Miss Fifield was recently debated upon. Her residence in Bond-court, Walbrook, just placed her out of the select line, or as Lady Roberts denominated it, on the wrong side of the post: and the committee were upon the point of passing to the order of the day, when Willis, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, "Ladies, have mercy upon her: she is but young: and her poor uncle, who is now dead and gone, kept the Grasshopper tea-shop, at the corner of Paul's Chain." The appeal was not to be resisted, and little Miss Fifield got her subscription. It would

be unpardonable to omit mentioning an incident, which, in the glorious days of immortal Rome, would have entitled our Lady Patronesses to six civic wreaths. The Lord Mayor of London, at the third meeting in last June, drove up to the door in his gorgeous private carriage, but, not having brought his ticket with him, his Lordship was refused admittance, and was constrained to finish the evening at half-price at the Tottenham-street Theatre. I have already mentioned the generating of a mass of disaffection in the excluded faubourgs. Lady Pontop, the wife of Sir Peter Pontop, a coal-merchant in Tower Royal, is among the loudest of these malcontents. This lady, who has been nicknamed the City Duchess, has been heard to utter threats about "knocking up Almack's," and mutters something about establishing a rival concern. The Lady Patronesses, however, laugh to scorn these symptoms of rebellion, and say that Cheapside has not lived to these days in comfort and credit, to be bearded by Tower Royal! A slight accident occurred last Friday se'nnight, which might have been attended with heavy effects. Young Carter, the broker, was quadrilling with Jemima Roberts: he had passed the ordeal of the Mount Ida step, wherein the shepherd is destined to foot it several seconds with three rival goddesses, and had looked as stiff and as sheepish as young men usually do at that effort, when he came suddenly and unexpectedly, *dos-a-dos*, against huge Miss Jones, who, though denominated a single woman, would make three of the ordinary size of the softer part of the creation. The consequences were obvious: the lady, weighty and elastic, stood firm as a rock, and "the weakest went to the wall," young Carter, the slender broker, being precipitated head-foremost against the wainscot.

Before the conclusion of the evening's diversion, the ladies and their partners walked the *Polonaise* round the room. Last Friday evening the order of march was suddenly impeded. Miss Donaldson, the grocer's daughter, having insisted upon taking precedence

of Miss Jackson, whose father sells Stiltons, that mock the eye with the semblance of pine apples, at the corner of Swithin's-lane. The matter was referred to the Patronesses, who gave it in favour of Miss Jackson, inasmuch as, at dinner, cheese comes before figs. I am aware that certain caustic tradesmen, who dwell eastward of the magic circle, are in the habit of throwing out sarcasms upon those who choose to go so far West in quest of diversion. "If you must have a ball,"

say these crabbed philosophers, "why not hold it at the London Tavern, or at the George and Vulture, Lombard-street?" But surely this is bad reasoning. If the pilgrim glows with a warmer devotion from visiting the shrine of Loretto, well may a Miss Dawson or a Mr. Toms move with a lighter heel, when kicking up a dust upon the very same boards, which, on the Wednesday preceding, were jumped upon by a Lord John or a Lady Arabella.

VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Edinburgh Wernerian Society.

At a meeting of the Edinburgh Wernerian Society, on the 10th January, specimens of the quadrupeds collected by Captains Parry and Franklin, and Dr. Richardson, were exhibited, and an account of the animals collected during the overland Arctic expedition was read by that intrepid and intelligent fellow-traveller of the celebrated Capt. Franklin, Dr. Richardson. An account of two or three of the quadrupeds, collected during the overland Arctic expedition had been read to the Society on a former day, and Dr. Richardson took up the Memoir from the place where it had been broken off. He began with the wolverine—an animal strongly allied to the fox, wolf, and dog tribe: he discussed this apparently intermingled class of animals at considerable length. Amongst other things, we particularly noticed a circumstance which he related respecting the mode in which the Arctic dogs hunt an animal, which, from its size, they may be afraid of attacking. They approach it gradually and cautiously in a semicircle; if the animal show no symptoms of fear, they pause; if, on the contrary, it appear terrified, they drive it about till it is exhausted, when they attack it, and easily overcome it. The hair of the wolverine was dark brown, long, and wiry; on the sides near to the tail, it had a yellowish tinge. The tail was short, and furnished with long hair; the ears short. The next animal described by Dr. Richardson was the Arctic fox. Of

this species three specimens were produced, to show the varieties in the colour and appearance of the fox at different periods of the year. The winter clothing of these animals is white; and Dr. Richardson observed that this alteration happened, not from a change of the hair, but from a change of its colour. The next animal mentioned was the mouse; several specimens were placed on the table. These mice are about the size of our common Hanoverian rat; the body looks round and fat; the head is roundish, the snout not being pointed, as in our mice; the feet are short; but the most remarkable feature which characterises this mouse, is its tail; this member, so prominent and conspicuous a one in all the rat and mouse family (whether in town or country) with which we have hitherto been acquainted, is more particularly short in the mouse of Hudson's Bay; in short, it seems rather to have been appointed for the purpose of showing the spot to which tails are usually affixed, and by way of an apology for the absence of that lengthy appendage, than to have been intended for one. The mouse much resembles the mole, in the shape and size of the body and tail, but not in any other particulars. Dr. Richardson then proceeded to the cervus tarandus, the rein-deer; and described a greater variety in the growth and shape of the horns than we had any previous idea of. The growth of these excrescences, in most animals, appears to be regulated by established laws, and the horns, from sire to son, assume the

same shape and fashion. The rein-deer is so well known in this country, since Mr. Bullock's exertions to procure and exhibit them, that we need not say any more about it. One particular we cannot omit, which belongs more especially to the science of gastronomy, though it is not yet publicly known in this country, nor even in France, so celebrated for her progress in that study. But, were it known, we fear that it could not be conveniently practised in Great Britain, in consequence of the immense expense of importing the animal alive. In detailing the uses of the rein-deer, Dr. Richardson told his audience that the natives used every part of the body as food; and that they carried their epicurism so far as to eat the contents of the stomach. They seemed to imagine that the lichens which had been masticated by the deer, and partially decomposed by the action of the gastric juice of this most interesting animal, were thereby rendered more fit, proper, and digestible, for the use of man. *Chacun a son gout!*—The musk ox was the next quadruped with an account of which the Society was favoured by Dr. Richardson. When a herd of these animals is fired at, if the huntsman keep himself well concealed, they imagine the noise to be thunder, and crowd close together; but if by the excellence of their smell, which sense they possess in great acuteness, or by any other means, they discover a human being, they immediately disperse. It occasionally happens that a wounded musk ox will turn on the hunter, and endeavour to make a very violent attack on him. In this case the hunter will be perfectly safe, if, with a little activity and much presence of mind, he starts on one side, and takes the opportunity of stabbing the disappointed ox as he rages past him. Two specimens of white hare were shown; one from Scotland, the other from the Arctic regions. They were exhibited together for the purpose of allowing the comparisons to be made. The latter specimen was rather larger than the Scottish variety: in general it was a stouter made animal; the tail was longer and larger; the face appeared more full; the ears thicker and more covered with fur;

the fur itself was much thicker all over the body, it seemed also to be rather longer, and was, beyond all comparison, finer and softer. Several other animals also, not included in the account written by Dr. Richardson, were produced, for the purpose of hearing such observations from that distinguished traveller as his experience might enable him to make.

SINGULAR WILL.

The following remarkable passages have been extracted from the will of Francis Stanhope, esq. brother to Lord Chesterfield, proved the 25th of October, 1739, and registered in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury:—"Item, a silver cup upon a high foot, in which my dear father tipt off his last Sacrament, after disinheriting and defrauding me of the greatest part of my patrimony, by sinking and destroying a deed, and setting up another to defeat me, and, contrary to all right and justice, to settle the said estate (thirteen years after the first deed,) on a most execrable, vile, detestable monster, who is commonly called or known by the name of Dr. Michael Stanhope, who, by his wicked intrigues and base ascendancy over a credulous deluded father and mother, devoured the inheritance of his brothers and sisters, drove two of his brothers to absolute despair, for want of subsistence, after the decease of his father; insomuch, that one brother (viz. Philip) shot himself, and the other (viz. Henry) drank himself to death; and other brothers and sisters, though they forebore such violent courses, he robbed and cheated so much, as to abridge them of the more comfortable way of living they would have been in if they had had their right, and a due proportion of their patrimony.—Item, As I ever was of opinion that pompous funerals, attended with great expenses, are a ridiculous and foolish piece of pageantry, tending more to enrich a ravenous undertaker, in helping him off with his old rotten tattered wares, than to do any true or real honour to the dead, I desire that mine may be done in the plainest manner, without any escutcheons or achievements being put-upon the house where I shall happen to die. And I do

hereby farther desire, that none may be invited to my burial, and that no one relation of any kind, or friend whatsoever, do put themselves into any kind of mourning for me; for, though it be customary and natural for people through their weakness and infirmities to grieve and afflict themselves for departed friends, I think it more rational for them, according to the custom of eastern countries, to rejoice at their being delivered from a ridiculous world, full of plagues and continual vexations of one kind or another.—*Item*, I will and desire, that none attend me to my grave, unless a servant or servants, with one coach and a hearse, and the parish-officers to put me in; and I would be buried in the church of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, and be carried at or after twelve o'clock at night, that gazing fools may be in bed; but, if it should be an inconvenient hour for the parson to sit up so late, then I would be carried out of London at that time, and lodged at some inn or other house at Newington, and buried at eight o'clock the following morning."

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Character of the Russians, and a detailed History of Moscow. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. With a dissertation on the Russian Language, and an Appendix containing tables, political, statistical, and historical, &c. &c. By Robert Lyall, M. D. &c. 4to. 1824.

Few persons have enjoyed such favourable opportunities of studying the national character of the Russians as Dr. Lyall, who resided amongst them a number of years, during which period his professional capacity afforded him access to all ranks of society. In the present state of European politics the opinions of such an observer cannot but be regarded as highly valuable.

The first portion of the present volume is devoted to the character of the Russians, and the facts and observations there recorded by Dr. Lyall are calculated to produce a very unfavourable impression upon the reader's mind. The inhabitants of this vast empire appear to have almost all the vices of barbarous life still clinging about them. If we may believe Dr. Lyall, civilization has only half done its work in Russia upon the minds of the people. In external appearances, and in the polish of their manners, the higher ranks differ but little from the

individuals who occupy the same station in the other European communities; but in learning, information and the solid virtues of life, they are often lamentably deficient. The severe character presented by the late Dr. Clarke of the Russian *men*, is, in all its substantial details, confirmed by Dr. Lyall. The narrative of the latter gentleman, page after page, bears such titles as the following—"insincerity of the Russians"—"instance of meanness and cruelty"—"disagreeable customs of the Russians"—"duplicity characteristic of the Russians"—"instance of ingratitude and perfidy," &c. &c. On the other hand, Dr. Lyall does not refuse to give the Russians credit for the virtues which he has observed in them. Even granting that the author may have conceived an unjust distaste for the people amongst whom he was residing, yet the facts which he adduces appear to afford sufficient evidence to bear him out in the general conclusions which he has formed. In no other capital of Europe would a foreigner have been able to collect so large a catalogue of vices and follies falling under his own immediate observation. Many of the anecdotes related by Dr. Lyall are highly amusing, and we regret our inability to transcribe a specimen of them.

The history of Moscow, which occupies the greater portion of the volume, is exceedingly full and interesting. It contains a detailed account of that city, from a very early period down to the rebuilding after the burning of it in 1812. The various accounts of the conflagration are given at length, and much curious information is added by the author. It may be remarked, as a peculiar feature of Dr. Lyall's work, that he has carefully examined the statements of preceding travellers, and contrasted them with the information with which his own experience furnished him.

The plates which illustrate the volume are well executed and interesting.

Batavian Anthology; or Specimens of the Dutch Poets, with remarks on the Poetical Literature and Language of the Netherlands to the end of the seventeenth century. By John Bowring and Harry S. Vandyk. 12mo. 7s. 6d. 1824.

Mr. Bowring, who absolutely overruns the literature of all Europe, has no sooner dragged the poets of Russia from their frozen recesses, and introduced them to our more genial climate, than he endeavours to extricate the unfortunate Dutch bards from their fens, and to give them a footing on the terra firma of England. His next incursion, we observe, is to be amongst the Poles. If any race of poets could have reason to rejoice at their transplantation to a foreign soil, we imagine it must be these Batavian minstrels, who are fortunate in having found such able translators as Mr. Bowring and his coadjutor. In point of poetical merit, we are not inclined to judge very highly of the Batavian po-

ets from the specimens given in this Anthology. The following is a translation from one of the earliest Dutch poets, and, as the editor remarks, possesses the "natural feeling, without the exaggeration of the best epoch of Troubadour poetry."

"Now I will speed to the Eastern land, for there
my sweet love dwells,
Over hill and over valley, far over the heather, for
there my sweet love dwells:
And two fair trees are standing at the gates of my
sweet love,
One bears the fragrant nutmeg, and one the fra-
grant clove.
The nutmegs were so round, and the cloves they
smelt so sweet,
I thought a knight would court me, and but a mean
man meet.
The maiden by the hand, by her snow-white hand
he led,
And they travelled far away to where a couch was
spread;
And there they lay conceal'd through the loving
live-long night,
From evening to the morning till broke the gay
day-light;
And the sun is gone to rest, and the stars are shin-
ing clear,
I fain would hide me now in an orchard with my
dear;
And none should enter then my orchard's deep al-
cove,
But the proud nightingale that carols high above.
We'll chain the nightingale—his head unto his feet,
And he no more shall chatter of lovers when they
meet.
I'm not less faithful now, although in fetters bound,
And still will chatter on of two sweet lovers' wound."

Le Prince Raymond de Bourbon, ou des Passions après les Révolutions. 2 tomes. 12mo. (Prince Raymond de Bourbon, or the Passions after the Revolutions. 2 vols. 12mo.)

This is rather a remarkable production in its way, not only on account of the singularity of the story, but from the style and language, which are an imitation of those of the period in which the events are laid. In the course of this romance, the Count de la Tournaille gives a very minute account of the amours of his wife, the fair Countess de la Tournaille, who falls desperately in love with Prince Raymond de Bourbon, equally enamoured of her. The husband and historian of their loves paints in the most glowing colours the charms and excellent qualities of his wife's lover: he does not attempt to disguise the fears inspired by so dangerous a rival, and he calls upon his readers to sympathize in the sorrow he feels at perceiving that his wife's heart is preoccupied with the image of another instead of his own; and he develops, very philosophically, the means which he employed to regain her tenderness. He abandoned himself neither to despair, indifference, nor vengeance; he did not enforce or make any

roul about his legitimate rights; he sought not to avoid the danger by separating the impassioned pair. No his plan was more original, and one which, at the other side of the Pas de Calais, is not likely to have many imitations. He devoted the whole of his attention to the study of his wife's passion; he commiserated her mental struggles; he watched with the most intense anxiety the combats that took place in her soul between love and honour, while at the same time he affected total ignorance of all these doings; he sought to cure her of her passion without irritating her; and the more he became convinced of her sentiments in favour of the Prince, the more he became profuse of tender assiduities and affection towards her. Our limits do not permit us to follow into further detail the conduct of this model of husbands, nor to enumerate all the hot and cold fits he had to experience during the prosecution of this singular experiment; we can merely state that his praiseworthy efforts and superhuman patience met with success, and the long-tried virtue of his wife triumphed over her passion. However, for the sake of truth it must be added, that the lady's virtue was in some degree indebted for this victory to the absence of Prince Raymond de Bourbon, who had set out on his travels and married through despair a young and beautiful princess. Besides the singularity of this story, which is told with considerable spirit, this romance has another and superior merit, in exhibiting some strongly sketched portraits of the principal personages of the time, and a stirring picture of the court on the accession of Henry IV. after the termination of a long protracted civil war. This and other scenes are well described, and acquire an additional truth of colouring peculiar to the time, from the old but nervous and picturesque idiom in which they are conveyed. This romance is also worthy of attention, as being not the least successful imitation of the historical novels of the author of Waverley.

L'Europe et l'Amérique en 1822 et 1823. Par M. M. de Pradt. 2 tomes 8vo. (Europe and America in 1823. By M. De Pradt.)

This work, which has just appeared, is destined, if not to live long, at least to make a great noise while it does live. The author, M. de Pradt, is one of the most lively political writers of the present day; and though some are inclined to question the profundity or clearness of his views, and others are irreverent enough to term him a political harlequin, yet he has contrived to catch the public attention by the ear, for all his productions, be they light brochures or ponderous octavos, are eagerly bought up, read with avidity, and commented upon by critics of all sides and colours. He certainly has got the talent of exciting public curiosity by a taking title, and a piquant manner of presenting

things to their view, and has no little *tact* in taking advantage of the prevailing interest and *apropos* of the moment. In the preface to the present work he irresistibly arrests public attention by the following portentous flourish of trumpets, "It must not be concealed that all that has been passing in the two hemispheres during the last thirty years has been only the prelude to the action, the *dénouement* of which is now at hand. Never has there been a grander spectacle offered to the eyes of mankind; never have results more important to humanity been on the point of accomplishment. See if I exaggerate, and say, if at this hour, as in former times, the combat is only from man to man, and not of a world to a world; if the present question is of the interest of individuals, and not rather of the interest of the species; of the ascertaining of certain portions of territory, and not rather of the assigning the place and rank which man should occupy in society. The result is inevitable. For a long period it has been evident that the time for settling the great social question was at hand; and that from discussions to discussions we should at length arrive at the foundation of the question. At that point we now are." There is a *morceau* to make the mouth of the most lukewarm politician water! Blessed are the publishers that have such *brochure* writers as M. de Pradt. The learned Abbé then takes an eagle-flight round Europe, throwing a rapid glance at each of its states as he wings his way, and then skims over the Atlantic, where he is equally concise yet comprehensive. The titles of some of the chapters are not a little piquant, and afford a characteristic specimen of the quick presto-begone and frisky manner in which our lively neighbours can treat the most vast and important matter. E. g. *Coup d'œil sur le monde* in six pages. The same upon Europe—Can Europe become Constitutional?—Has Europe the right of becoming Constitutional? Ancient and modern Civilization in Europe—Real state of the social World—The Wish of Europe—Liberty of the Press in 1822—with many others of equally attractive titles. But notwithstanding this little dash of Charlatanism, there is both information and a certain degree of talent in the book. At all events it will sell, and be talked of, and that is the chief look out both of writer and publisher.

INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. SOUTHEY (the Laureate) is about to publish "A Tale of Paraguay," in a 12mo volume.

An Epic Poem is shortly expected from the pen of the Ettrick Shepherd, entitled "Queen Hynde."

Among the literary novelties of the day, we hear that "Memoirs of Captain Rock, the celebrated Irish Chieftain, with some Account of his Ancestors," are about to make their appearance, *written by himself!*

Mrs. HOFFLAND has another tale in the press, entitled "Decision."

It is reported that "The Memoirs of a late celebrated English Countess," the intimate friend of an Illustrious Personage, written by herself, will appear in the course of the present month.

We understand that a new Translation of "Josephus, the Jewish Historian," has lately been undertaken by a Clergyman of the Established Church.

CAPTAIN BROOKE has the following works nearly ready for the press, viz.—

1. A Narrative of a short Residence in Norwegian Lapland, with an account of a Winter's Journey performed with Rein-Deer, through Norwegian Russia, and Swedish Lapland, interspersed with numerous plates and various particulars relating to the Laplanders.

2. Lithographic illustrations of a Journey across Lapland, from the shores of the Polar Sea to the Gulf of Bothnia, chiefly with Rein-Deer, and during the month of December, showing the manner in which the Laplanders perform their winter Expeditions, the appearances of the Northern Lights, and the most striking features and incidents that occurred during the above period.

MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The learned President, Sir Humphrey Davy, bart. in a paper on the cause of the corrosion and decay of copper used for covering the bottoms of ships, read before the Royal Society, has pointed out a simple, effectual, and economical method of remedying this evil. The cause, he ascertained, was a weak, chemical action, which is constantly exerted between the saline contents of sea water and the copper. He finds that a very small surface of tin, or other oxidable metal, any where in contact with a large surface of copper, renders it negatively electrical, that sea water has no action upon it; and a little mass of tin brought even in communication by a wire with a large plate of copper, entirely preserves it. By the desire of the Lords of the Admiralty, he is now bringing this discovery to actual practice on ships of war. A patent, which had for its object the remedying of the same evil, was lately taken out by Mr. Mushet, of the Mint; and it is a curious fact, that the means he recommends for improving the copper employed in sheathing is—alloying it with a very small portion of tin, or of zinc, or of arsenic, or of antimony.

USE OF SUGAR AS AN ANTIDOTE TO

LEAD IN CASES OF POISONING.

The following fact has been stated by M. Reynard to the Société des Sciences of several loaves of sugar had been enclosed in a chest containing some flasks of extract of lead. One of these flasks having been broken, the liquid escaped, and the sugar became impregnated with it. During the

distresses of the campaign it was necessary to have recourse to this sugar; but far from producing the fatal results which were expected, the sugar formed a salutary article of nourishment to those who made use of it, and gave them a degree of vigor and activity which was of the greatest service in enabling them to support the fatigues of marching. Hence M. Reynard thinks that sugar might be adopted for preventing the effects of subacetate of lead, instead of the sulphates of soda, and of magnesia, which are not always at hand.

MRS. FRY.

At Chelmsford Sessions the Magistrates discussed the question whether some respectable females of that town, disciples of Mrs. Fry, should be allowed to visit the prisoners in the gaol occasionally; and, on coming to a vote, they rescinded, by a majority of twenty-five to seven, the permission which had been given by three of the five visiting magistrates. The prison, it was said, was a Church of England establishment, and it might be dangerous to permit Sectarians to give instructions to the prisoners! Besides, prayers from the liturgy were read every morning by the Chaplain, as directed by the late act, and it would be extremely indelicate, and hurtful to his feelings as a minister and a gentleman, to permit others to interfere with the moral improvement of the prisoners!

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH,

Liverpool, is an object of considerable architectural interest for its taste, and having been nearly the first cast-iron church erected in the kingdom, the whole of the framework of the windows, doors, pillars, groins, roofs, pulpit, and ornamental enrichments are of cast-iron. The length is 119 feet; the breadth 47. It is ornamented by a splendid window of stained glass. The tower raised to the height of 96 feet, and standing on a hill, the site of an ancient sea-beacon, is elevated 345 feet above high-water mark, and commands one of the finest views in the kingdom, comprehending the town and shipping of Liverpool, the estuary of the Mersey, the level surface of Lancashire, as far as the eye can trace the prospect, with the craggy hills of Wales towards the west, and towards the north-east the distant mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

CHLORINE, A REMEDY IN FEVER.

Dr. Brown employs chlorine in solution in cases of the scarlet fever, he says with the utmost success. From a tea-spoonful to a table-spoonful is given every two or three hours, without the addition of any other substance. The solution should be fresh, and swallowed quickly to avoid coughing; in the sore throat sometimes accompanying the fever, it is more easily swallowed than mucilaginous drinks. As the disease declines, the quantity of medicine is diminished: the whole quantity in the cases of children has never exceeded two ounces, and in adults five ounces.

LITERARY DISCOVERY.

A Latin MS., undoubtedly by Milton, long supposed to be irrecoverably lost, has just been discovered at the State Paper Office. The subject is religious, and the arguments are all drawn from the Scriptures. There are many Hebrew quotations, and the work is one of considerable bulk, as it contains 735 pages, many of them closely written, and believed to be in the handwriting of the poet's nephew, Phillips, with many interlineations in a different hand. It was found in an envelope addressed to Cyriac Skinner, Merchant. The situation which Milton held, of Latin Secretary to Cromwell, will account for such a discovery being made in the State Paper Office.

MR. BELZONI.

The following is part of a letter received from this indefatigable traveller, dated Cape Coast,* Oct. 26th, by a gentleman of Cambridge:—

"I write to you, my dear friend, by a transport which is just sailing for England, and send you a few lines in haste. I cannot enter at present into a detail of all the events which brought me to this coast, but reserve them till I write you more fully. I am only able now to tell you, that I am going to take a northern direction from the kingdom of Benin†, straight up to Haussa. Benin is situated on the east of this coast, and the route I intend to take is over a tract of land entirely unknown, so that I hope I shall not be deemed an intruder in the path of northern travellers. I shall endeavour to give you a full account, if possible from Benin; but I fear it will be a long time before you receive any of my letters from that quarter. If God please, I hope to meet the Niger on the east of Haussa, previous to my reaching the capital of that kingdom. I shall not fail to write to you by the first opportunity of a caravan to the north. I could not take many notes of what I could observe at this place, and I am surprised that so little is known of it in England, or, indeed of the settlements on this coast. In my voyage here, I fortunately met with an English gentleman, captain of a man of war, a native of Plymouth, who, in consequence of the death of Sir R. Meads, has taken the command of the squadron on this coast, as senior officer. He is enthusiastic in every thing that relates to discovery, and I feel myself highly indebted to this gentleman for the kind assistance he has afforded me in the furtherance of my views; and it is grateful to me, and I thank God, that I have met with an Englishman who has in some measure balanced the injuries I have sustained from those I will not name to you at Tangier. Remember me most kindly to all friends. I shall write to you again as soon as I am able."

* Cape Coast Castle is a fortress on the coast of Guinea, in latitude 5 deg. north. It is the chief of our settlements in those parts.

† Benin is seated near the river of the same name, in latitude 3 deg. 40 min. north.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Two mummies, lately brought from Egypt by M. Caillaud, were lately opened at Paris. One of these had been remarked for its size and extraordinary weight. The head bore a crown, formed of plates and buttons of copper gilt, imitating the leaves and young fruit of the olive. Attention was also much attracted by the case, on which were painted figures resembling those on the zodiac of Denderah. A Greek inscription was also observed upon it, nearly defaced. The name of Pentemenon was found also on a bit of papyrus, which seemed to have been placed between the folds of the dress. Much curiosity having been excited respecting it, M. M. Caillaud consented to open it. There were present a great number of distinguished persons. The mummy was first weighed in its envelopements, and found to be 106 killo. The length was 1m. 90c.; the size of the head 42c.; and its circumference 1m. 38c.; the breadth of the shoulders was 47c. &c. &c. After this an outer bandage was taken off, which confined to the body a cloth covered with paintings and hieroglyphics little observed in Egypt. Under this were other wrappings, solid, and forming the first envelope, which were easily removed. The second envelope was fastened round the neck with a knot, which the sailors call a flat knot (*nœud plat*). Beneath were a few finer bandages, like napkins or large pieces of cloth. In the next envelope, larger, thicker, and older bandages were found; also four Egyptian tunics, without sleeves and unsewn, to apply them close to the body. This was fixed by black bitumen round the head and feet. The next envelope consisted of bandages placed lengthways, from the feet to the head, with transversal bands; four large pieces then wrapped the body, of the finest linen. The sixth envelope was formed of transversal bands, of a yellow colour, from the bitumen in which they had been soaked. After this were fifteen pieces of a similar colour. The seventh and last envelope was saturated with black bitumen, and formed six different pieces, stuck together with balsam. After which came a slender covering, and then the body. The toes were wrapped separately; the arms and hands were extended on the thighs. The subject was of the masculine sex, and appeared about forty-five or fifty years of age at most. The length was 5 feet 3 inches 9 lines French measure (about 5 feet 9 inches English). The breast and part of the abdomen were gilt. The body was filled with a black balsam. No MS. was found; but large masses of black balsam were discovered on the legs. The unrolling the body took three hours, and 2800 square feet of cloth were taken off. M. Caillaud found several parts of the arms were also gilt. The hands long, and very well preserved; the fingers well made and plump; the ears entire; and the nose, although injured by the extraction of the brain, little deformed. The face was less inclined than in ordinary mummies. The

hair was perfectly preserved, fine, and a little curled. On the left side was an opening, about five inches in diameter, by which the balsam was introduced into the body. Under the cloth which covered the face below each eye, on the ball of the cheek, a gold plate was found, with the representation of an eye with the lids. On the mouth was another plate, with a representation of a tongue placed perpendicularly to the closing of the lips, which were fast shut. The conjectures respecting their usages are of course vague and unsatisfactory.

The six Universities in the kingdom of the Netherlands contain the following proportion of students. Liege, 446; Leyden, 402; Utrecht, 377; Louvain, 326; Ghent, 286; Groningen, 290; Total, 2127. In 1823, no less a sum than 242,246 florins was wholly devoted to these objects, out of a revenue by no means over-abundant. This amount is entirely independent of provincial and local expenditure for the same purposes.

EGGS AND POTATOES.

The Scotch method of preserving eggs, by dipping them in boiling water, which destroys the living principle, is too well known to need farther notice. The preservation of potatoes, by a similar treatment, is also a valuable and useful discovery. Large quantities may be cured at once, by putting them into a basket as large as the vessel containing the boiling water will admit, and then just dipping them a minute or two at the utmost. The germ, which is so near to the skin, is thus "killed," without injuring the potatoe. In this way several tons might be cured in a few hours. They should then be dried in a warm oven, and laid up in sacks or casks, secure from the frost, in a dry place. Another method of preserving this valuable root is, first to peel them, then to grate them down to a pulp, which is put into coarse cloths, and the water squeezed out by putting them into a common press, by which means they are formed into flat cakes.

Died, at the age of 126 years and 3 days, *Mr Thadcy Doorley*, a respectable farmer, residing near the Hill of Allen, county of Kildare. He retained his faculties to the last moment, and was able to take field amusement within the last six months of his life. He was married about nineteen years ago, at the age of one hundred and seven, to a woman of thirty-one years of age.

NEW WORKS.

The *Ionian, or Woman in the Nineteenth Century*; by Miss Renou. 3 vols. 1l. 1s.

Henry Fitzroy, the *Young Midshipman*. 18mo. 2s. boards.

JEUX D'ESPRIT.

To a Lady, on seeing her take her Watch from her Bosom, complaining it did not go right.

How could you, Mira, think that watch
The measur'd pulse of time could catch,
Where time's unknown? for what's placed there
Loses all sense of time and care.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 4.]

BOSTON, MAY 15, 1824.

[VOL. I. N.S.]

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

CHARACTER-HIGH-STRIKES.

OF all the changes in this changing world, nothing has produced a greater change than the effects of boiling-water! Who would have formed an idea, when the adventurous Blanchard launched from the cliff to cross the Straits of Dover in his aerial car, that in the course of a few years we should see our vessels stemming the dashing wave, propelled by the powers of steam, and the whole journey from London to Paris performed on wheels! But it verifies the old remark—"There will always be hot work between England and France." A man may now breakfast at Dover, dine at Calais, and return back to supper. For my part, nothing but the quickness of the passage can reconcile me to the loss of the old Dover by-boats—The hearty hard-featured veteran of a Captain, with his tough yarns; the round-shouldered, easy, accommodating mate; the laborious and watchful crew; and above all, the mingled character of the steward, half sailor half landsman, with his bottle of porter in one hand, bousing at a rope with the other, and the mop tucked under his arm. Then, to notice his patient endurance amid the calls of "Steward, steward!" on one side, and violent abuse on the other. But these things have now passed away, and all evaporated into smoke. Formerly, we used to be worried for half-a-crown here, and five shillings there, and all that sort of thing—Now that was just

as it should be, for an Englishman dearly loves his money (will grumble at every item in his bill—find fault with every thing out of it) and fight in noisy strife for every inch of ground to keep it in possession. But in the present day it is drawn out of our pockets by *commission*, without the honour of a contest, and we find our cash making unto itself wings, without being allowed the privilege of giving them a clip to arrest its flight. Formerly, when a man quitted home to travel, it was with the prospect of change in all its varieties; and the incidental difficulties on the road, as they enhanced the pleasures of the journey, were also anticipated long before setting out. Modern improvement has now smoothed down all obstructions, and we may travel from Dan to Beersheba without encountering a single peril. However, nothing, in my opinion, can compensate for the bustle, the confusion, the hurrying of captains and mates, with their anxious faces—the being almost smothered with cards on alighting at the Ship Inn or York Hotel,—and then we had our choice of performing the voyage in what vessel and with whom we pleased—But now we are treated no better than *Dilly* passengers (who carry their franks in their faces) and must either go by their boiling kettles, and be steamed like an image on the lid of a china tea-pot, or remain at home. It was at the first of the Peace, when the whole herd of

John Bull's family were driving to the Continent, I rolled up my guineas, (sovereigns were not then in fashion, though kings were all the go) in my leathern purse, having carefully counted them first and appropriated each to its separate destination. The chaise was at the door with four good beasts; not that my haste required leaders, but then a pair of additional horses would give me an air of importance on the road, and obtain more respect than if a coronet had graced the pannel with only two. Then, that requisite appendage, baggage—I have known many a traveller who has been chiefly valued for the number of his trunks, though probably none of them were more than half filled. However, all was settled to my mind, the postillions in their scarlet jackets mounted, and, to use the language of the novel-writers, I threw myself into the seat and we drove off. Oh, the glorious effects of peace, how it harmonizes the mind!—I declare, by the time I reached Canterbury, the congees and obsequiousness of the landlords, (this name is now degenerated into Proprietors, another evidence of the ill effects of steam on old English customs,) the respectful bows and attention of a host of waiters, pretty bar-maids, and hatless hostlers, rendered me in perfect good humour with myself and every body else, and I began to fancy my per annum was some hundreds more than it actually was. But my guineas,—Ah, my poor guineas, one after the other, *changed colour* and became as pale as silver, while the rest shivered and rattled as if they had been troubled with a galloping consumption. But the dinner and the wine at the Fountain!—Well, if a man is to see the world, he must pay for the liberty, though he get cooped up in the King's Bench for the remainder of his days. The road between Canterbury and Ewell was rather of a sombre cast, inviting the mind to solitude; but who could reflect, that was going to France! Then, the dashing equipages returning, and bowing to the *insides* as they passed; it might be the Marquis or his gentleman; what did it signify, so that the balls on the coronet were right?

From Ewell the scenery was beautifully picturesque:—the road formed mid-way down the side of a lofty hill; the meandering stream watering the pastures and winding through the vale below (now ornamented with Kersney Abbey, the seat of the late John F——, Esq., and finely contrasted with the humble steeple of the village church);—the grand descent of the valley in front, beyond which the British Channel appeared rolling its waves in pride and grandeur;—while in the distance, like darkling specks upon the tide, just rising from the horizon, the high blue land of France was dimly seen;—on the one hand, almost perpendicularly above the town, the smooth green sloping of the battery; and on the left the turrets of that hoary castle, framed in history—I dearly love to pass an hour within its walls, losing myself in dreams of former days, and listening to the descriptions of Julius Cæsar's sword and all the panoply of the olden times. What care I whether they are genuine or not, I would not be undeceived for double their worth. But to proceed,—we entered the town and rattled down Snargate-street; while the phalanx of Touters followed like hounds when the game is in view.* Out rushed a troop of waiters from the Ship, while W——, with his powdered head, or the old lady in her coil cap, all kindly stood to *take* in the stranger as he sojourned on the way. scarcely was my foot upon the pavement, when a motley group surrounded me, thrusting their cards into my hand, “The fast-sailing Poll, sir,” says one rough tar; “capital accommodations, would you like to board her, sir?” “The Countess of Elgin, sir, belonging to the house of L——, commanded by Captain H——, is the first upon turn, sir,” cried a worthy old gentleman, who I recollected to have seen in the same spot in the same occupation, as Master of the Minerva, twenty years before; and several oth-

* Touters are a kind of *mosquito* fleet of *small craft*; i. e. men employed to worry passengers' either to embark in the vessels in whose interest they are employed, or to transport travellers to the various inns. Their occupation is extremely imposing.

er well remembered faces presented themselves to my view. It brought a crowd of recollections across my mind, and recalled those scenes which shone so cloudlessly and passed away so soon. It was one of those hasty snatch-
es of thought that embodies years in the space of minutes: but the noise soon dispelled the vision, and it vanished amid the cries of "Fast sailing Poll,—Countess,—good accommodations,—King George Mail,—Queen Charlotte,—go for the tide,"—and a hundred other sounds, all equally harmonious. I followed the general plan of great travellers, to keep all in suspense and promise none; so that every time I showed my head out at the inn door I was again surrounded, and made another collection of cards. How delightful to walk upon the cool margin of the purple wave, and contemplate the weather-beaten face of the bardy Hoveller,—to watch his stolen and suspicious glances while pretending to look through his glass at the distant sail; and when the roaring billows are dashing their white foam upon the beach, to see him launch through the raging surge to aid the vessel in distress. A more stigmatized, yet useful, body of men never existed. What, though they may dabble a little now and then in a few contraband articles, (as which of us has not?)—but there—there—that's a forbidden subject—and the least said about it the better. Who ever has mounted to the height of that famed cliff where Shakspeare wooed the tragic Muse, without feeling some portion of Parnassian elevation? To listen to the whispering of the little azure wave as it chafes the yellow strand below—to taste the only unadulterated thing we can now enjoy, the pure clear air of heaven—to look with shuddering instinct over the steep precipice, and then turn to the green slope descending to the valley—But let us get to the Pier heads, and that rendezvous for *pilots* and for news—the Cross Wall. Of

all characters these are the most readily known; and it is remarkable, that though but a few miles separate the towns, the Deal and Dover pilots are peculiarly distinguished from each other. The former, with their long-tail, broad-flapped coats, apparently cut from the same piece of cloth and cast by the same manufacturer; then they have an indolent slouch in their gait, as if they had nothing to do and fifty to help them, wrangling together all day long, but in the evening assembling at the Star, or elsewhere, over their glass of grog, as amicable as ever. The Dover pilots are more improved in their manners and appearance (probably the effects of steam;) the fashionable cut is superseding the old style of dress, and the honest bluntness of the "aunciente pilote," is refined into modern politeness and genteel deportment. But, take them for all in all, when we consider the extent of property and number of lives committed to their charge, and the comparative few cases of loss, we must acknowledge them to be a valuable and respectable class of the community. Their wives—but we must not meddle with them—besides the flag is up, and I shall barely have time to clear my baggage and get on board—"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." Scarcely had my trunk undergone examination, than they were handled by men belonging to the various packets, and we bid fair to go to Calais in different vessels, till I determined to take my passage with my worthy old friend in the Countess; but as from *ladder* to *ladder** may make the subject of another communication, I shall shove off from the Pier and close the present, with a hope that it will find a corner in your *Gazette*, in which case you shall again hear from Yours, &c. &c.

HUMPHREY FELT,
Currier and Tanner.

* The ladders by which the Packets are boarded at Dover and Calais.

ANECDOTE OF NELSON.

At Yarmouth, the Wrestlers' Inn is more celebrated for the *jeu d'esprit* of the immortal Nelson than any thing else; who, when the landlord requested permission to call it Nelson's Hotel, and place his Lordship's

arms over the door, gave him full permission to do the former, suggesting at the same time the omission of the latter ceremony, on the ground that he had *no arms to spare*.

THE PIRATE'S TREASURE.

(Lond. Mag.)

AFTER many months of anxious and painful expectancy, I at length succeeded in obtaining my appointment to the situation I had so ardently wished for. Despairing at my apparent want of success, I had given up all hopes, and had engaged to go servant in the Clydesdale to the East Indies, when the favourable result of my friend's exertions changed the aspect of my affairs. My instructions set forth the necessity of my being at Surinam by a certain day, otherwise I should be too late to join the corps to which I was appointed, which, on the ceding up of the place to the Dutch, was to proceed to Canada. As it wanted only two months of that period, it became necessary to inquire for some vessel without loss of time. Giving up my engagement with the Clydesdale, I proceeded to the harbour, and after a toilsome search, succeeded in discovering a ship chartered by a Glasgow company lying ready at the west quay, and to sail with that evening's tide. While I stood examining the vessel from the pier, two sailors, who seemed to be roaming idly about, stopped, and began to converse by my side.

"Has the old Dart got all her hands, Tom!" said the one, "that she has her ensign up for sailing? They say she is sold to the lubberly Dutchmen now—what cheer to lend her a hand out, and get our sailing-penny for a glass of grog?" "No, no; bad cheer!" replied the other; "mayhap I didn't tell you that I made a trip in her four years ago; and a cleaner or a livelier thing is not on the water! But there is a limb of the big devil in her that is enough to cause her to sink to the bottom. It was in our voyage out that he did for Bill Burnet with the pump sounding-rod, because the little fellow snivelled a bit, and was not handy to jump when he was ordered aloft to set the fore-royal. It was his first voyage, and the boy was mortal afraid to venture; but the Captain swore he

would make him, and in his passion took him a rap with the iron-rod, and killed him. When he saw what he had done, he lifted, and hove him over the side; and many a long day the men wondered what had become of little Bill, for they were all below at dinner, and none but myself saw the transaction. It was needless for me to complain, and get him overhauled, as there were no witnesses; but I left the ship, and births would be scarce before I would sail with him again."

Knowing what tyrants shipmasters are in general, and how much their passengers' comfort depends on them, I was somewhat startled by this piece of information respecting the temper of the man I purposed to sail with. But necessity has no law! The circumstance probably was much misrepresented, and, from a simple act of discipline, exaggerated to an act of wanton cruelty. But be that as it might—my affairs were urgent. There was no other vessel for the same port—I must either take my passage, or run the risk of being superseded. The thing was not to be thought of; so I went and secured my birth. As my preparations were few and trifling, I had every thing arranged, and on board, just as the vessel was unmooring from the quay. During the night we got down to the Clock light-house, and stood off and on, waiting for the Captain, who had remained behind to get the ship cleared out at the Custom House. Soon afterwards he joined us, and the pilot leaving us in the return-boat, we stood down the Forth under all our canvass.

For four weeks we had a quick and pleasant passage. The Dart did not belie her name; for, being American-built, and originally a privateer, she sailed uncommonly fast, generally running at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

As I had expected, Captain Mahone proved to be, in point of acquirements, not at all above the common run of

shipmasters. He was haughty and overbearing, and domineered over the crew with a high hand; in return for which, he was evidently feared and detested by them all. He had been many years in the West Indies; part of which time he had ranged as commander of a privateer, and had, between the fervid suns of such high latitudes and the copious use of grog, become of a rich mahogany colour, or something between vermillion and the tint of a sheet of new copper. He was a middle-sized man; square built, with a powerful muscular frame. His aspect naturally harsh and forbidding, was rendered more so by the sinister expression of his left eye, which had been nearly forced out by some accident—and the lineaments of his countenance expressed plainly that he was passionate and furious in the extreme. In consequence of this, I kept rather distant and aloof; and, except at meals, we seldom exchanged more than ordinary civilities.

By our reckoning, our ship had now got into the latitude of the Bermudas, when one evening, at sun-set, the wind, which had hitherto been favourable, fell at once into a dead calm. The day had been clear and bright; but now, huge masses of dark and conical-shaped clouds began to tower over each other in the western horizon, which, being tinged with the rays of the sun, displayed that lurid and deep brassy tint so well known to mariners as the token of an approaching storm. All the sailors were of opinion that we should have a coarse night; and every precaution that good seamanship could suggest was taken to make the vessel snug before the gale came on. The oldest boys were sent up to hand and send down the royal and top-gallant sails, and strike the masts, while the top-sails and stays were close-reefed. These preparations were hardly accomplished, when the wind shifted, and took us a-back with such violence as nearly to capsize the vessel. The ship was put round as soon as possible, and brought-to till the gale should fall: while all hands remained on deck in case of any emergency. About ten, in the interval of a squall, we heard a

gun fired as a signal of distress. The night was as black as pitch; but the flash showed us that the stranger was not far to leeward: so, to avoid drifting on the wreck during the darkness, the main-top-sail was braced round, and filled, and the ship hauled to windward. In this manner we kept alternately beating and heaving-to as the gale rose or fell till the morning broke, when, through the haze, we perceived a small vessel with her masts carried away. As the wind had taken off, the Captain had gone to bed: so it was the mate's watch on deck. The steersman, an old grey-headed seaman, named James Gemmel, proposed to bear down and save the people, saying he had been twice wrecked himself, and knew what it was to be in such a situation. As the Captain was below, the mate was irresolute what to do; being aware that the success of the speculation depended on their getting to Surinam before it was given up: however, he was at length persuaded—the helm was put up, and the ship bore away.

As we neared the wreck, and were standing by the mizen shrouds with our glasses, the Captain came up from the cabin. He looked up with astonishment to the sails, and the direction of the vessel's head, and, in a voice of suppressed passion, said, as he turned to the mate, "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Wyllie? Who has dared to alter the ship's course without my leave—when you know very well that we shall hardly be in time for the market, use what expedition we may?" The young man was confused by this unexpected challenge, and stammered out something about Gemmel having persuaded him. "It was me, Sir!" respectfully interfered the old sailor, wishing to avert the storm from the mate; "I thought you wouldn't have the heart to leave the wreck and these people to perish, without lending a hand to save them! We should be neither Christians nor true seamen to desert her, and ——" "Damn you and the wreck, you old canting rascal! do you pretend to stand there and preach to me?" thundered the Captain, his fury breaking out, "I'll teach

you to disobey my orders!—I'll give you something to think of!" and seizing a capstan-spar which lay near him, he hurled it at the steersman with all his might. The blow was effectual—one end of it struck him across the head with such force as to sweep him in an instant from his station at the wheel, and to dash him with violence against the lee-bulwarks, where he lay bleeding, and motionless. "Take that, and be damned!" exclaimed the wretch, as he took the helm, and sang out to the men,—“Stand by sheets, and braces—hard a-lee—let go!” In a twinkling the yards were braced round, and the Dart, laid within six points of the wind, was flying through the water.

Meanwhile Gemmel was lying without any one daring to assist him; for the crew were so confounded that they seemed quite undetermined how to act. I stepped to him, therefore, and the mate following my example, we lifted him up. As there was no appearance of respiration, I placed my hand on his heart—but pulsation had entirely ceased—the old man was dead. The bar had struck him directly on the temporal bone, and had completely fractured that part of the skull.

“He is a murdered man, Captain Mahone!” said I, laying down the body, “murdered without cause or provocation.” “None of your remarks, Sir!” he retorted; “what the devil have *you* to do with it? Do you mean to stir up my men to mutiny? Or do you call disobeying my orders no provocation? I'll answer it to those who have a right to ask; but till then, let me see the man who dare open his mouth to me in this ship.” “I promise you,” returned I, “that though you rule and tyrannise here at present, your power shall have a termination, and you shall be called to account for your conduct in this day's work—rest assured that *this* blood shall be required at your hands, though you have hitherto escaped punishment for what has stained them already.” This allusion to the murder of little Bill Burnet seemed to stagger him considerably—he stopped short before me, and, while his face grew black with suppressed wrath and fury, whispered,

“I warn you again, young man! to busy yourself with your own matters—meddle not with what does not concern you; and belay your slack jaw, or, by ——! Rink Mahone will find a way to make it fast for you!” He then turned round, and walked forward to the forecabin.

During this affray no attention had been paid to the wreck, though the crew had set up a yell of despair on seeing us leave them. Signals and shouts were still repeated, and a voice, louder in agony than the rest, implored our help for the love of the blessed Virgin; and offered riches and absolution to the whole ship's company if they would but come back. The Captain was pacing fore and aft without appearing to mind them, when, as if struck with some sudden thought, he lifted his glass to his eye—seemed to hesitate—walked on—and then, all at once changing his mind, he ordered the vessel again before the wind.

On speaking the wreck, she proved to be a Spanish felucca from the island of Cuba, bound for Curaçoa, on the coast of the Caraccas. As they had lost their boats in the storm, and could not leave their vessel, our Captain lowered and manned our jolly-boat, and went off to them.

After an absence of some hours he returned with the passengers, consisting of an elderly person in the garb of a catholic priest, a sick gentleman, a young lady, apparently daughter of the latter, and a female black slave. With the utmost difficulty, and writhing under some excruciating pain, the invalid was got on board and carried down to the cabin, where he was laid on a bed on the floor. To the tender of my professional services the invalid returned his thanks, and would have declined them, expressing his conviction of being past human aid, but the young lady, eagerly catching at even a remote hope of success, implored him with tears to accept my offer. On examination I found his fears were but too well grounded. In his endeavours to assist the crew during the gale he had been standing near the mast, part of which, or the rigging, having fallen on him, had dislocated several of his ribs,

and injured his spine beyond remedy. All that could now be done was to afford a little temporary relief from pain, which I did; and leaving him to the care of the young lady and the priest, I left the cabin.

On deck I found all bustle and confusion. The ship was still lying-to, and the boats employed in bringing the goods out of the feliecca, both of which were the property of the wounded gentleman. The body of the old man, Gemmel, had been removed somewhere out of sight; no trace of blood was visible, and Captain Mahone seemed desirous to banish all recollections both of our quarrel and its origin.

As the invalid was lying in the cabin, and my state-room occupied by the lady and her female attendant, I got a temporary berth in the steerage made up for myself for the night. I had not long thrown myself down on my cot, which was only divided from the main-cabin by a bulk-head, when I was awakened by the deep groans of the Spaniard. The violence of his pain had again returned, and between the spasms I heard the weeping and gentle voice of the lady soothing his agony, and trying to impart hopes and prospects to him, which her own hysterical sobs told plainly she did not herself feel. The priest also frequently joined, and urged him to confess. To this advice he remained silent for awhile; but at length he addressed the lady: "The Padre says true, Isabella! Time wears apace, and I feel that I shall soon be beyond its limits, and above its concerns! But ere I go, I would say that which it would impart peace to my mind to disclose—I would seek to leave you at least one human being to befriend and protect you in your utter helplessness. Alas! that Diego di Montaldo's daughter should ever be thus destitute! Go! my love! I would be alone a little while with the father." An agony of tears and sobs was the only return made by the poor girl, while the priest with gentle violence led her into the state-room.

"Now," continued the dying man, "listen to me while I have strength. You have only known me as a merchant in Cuba; but such I have not

been always. Mine is an ancient and noble family in Catalonia; though I unhappily disgraced it, and have been estranged from it long. I had the misfortune to have weak and indulgent parents, who idolized me as the heir of their house, and did not possess resolution enough to thwart me in any of my wishes or desires, however unreasonable. My boyhood being thus spoiled, it is no matter of wonder that my youth should have proved wild and dissolute. My companions were as dissipated as myself, and much of our time was spent in gambling and other extravagances. One evening at play I quarrelled with a young nobleman of high rank and influence; we were both of us hot and passionate, so we drew on the spot and fought, and I had the misfortune to run him through the heart and leave him dead. Not daring to remain longer at home, I fled in disguise to Barcelona, where I procured a passage in a vessel for the Spanish Main. On our voyage we were taken by buccaneers; and, the roving and venturous mode of life of these bold and daring men suiting both my inclination and finances, I agreed to make one of their number. For many months we were successful in our enterprises: we ranged the whole of these seas, and made a number of prizes, some of which were rich ships of our own colonies. In course of time we amassed such a quantity of specie as to make us unwilling to venture it in one bottom; so we agreed to hide it ashore, and divide it on our return from our next expedition. But our good fortune forsook us this time. During a calm the boats of the *Guarda-costa* came on us, overpowered the ship, and made all the crew, except myself and two others, prisoners. We escaped with our boat, and succeeded in gaining the island of Cuba, where both of my comrades died of their wounds. Subsequent events induced me to settle at St. Juan de Buenavista, where I married, and as a merchant prospered and became a rich man. But my happiness lasted not! My wife caught the yellow fever and died, leaving me only this one child. I now loathed the scene of my departed happiness, and felt all the longings

of an exile to revisit my native country. For this purpose I converted all my effects into money; and am thus far on my way to the hidden treasure, with which I intended to return to Spain. But the green hills of Catalonia will never more gladden mine eyes! My hopes and wishes were only for my poor girl. Holy father! you know not a parent's feelings—its anxieties and its fears! The thoughts of leaving my child to the mercy of strangers; or, it may be, to their barbarities, in this lawless country, is far more dreadful than the anguish of my personal sufferings. With you rests my only hope. Promise me your protection towards her, and the half of all my wealth is yours."

"Earthly treasures," replied the priest, "avail not with one whose desires are fixed beyond the little handful of dust which perisheth—my life is devoted to the service of my Creator; and the conversion of ignorant men, men who have never heard of his salvation. On an errand of mercy came I to this land; and if the heathen receive it, how much more a daughter of our most holy church? I, therefore, in behalf of our community, accept of your offer, and swear on this blessed emblem to fulfil all your wishes to the best of my poor abilities."

"Enough, enough!" said Montal-do, "I am satisfied! Among that archipelago of desert islands, known by the name of the Roccas, situated on the coast of the province of Venezuela, in New Granada, there is one called the Wolf-rock: it is the longest and most northern of the group, and lies the most to seaward. At the eastern point, which runs a little way into the sea, there stands an old vanilla, blasted and withered, and retaining but a single solitary branch. On the eve of the festival of St. Jago the moon will be at her full in the west. At twenty minutes past midnight she will attain to her highest latitude in the heavens, and then the shadow of the tree will be thrown due east. Watch till the branch and stem unite and form only one line of shade—mark its extremity—for there, ten feet below the surface, the cask containing the gold is buried.

That gold, father, was sinfully got; but fasts and penances have been done, masses without number have been said, and I trust that the blessed Virgin has interceded for the forgiveness of that great wickedness! I have now confessed all, and confide in your promise; and as you perform your oath, so will the blessing or curse of a dying man abide with you. I feel faint, dying. Oh! let me clasp my child once more to my heart before I——"

Here the rest of the sentence became indistinct from the death-rattle in his throat. I leaped off my cot, and sprang up the hatchway, and had my foot on the top of the companion-ladder, when a piercing shriek from below making me quicken my steps, I missed my hold, and fell on some person stationed on the outside of the cabin door. The person, without uttering a single word, rose and ascended the steps; but as he emerged into the faint light which still lingered in the horizon, I fancied that I could distinguish him to be the Captain. On my entering, I found the Spaniard dead, and his daughter lying in a state of insensibility by his side; while the female slave was howling and tearing her hair like one in a phrenzy. The priest was entirely absorbed in his devotions; so, without disturbing him, I lifted the lady and bore her into the state-room. The greater part of the night was passed in trying to restore her to sensation. Fit after fit followed each other in such quick succession that I began to apprehend the result; but at length the hysterical paroxysm subsided, and tears coming to her relief, she became somewhat composed, when I left her in charge of her attendant.

The next day was spent in taking out the remainder of the felucca's cargo. There seemed now no anxiety on the Captain's part to proceed on his voyage—he appeared to have forgot the necessity, expressed on a former occasion, of being in port within a limited time. He was often in a state of inebriety; for the wine and spirits of the Spaniards were lavishly served out to the whole ship's company, with whom he also mixed more; and banished

that haughtiness of bearing which had marked his conduct hitherto.

In the evening the body of Don Diego was brought upon deck, where his crew, under the superintendence of the priest, prepared it for its commitment to the deep. The corpse was, as is usual in such cases, wrapped up in the blankets and sheets in which it had lain, and a white napkin was tied over the face and head. In its right hand, which was crossed over the breast, was placed a gold doubloon. Its left held a small bag containing a book, a hammer, and a candle, while on the bosom was laid the little crucifix worn by the deceased. It was next enveloped in a hammock, with a couple of eight-pound shots, and a bag of ballast at the feet to sink it—the hammock was then carefully and closely sewed up, and the whole operation finished by leaving the sail-needle thrust transversely through the nose. At midnight the vessel was hove-to, and all the ship's company assembled at the lee-gangway. The Spaniards and negroes bore each a burning torch in his hand; the blaze of which, as they held them elevated above their heads, cast a strange and fearful light through the deep darkness, and illumined the ocean far and wide with a supernatural refulgency. When all was ready, the priest, accompanied by Isabella, came up from the cabin, and the Spaniards lifting up the body, carried it forward to the waist, where one of the ship's gratings had been put projecting over the side, and on this the corpse was laid, and its feet to the water. Around this the torch-bearers formed a circle, and the priest, standing at the head, began the funeral service for the dead at sea. The wind had now subsided into a gentle breeze; and nothing disturbed the profound silence of the crew during mass, save the slight splashing of the waves against the windward side of the ship, and the deep-drawn, convulsive sobs of the young lady as she stood, enveloped in her mantillo, in the obscurity of the main-rigging. Mass being concluded, the priest solemnly chanted the funeral anthem;—"May the angels conduct

thee into Paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming; and mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who was formerly poor!" He then sprinkled the body with holy water, and continued:—"As it hath pleased God to take the soul of our dear brother here departed unto himself, we, therefore, commit his body to the deep, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection on that day when the sea shall give up its dead. Let him rest in peace!" The Spaniards responded "Amen!" and the priest repeating, "May his soul, and the soul of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace—Amen!" made the sign of the cross; and the bow-chaser, which had been loaded and made ready for the occasion, firing, the end of the grating was gently elevated, and the corpse heavily plunged into the water. The waves parted, heaving and foaming round the body as it disappeared,—when to our horror and astonishment we beheld it, the next minute, slowly return to the surface, deprived of the canvass covering in which it had been sewed. The dead man came up as he had gone down, in an upright position, and floated a little time with his back to the vessel; but the motion of the water turned him round by degrees till we distinctly saw his face. The head was thrown back, and the eyes wide open; and under the strong stream of light poured on them from the torches, they seemed to glare ghastly and fearfully upwards. His grey hairs, long and dishevelled, floated about his face, at times partially obscuring it; and one arm, stretched forth, and agitated by the action of the waves, appeared as if in the act of threatening us. When the first burst of horror had subsided, I caught hold of Isabella to prevent her seeing the body, and was leading her off, when some of the men, lowering their torches from the main-chains, whispered that it was the murdered man, old James Gemmel. The Captain had been hitherto looking on with the rest without having apparently recognized him; but when the name struck his ear, he shrunk back and in-

voluntarily exclaimed, "It's a lie—it's an infamous lie! Who dares to say he was murdered? He went overboard two days ago? But don't let him come on board: for God's sake keep him down, or he'll take us all with him to the bottom. Will nobody keep him down? Will nobody shove him off? Helm a-lee!" he bawled out, waving to the steersman; but the man had deserted his post, eager to see what was going on; he, therefore, ran to the wheel himself, and again issued his commands, "Let go the main top-sail weather braces, and bring round the yard! Let them go, I say!" His orders were speedily executed. The vessel gathered way, and we quickly shot past the body of the old man.

For several days after this, we pursued our course with a favourable wind, which drove us swiftly forward on our voyage. The Captain now kept himself constantly intoxicated, seldom made his appearance in the cabin, but left us altogether to the care of the steward. All subordination was now at an end—his whole time was spent among the seamen, with whom he mixed familiarly, and was addressed by them without the slightest portion of that respect or deference commonly paid to the Captain of the vessel. The appearance of the men, also, was much altered. From the careless mirth and gaiety and the characteristic good-humour of sailors, there was now a sullenness and gloom only visible. A constant whispering—a constant caballing was going on—a perpetual discussion, as if some design of moment was, in agitation, or some step of deep importance was about to be taken. All sociality and confidence towards each other were banished. In place of conversing together in a body, as formerly, they now walked about in detached parties, and among them the boatswain and carpenter seemed to take an active lead. Yet, in the midst of all this disorder, a few of our own crew kept themselves separate, taking no share in the general consultation; but from the anxiety expressed in their countenances, as well as in that of the mate, I foresaw some storm was brooding, and about to burst on our heads.

Since Montaldo's death, Isabella had been in the habit of leaving her cabin after sun-set, to enjoy the coolness of the evening breeze; and in this she was sometimes joined by the priest, but more frequently was only attended by her slave. One evening she came up as usual, and after walking back and forward on deck till the dews began to fall, she turned to go below: but just as we approached the companion-way, one of the negroes, who now, in the absence of all discipline, lounged about the quarter-deck without rebuke, shut down the head, and throwing himself on it, declared that none should make him rise without the reward of a kiss. This piece of insolence was received with an encouraging laugh by his fellows, and several slang expressions of wit were uttered, which were loudly applauded by those around. Without a word of remonstrance, Isabella timidly stooped, and would have attempted getting down the ladder without disturbing the slave; when, burning with indignation, I seized the rascal by the collar, and pitched him head foremost along the deck. In an instant he got on his legs, and pulling a long clasp-knife out of his pocket, with a loud imprecation he made towards me. All the other negroes likewise made a motion to assist him, and I expected to be assailed on all hands, when the mate interfered, and laying hold of the marlin-spike, which I had caught up to defend myself, pushed me back, as he whispered, "Are you mad, that you interfere? For heaven's sake, keep quiet, for I have no authority over the crew now!" And he spoke the truth; for the negro, brandishing his knife, and supported by his comrades, was again advancing, when the hoarse voice of the boatswain, as he ran to the scene of action, arrested his progress.

"Hallo! you there, what's the squall for? Avast, avast, Mingo! off hands is fair play—ship that blade of yours, or I'll send my fist through your ribs, and make day-light shine through them in a minute." I related the behaviour of the negro, and was requesting him to order the slaves forward, when I was cut short with—

"There are no slaves here, young man ! we are all alike free in a British ship. But damn his eyes for an insolent son of a — ; *he* pretend to kiss the pretty girl ! I'll let him know she belongs to his betters ! The black wench is good enough for him any day. Come, my dear !" he continued, turning to Isabella, "give me the same hire, and I'll undertake to clear the way for you myself." He made as if he meant to approach her, when, careless of what the consequences might be to myself, I hastily stepped forward, and lifting up the head of the companion, Isabella in an instant darted below. "This lady is no fit subject either for wit or insolence," said I, shutting the doors, "and he is less than man who would insult an unprotected female." For a little while he stood eyeing me as if hesitating whether he would resent my interference, or remain passive ; at length he turned slowly and doggedly away as he uttered—"You ruffle big, and crow with a brisk note, my lad ! But I've seen me do as wonderful a thing as twist your windpipe and send you over the side to cool yourself a bit ; and so I would serve you in the turning of a wave, if it wasn't that we may have use for you yet ! I see in what quarter the wind sets ; but mind your eye ! for sink me if I don't keep a sharp look out a-head over you."

I now saw that things had come to a crisis—that the crew meant to turn pirates ; and I was to be detained among them for the sake of my professional services. I could not, without a shudder, reflect on what must be the fate of Isabella among such a gang of reckless villains : but I firmly resolved that, come what might, my protection and care over her should cease but with my life.

To be prepared for the worst, I immediately went below, loaded my pistols, and concealed them in my breast, securing at the same time all my money and papers about my person. While thus employed, one of the cabin-boys came down for a spy-glass, saying that a sail had hove in sight to windward. Upon this I followed him up, and found the crew collected together in clamorous consultation as to the

course they should follow. Some were for laying-to till she came down, and taking her, if a merchantman ; and if not, they could easily sheer off—but this motion was overruled by the majority, who judged it best to keep clear for fear of accidents : accordingly all the spare canvass was set, and we were soon gaining large before the wind. But the Dart, though reckoned the first sailor out of Clyde when close hauled on a wind, was by no means so fleet when squared away and going free : she had now met with her match, for the stranger was evidently gaining rapidly on us, and in two hours we saw it was impossible for us to escape. The priest and I were ordered down with a threat of instant death if we offered to come on deck, or make any attempt to attract observation.

I now communicated to Isabella my apprehensions with respect to the crew, along with my resolution to leave the vessel if the other proved a man of war, and earnestly advised both her and the priest to take advantage of it also. She thanked me with a look and smile that told me how sensible she was of the interest I felt in her welfare, and expressed her willingness to be guided by me in whatever way I thought best.

Shortly after this we heard a gun fired to bring us to, and the Dart hailed and questioned as to her port and destination. The answers, it appeared, were thought evasive and unsatisfactory, for we were ordered to come close under the lee-quarter of his Majesty's sloop of war Tartar, while they sent to examine our papers. This was now our only chance, and I resolved, that if the officer should not come below, I would force the companion-door and claim his protection. But I was not put to this alternative. As soon as he arrived, I heard him desire the hatches to be taken off, and order his men to examine the hold. The inspection did not satisfy him ; for he hailed the sloop, and reported that there were Spanish goods on board which did not appear in the manifest :—"Then remain on board, and keep your stern lights burning all night, and take charge of the ship !" was the reply. In a state of

irksome suspense we remained nearly two hours, expecting every minute to hear the officer descending. At length, to our relief, the companion-doors were unlocked, and a young man, attended by our Captain, entered the cabin. He looked surprised on seeing us, and bowing to Isabella, apologized for intruding at such an unseasonable hour. "But I was not given to understand," he added, "that there were passengers in the ship—prisoners I should rather pronounce it, Mr. Mahone, for you seem to have had them under lock and key, which is rather an unusual mode of treating ladies at least. No wine, Sir!" he continued, motioning away the bottles which the Captain was hastily placing on the table—"no wine, but be pleased to show me your register and bill of lading."

He had not been long seated to inspect them when a shuffling and hurried sound of feet was heard overhead, and a voice calling on Mr. Duff for assistance showed that some scuffle had taken place above. Instantaneously we all started to our feet, and the lieutenant was in the act of drawing his sword, when, accidentally looking round, I observed Mahone presenting a pistol behind. With a cry of warning, I threw myself forward, and had just time to strike the weapon slightly aside, when it went off. The ball narrowly missed the head of Duff, for whom it had been aimed, but struck the priest immediately over the right eye, who, making one desperate and convulsive leap as high as the ceiling, sunk down dead, and before the Captain could pull out another, I discharged the contents of mine into his breast. We then rushed upon deck; but it was only to find the boat's crew had been mastered, and to behold the last of the men tumbled overboard. The pirates then dispersed, and exerted themselves to get the ship speedily under-way; while the boatswain sang out to extinguish the lanterns, that the Tartar might not be guided by the lights.

"It's all over with us!" exclaimed my companion; "but follow me—we have one chance for our lives yet. Our boat is till towing astern; do you throw yourself over, and swim till I

slide down the painter, and cut her adrift. Come, bear a hand, and jump! don't you see them hastening aft?" and in an instant he pitched himself off the taffrel, slid down the rope which held the boat, and cast her loose. But this advice however judicious, it was impossible for me to follow—for, at the moment, repeated shrieks from Isabella put to flight all thoughts for my own individual safety; I, therefore, hurried back to the cabin, determined, that if I could not rescue her along with myself, to remain, and protect her with my life. And in a happy time I arrived! The candles were still burning on the table; and through the smoke of the pistols, which still filled the cabin, I beheld her struggling in the arms of a negro—the identical slave who had displayed such insolence in the early part of the evening. With one stroke of the butt end of my pistol I fractured the cursed villain's skull—caught up Isabella in my arms—ran up the ladder, and had nearly gained the side, when the boatswain, attracted by her white garments, left the helm to intercept me—and I saw the gleam of his uplifted cutlass on the point of descending, when he was suddenly struck down by some person from behind. I did not stop to discover who had done me this good office, but hailing Duff, and clasping Isabella firmly to my heart, I plunged into the water, followed by my unknown ally. With the aid of my companion, whom I now found to be John Wyllie, the mate, we easily managed to support our charge till the boat reached us; when we found that the greater part of the men had been rescued in a similar manner.

When the morning dawned, we perceived the Dart, like a speck in the horizon, and the sloop of war in close chase. Our attention was next turned to our own situation, which was by no means enviable: we had escaped, it is true, with our lives, for the present; but without a morsel of food, or a single drop of fresh water, with us in the boat; we could, at best, only expect to protract existence for a few days longer, and then yield them up ultimately in horror and misery. By an obser-

vation taken the day before, on board of the *Tartar*, Mr. Duff informed us we were to the north-east of the Bahamas; and distant about one hundred and seventy miles from Walling's Island, which was the nearest land. This was a long distance; but, as despair never enters the breast of a British sailor, even in situations of the utmost extremity, we cheered up each other; and, as no other resource was left us, we manned our oars, and pulled away with life, trusting in the chance of meeting with some vessel, of which there was a strong probability, as this was the common course of the leeward traders. And our hopes were not disappointed! for next day we fortunately fell in with a brig from the Azores, bound for Porto Rico, on board of which we were received with much kindness; and, in five days, we found ourselves safe moored in Porto-real harbour.

My first step on landing was to inquire for a boarding-house for Isabella, and I had the good luck to be directed to one kept by a respectable Scotch family, in Orange Terrace, and to this I conducted her. My next transaction was to charter a small cutter; and to communicate to Duff the secret of the hidden treasure; at the same time asking him to adventure himself and his men on its recovery. I also gave him to understand the probability of a rencontre with the pirates, in the event of their having escaped the sloop, for I was aware that Malone had overheard the whole confession, from my finding him listening at the cabin door. Without hesitation, the lieutenant at once agreed to accompany me, and engaging some hands out of a vessel newly arrived, we soon mustered a party of fourteen men. As it wanted only six days of the festival of St. Jago, and the distance across the Caribbean sea was great enough to require all our exertions to be there in time, we embarked and sailed that very night.

Our cutter proved a prime sailer—and though the winds were light and variable, by the help of our sweeps we made the *Roccas* on the evening of the sixth day. As the Spaniard had foretold, the moon was climbing the wes-

tern sky, and pouring the fulness of her splendour with a mild and beautiful effulgence on the untroubled deep, as we slowly drifted with the current between the Wolf-rock and the adjacent isle. All was silent and calm over the whole desert archipelago and the vast surrounding waters, save now and then the sudden flight of a sea-fowl awakening from its slumbers as we passed; or the occasional roar of the jaguar faintly wafted from the main land. We ran the cutter into a deep and narrow creek; moored her safe, and proceeded, well armed, to the eastern extremity. There we found the projecting point of land, and the old vanilla tree exactly in the situation described—its huge, twisted trunk was still entire; and from the end of its solitary branch, which was graced by a few scattered leaves, the body of a man in the garb of a sailor hung suspended in irons. The clothes had preserved the body from the birds of prey, but the head was picked clean and bare, leaving the eyeless and bleached skull to glitter white in the moonlight. In perfect silence, and with something of awe on our spirits impressed by the solitude, and dreariness of the scene, we seated ourselves on the rocks, and, with my time-piece in my hand, I began to mark the progress of the shadow. For nearly three hours we watched in this manner, listening attentively for the slightest sound from sea-ward; but every thing continued hushed and still, except the creaking of the chain as the dead man swang to and fro in the breeze. Midnight was now drawing near—the moon radiant and full, was careering high through the deep blue of heaven, and the shadows of the branch and stem were approaching each other, and towards the desired point. At length the hand of my time-piece pointed to within one minute of the time. It passed over. The branch and stem now merged into one, and threw their shadow due east: and the first spadeful of earth had been thrown out, when the man who had been stationed to keep a look out came running to inform us that a boat was rapidly approaching from the east. We imme-

diately concluded that they must be a part of the Dart's crew; and their long and vigorous strokes, as they stretched out to the full extent of their oars, showed that they knew the importance of every minute that elapsed. Our implements for digging were hastily laid aside, and we concealed ourselves among the rocks till they should come within reach. In a short time the boat was seen ashore, and eight armed men came forward, partly Spaniards and partly the ship's crew; among whom I recognized the boatswain, and, to my surprise, Mahone, whom I had shot and left for dead in the cabin. Without giving them time to prepare for the assault, we quitted our shelter, and sprung among them at once, laying about with our cutlasses. For a little space the skirmish was toughly and hotly contested; for the pirates were resolute and reckless, and fought with the desperation of men who knew that the only chance for their lives lay in their own exertions. In the confusion of the fray I had lost sight of Duff, and was closely engaged with one of the Spaniards, when the voice of the boatswain shouting forth a horrible imprecation sounded immediately behind me. I turned round, and sprung aside from the sweep of his cutlass, and, as my pistols were both empty, retreated, acting on the defensive; when he pulled out his, fired, and hurled the weapon at my head. The shot passed without injuring me—but the pistol, aimed with better effect, struck me full in the forehead. A thousand sparks of light flashed from my eyes—I felt myself reeling, and on the point of falling,

when a cut across the shoulder stretched me at once on the ground. When I recovered from my stupor, and opened my eyes, the morning was far advanced—the sun was shining bright overhead; and I found myself at sea, lying on the deck of the cutter; and Duff busily engaged in examining my wounds. From him I learned that the pirates had been mastered after a severe conflict—in which four had been slain, and left on the island; two had escaped unobserved during the fight, and made off with their boat; and two had been wounded, and were prisoners on board, one of whom was Mahone. On our arrival at Porto Rico, we delivered them over to the civil power; and, soon afterwards, Mahone was tried for the murder of the priest, when he was convicted on our evidence, condemned, and executed. Under good nursing, and care, I gradually recovered.

Isabella is not now that destitute and unprotected orphan whom I first saw on the middle of the western ocean—but the happy mistress of a happy home, diffusing life and gladness on all around her. My friend Duff has lately been placed on the list of post captains, and is anxiously waiting for more bustling times, when there will be more knocking about, and more hard blows got, than what our present peace establishment admits of. John Wyllie, too, has had advancement in his line, being now master of one of the finest ships from Clyde; and I had the additional satisfaction of knowing that none of the crew had reason to regret their having jeopardized their lives in fighting for the "Pirate's Treasure."

TO A LITTLE LAND-BIRD,

Which settled on a Vessel, between two and three miles from the nearest Shore.

Welcome, weary, winged stranger,
Welcome to our rocking bark;
Welcome, 'mid this wide-spread danger,
As the night grows wild and dark.
Why suspect us? we are friendly,—
Cease thy fluttering,—go to rest,—
We a resting-place will lend thee,
Here benighted from thy nest.
Yes, the hardy sailor hails thee
As a wanderer from thy home:
Wonders what can so far wing thee,—
Tempt thee, like himself, to roam.

But here's one whose gentler bosom
Feels kind pity's higher swell;
To his bosom, wanderer, welcome,—
There thy sorrows, stranger, tell.
Come and pour thy little sorrows,
They shall touch some kindred chords;
Tun'd to sympathy, which borrows
Strength from what its aid affords.
Yes, here's one to grief no stranger,
One whose breast for thee can move;
Come, then, little airy ranger,
Come, and all his pity prove.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(Sel. Mag.)

SLEEPING ON THE TOPS OF HOUSES.

1 SAMUEL ix. 26. "*And it came to pass about the spring of the day, that Samuel called Saul to (on) the top of the house, saying, Up, that I may send thee away.*"

"It has ever been a custom with them, equally connected with health and pleasure, to pass the night in summer upon the housetops, which for this very purpose are made flat, and divided from each other by walls. We found this way of sleeping extremely agreeable, as we thereby enjoyed the cool air, above the reach of gnats or vapours, without any other covering than the canopy of the heavens, which unavoidably presents itself in different pleasing forms upon every interruption of rest, when silence and solitude strongly dispose the mind to contemplation." WOOD'S BALBEC.

"At night all sleep on the tops of their houses, their beds being spread upon their terraces without any other covering over their heads than the vault of heaven. The poor seldom have a screen to keep them from the gaze of passengers; and as we generally rode out on horseback at a very early hour, we perceived on the tops of the houses, people either still in bed, or just getting up, and certainly no sight was ever stranger. The women ap-

peared to be always up first, while the men were frequently seen lounging in bed long after the sun was risen."

MORIER.

"Among the hurtful animals that Egypt produces, those that we call gnats ought not to be forgotten. If their size prevents all apprehension of dangerous accidents from them, their multitudes make them insupportable. The Nile water which remains in the canals and the lakes into which it makes its way every year, produces such a prodigious quantity of these insects, that the air is often darkened by them. The night-time is that in which people are most exposed to receive punctures from them, and it is with a view to guard themselves from them that they sleep so much on the tops of their houses, which are flat-roofed. These terraces are paved with square flat stones, very thin; and as in this country they have no apprehensions from rain or fogs, they are wont to place their beds on these roofs every night, in order to enjoy their repose more undisturbedly and coolly than they could any where else. Gnats seldom rise so high in the air. The agitation of the air at that height is too much for them: they cannot bear it."

MAILLET.

THE FIGURATIVE STYLE.

The use of figurative language is often supposed to be a departure from the simplicity of nature. But this supposition is the result of a superficial view of the method in which thoughts are obtained and communicated. It appears very plausible to say, "A simple thought will naturally express itself in as few words as possible, and without any of the ornaments of language." And it may without difficulty be inferred from this, that all amplification and all adoption of figurative language is the result of second thoughts, and is, in the mind of the writer, a labour independent of and posterior to the original view of the subject which presented itself to him.

This, however, is by no means a satisfactory method of accounting for the use of ornamental language. A little closer inspection of the subject will convince us that speakers and writers were driven upon this method by mere necessity,—that it was the paucity of language which first made them use one word instead of some other more appropriate term with which their vocabulary was not yet enriched. In the infancy of arts the difficulty of finding words expressive of the various inventions which were gradually made, threw them upon an improper and accommodated application of such words as they already knew to things with which they had been hitherto un-

acquainted. And afterwards, when suitable terms were devised, they still found a force and beauty in the accommodated application of other language, which made them persevere in its use when it was no longer absolutely necessary, and they soon perceived that to be an excellence which at first appeared to be a defect.

The beauty of figurative language consists chiefly in this. It gives a kind of living representation to the thing described. The reader seems rather to *see* than to hear of it; and as a picture of a man gives a far more correct idea of his form and aspect than the most accurate verbal description of his features can do,—so a truth presented in a well-chosen figure, impresses upon the mind a more lively conception of its just proportions and its true beauty than it would be able to produce by the most plain & clear demonstration made in the set terms of logical precision.

That the Scriptures should abound in figurative language will not appear surprising to any who are acquainted with the Asiatic style of thinking and writing. And it would have been an internal evidence against their truth, had this great characteristic of Eastern composition been wanting. This consideration would be of itself sufficient to account for and to justify the adoption of a style much more ornamented than that which prevails with us. There is, however, a reason for the use of figures in Scripture which does not apply with equal force to any other composition whatever. The great subject on which it treats is one which no human language can reach. It is a revelation *from* God, and *of* God. He is at once the *Author* and the *Subject* of it; and therefore when he speaks to ignorant man he lowers the theme to their capacity by presenting heavenly things in earthly language. Thus, when God speaks of himself as seeing, hearing, walking, or manifesting any of the human passions, he speaks after the manner of men, and tells us, not what actually takes place, but figuratively represents himself to us in such a language as most nearly conveys to us the right impression of his conduct. And how, we may ask, could he other-

wise give us any knowledge of himself at all? Our language has no words for this high subject, our minds have no capability of entering directly into it. We must therefore be contented with such a glimpse of it, as may be obtained thro' the veil of natural things.

It is true, after all, that our conceptions of God, thus obtained, must be imperfect,—but it is necessary that they should be so. And 'it may serve to humble the intellectual pride of man, to know, that he can only acquire his knowledge of the things that are above, by the aid of the things that are beneath. How scanty then are the materials of his knowledge!

Yet it is wonderful how great impression may be made upon the mind by a right use and disposition of these materials. Of this the Sacred Writers were well aware. Hence, do they wish to convey a deep impression of the majesty of God? they look round on all that is awful and sublime in nature, and press it into the service of their description of God. If he speaks, he speaks in pealing thunders, and the earth trembles at the sound of his voice. If he descends from heaven, he rides upon a cherub, and flies upon the wings of the wind; He touches the mountains, and they smoke, the tempest roars, the devouring flame is his precursor, clouds and darkness are round about him, and every thing that is terrific to the human heart is accumulated around the throne of Majesty to present some notion of dazzling splendour.

Is divine *love* the subject which they would explain? whatever is tender and affecting is brought from the storehouse of natural imagery, to give us some conception, however inadequate, of this great theme. As a shepherd, He gathers the lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom; as a father, He pities his children, knows their frame, and remembers that they are dust. How affecting is such an exclamation as this in reference to rebellious sinners, *I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.* Take the figurative language from it, and all its force is gone, all the affection that glows in it is lost.

We are indebted to the figure for all that is tender in the expostulation, and for all that is affecting in the reproof that it conveys.

Christ is called *The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world*. The designation of lamb is used to convey to us the idea of atonement by sacrifice—and how forcibly it is thus conveyed! What other term could be substituted which would mean so much, and which would so deeply impress the mind of the reader? It represents the character of Christ in unspeakable loveliness; the innocence, meekness, and patience of Christ all

rush upon the view; the value of his sacrifice is implied in his being called the Lamb of God—God's chosen and approved victim; the depth of his sufferings; the efficacy of his death; and our consequent obligations to him; are all placed before us in a single sentence, which owes its chief beauty and its greatest force to the figure employed in it.

It is not however to be concealed, that there are figures in Scripture which do not strike us as being so appropriate to the subjects which they are designed to represent, as those to which we have just alluded.

PREDICTED DESOLATION OF BABYLON.

ISAIAH xiii. 21. "*But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there.*"

"In my second visit to Birs Nimrood, while passing rapidly over the last tracks of the ruin spread ground, at some little distance from the outer bank of its quadrangular boundary, my party suddenly halted, having descried several dark objects moving along the summit of the hill, which they construed into dismounted Arabs on the look out, while their armed brethren must be lying concealed under the southern brow of the mound. Thinking this very probable, I took out my glass to examine, and soon distinguished, that the cause of our alarm were two or three majestic lions, taking the air upon the heights of the pyramid. Perhaps I never had beheld so sublime a picture to the mind as well as the eye. These were a species of enemy which my party were accustomed to dread without any panic fear; and while we continued to advance, though slowly, the hallooing

of the people made the noble beasts gradually change their position, till in the course of twenty minutes they totally disappeared. We then rode close up to the ruins, and I had once more the gratification of ascending the awful sides of the Tower of Babel. In my progress I stopped several times to look at the broad prints of the feet of the lions, left plainly in the clayey soil; and by the track I saw that if we had chosen to rouse such royal game, we need not go far to find their lair. But while thus actually contemplating these savage tenants wandering amidst the towers of Babylon, and bedding themselves within the deep cavities of her once magnificent temple, I could not help reflecting, how faithfully the various prophecies had been fulfilled which relate in the Scriptures to the utter fall of Babylon, and abandonment of the place—verifying in fact the very words of Isaiah, *Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there.*"

SIR R. K. PORTER.

(Lon. Mag.)

THE SECOND ADVENT OF THE SAVIOUR.

The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowly shape he came;
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man and full of woes.

The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wrath, and robe of storm;
On cherub's wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

Can this be He, who, wont to stray
A pilgrim in the world's highway;
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride;
Can this be He—the crucified?

Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain,
And seek the mountain's shade in vain!
But saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall shouting sing, "The Lord is come!"

BIOGRAPHY OF A CENTENARIAN.

(Mon. Mag. March.)

ACCOUNT OF MARY NOBLE, OF PENRITH, IN THE 107TH YEAR OF HER AGE ;

BY THOMAS BARNES, M.D.

MARY NOBLE was born at Harresheugh, in Cumberland. Her parents were poor labouring people, and were chiefly employed in agriculture. Both of them lived to be very old, and had ten children ; several of whom, also, reached a very advanced age. She was brought up with plain and simple food ; and was accustomed, from her youth, to industry and hard labour. At thirty years of age she married to William Noble, a miller, by whom she had three children ; all of whom died of acute diseases in their infancy. Mary Noble is a very short and small woman ; and, at present, would not weigh more than between four and five stone.

Old age is strongly marked in her countenance and general appearance. Her forehead and face are much wrinkled ; her eyes are clear, but her eyelids are partially everted and affected with lippitude ; she has had no teeth these twenty years, but her gums are so firm, that she can masticate a piece of hard bread with comparative ease ; her hearing began to fail about three years ago, and has since gradually declined ; for the last three months she has been very deaf, and at present can scarcely hear any thing ; her sight is still good ; three years ago it was so good, that she had no occasion for glasses, and could thread a small needle ; her hair, which is flaxen, of a leaden cast, is thick and long, and has undergone very little change ; it has been a source of profit to her, as she has frequently sold a crop of it for 10s., 15s. and even 20s. She had always a retentive memory ; when 106 years old, it was perfect, and she used to relate an account of the second rebellion ; she said she remembered it well ; at that time she resided at Stockbridge as a servant, and saw some of the rebels hung on Penrith Fell. Mary Noble can read a little, and occasionally reads her bible. For the last four or five years she has used a stick in walking ;

but walks perfectly upright. There is no contraction of her limbs. Her pulse is regular, of good strength, and beats about ninety in a minute. Her respiration is easy and uniform. She sleeps much, has a good appetite, and generally has an alvine evacuation twice or three times a-week ; but sometimes only once.

She has led an active and industrious life ; and in general has enjoyed good health. She never had any blood drawn, nor took any medicines, excepting once an opium pill, for a cough, which made her so sick and ill, that her life was almost despaired of. Her husband rented a corn-mill at Melmerby, and she was then in the habit of rising at three o'clock in the morning, and going with carts to Alston, a distance of eleven miles, over one of the wildest, coldest, and most dreary parts of Cumberland. When she was seventy-two or seventy-three years of age her husband died, and she was afterwards employed as housekeeper to a farmer at Old Town. She then regularly drove ponies laden with corn, to Carlisle and Penrith markets ; each place being about nine miles distance from her residence. When ninety years of age, she used to reap during the harvest ; the person with whom she is now living tells me, she would walk a mile to the field, carry her ridge with the other reapers, and walk home at night. From her youth her chief employment has been spinning and working in husbandry ; and she has been very active and laborious.

Her diet has been of the plainest kind ; she generally lived abstemiously, but did not object to drink a little spirits or ale occasionally. For some years past she has lived chiefly upon tea, which she likes strong, and takes with cream, but without sugar. Sometimes she has a little milk or broth, but tea is her favourite food ; and she has often taken it three times a-day. She

began to drink tea about sixty-five years ago, when she had a present of some made to her by Mr. Pattinson, of Melmerby. She used, at that time to boil it in the kettle. She has always been accustomed to a warm dress, and generally wore flannel next her shift. Within the last three years she rose early in the morning, cleaned the fire-irons, put on the fire, and wrought all kinds of house-work. Until three months ago, she spun linen-yarn with a spinning-wheel, which is a common occupation among the peasantry of Cumberland. The yarn she spun was fine, and of a good quality. I lately saw a very handsome table-cloth that had been made of it; and it is worthy of remark, that this table-cloth was spun by her when 106 years of age, and woven by a blind man.

Notwithstanding the many circumstances that abridge life, it is not at present a very rare thing, to meet with persons upwards of 100 years of age; and it is a mistaken notion to suppose, that men do not live so long now as formerly. When the population of Great Britain was taken in 1821, there were in England fifty-seven men and 111 women, of 100 years of age and upwards; in Wales, there were three men and eighteen women; and in Scotland, forty men and sixty-two women; making a total of 291 persons. But the ages of one-ninth part of the population were not obtained, nor is the exact age of any individual mentioned; so that we cannot ascertain, from the returns, how much some of them might exceed a century. It is stated, that many of

them were upwards of 100; but as no question was proposed by the returning officers, respecting the age of any person above 100, so no answer has been made to that effect. The counties of England, in which the most cases of longevity were met with, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, were Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Monmouth, Hereford, and the North Riding of York. In Scotland, the shires of Ross and Cromarty, and Inverness, furnished the greatest number of instances; and in Wales, the counties of Brecon and Pembroke. The results of the population-acts afford satisfactory evidence, that our ancestors did not enjoy the same degree of health and longevity that we do at present. The annual mortality has decreased nearly one-third in forty years. In 1780, the rate of mortality was taken at one in forty; in 1795, at one in forty-five; in 1801, at one in forty-seven; in 1811, at one in fifty-two; and in 1821, the results of the census show a mortality of one in fifty-eight. The limits of human life are the same now as formerly, and will probably always continue the same; but more persons live now to an advanced age than in former times.

This country has become more favourable to health and longevity, since more attention has been paid to the cleanliness and ventilation of our houses and large towns; and since warmer clothing, and a more nourishing and more easily digestible diet, have been employed.

SONNET. TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP

Sweet harp, as onward flow'd thy plaintive strains
 I felt within each sacred passion move,
 My soul, exulting, long'd to burst its chains,
 And soar to worlds of harmony and love.
 Methought it was my sainted mother's hand
 Which rov'd so sweetly o'er thy vocal string,
 Waking some strain of that celestial land
 Where angel-choirs their hymns of glory sing.
 Hail, harp Æolian, may my soul like thee
 Be form'd for sweetness, melody, and praise;
 Let not the summer breeze alone from me
 Draw songs of gratitude and heavenly lays,
 But may the wintry blast, adversity,
 Cause sweeter notes, sublimer harmony!

(Spl. Mag.)

A SABBATH AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

(Lon. Mag.)

OF this little, sweet, and enthusiastic poem, we have no wish to give a regular account; indeed no very regular account can be rendered of a work recording the various feelings, and duties, and meditations of a single day, and which aspires after no particular regularity of narrative, or strict continuity of action. To a lover of silent or animated nature—to one to whom the sabbath comes, not alone as a release from the dust and sweat of weekly toil, but as a time for purer aspirations and chastened thought, and the meek and mild austerities of devotion, these verses will be very welcome. We know not that they display great originality of thought, or contain much of that wrapt and inspired fervour which sheds such a charm over the contemplative poetry of Wordsworth. The following passage affords a good specimen of the mannered beauty which distinguishes our author's style :

There is an isle by balmy breezes blest,
A green gem in the ocean of the west,
Where first the spring unfolds the mountain flower,
And summer lingers longest in the bower;
Bright ocean-lakes the favour'd shores surround,
Waving in sun-light like a zone unbound;
Stretching afar among romantic hills,
Till to the charmed eye they seem like hills;
Groves of unsullied verdure fringe the land,
Whose branches cast their shadows on the strand,
Or are within the limpid mirror seen,
In forms more lovely and a softer green.
Smooth as the summer sea the valley lies,
The little hills like summer billows rise,
Succeeding still in gentle interchange,
Amid the garden, or the woodland range;
Till nature seems the work of matchless art,
And art like nature steals upon the heart.

This writer's lines have more of the gentleness and meekness of James Graham, than of any other of the worthies of sacred verse. There is more softness than strength,—more to move the heart to sober and staid gladness, than to warm and elevate it. The outward and inward man of a presbyterian assembly is reflected with great truth, and with no inconsiderable share of the grace and charms of poesy.

To say that the poem is the image of a Scottish sabbath day, will present

a complete idea of it to many of our readers; these lines are characteristic :

That morn the Isle with expectation bright,
Its people pours from valley and from height.
The tartan'd maidens, link'd in rosy wreath,
Glisten like sunbeams from the mountain heath.
There the fair infant group, a mother's pride,
Collect the wild flowers by the pathway side;
Or gathering round her, arm in arm entwine,
By her attracted, in her radiance shine.
In straggling bands the aged men appear,
Like venerable Patriarchs in the rear,
And, to the customs of their country true,
Robed in the mountain plaid, and bonnet blue,
Strong in the Scriptures, though in humble guise,
Unletter'd Sages—by the evangile wise;
Men who, by toil, a scanty pittance earn,
Ye mitred heads from their discourse might learn.

The little barges on the billows ride,
A navy of fair spirits on the tide;
Like milk-white doves, on outstretch'd wings they sail

With a smooth motion, in the gentle gale;
Peace with her olive in the canvass beams,
Hope leads the way, and in a rainbow gleams,
While glistening through the trees the sunny spire,
Is the bright beacon of each bark's desire.

To those of a strict contemplative mind, who prefer the matter to the manner, and to whom religion alone, without any external accompaniments, is ever dearest, we perhaps are not enhancing the beauty of the poem by saying, that its scene is laid in a region of romantic beauty,—in one of the little lovely lake isles of Scotland. But the peasantry of the north will like it not the less. Much as they are averse to the intrusion of sculptural or architectural beauty upon their devotions, they are lovers of the works of God's hand, and fond of worshipping him among their own green mountains and amid the open air. They are a thoughtful and poetical people, and lovers of Milton, and Thomson, and Jeremy Taylor, and Burns; and though they call not in the aid of instruments of music to assist them in their devotions, and are content to spend the Sabbath in a very humble tabernacle, yet when they dream of paradise, they dream of a green hill and a spreading vale, a waving wood and a running stream—a dream of their native land. They may recognize its features (and also the po-

etical ones of a certain illustrious Scotch Minstrel) in our author's concluding lines :

Dear to my spirit, Scotland, hast thou been,
Since infant years in all thy glens of green;
Land of my love, where every sound and sight
Comes in soft melody, or melts in light;
Land of the green wood by the silver rill,
The heather and the daisy of the hill,
The guardian thistle to thy foemen stern,
The wild-rose, hawthorn, and the lady-fern;
Land of the lark, that like a seraph sings;
Beyond the rainbow, upon quivering wings;
Land of wild beauty and romantic shapes,
Of shelter'd valleys and of stormy capes;
Of the bright garden and the tangled brake,
Of the dark mountain and the sun-light lake;
Land of my birth and of my father's grave,
The eagle's home, the eyrie of the brave;

Land of affection, and of native worth;
Land where my bones shall mingle with the earth;
The foot of slave thy heather never stain'd,
Nor rocks that battlement thy sons profan'd;
Unrivall'd land of science and of arts,
Land of fair faces and of faithful hearts;
Land where Religion paves her heavenward road,
Land of the temple of the living God!
Yet dear to feeling, Scotland, as thou art,
Should thou that glorious temple e'er desert,
I would disclaim thee, seek the distant shore
Of Christian isle, and thence return no more.

To them, therefore, the Sabbath among the Mountains will be welcome: we wish we could be as certain of its being acceptable to the peasantry of England.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY, NO. IV.

(Sel. Mag.)

ON LIGHT AND COLOURS.

VERY little was known either of the nature or properties of light, till the subject occupied the attention of Newton; and it is remarkable that since his time so little has been added to his acute and laborious researches.

The opinion most prevalent among his opponents was that which originated in HUYGENS, who maintained that light was a subtle fluid, filling space, and rendering bodies visible by the undulating motion into which it is thrown. He conceived, that when the sun rises it agitates this fluid, and that these undulations are gradually extended like those on the surface of a pool of water, till at length they strike against our eye, and the sun thus becomes visible. Euler, a celebrated mathematician, embraced the same opinion, and called to his aid the whole of his strong reasoning powers in order to support it; but all his labour and great talents were exhausted in vain.

The majority of philosophers, with Newton as their leader, considered light as a substance consisting of small particles constantly separating from luminous bodies, moving in straight lines, and rendering objects visible, by passing from them and entering the eye. This acute observer discovered, that when a portion of light was made to pass through a round hole and fall upon a triangular prism, and then transmitt-

ed upon a sheet of white paper, the image, or spectrum as it is called, instead of being circular like the hole, as might have been expected, was oblong, and terminated by circular arches.—The colours were in the following order. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. The red was the least refrangible, the violet the most, and the rest intermediate. And supposing the whole of the coloured image, or spectrum, to be divided into 360 parts, he ascertained by actual admeasurement, that the proportions were as follow.

Red.	Orange.	Yellow.	Green.	Blue.	Indigo.	Violet.
45	27	48	60	60	40	80

=360.

These are the seven primary colours, of which every single ray of white light is composed; so that, in fact, each ray of common or white light is not one single ray, but seven distinct rays, of seven different colours, all of which may be separated by means of the prism, and may likewise be again collected and reunited; in which case they appear white light as before.

But though light is thus generally considered as consisting of seven primary colours, there are many who suppose that these primary colours are only three; viz. red, yellow, and blue: and much may certainly be advanced in support of the opinion; for it is well known that these three colours

are capable of forming all the others. Thus the

Red and yellow will produce orange.

Red and blue ————— indigo and violet, according to the proportions used. And

Blue and yellow will produce green.

Besides, it is seen by inspecting the coloured spectrum, that the different parcels of rays are not very distinct at their edges, but appear to be intermingled with those which are contiguous, so that it is exceedingly difficult to determine where one colour ends and the other begins.

I have mentioned that the seven primary colours may be combined together so as to produce white light; this is also the case with the *three* primary colours when mixed in proper proportion. The experiment may be tried, in both cases, by means of a common spinning-top, which, if painted with either the three or the seven colours, and made to spin, these colours, by this quick motion, will be blended together, and a whitish colour will be seen as the product of their union, and not the real colours themselves. Were the colours employed in painting the top quite perfect, and were they likewise used in their proper proportions, the combined colour would be perfectly white, but in general it appears of a darkish or dusky hue.

Almost all bodies have the property of absorbing the light which falls upon them. They do not, however, take up all the rays indiscriminately. Some absorb one coloured ray, and others another, while they reflect the rest. This is the cause of the different colours in bodies. A green cloth, for example, has the property of absorbing all the colours except the green, and this colour which it reflects, and which consequently is seen by us, causes persons to suppose that the cloth itself is actually green. But this is so far from being the case, that it does not receive within it the green colour, but reflects or sends it back again; and it merely appears to us green, because the green rays come from the body to us. Colour therefore is not inherent in bodies, but is merely a property of light.

Green bodies, then, reflect the green rays, and absorb all the rest: and a red body reflects the red rays, and ab-

sorbs all the others. A white body reflects all the rays, and absorbs none; while, on the contrary, a black body absorbs all, and reflects none: and it is owing to these circumstances, that when black bodies are exposed to the sun they become sooner heated than others, and of course constitute the warmest parts of our clothing. And white bodies, in the same way, being least disposed to receive heat, form the coolest parts of our dress.

The coloured rays of light are found to differ in their power of illuminating objects. For if an equal portion of each of these rays, one after another, be made to illuminate a minute object, a printed page for instance, it will not be seen distinctly at the same distance in each case. Those rays at the middle of the spectrum possess the greatest illuminating power, and those at the extremity the least; and this accounts for the indistinctness of such parts of a map as may happen to be coloured with blue or indigo, or red; and the same may be remarked of printed pages which are worked off on paper of either of these colours. For these facts of the illuminating power of the different rays, we are indebted to the experiments of the late Sir Wm. Herschel.

Though the primary colours of light, as specified above, are but few, they are still capable of almost endless combination, and of course of similar variation. The workers in mosaic, in Rome, are said to have 750,000 different tints, which the artist can distinguish with the greatest ease; and their number, no doubt, might be considerably increased.

The different colours of bodies depend upon the affinity of their respective particles for the particular rays which they absorb, and their want of affinity for the rest. Thus, if a small quantity of the infusion of blue cabbage be poured into a wine glass, and a single drop of nitric, or sulphuric acid, be added, the blue colour will be changed into beautiful red. The reason of which is, that the new substance formed by the acid and the cabbage infusion, possesses an affinity for another set of colouring rays to what it had previously, viz. an affinity for all the rays

of light except the red. These therefore are absorbed, and the red rays, for which the mixture has no affinity, are let loose. In the same manner, if a drop of the nitrate of copper be let fall into a glass, and it be filled with clean water, it will appear colourless; but upon adding to it a drop of liquid

ammonia, which is also colourless, the mixture will assume a beautiful deep blue colour; the compound in this case also having a different affinity to what the substances separately possessed, viz. an affinity of all the primary colours excepting the blue, which is of course reflected.

THE MISCELLANY.

(Mon. Mag.)

EMPLOYMENT AND ASSOCIATION OF BIRDS.

What regal vestments can with them compare!
What kings so shining! or what queens so fair!

THE 'fowls of the air' have had many advocates in their praise; artists have lengthened their memory in beautiful hues, poets have pleaded in descriptive language for their preservation, and generous hands have spread the sweet crumb in winter for them. They have 'their exits and their entrances;' and, parodying our great British poet, 'one bird plays many parts.' Though birds have the range of life betwixt the visible earth and heaven, what difficulties they encounter, how many enemies they avoid! The 'game-laws,' the sporting cockney, the wary fowler, the lime-twigg urchin, the soothing bell, the night-approaching clap-net;* and, lastly, the wire domestic cage. Those persons who never indulge in the softer impulses of reflection, are ready to call me a 'bird-fancier,' one who has more sympathy than sense. This I deny. But I reprobate habitual cruelty in my fellow-creatures, for the want of duly considering the use and abuse which 'lordly man' exercises to the feathered race.

* A custom prevailed in the country, some years past, for a party to go into the woods to take birds in the following manner:—One person took a torch, another a paddle, a third a bell, and a fourth a bag. An inquisitive gentleman of the village wished to join them, and they persuaded him to carry a grindstone upon his shoulder, to sharpen the clapper, if necessary. This he bore most patiently through bog and glen, in darkness and peril, till they all returned home again with twenty dozen of fieldfares, laughing most heartily at his unsuspecting credulity. This fact is worthy of preservation with the legends of Coggeshall's and Gotham's wise men.

To see a man six feet high leaning over a bridge with a rod and line, twelve hours successively, and merely get a 'glorious nibble,' is no enviable sight to me, more than to behold another man riding his horse to death, to drive a hare to its last home. If flogging can be justified in the catalogue of our laws for crimes, I think a few lashes for the angler, the horse-racer, the animal-hunter, and the voluntarily self-defence follower, might render the pursuit less frequent and less obnoxious. Mr. Martin may be laughed at by the cruel for his regard for the brute creation, and Mrs. Fry receive the unmerited disapprobation of recreants for her desire to reform the vicious. The accumulation of crime, and the immoral example of fashion, call for the virtuous to exert their energies in ameliorating those who have neither courage nor condition to ameliorate themselves. But these subjects require more elucidation than I intend in this paper to propose. My theme is with birds, not with beasts or fishes.† Every lover of Milton's purified muse must recollect his ardent expressions of birds, especially the nightingale, his 'sweet bird!' Chaucer, his predecessor, rehearsed many of his best pieces to the 'small fowl,' and the 'assembly of fowls,' to the birds that sleep with 'open eye,' to the 'cuckoos,' the 'falcons,' and the 'merlins.' Dryden was enamoured of the 'chanticleer' in Chaucer, and 'the lark that at heaven's gate sings.' Drayton paints the colours of the 'pea-

† The ancients, heathens, Greeks, and Romans, revered birds, inasmuch as they thought them ominous of life, death, prosperity, victory, adversity, and vanquishment.—*Vide their History.*

cock,' and addresses the 'plover, and thrushes,' in many lovelorn plaints. Cowper loved birds, and employed his eloquent humanity in their behalf. Mrs. Barbauld has written petitions for 'robins.' Keates wrote a sonnet in the wood for the birds that had been robbed. Kerriek and Marvell rehearsed 'the loves of birds.' Cowley used to admit a bird into his grot, at Chertsey, for humble pittance. Watts tamed a sparrow at the top of Lady Abney's house, where he studied. Elijah was fed by ravens. Bloomfield has spoken very prettily of birds in his delightful 'Farmer's Boy.' Shakspeare alludes continually to birds in his works. Not a valentine is offered at Cupid's shrine without the auspices of 'the feathered choir,' 'the warbling quire,' and 'the songsters of the grove.' I do firmly believe birds are worshippers of nature and heaven. I believe they waft their offerings to the skies continually. I believe their wakening meetings at sunrise are spent in gratitude. I believe the voices which they tune are consecrated to divinity. Methinks I hear the sluggish complain that he hates the noise; and that he is awoke too soon; that he cannot slumber again: I am otherwise. Twenty birds, at least, meet of a morning in a tree before my bed-room window. Their regular devotion awakes my heart and inspires my love to join in their early praise. When an hour has elapsed, these birds separate to their several avocations. Their instinct guides them to food and industrious habits. 'Birds in their little nests agree,' says Watts. Washington Irving has shown, in his 'Tales of the Hall,' at the 'rookery,' what birds can do, and how tenacious they are of propriety and decorum in all their household discipline. Trees are the bird's paradise, yet they are social. Birds are fond of men naturally, but not the instruments of deceit; they dread men because of the engines of destruction. Yet birds in populous places seem aware that men cannot be their destroyers, by their pert familiarity and inquisitive intrusions. They seem to know, that men dare not shoot them for fear of shooting others of the 'winged tribe.' The sparrow takes

up his abode in the eaves of our dwelling. The owl comes to our ivied habitations; the wren is protected in our shed; the robin in a private nook in our wall; the swallow takes the airy part of our chimney; the martin dabs its ingenious plan together with mortar in a corner of our window; and our fowls accommodate themselves to our convenience for sheltering and rusticating them. 'O had I the wings of a dove!' exclaims the fugitive, 'for then I should be at rest.' Noah trusted to a bird for dry land. The beauty of birds is incomparable. Their constancy is proverbial. Their instruction to their young valuable. The harmony of birds surpasses all other sounds. They obtain their livelihood without injury to mankind. And it is erroneous that they destroy blossoms, and consume corn, but in exceptionable instances; on the contrary, they resort to trees and flowers, and eat the insidious insect,—'the worm in the bud that feeds on the damask cheek.' Birds are tractable and imitative. They can be taught to draw water, and articulate like the human voice. All birds are not even destitute of an approximation to reason. The seat of happiness cannot be more delightfully imagined than in the existence of a bird's nest full of happy young, and nurtured under the sheltering wing and warm bosom of their parents. Birds are fond of liberty. Freedom, like air, is their life. Thomson is alive to their interest in his paraphrase on the latter part of the 6th chap. Matth. He says,

Behold, and look away your low despair!
 See the light tenants of the barren air:
 To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
 Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
 Yet your kind heavenly father bends his eye
 On the least wing that flits along the sky.
 To him they sing when spring renews the plain,
 To him they cry in winter's pinching reign,
 Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain:
 He hears the gay and the distressful call,
 And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
 If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven be feeds,
 If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
 Will he not care for you, ye faithless! say,
 Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

J. R. PRIOR.

Islington, March 1, 1824.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

A man of fashion wished to be introduced to the late Dr. Johnson : this was accordingly effected by means of Mrs. Otway, a lady for whom the doctor entertained the greatest respect. At the hour appointed, he came to the door in an elegant chariot, and, after a loud *rat-tat-tat*, demonstrative of his consequence, entered the drawing-room, in a dress-suit, with a bag, sword, &c. Having been educated at the university of Dublin, and reckoned a good scholar in his youth, he hoped to recommend himself to the colossus of literature by a display of his early acquirements. After a speech of about half an hour, interlarded with plentiful quotations of Greek and Latin, he turned round towards his new acquaintance, in the full expectation of being complimented on his parts. How great, then, was his disappointment, when the doctor, addressing himself to the lady of the house, with his usual solemnity, said, "I will be much obliged to you, madam, if you will send one of your servants to the toy-shop, for a rattle to entertain this gentleman you wish me to be acquainted with."

SCANDERBEG.

The public has never yet been in possession of a life of Scanderbeg, a work that would doubtless be very interesting to all such as enquire into the manners, military constitutions, and circumstances, of governments and people in past ages. Scanderbeg was bred a Turk, and at the age of forty became a Christian. Soon after, he asserted his hereditary right to the principality of Albania, and recovered it. In various fields of battle, in numberless encounters with the enemies of his country, he performed prodigies of valour, and evinced such a knowledge of the military art, in a defensive war, as it is difficult to find a parallel for in history. With a feeble garrison, he defended his little city Croja against all the Turkish host, under Amurath II. and dared to contend with a greater foe, Mahomet II. In the conspicuous achievements of this hero, valour might seem a principal subject, as the military power of the Turks was then at its height; but,

though brave to conquer, Scanderbeg was braver still, in restraining those sons of violence oftener by stratagem than by force. A history of the campaigns of this great and noble-minded captain would justly demand the respect, admiration, and esteem, of all who regard war as a necessary evil, employed by God to punish itself.

REVENGE.

The following was communicated to me, by a friend of John Philip Kemble, as a circumstance which occurred in Worcestershire. Two lads were engaged in robbing an orchard, and afterwards one of them impeached the other; for which his companion swore bitterly that, one day or other, he would be revenged. They arrived at the age of manhood, when the injured retired from business to a county far from his native one. The impeacher had adopted a sea-faring life; and, at length being shipwrecked, was taken, apparently lifeless, to the house of an aged man, who was bedridden; he did not see his guest, who lay in the next room to him. While the sailor was recovering, he recounted to the maid-servant several incidents of his life, which were heard by the bedridden man in the next apartment, and, convinced he was the object of his ancient pique, in the dead of night he roused himself sufficiently to crawl on his hands and knees to the sailor's apartment, and struck him to the heart with a deadly weapon. The maid-servant was tried for this murder, convicted, and had nearly suffered, when the feeling of gratified revenge became too powerful for the hoary sinner, and he confessed, with delight, that he alone was the murderer.

MALHERBE'S SON,

a young man, who promised to be as celebrated as his father, having fallen in a duel, nothing could assuage the despair of his afflicted parent, who actually challenged the murderer of his son, and was with great difficulty prevented from fighting him. On being reminded that his adversary was not half his age, "so much the better," (replied the old man,) "I am but half as valuable now as I was at his time of life: the risk is therefore less, and the glory will be greater."

THE GREEKS AND TURKS RELATIVELY CONSIDERED.

BY AN ENGLISH RESIDENT AT SMYRNA.

(Month. Mag.)

A SINGLE statement, made some time ago by a late minister at the head of foreign affairs, has induced me to lay before you those plain facts which have come within my own knowledge and observation. It was stated, with the most unaccountable ignorance, in the House of commons, that the Turkish population of Europe exceeds ten millions; but every man, at all conversant with the history of Turkey, must be aware, that when the Turkish empire was in the zenith of its greatness and power, in the reign of Solymán the Magnificent and his immediate successors, never was the Mahometan population in Europe tantamount to half of his lordship's estimate. The aggregate of souls may be nine millions, of which number the Greek constitute more than three-fifths. Commerce, industry, and more temperate habits, have tended to aggrandize the numerical strength of the Greeks, though groaning beneath the rod of oppression; while, in the same ratio, civil wars, plague, and the bow-string, have unceasingly carried on the work of depopulation among the slaves of this abhorred despotism.

The formidable invaders of Europe, who, under the conduct of Mahomet the Second, in 1453, poured like a torrent over the finest regions of Europe, and took the fairest city in the world, have been enervated by luxury and idleness, and have degenerated from the warlike spirit and hardihood of their ancestors. The Ottoman empire is the shadow of its former greatness, destitute of all real strength; its name alone inspires terror by the cruelties exercised on its ill-fated victims; and the mighty fabric of its power would be shaken by the first conflict with a foreign invader.

These remarks are not speculative, but are undeniably certain, and may be confirmed by indisputable facts. The victorious Ottomans, whose course the arms of the German emperors were un-

able to arrest, who twice laid siege to Vienna, and even advanced into Hungary, have within the last two years proved themselves unable to hold the provinces on the Danube. They have been compelled to evacuate Moldavia and Wallachia; Servia and Bosnia have proved that they can repel all the armies which Mahometan enthusiasm could send against them; and, a few years ago, a Russian army, insignificant in numbers, after a successful campaign, made an advantageous peace, and acquired an extent of country on her frontier.

The Morea no longer bends her neck to the barbarian Bassas; no sooner did the Greeks begin their glorious struggles for freedom, than the strong holds of this peninsula fell into their hands; while Ali Pacha alone set defiance to all the puissance of the Sublime Porte. Though the Greeks have been galled by the yoke of slavery, and cramped in their mental energies, for four centuries, they have evinced lately a high sense of patriotism, and a desire of honour and independence; and may not every man hope, when we consider their superior skill by sea, and the martial spirit and magnanimity by which they are animated, that the islands may be redeemed from the grasp of tyranny; and Greece may once more claim her just rank among the nations of civilized Europe! Nor is this notion chimerical; it becomes a moral certainty, when we consider that the Turkish fleets have been almost wholly manned by Greek sailors; in consequence of which, ever since the battle of Lepanto, when the Turkish navy was destroyed by the combined forces of Christendom, the naval power of the Mussulmans (had it not been for Greek sailors,) would have been absolutely annihilated: for the former, almost to a man, are averse to the sea-service. Nor can their available force by land be formidable, if we exclude the Janissaries, who will fight for any master

who can pay them ; and, like the Prætorian guards of imperial Rome, they dispose of the empire as their interest or inclination may lead them. Added to this, the continual revolts of the Pachas, by whose extortion the wretched people are crushed to the dust, renders this unhappy country the theatre of rapine, tumult, and injustice.

This despotism which has shaken its dreadful scourge of tyranny over the most delightful regions of Europe, is not supported, like other governments, by the discipline of its armies, the abundance of its revenues, and the number of its subjects devoted to their country. The Jannissaries are the most ferocious and turbulent militia in the world ; the revenues are compulsory tributes ; and the people gradually diminish and emigrate to those provinces where they can live under a more tolerant government. Thus this empire preys upon its vitals ; and, without any foreign enemy, must fall by its own destroying hand. Sir W. Jones, a sagacious politician as well as eminent scholar, declared the downfall of this unwieldy despotism above thirty years ago, when the political hemisphere of Europe had a far different aspect from the present ; “ the Turkish sultans (says he), whose crescent is fast approaching to its wane.”

The gigantic plans of Catharine of Russia would have founded an eastern kingdom, of which Constantinople was destined to be the capital : the brother of the reigning emperor, Constantine, was designated to this exaltation, and was so named for that purpose. How far this bold project was practicable, is left to the consideration of more acute politicians ; but the conduct of Alexander has already shown, that he has not lost sight of the prospects of this ambitious and enterprising woman ; and, whatever may be the results of negotiations now on foot, it does not want much political sagacity to declare, that the colossal arms of Russian domination will stretch from the north-west to the south-eastern extremity of Europe. For Greece cannot remain long (if she ever regain her freedom,) an independent state : her local position, between two most powerful empires, will expose her

as an easy conquest to her neighbours. She must live under the shadow and protection of a greater power : and Russia,* by her situation, her interests, and her religion, is better suited than any other nation to guarantee to this enslaved people the blessings common to the rest of Europe. The intolerable rigour and extortion, systematic among these barbarians, has driven out many cultivators into the south-eastern provinces of Russia, to the manifest detriment of the Ottoman empire ; and where they have found a safe asylum from the arm of pillage, under the sway of a more enlightened and more politic prince. Hence it is evident, that the operations of the Porte are paralyzed, its resources dried up, its trade in a state of stagnation, and the whole country a scene of misery and barrenness.

In the future dismemberment of these delectable regions, Austria, for her acquiescence in the designs of Russia, may demand some of the provinces on the Danube ; while England must be satisfied with her present possessions, the Ionian Isles, ceded by Russia ; and assent, however unwilling, to that which she cannot prevent.

With regard to the commerce of England with the Levant, it will be in a few years an absolute nullity ; and, indeed, it is now insignificant, when compared with that of the last century. Russia seems to engross almost all the advantages : she derives more gain from the trade with the Turks than all Europe together. The mode of policy of the English ministers seems most unaccountable, by the covert favour towards the Sublime Porte in the present contest now at issue between the Greeks

* The city of Odessa, constituted into a free port by the Emperor Alexander, at the instance of the Duc de Richelieu, is a master-stroke of political economy. From its geographical position, and its easy communication with Constantinople, it has a considerable trade, chiefly in corn, with the capital, and other parts of the empire. Thus, it appears that this country, so celebrated by the ancient Greek poets for its productive soil and genial climate, is dependent on foreigners for the necessaries of life. Vast tracts of land, in consequence of the rapacity of the Turkish bassas, lie uncultivated, not only in Europe, but along the extensive coast of Asia Minor.

and their inhuman persecutors the Mahometans. From Turkey this country can derive but little advantage, either commercial or political; with Greece she may be able to carry on a considerable trade,—for England would there find a good market for her colonial produce, as well as for her home manufactures. A commercial people are more prone to calculate the chances of profit and loss, than to consider the claims of humanity and Christian fellowship; yet let us dwell for a while on the claim which Greece has upon the whole European family.

The Turks, being heterogeneous in their laws and politics, as well as in religion, from the rest of Europe, who do not even acknowledge the law of nations, can never be looked upon as

rightful dwellers on European soil; they are interlopers upon the conquered, whom their barbarities have never been able to destroy; and ought therefore to be swept from the face of Europe, and driven back to the mountains and deserts of Asia, whence their ancestors spread like a torrent over the finest parts of the world, and fixed the seat of their government in the noblest and most delightful city at that time in the universe. The Greek nation became a non-entity; the good, the learned, and the wise, fled from the Goths of the east, and sought a refuge in Italy, whither they carried the fine arts, and rekindled the flame of learning and genius, which had so long laid smothered in the embers of barbarism and Gothic darkness.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

THE SMUGGLER'S CHAUNT.

When Sprites unholy vigils keep,
Allur'd by thirst of gain
We break the heavy bonds of sleep
To prow! across the main;
We value not the bounding spray,
Nor heed the surge's roar;
But, while our cutter steams her way,
Impel the sweeping oar.

'Tis not for us the Queen of night
Gives lavishly her beams;
'Tis not for us the silver light
Around her orbit streams;
But if the skies be pitchy dark,
If clouds their beauty veil,
We haste to launch our stealthy bark,
And bend the scudding sail.

Our disport lies in coming storms,
No fears our souls appal;
We see them in a thousand forms,
And madly dare them all:

And many a proudly swelling breast—
Aye, many an Outlaw brave,
Shall find a couch of lasting rest
Beneath the briny wave.

Yet would we not our hirthright yield
For landsmen's life of ease—
Let them securely range the field,
We boldly sweep the seas.
A restless, lawless course is ours,
A desperate part to play;
Nor reck we how the morrow lowers,
If fortune smile to-day.

And Woman (lamp of loveliness!
Where kindlier passions burn)
The Outlaw's fortunes deigns to bless,
And o'er his fate to mourn.
No prayer, no tomb, perchance have we—
No flow'ret decks our bier;
But Love our fading memory
Will hallow with a tear. *Rd. Sparkle.*

REFLECTIONS ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

'Tis night—the beams of parting day
Have long since shed their latest ray
Among the clouds of even;
Yet still a gleam of western light,
Defrauds the lovely queen of night
Of half her rightful heaven.

Yet, as unconscious of the sight,
She sheds a mild unchanging light
Upon this chequer'd scene;
Though clouds obscure her radiant crest,
And roll their billows o'er her breast,
Her orb is still serene.

So may I smile on others' joy
Nor let *their* happiness alloy
My shore of earthly bliss;
But may sweet friendship's smile serene
Shed its mild sunshine o'er each scene
Of earthly happiness.

And, when clouds flit o'er life's rough main,
May I as soon emerge again
To calm serenity:
The passing storms we meet below
Will lend that breast a brighter glow,
Whose rest is in the sky!

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Here I am again.

—**FOL**-de-rol de-rol-lol, fol-de-rol-de-ray. Ha! how are you, Mr. Editor?—here I am again, as staunch an old blade as ever knock'd a cock-maggot out of a king's biscuit, or shook a mosquito by the ears. Aye, aye, you may talk of your Penny-rammers and your Mar-maids in Chance-ry, your Mix-i-can scenes and Cracker-acts of the Ganges; but what are they to the sights I've seed in my life? This is a comical out-o'-the-way world I must needs own, for a man no sooner dowses his coat than somebody else is ready to put it on, and swear point-blank they have had it ever since it was a jacket. Howsomever that says nothing;—here I am again, and if you wants a few more tough yarns from the same winch, I'm your boy. What! did you think I was going to desert? Lord love you, old Jack never was the lad to flinch from his gun or forsake his colours. Let but Humanity beat to quarters and Benevolence take command, I'm on deck in a minute, and clear for action. So you see here I am again—none of your Tom-Coxes-traverse gentry, up one hatchway, down t'other—in every body's mess and nobody's watch. No, no, all fair and square by the lifts and braces, that's poor Jack's plan. None of your tea-for-two and toast-for-six without a friend to share it. Give me the feeling heart and the helping hand adorned with the richest of all earthly gems, the sparkling tear of gratitude; and this puts me in mind of a circumstance that happened the other day—There, don't be in a hurry; you gentlemen of the press are so impatient. "Let me gang my ain gait," as old Hameish says; that is, hobble along as well as I can. You forget I've got one leg in the grave, and the other is longing to be with his mate; but wait a wee, wait a wee, Mr. Editor, and you shall have it as clear as ink can make it. Why, d'ye see, an old messmate

of mine got married some years ago, and what then?—why, he'd a whole troop of children before he could look round him, and that's poor work upon three farthings a year, and receive it quarterly—it made him calculate his vulgar fractions. Howsomever he struggled with his difficulties, kiss'd his wife, nursed the bairns, and turned a penny when he could get it. Well, d'ye see, about six weeks ago he was sitting on the bench a-top of One-tree-hill in the Park, in a lack-a-day-sigh-cal manner, swinging one leg for pastime, and beating a tattoo upon the other, occasionally picking his teeth to clear them of the remains of a chesnut dinner. His last shilling was confounded restless, and had been driven from pocket to pocket undergoing fifty examinations to ascertain whether it was a good-un. He was giving it another twirl in the air, when a poor ragged Tar ran up alongside, and dowsing his truck, supplicated charity. He had not been accustomed to beg, for his head hung down with shame, without raising his eyes to the person he implored; and he was actually wearing round to sheer off without having his petition answered, when my messmate sprung up, grasp'd his hand—"What, Johnson, my worthy old soul, come to this!"—"Aye, aye, Mr. T——, (said the veteran,) needs must when the old-un drives; and I'm sure, of all the foul fiends hunger's the worst. But what's the use of distressing you with my complaints? I know you've a generous heart, and 'twill only make you more unhappy, 'cause you can't relieve them. Heaven knows half-pay's little enough for a wife and family, for I hears you're married."—"Why, aye, Johnson, I have a family, and they are so dear to my heart that I wouldn't part with one of them to be made Lord High Admiral, though I confess I'm often obliged to sail close-haul'd to get 'em a meal. However, they will dine hearty to-day, God bless

'em ! and so, my old boy, you shall share all I have in the world ; and for to-morrow—why aye—to-morrow—no matter, Providence will never see that man wreck'd upon a lee shore that takes in tow an old shipmate in distress ; so come along, Johnson—remember ' There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.' Come along, my old worthy,—a crust of bread and cheese, and a glass of grog to the King, will bowse all taut and get us in good sailing trim." And away they started for the town. - - - For several weeks after this, poor T—— got lower and lower, and his half pay was spent. Reduced to the greatest straits, in hourly expectation of being ejected from his lodgings for rent, his heart was fill'd with bitterness. A few days ago, having failed in an effort to procure a supply, he returned home half distracted. His wife sat, in calm dejection, with an infant cradled in her arms that vainly sought for nourishment, but not a tear, not a sigh, not a look escaped to wound the susceptible mind of her husband ; the arrow rankled within, but the little innocents around were crying for food. Oh what a scene was this for a parent ! " Almighty Ruler ! (exclaimed T——,) what have I done to merit thy wrath—why pour out the phials of thy indignation on my helpless offspring !" But a look from his partner calmed the intemperance of the moment, and folding his hands upon his breast, he bowed his head with pious resignation—" Father, forgive !—not my will, but thine be done !"—" Sir, you're wanted, (said the landlady of the house, tapping at the door,) there's the post-man with a letter for you."—" I have no money, my love, to pay for it, (said T—— to his wife ;) what's to be done ?"—" The postage is paid, (said the listening landlady ;) I suppose they knew you was down in the month." His heart was wrung too bitterly to heed this sore hit, and hastening to the door, " Be you Mister Squire T——, of the Royal Navy ? (titter'd the man)—be you the gemman ?"—" I suppose that letter is designed for me, (taking it ;) yes, 'tis right." He returned to his room. " Who is it from ?" inquired his wife. " I know not, (said

he,) 'tis very carefully seal'd at both ends ; but the writing and direction lead me to imagine 'tis from some poor fellow that needs assistance like myself. Oh that the time should ever arrive that I'm debarr'd the satisfaction of succouring a friend in distress ! (He pass'd his hand across his face)—Well, we'll open it and see." He unfolded the sheet, when the first thing that was presented to his sight was a Five Pound Note. Only those who have felt the pinching fangs of poverty, and witness'd the wants of those so dear to their hearts, without a shot in the locker, grasping at the last gleam of expiring hope—only those can tell what the sensations are when unexpected, unlook'd-for succour comes. He fell upon his knees—his wife clung round his neck—the children gather'd round, while he pour'd forth his heart in gratitude to Heaven. The letter ran thus :

" DR SUR URE ONNER—This kums hopping to find u well,nd to let u sea the gud tun u did ould Johnson wull niver skip from is hart—fust i kud get—bownd to Ingee—don't hundestan letter righting—God bless u—

" OULD JOHNSON."

Need I tell you what follow'd ? Oh no, you can picture it yourself. Wor thy soul ! may he never want a friend in this world, and have his name enter'd on the Book of Life in another and a better. Poor T—— ! we were shipmates together in the flag-ship under Lord H——, and that comical dog, Billy C——, was in the same mess. Billy was upwards of fifty ; and though he had had several commissions, threw them all up, preferring rather to be honoured as the oldest midshipman in the service, than be pointed at as the youngest lieutenant. He was a great favourite with the Admiral, to whom he was distantly related. Just after we had refitted at Plymouth, orders came down for the fleet to sail. Up went Blue Petre, and all hands prepared to pay their tailors' bills with the fag-end of the fore-top sail sheet ; for they knew by going to sea in his debt, he'd never cease praying for a fair wind to bring 'em home again. Well, d'ye see, Billy was ashore, and

no one could discover where he was stowed; but the Admiral, unwilling to leave him behind, requested the Lieutenant on duty to ferret him out and get him aboard. This was no easy task; and Mr. E——, after overhauling about fifty houses, was returning to make his report, when passing a door in —— street, he heard the well-known voice singing, with great glee—

“Then haul away, pull away, jolly boys,
At the mercy of fortune we go.”

Passing through the outer room and entering the kitchen, there sat Billy very comfortable by the fire, with one hand turning the spit to his own music, and with the other basting a fine fat goose that was roasting. His gold-laced cock’d hat ornamented the handle of a sauce-pan, his side-arms hung pendant from the leg of a gridiron, and his uniform coat and waistcoat dangled from the same peg with an old warming-pan—

“We’re in for it now, ’tis a folly, boys,
To be down-hearted, yo-ho!”—

But observing the lieutenant enter, his song ceased. “What cheer—what cheer? Glad to see you. What, are you come to dine with me?”—“No, Sir, (replied E——, scarcely able to refrain from a roar of laughter,) No, Sir; I come with the Admiral’s orders for you to go on board.” “What, and leave the goose!”—“Come, come, Mr. C——, be serious; there’s the signal for sailing at the mast-head, and the fleet are ‘order’d to sea directly.’ “Well, tell them to wait till the goose is done.” “Nonsense! would you skulk ashore when, perhaps, we may fall in with the enemy, and bring a few of them home with us?” “Why not altogether that; but the goose will be spoil’d, for there’s not a soul in the house beside myself.” “Oh never mind the goose, *you’ll take that with you*. But come, bear a hand, you have already incurr’d the Admiral’s displeasure, and surely you wouldn’t act ungrateful to him who has always behaved so generously to you.” “Touch my honour, touch my life. No, I’ll only get a fresh scrape and a paint, clap my rigging over the mast-head, and then we’ll make sail toge-

ther; but the goose will be burned.” “Confound the goose! (said E——, stripping off his coat)—Look smart, and I’ll turn the spit till somebody comes;” and down he sat. Away went Billy, having mounted his uniform, to call the mistress of the house, and get shaved; but scarce had he turned the corner of the street when he ran full butt against the Admiral. “Halloo, Mr. C——! (said his Lordship,) I understand your leave of absence is expired: what are you doing ashore?” “I don’t know, my Lord, I’ve been very unwell these two days—confined by a room-a-tism.” “Those are idle excuses, Sir. Pray have you seen Mr. E——? Ah, now, if I could see you copy that young man, what satisfaction and pleasure it would afford me!” Billy shrugg’d his shoulders and laugh’d. “What insolence is this, Sir! (said his Lordship)—I cannot express my indignation. Tell me directly—Have you seen that gentleman?” laying a particular stress on the last word. “Yes, my Lord, (replied Billy,) and so may you if you go to N°.—there,” pointing down the street. “What do you mean, Sir?—your insinuations are base. But come, Sir, I’ll be satisfied—show me the way;” and Billy conducted his Lordship to the door. But what was the Admiral’s surprise and chagrin to see the person he had just been commending busily engaged in attending the sputtering bird, now almost burnt to a cinder! His back was towards them, but hearing some one behind, and concluding it was the proprietor of the rookery—“Come along, old Bet, a pretty kettle of fish I’ve made of it!—there’s the fleet getting under weigh, and old Shiver-the-wind will give me a sermon as long as the main-top bow-line. Here’s the goose as brown as a berry, and I’ve burnt my fingers with the ladle.” This was too much for Billy—he roared till his sides shook. But who can paint the astonishment and embarrassment of the young Lieutenant, on turning round and seeing who was present! “Old Shiver-the-wind is greatly obliged to you, Mr. E——, (said his Lordship, bowing and walking off;) and now I shall know in

whom to place confidence again. Make haste down to the barge, and wait till I come ;” and away he went. “What’s the matter, what’s the matter, Mr. E—— ? (said Billy, almost convulsed with laughter on seeing the young Officer throw himself into the chair in an agony)—What’s the matter ? Why, the Admiral knows that Spit-head’s a naval station, and you are always fond of imitating the philosophers of grease.” ‘I’ll have satisfaction, Mr. C—— ; this is your doing.’ “So you shall, so you shall, (spreading a large sheet of brown paper, and packing the goose up in it.) You put the goose upon me, you know—I clapp’d it upon you—and now we’ll go and saddle it upon the Admiral ;” and off they set for the boat. His Lordship soon joined them, and the boat shoved off. “What, what is this smell, Coxswain ?” inquired the Admiral. “’Tis Mr. E——’s goose, my Lord,” said Billy. “How is this that you dare to presume upon my indulgence ?” “Indeed, my Lord, I—I—the goose—I—I—” replied the stammering Lieutenant. “The goose—I—I ! (reiterated his Lordship,) what do you mean, Sir ?” But Billy, seeing he had run his cable out to the clinch, and that the old gentleman began to get serious, made a thousand apologies, and explained the whole business, taking the blame to himself,

and respectfully entreating pardon where he had so often obtained it before. But ’twas not till the general action fought soon after that the Admiral was any way reconciled. “How these balls *hiss*,” said E—— to Billy, both stationed on the quarter-deck. “Aye, aye, (retorted Billy)—Aye, aye, it puts one in mind of the goose.” “So, (exclaim’d his Lordship, who had overheard it, and turned short round)—so you can’t forget the goose, Mr. C—— ! Well, well, baste the French as well as you did the goose, and I shall be satisfied.” A few minutes afterward, and the enemy dropt alongside. The boarders came rushing from their quarters, when Billy snatch’d up a cutlass, and springing from the nettings on to the Frenchman’s deck, roared out, waving his sword, “Here’s my spit ; ev’ry mon his bird, and I’ll tak gibbie ;” and cutting down all before him, though severely wounded, fought his way to the taffrail. E—— was close at his side, and together they dowsed the colours, amid the cheers of all who witness’d the exploit. The cheers were returned by the boarding party, for the finest ship in the enemy’s squadron was now their own ; and many an old goose* at Greenwich lives to tell the tale.

AN OLD SAILOR.

* *Goose*, a nickname given to the pensioners.

STANZAS TO MY INFANT BOY.

Sweet smiling cherub ! if for thee
Indulgent Heaven would hear my prayer ;
And might the threads of destiny
Be woven by maternal care ;
No golden wishes there should twine,
If thy life’s web were wrought by me ;
Calm, peaceful pleasures should be thine,
From grandeur and ambition free !

I would not ask for courtly grace
Around thy polish’d limbs to play ;
Nor beauty’s smile to deck thy face,
(Too oft possess’d to lead astray.)
I would not ask the wreath of Fame
Around thy youthful brow to twine ;
Nor that the statesman’s envied name
And tinsel’d honours should be thine !

Ne’er may War’s crimson’d laurels bloom
To crown thee with a hero’s wreath ;
(Like roses sniling o’er a tomb,
Horror and Death lie hid beneath.)

Nor yet be thine his feverish life,
On whom the fatal Muses smile ;
The Poet, like the Indian wife,
Oft lights his own funereal pile !

No !—I would ask that Virtue bright
May fix thy footsteps ne’er to stray ;
That meek Religion’s holy light
May guide thee through life’s desert way ;
That manly sense and purest truth,
A breast, Contentment’s chosen shrine,
May through the slippery paths of youth,
Unstain’d, untarnish’d, still be thine !

That Love’s chaste flame,—that Friendship’s glow,
May kindle in thy generous breast ;
That Peace (which greatness ne’er can know)
Be thy calm pillow’s nightly guest.
Sweet smiling infant ! if for thee
Indulgent Heaven would hear my prayer ;
Thus should the web of Destiny
Be woven by a mother’s care.

Traditions

OF THE

Western Highlands.

No. I.

THERE are among the Highlanders of Scotland traces of their character and their history in ancient times, which excite a much higher interest, and are of much more intrinsic value, than those more obvious peculiarities of dress and of language which have hitherto attracted general attention. These traces are to be found in the traditions of the country. But beyond some meagre and distorted fragments, transmitted at intervals, very few of these have been communicated to the public by persons who possessed sufficient information on the subject; and the difficulties of the language have made this rich store of information almost inaccessible to those who could estimate its value. The series of papers, of which this is the commencement, will be devoted to an accurate record of some of those traditions, preserved in the Western Districts of the Highlands in the Western Isles.

A plain and unaffected translation is all that is intended. The events which they relate are, for the most part, wild and extraordinary in themselves, and no attempt is made to increase or excite interest by an affectation of romance. Perfect accuracy and fidelity are the qualities most essential to their value, and are therefore the qualities by which the writer is most anxious that these papers should be

distinguished. They are communicated by a gentleman intimately acquainted with the language and the manners of the Highlanders in the present times—who was indeed born and bred among them—and who, with the advantages of learning and a very extensive acquaintance with general history, has had rare opportunities of collecting materials to throw light on the history of the Highlanders. He is not the advocate of any favourite theory, but aspires simply to communicate some of that information which he has obtained.

During the remote period to which some of these traditions refer—when in the most southern and most civilized districts of Great Britain, degrading superstitions prevailed, and acts of atrocious violence were constantly committed—it will be found that the Highlanders were deeply tinctured with the prevailing errors of the times. But it will also be found, that among them the character and manners of the people give a cast of stern and wild peculiarity to every narrative of their transactions. A strict adherence to chronological order is not thought very material; and as the date of every occurrence will be stated as accurately as possible, the subjects of each separate paper will be chosen without any effort to arrange them according to the order of time.

KOLKITTO.

The name of Kolkitto often occurs in the history of the great rebellion in the reign of Charles the First. By some he is denominated Macdonald of Kolkitto, by others Kolkitto, and by many he is confounded with his son. His name was Coll, or Colle, Macdonnell. He was a native of Ireland: his father was Archibald Macdonel, who was an illegitimate son of the Earl of Antrim. With the aid of his partisans, Coll took violent possession of the Island of Colonsay, one of the He-

brides; having driven away the Macfees, who had held it for many centuries. Coll was denominated Kittoch, or, more correctly, Ciotach, from his being left-handed. Coll had distinguished himself in the unhappy disturbances in Ireland; and when Lord Antrim sent troops to Scotland as auxiliaries in the royal cause, he served as an officer under his own son, Allister, or Alexander, who had the chief command of the corps. The father and son were well qualified for this service,

both of them being well known in the Highlands, and connected by blood or marriage with some of the best families in that country.

Coll was noted for his strength and prowess, though tainted with the cruelty too familiar to his countrymen at that time. He fought in all the battles in which the Irish auxiliaries were engaged under Montrose; he was also concerned in their plundering expeditions in Argyleshire, where private revenge was unfortunately added to the horrors of war. Many of the lyric compositions of those days extol his bravery and his bloody vengeance of his antagonists, the Campbells, though it seems he was on very friendly terms with some of that name.

Coll had possession of the Castle of Duntroon; and having placed a garrison in it, he went to another quarter; but in his absence it was taken by stratagem. He was ignorant of this misfortune, and on his return he steered his boat direct for the Castle. His own piper was then a prisoner there; and knowing his master's boat, to warn him of his danger, he played a tune which he composed for the purpose; and so accurately did the sound correspond with the meaning, that Coll understood the intention, and avoided the Castle.

After the defeat of Montrose at Philipshaugh, and the retreat of his son Alexander to Ireland, Coll was left in command of the Castle of Dunaovaig, the ancient seat of the Macdonalds of Ilay. The garrison consisted of 150 men; but the pipes which conveyed the water being cut by the enemy, on the assurance of Sir David Leslie who commanded the parliamentary forces, Coll was induced to go out of the Castle, to hold parley with his old friend Campbell of Dunstaffnage. Leslie basely broke his word, and made Coll prisoner. The Marquis of Argyle was present on this occasion, and was blamed for this. After the restoration, when Argyle was brought to trial, he was accused of the heinous crime of having ordered this garrison to be put on a rock, surrounded by the sea, to perish without food or water. He denied all knowledge of any such thing; and the

proof on this point does not appear satisfactory, nor could we find any tradition in that country of such an atrocious action.

Coll was committed to the custody of the Captain of Dunstaffnage, in whose Castle he was confined, and the tower where he lay is still named after him. That gentleman being no doubt sensible of the dishonourable treatment his prisoner had received, gave him every possibly indulgence. He permitted Coll to walk about the place, but he had cause to repent his lenity. The Marquis of Argyle charged him with misconduct; and dreading the well known severity of his chief, Dunstaffnage denied it. Argyle swore that if Coll should be found at large the Captain would be severely punished, and a messenger was despatched to ascertain the fact. Dunstaffnage being at Inverary at the time, ordered his foster-brother to set off with all speed and out-run the other, which he did; and on coming in sight of the Castle he cried out, *Coll in irons! Coll in irons!* Coll was occupied in superintending the shearing of corn at the time, and was the first who heard the cries. Conjecturing what the cause might be, he instantly retired to his dungeon, and with his own hands put on the irons. He was soon after this brought to trial before the Sheriff of Argyle, in the Castle where he was confined. Maclean, of Ardgour, who originally had been on the royal side, was one of the jury; and wishing to display his zeal for the republican cause, which with many others he then espoused, asked Coll if he had been present at the battle of Inverlochy; the prisoner boldly replied, "*By my baptism! I was so, Carle, and did more service than thyself.*" He was condemned to die, and was executed, by hanging from the mast of his own boat, laid across the cleft of a rock. He suffered death without dismay, requesting that his body might be laid so near that of his friend the Captain of Dunstaffnage, that they might exchange snuff boxes in their graves; and this request was complied with. In a song which was composed on this occasion, it is mentioned that he was hung in a

manner that decency forbids us to describe. The fate of Kolkitch was amply avenged: at the Restoration, his death and sufferings formed some

of the most serious and fatal charges against the Marquis of Argyle.

Coll's execution took place in 1647.

AMELIE.

BY N. DE JOUY. (FROM THE SAME.)

A Native of one of the small German principalities, I belonged to the superior order of the *bourgeoise*. My mother was related to the celebrated Wieland; and perhaps it was the early perusal of his works that first inspired my fondness for literary pursuits. But the situation of my father was such as to preclude my devoting to them the time required for more serious employ. The eldest of a numerous family, I felt both example and exertion were to be required from me. I gave myself up to the study of the law, and leaving the University at the age of twenty, I commenced my professional career. Not all the vivacity, not all the buoyancy of expectation, so vivid in youth, can alleviate, or at least alleviate but very slightly, the bitterness of a first separation from the home where indulgence has made the happiness of your childhood. I felt it most painful; but there was no farewell like my farewell to Amelie, the companion of my boyhood, and the idol which every thought and hope worshipped; whose *naïve* tenderness and gentle sweetness were even more endearing than her perfect beauty. Our families had been long intimately connected. Already Amelie's mother called me her son; but Amelie was as yet only fifteen, and a few years, usefully employed, would lay the sure foundation of the beautiful but uncertain visions of early life. I left them, and applied to the duties of my profession with all the ardour of a young lover, who knows that the accomplishment of his wishes depend on himself. Perhaps there is no security to a young man's principles, or such an incentive to his efforts, as a deep and early attachment. What charm can licentious pleasure have for one whose imagination is filled with all that is exalted and refined? or what stimulus can be like that which to him involves the happiness of his life? Early mar-

riages are too often productive but of mutual misery;—often rashly formed and ill assorted. Of necessity deficient in experience, what else can be expected? But an early engagement, while it involves none of the more serious cares and most harassing duties, yet fills up the heart, leaving no vacant space for less pure feeling; and we all know how animating it is to look forward, and how delicious it is to hope. Amelie wrote to me constantly; and it was something more than delight to mark how in every letter her understanding developed itself, and her character gradually acquired solidity, yet without losing its so natural grace. I had been indefatigable in my exertions, and exertion was in my case, as it usually is, crowned with success. In six months I was to return home, to family, and friends, and, more than all, to Amelie. It was at this period that I received intelligence of her mother's death. I felt not only grief, but my heart died within me with vague apprehensions of impending evil; and this feeling was any thing but allayed when I heard that an aunt was to take the place of Amelie's parent, for I was not ignorant that, as the widow of a general officer, she had access to the court of our little principality, and that, naturally given to dissipation and intrigue, her character had not always been free from reproach. But Love and Confidence are twins, and I loved Amelie too well not to confide in her. Six months soon passed, and I returned to my native city, where for a few weeks I was unutterably happy,—as happy as success, competence, and affection, could make. Amelie, changed but in added loveliness, was all I had hoped, and her birth-day was fixed for our marriage. Our fathers settled between them all those necessary arrangements so tedious to a lover; and while they were settling the mar-

riage articles, I was passing my time deliciously in the society of one whose innocence, playfulness, and gentleness, rendered each day more charming. I sometimes fancied I observed a guarded caution on the side of the aunt, never to leave us a moment alone; but it was done so gradually, so apparently by chance—her manner to myself was so caressing—she joined in all our projects with so much interest—took her part in our conversation with so much frankness and vivacity,—that her presence soon became pleasantly habitual; indeed it seemed rather a restraint on Amelie than on me. But I was too happy to think: indifference reflects, sorrow reflects, but happiness never. The evening before that fixed for the ceremony, the friends of both families were invited to a little fête which was to follow signing the contract. Every thing is an omen to a lover: Amelie was not, as usual, the first in the room, but did not make her appearance till all were assembled, and then accompanied by her aunt, who remained by her side. She looked pale, the tears stood in her eyes, and once or twice I thought she seemed anxious to speak to me; while at the same time her aunt's eye kept watching every motion, though done with so slight an effort as to be scarcely perceptible. Yet still throughout the whole evening I could not, even for a moment, speak to her uninterruptedly. In vain, reason combated the chimeras of imagination. I was placed at a card-table, where my position was such as to preclude my seeing her, and there surrounded by the chief branches of each family, with whom good manners forced me to remain till the party broke up, which it did at half-past eleven. On inquiring for Amelie, I was told, that being slightly indisposed she had retired to her bed. A prey to anxiety, the more torturing from its uncertainty, I left the house; lingering as I passed under the windows of Amelie, I heard plaintive, inarticulate sounds. I knew Amelie's voice; I distinguished that of a man, and also her aunt's. Two men, accosting me abruptly, told me to go on my way. I

recognized them as domestics to the young prince, son to our reigning sovereign. A little farther on stood his equipage. I could no longer doubt my misery—Amelie had been sacrificed by an ambitious woman. Amelie could not be guilty, but her aunt had already made her criminal. I spoke to no one; but, after wandering all night wildly through the streets, at break of day—of my wedding-day—I purchased a travelling chaise, ordered horses, and told the postillions “the frontiers of France.” I threw myself into it, and left country, home, hope, and happiness behind me for ever. It was nearly two years before I heard of my family, when I met by chance an old fellow student of Göttingen. He was going to my city, and took charge of a letter for my father. His answer informed me of all that had happened. The morning of the day which was to have made me so happy, every search was made after me—every conjecture was exhausted as to the probable cause of such unaccountable conduct. Amelie's aunt was above all loud in her reproaches. Under the pretence of ill health she then took her niece to a country house, where the frequent visits of the prince soon made her disgrace but too public. One of the prince's courtiers, a few months after, bargained for his own dishonour in marrying her. She is now *Baronne ****; and after remorse, which at first injured her health and beauty, she became accustomed to her disgraced and dissipated life. I could not bear to see her now the guilty mistress of a man whom she cannot love,—the degraded wife of a man whom she must despise. I have one memorial of past happiness; it is her picture; not copied from her own beautiful face, but from a saint of Correggio's, whose likeness is so perfect as even to satisfy me. It seems to me identified with purity and loveliness, and in gazing on it, Amelie appears to me in all the beauty and innocence of her youth. It is an illusion, but it is the only charm of a life which may have length of years, but has no future.

VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Clit Chat, Incidents, &c.

COLUMBUS.

We are at length gratified by some authentic details relative to Columbus. They proceed from his native city, Genoa, where it was lately determined to publish the collection of Documents and Memorials relative to his life, which he himself caused to be transmitted to his native city for preservation. "Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa. An agreement, (published by the Genoese academicians,) concluded in 1489, proves that Domenico Colombo possessed a house and shop, well and garden, *nella contrada di porta S. Andrea*, (in the street of St. Andrew's gate.) The year of his birth must have been either in 1446 or 1447. He was the eldest of the sons, and was probably named Christopher after a Columbus of that name who was living at Genoa in 1440, as has been observed in some manuscript notices, found among the papers of the celebrated senator Frederici. The second son was named Bartholomew, and the third, Giacomo, who was afterwards called Diego in Spain. The name of a sister, who was married to Giacomo Bavarello, a cheesemonger, has not reached us. Christopher had such an education as might be expected from a poor wool-carder. He learned reading and writing, and the first elements of arithmetic; and, in the occupation of carding wool, along with his brother Bartholomew, his early days passed in obscurity. At fourteen years of age he went to sea, and continued in the profession of a sailor until his death. In the year 1472 he went to Savona, to which city his father Domenico had, two years before, transferred his residence and woollen manufactory. Christopher became captain of a ship of war, in the service of René d'Anjou, Lord of Provence, and King of Naples. About 1475, Columbus commanded a squadron of Genoese ships and galleys. He repaired to Lisbon, where his brother Bartholomew, an able cosmographer, found employment in the preparation of sailing-charts for navigators. Columbus did not remain long idle; but set out immediately on a very arduous voyage, during which he went, in February 1477, as far as the 73d degree of north latitude, or, as he himself expresses it, 100 leagues beyond the Thule of Ptolemy, then called Friesland, and by the moderns, Iceland. He undertook several other voyages, especially to Guinea, to England, and to the islands possessed by Spain and Portugal in the western ocean. He drew maps, and made globes; and, in proportion to the number of his acquisitions, his thirst for every thing extraordinary gained strength; to the activity of his enthusiastic mind the ancient hemisphere appeared too narrow, and the navigators of his own time too timid. Columbus, being acquainted with the works of the best geographers, and the narratives of voyages left by preceding navigators, and knowing how many

degrees there were from China to the meridian of Greenland, had no difficulty in reckoning how many degrees there remained to traverse. And not only the degrees, but the miles; as we learn from his letter, published by Morelli, that he had calculated the degree to the equinoctial line of the sun, at 56 2-3 miles (Italian). Consequently, as he was certain that the form of the earth was spherical, when he had calculated the number of miles from the meridian of Greenland, which he knew, to China, nothing remained for him to do but to commit himself to the waves. At the period when he first proposed the attempt, he was laughed at, and regarded as a fool, or a man whose intellects were deranged. His first thoughts were turned towards Genoa, his native country; of this we are assured by Peter Martyr, his friend, and the historian of America. He therefore repaired thither, and submitted his plan to the senate; but he did not find the republic disposed to embrace the ideas of a man, who was only

A poor pilot, the promiser of kingdoms.

Columbus next determined to apply to the Venetians; and went to the court of France, and from thence to that of England; and, meeting with no favourable encouragement from either, he at last returned to Portugal. King John, even while he professed to be attentively considering the proposals of Columbus, by the advice of a certain Doctor Calsadiglia, - - - equipped a caravel with great despatch and secrecy; and, under the pretence of sending her with provisions and assistance to some of his people who were in the Cape de Verd islands, ordered her to sail in the direction which the admiral had proposed to go. As soon as Columbus was informed of this attempt, he became so indignant against the Portuguese, that, taking with him his young son Diego, at the end of the year 1484, he quitted Portugal secretly, and went to Spain. Such is the early history of this great man, and the rest is known, though this new biographer determines many circumstances hitherto in doubt. Besides the documents, which as authentic are highly curious, two autograph letters are annexed, by which we are brought into a sort of personal contact with this great man. Altogether, we have not for a long time opened a more curious volume.

MUMMY.

A young Egyptian princess, carefully embalmed, and preserving all her original freshness, although it is conjectured that about three thousand seven hundred years have elapsed since that operation was performed on her Highness, has lately been brought to Bruges. An embalmed cat was found in the same case with the lady. At that period an old cat was considered a great favour, although at present it would perhaps bear another construction, and appear ridiculous enough.

AN ALARM CLOCK, WHICH ALSO

LIGHTS A CANDLE,

has been invented by Mr. T. George, of London, whereby the more certain and punctual awakening and rising of persons who have night business to attend, is secured.

WATER-PROOF MUSLIN.

Mr. Mackintosh, an eminent muslin-manufacturer, has been exhibiting in London specimens of water-proof muslin, and water-proof fabrics of various descriptions. He lays two breadths together, and interposes a thin laminæ of caoutchouc, dissolved in oil of turpentine. The muslins thus prepared are light, and not distinguishable from others; they wash well; and they can be afforded at an inconsiderable advance of price. Silks, woollens, linens, &c. are treated in like manner, and even leather, with some improvements to moisture. Of course such a discovery is of very extensive application, and of great importance to commerce, manufactures, and the arts. Mr. Maberly, M. P. is understood to have engaged in its introduction south of the Tweed.

ELATERIUM

is one of those medicinals respecting the efficacy of which no reasonable doubt can possibly be entertained; and, if in these papers repetition be employed in advocating its powers, the reiteration must be taken in proof of the writer's conviction that its virtues, however highly, are not sufficiently appreciated. In rheumatism, in gout, and in inflammatory affections of the brain, the Reporter constantly employs this potent drug with the happiest results; and dropsical effusion it meets and vanquishes with gigantic expedition and ease. If this disorder (dropsy) returns to its strong holds, after having been driven out by elaterium, it is because no power is any longer available to effect a more than temporary good. Where visceral derangement is not present, even advanced age forms no impediment to its free and full employment. The Reporter has just taken his leave of a lady who is seventy-six, and upon whom a radical cure to all appearance has been operated by a combination of medicines, of which the one in question constituted the master ingredient.

Of the presence or absence of visceral disorganization, it behoves the medical watchman to take especial cognizance, inasmuch as both prognosis and practice require to be sedulously regulated accordingly. In dyspeptic ailments, for instance, bow different are remedial demands and probably results from the moment mere stomach affection becomes structural derangement. It is, however, the time and mode of the actual transition with which the physician must familiarize himself; for it is only before the change becomes complete that an interposition of art can promise more than temporary alleviation of pain. Medicine, after all, is rather preven-

tive than curative. We cannot regenerate or reorganize.

In the paper immediately preceding the present, reference was made to the principle of combination, as opposed to abstraction, in medicinals. On this subject an interesting communication has been received, which the Reporter will take the liberty to transcribe, merely premising, that the good which resulted from the change of physician and plan seems rather in harmony with, than in opposition, to the principle inculcated; not to say any thing respecting the warm-bathing, and the confidence of the patient in the last prescriber. The ailment appears to have been a particular kind of inflammation, seated on the membrane which lines the external surface of the bones, and to have constituted a species, if it may be so called, of partial hemisrania.

"I am now fifty-four years old, and, about ten or twelve years since, I was afflicted with a violent intermitting pain on the right side of the scalp, just above the forehead. This pain used to come on in the day-time, usually about twelve or one o'clock, and to continue for two or three hours with such violence, that I can compare it to nothing but the idea we should entertain of rats gnawing the bone; for the bone itself was the seat of the complaint, as is to this day palpable on touching the part, which appears to be depressed and rugged, compared with the surrounding bone. This complaint continued for fifteen or eighteen months, notwithstanding I was under the hands of one of the most eminent medical surgeons in London, without receiving the slightest benefit from the many prescriptions which he wrote for me. Till at last I was really reduced to despair, and almost wished myself dead. The medicine which I took most of, and on which in the outset my medical adviser seemed to place the utmost confidence, was *sarsaparilla* in powder combined with *natron*; the copious use of which for a long time had no more effect upon the disease than if I had taken nothing at all. At this he seemed very much disappointed and puzzled; and very reluctantly gave it up at last for other medicines, which I have now forgotten (one of them I believe was the *cicuta*), and which proved equally inefficacious. Tired out at last by these repeated failures, as a last effort I applied to Mr. —, and, without telling him (from motives of delicacy) whose care I had been under, I described to him as well as I could the history of the case, together with the medicines I had taken, and concluded by desiring him to tell me candidly if he thought it was in his power to cure me. Upon which he instantly told me, in the most frank and confident manner, that he could; which assurance was more like a reprieve to a man under sentence of death than any thing else I can compare it to. In conclusion he wrote for me, and, when I looked at the recipe, I was not a little surprised to find

that his remedy was the *compound* decoction of sarsaparilla with the extract, taken about three times a-day, together with the use of the salt-water bath, at a temperature of 97, two or three times a-week. The operation of this remedy was truly magical. I had no sooner begun to take it, than I felt its beneficial effect; and in about a month or five weeks I was as well as ever I had been in my life, and remain so to the present day, so far as relates to this complaint. Now, sir, does not the foregoing statement prove, that a medicine taken in substance for a particular complaint may be without effect; when the very same medicine taken in another form or preparation may effect a cure? It is obvious that the sarsaparilla in substance combined with the natron, never got into the system, or, if it did, that it was utterly incompetent to perform a cure; whereas, in decoction, the same medicine *instantly went to the seat of the disease, and performed the wonders which I have related to you.* I have often thought that the relation of my case in some public way might be of use, and, under that impression, I hope you will pardon this intrusion."

THE DRAMA.—NEW PLAY.

The Cataract of the Ganges.—Mr. Elliston having, for some time, given "great note of preparation" at the bottom of his bills, about a fortnight ago produced the mighty Afterpiece, which was to bestride the theatrical world like a Colossus, while the petty theatres were to walk under its huge legs, and peep about for dishonourable pits. Gad-a-mercy! the subject makes us figurative. Indeed, finally to crown the scene, the horses were, in goodness and in numbers, to exceed all previous exhibitions trehly! all these wonders were whispered—and more! But as we are now, like Mrs. Brulgruddery, "only foretelling a thing, after it has happened," we shall come at once on *this side* of the first fall of the Cataract, and describe it as imperfectly and confusedly as it really appeared to us.

The rising of the curtain discovered to us a field with a sort of blood-red distance, and men and horses stretched about, after a battle we presume. This occurred about half past nine. Fine men and women from this moment have their exits and entrances before splendid scenery until midnight, when, after a tumult of guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder, the green curtain once more descends quietly upon the eyes and ears of men. If, like Jaffier, we were threatened with the tortures, unless we "discovered the plot," we must suffer ourselves to be made a foot taller, and to have our thumbs pulled off like lobsters' claws; for we absolutely know no more about it than we do about Mrs. Donatty, or the author of Waverley. We certainly know that one bright scene succeeded and exceeded another, until our eyes seemed dilated and double gilt, like a couple of Waterloo medals—and we also

know that the bridal procession, out of an arch very similar to the one in the Adelphi, was rich enough to shame any eastern mockery! The men were covered with tinsel from top to toe, like their little gingerbread fellow-creatures at Bartholomew fair—and the horses, three or four abreast, drawing a *real* car with patent axletrees, rolled grandly before the lamps under plumes which made it almost doubtful whether they would tramp or fly. When the stage was full, we only felt anxious to go without the theatre, and see whether the streets were empty of the people. There was one scene very cleverly managed; a cottage was burned as a beacon light in the front of the stage, and shortly this beacon was answered on a promontory far at sea, and the flames reflected over the waves, brightly or faintly as the fire rose or fell.

The performers had little to do, except to talk a sort of cockney-Persian, and to carry about 3 or 4 square yards of gold robe.

The piece, our readers will gather, is an empty, expensive, glittering toy, which the manager knows will catch that great foolish *blue-bottle*, the public. Not an incident—not a word of the dialogue is worth remembering! If there be a joke attempting to be heard—the horses applaud it by anticipation—and the ear is filled with nothing but excessive hoof! We say little of the horses yet, because we shall presently have to be at a great cattle show at the Covent Garden piece, and we may as well review both of the cavalry corps at once.

We must say the Cataract itself rather disappointed us as a waterfall. It was something like the pouring of a good teapot, only flatter; it was, in truth, no broader than a yard of sixpenny ribband, and, though it *was* real water, if it had run down with a little spirit, we think the mixture would not, in the gallery's eyes, have been amiss. A lady rode *up* it on horseback, and, no doubt, astonished the salmon in that quarter of the Ganges. Perhaps she was herself half a fish? And, indeed, as the mermaid has been missing for some time from the Turf Coffee House, might not this have been one of her freaks? We ourselves could have walked up the fall in pumps, and not have wetted the upper leathers. The water, indeed, did not come down in a *volume*—it appeared in the most miserable of *sheets*. The piece, itself, has since been published in a similar manner.

Mr. Sinclair, after a six years' sojourn in Italy, has brought his mellowed and accomplished voice back to England,—and we hail its sojourn with pleasure, for we have never perceived its good effects of pure air and study so finely manifested as in this gentleman's voice. He is now decidedly a masterly and beautiful singer. All the harshness and uncertainty of his tones are gone, and the music floats on his voice with a gracefulness and a power perfectly delightful. He glides into the falsetto, without suffering you to distinguish where he quitted his natural tones—and his shake is

more rich and gushing—more like the ardent throb of the nightingale, than any thing we have yet heard. All he has to avoid is, a too frequent wandering into the falsetto—and an occasional nasal earnestness, peculiar, as we thought, to Mr. Braham. He has not, to be sure, improved in his acting, or in his mode of speaking, and, for a person who has visited that land of sweet sounds, Italy, we cannot but feel surprised that he should still carry Scotland so plainly on the tip of his tongue.

The horses, reader! are at both houses, tittupping, snorting, sidling, tail-whisking, galloping, dying, with a zeal very inglorious and unbecoming in this weak, piping period. Mr. Elliston's horses are numerous, and of many colours. They are too, and if we may say it without offence, apparently a *little* nearer the corn-bin than Mr. Ducrow's. Mr. Elliston's stud, too, has a good variety of colour, and the tails are well suspended, and admirably fastened—whereas, Ducrow, in thy lot, the *brown* rather predominates, and one tail told a tale one night (by nearly getting thrown from its horse) which, we trust, is not a common occurrence. On the other hand, however, if Mr. Elliston's nags are better in the foregoing points, they are worse in others. They cover less ground in their gallop—that is, they take up their little frenzied legs, and (like the hackney coachman and the countryman) set them down where they took them up: They are less profuse of the sawdust amongst the fiddlers. They *do* too much:—whereas, thy chargers, Ducrow, get two yards in ten minutes, and really seem to *go*—thine turn about—caper—plunge—and actually leap a poplar with the courage of hunters. Mr. Elliston's crack-horse astounds the gallery with carrying a lady up the Cataract of the Ganges; and, truly, this sounds no bad feat—but thy cock-horse, Ducrow, wheels about—ascends a precipice, and flings a wild Indian over a bridge into the gulf below! This last beats Mr. Elliston's horse all to tatters. In short, for we must cut

our parallel short, the spectator, who is thoroughly fond of four-legged actors, must go to both houses, and study both the studs. We suppose there will be no end to these cattle shows till a horse gets really wild, and makes a stepping block of Mr. Ware's head some night, previous to a comfortable skull-gallop over the pit. We would give seven shillings to be in the second tier on that night—particularly if we could induce a few *select friends* to pay their *three-and-sixpences* on the occasion.

But, seriously, where is all this abuse of the public taste to end? Is it not a wretched thing to see Fawcett shambling about among the saw-dust, as though he had been brought up in the shambles; and to hear beautiful music beat to death by trampling hoofs? Oh! where Shakspeare has so greatly triumphed, and where genius still might triumph, why should the frivolities of Astley's, and the pranks of Bartholomew Fair, be played off, and in double tinsel? Lastly, if horses *must* draw (and they generally do) why should they not be kept to the afterpiece, so that the stage should, for a short time, be free and safe for common sense, and two-legged performers; as until this year it has invariably been? Will any managers answer these questions?

NEW WORKS.

Hibbert's *Philosophy of Apparitions*, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—*Aureus, or the Life and Opinions of a Sovereign*, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—*Odes of Pindar in English Prose*, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—*Dyer's Privileges of the University of Cambridge*, 2 vols 8vo.—*Guest's History of the Cotton Manufacture*, 4to. 9s.—*Westall's Thirty-five Views on the Thames, imperial* 4to. 3l. 3s.; *India proofs*, 4l. 7s. 6d.—*Illustrations of The Abbot*, 12mo. 4s. 9d.; 8vo. 6s.; 4to. 12s.; *India proofs*, 15s.—*Penrose's Essay on Miracles*, 12mo 2s. 6d.—*Epitome of Paley's Evidences*, 12mo. 3s.—*Rogers' Discourse on the Divinity of Christ*, 8vo. 5s.—*Howison's Grammar of Infinite Forms*, 8vo. 5s.—*Thoughts on Prison Labour*, 8vo. 9s.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

HOPELESS LOVE.

If I could bring my soul to think
That we should meet again
Beyond the grave, I would not shrink
From all this world of pain:
But, oh! the dreadful thought, that we
Are parted by Eternity,
Will sometimes cross my brain;
And that is wo so sad and deep,
I almost wish for *endless* sleep.

I know 'tis wrong to love thee—feel
There's guilt in every sigh!
But I have seen soft Pity steal
The moisture from thine eye;
And I have felt how kind and warm

The soul encompassed in that form,
And cannot say "Good bye."
I know 'tis wrong to love thee, yet
I could not, for the world, forget.

For I have taught my heart to pray,
That it might pray for Thee;
And when the twilight fades away,
And moonbeams light the sea,
In fervent prayer I lift my soul,
That all thy days may calmly roll
In peace and social glee;
Tho' every blessing meant for mine
Should pass my head, and light on Thine.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Europ. Mag.)

ARISE, MY LOVE !

“Solomon’s Song,” Chap. II.

Arise ! my Love, the new born gale
Breathes softly o’er each fragrant vale ;
The rains are past :—from sapphire skies
Darts the warm beam ; lo ! winter flies.
The soul of music wakes, and now,
’Mid the wild notes of sky and bough,
The turtle’s voice, in accents bland,
Floats through Judea’s pleasant land.

How balmy is Judea’s breeze !
How lovely are her flowers and trees !
The fig drinks lustre from the sun,
The vines from “bud to beauty” run,
Arise ! my Love, the leaf-wreathed hills,
And flowers that fringe the sparkling rills,
And songs that roll, and gales that play,
At morn await thee—come away.

O ! let me hear thy voice divine,
And view the living lustre shine,
From eyes to me more dear—more bright
Than all spring’s heaven of life and light.
O ! what were spring without thee, love,
Or minstrelsy below—above—
Bud, leaf, bloom, flower, or genial ray ?
Arise, my fair one, come away.

SONG.

Oh meet me once, but once again,
Beside that old oak tree ;
It is not much, of all thy vows,
To ask but this of thee.

Oh meet me when the evening star
Shines on the twilight grey,
Just while the lark sings his last song,—
I have not much to say.

I know that when to-morrow’s sun
Lights up the vale again,
You’ll lead your fair Bride to the church,
And cannot meet me then.

But this last evening is your own,—
Come to our old oak tree ;
Surely, dear love, you cannot fear
Aught like reproach from me.

No, dearest mine ! then pray thee come,
 When that star lights the sky ;
 I do but ask to pardon thee,
 To kiss thy lips, and die ?

L. E. L.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

PROSE BY A POET.

THE taste of the times is not in favour of a book of essays ; and we partook of the taste of the times, when these two little volumes were put into our hands. They have changed it ; and will, we are sure, provoke a new relish in the palate of most readers. They are very pleasing productions. The prose of a writer of not only poetical feeling and imagination ; but of one gifted with a fine mind, replete with graceful sentiments, original thoughts, and delightful fancies. The language, too, is worthy of the matter ; easy and elegant.

Were we to enter into minute criticism, we might have to point out the least effective of the papers, and occasionally an inapplicability of style to subject, or some such unimportant defect ; but we are so charmed with the whole, that we will not take this course, and particularly as we should be bound in justice to balance the detections by a much more readily obtained extract of insulated beauties. At least, for the present, we shall deem it sufficient to abridge one of the Essays, and if this abridgement does not exhibit a playful, intelligent, and interesting writer, we shall doubt that Addison deserved a reputation, and Johnson the fame of a moralist.

Pen, Ink, and Paper.

“ There was little in my ink-stand, and nothing in my head, when I sat down, with a fair sheet of Bath-post before me, to write an essay for a lady’s portfolio. At first, with a degree of self-complacency, which perhaps none but an author in favour can feel, I contemplated the blank under my eye, which was about to be enlivened by my wit, or enriched with my eloquence. As I mended my pen to begin, thought I,—the wisest men on earth could not anticipate what I shall do here, nor the shrewdest guess the subject which

will speedily adorn these pages, for I myself am not yet in the secret, nor do I know what I am going to write. This reflection startled me, and, ‘What will it be ?’ came with such importunity into my mind, that I could not help replying, ‘What indeed !’ There was silence among my thoughts,—a dead white silence ; and though I called them,—called them repeatedly and earnestly, as if I were a drowning man, to come to my assistance, not one would move or speak. I looked with consternation around, but saw nothing except pen, ink, and paper ;—nay, do what I would, I could make no more of them ; pen, ink, and paper they were and remained. Every moment increased my perplexity. for whatever might be their good-will, or their occult capabilities, they could do nothing for me of themselves ; the pen could not go to the ink, the ink could not come to the paper, the paper could not pour forth ideas and array itself with words, as the earth in spring throws out verdure and flowers from its bosom, spontaneously spreading beauty and fertility where all had been waste and barren before. Alas ! my immaculate sheet lay in view, like an untrodden wilderness of snow, which I must cross, without a bush, or a knoll, or a single inequality on the surface, to guide my course, or awaken one pleasing association amidst the dreary monotony of scene. And truly if it *had* been what it so chillingly resembled—the very sight of it freezing my blood—I felt just then as though I would rather have been ‘the man perishing amidst the snow,’ in immortality of verse, than the living being that I was, by a comfortable fireside, with no perils to fear beyond such as I might encounter at a mahogany writing-desk, in traversing with my finger-ends a few sheets of cream-coloured paper.

To consummate my misery, I recollected that one of my fair friend's correspondents being in a similar dilemma, though not, as in my case, from the folly of self-confidence, had the felicity to fall asleep, and dream so entertainingly, that I only wondered how he could find in his heart to awake, unless it was for the pleasure of telling his dream. But though fervently invoked, Apollo in no shape, and least of all in the shape of Morpheus, would come to my relief; nor could I dream of sleeping in such distress, for if I had slept, whatever were my visions, pen, ink, and paper would haunt me through them, and I knew that when I awoke I should find nothing before me but pen, ink, and paper still.

"Again, with a feeling too forlorn to be remembered without a relapse of it, I took up my pen; the ink had already dried in it, though not a line had been written except that shortest and sweetest and least of all, as every body knows, '*Dear Madam!*' I cast my eye down the first page of the paper, and if it had been an indictment for petty larceny, I could scarcely have faced it with more horror;—it was as white, and as smooth, and as empty as ever! I turned to the inkstand, and looked into it, like Esop's thirsty crow into the pitcher with a drop of water at the bottom, which the sagacious bird,—it could not be the same crow that let the cheese fall out of his beak into the fox's chops,—raised to the brim by dropping pebble after pebble into it. But my difficulty was not to bring the ink out of the stand, but the meaning out of the ink. '*Ah!*' quoth I, gently shaking it, '*here lies the quintessence of all science, all art, all invention, all expression. This drop of ink could speak all languages, discover all secrets, communicate all feeling, display all knowledge, detect all sophistry. There is not a thought which the heart of man can conceive, or words which human lips can utter, but it is here,—absolutely in my hand, before my eyes; yet I am so blind, or so stupid, that I can discern nothing but a decoction of nutgalls and copperas. O that I had a talisman, which would enable me to call up from this*

dark pool all the '*legions, angel-forms,*' who lie '*entranced*' within it

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks

In Vallombrosa.

Paradise Lost, Book I.

'O that I had a chemical test, whereby I might analyze this little fluid, and learn,—not what it is made of, but what might be made of it! I am too dull at present to fish up a single idea from the bottom: yet if ten thousand people were to sit down to the experiment, each one would produce something different from every other; and were they all to record their incubations in this ink, with this pen, on this paper, their themes, their thoughts, their diction, would appear as diverse as their faces, their voices, and their hand-writing.'

"Fanciful as this soliloquy may seem to my readers, to me it was a golden key, which of its own accord unlocked a casket of curious speculations, so dazzling, attractive, and numberless, that I knew not where to begin, or which to select. It was evident, however, on the first glance at this treasure, that I might fill my paper with a descriptive catalogue of only a few of the gems, while the mine whence they came would be as exhaustless as the collective imaginations of all minds that ever have been, are, or will be in this world of everlasting vicissitude. Accordingly, in brisker spirits, I snatched up the pen once more, though it trembled like a living thing between my fingers, so impatient did I feel to fix down with it one of those fleeting visionaries which a breath or a motion might startle away, and forever dissolve the enchantment. And thus I began with the first that I could touch.

"If I were little Jackey Jessamy, ten years old last Candlemas, with a flaxen poll, rosy cheeks, and a frilled shirt-neck;—and if, having mastered pot-hooks and strokes, I had made my way into joined hand,—with this pen, from this ink, on this paper, I should be inditing. '*Fortune favours the brave,*'—'*Custom is second nature,*'—'*Be wise betimes; shun darling crimes*' with other saws and maxims equally elegant and edifying,—which no time, no space, no circumstance could ever blot out from the tablet of memory;

though for the time present, so far from improving either my morals or my handwriting by the exercise, I might be playing truant in my head, and whipping a top, or striking a ball with all my heart. But if I were Jackey's mamma, and thro' means of this apparatus were corresponding with his schoolmaster, on the best method of spoiling the dear boy, there is no doubt that, with due maternal tenderness, I would expatiate upon his naturally quick parts, and give special warning that these should not be blunted by too much study; for reading wears the eyes, writing soils the fingers, and arithmetic wrinkles the forehead before its time: but I would recommend the utmost care of his person, the free indulgence of his gingerbread appetite, and the most conscientious neglect of his morals. Ah! then, a hundred to one but this very letter would be the death-warrant to the poor lad's best interests; which, being duly executed by the obsequious pedagogue, would cause him to leave the school with as little head as the fondest parent could desire to see on his heir apparent's shoulders, to maintain the family imbecility, and transmit it unimpaired to posterity. --"

Our author next figures the love-letter, its answer, a challenge, &c.; but, shocked by the latter, will "not be a man of honour another moment," and lapses into a new train of ideas.

"Pen, ink, and paper are still before me as at first; and neither copies at school, a letter full of maternal solicitude, billets doux, despatches, nor challenges have been produced. I look again at the ink, in which the elements of all knowledge are blended indistinguishably, and I think, 'If I were a poet!' Why nothing in the world is easier than to think oneself a poet; and next to it, nothing more common than to be thought so by others! Aye, but to *be* a poet!—why, to be sure that is quite a different thing. Well, but *if* I were a poet, how could I illumine these blank leaves, and adorn them with imagery more imperishable than the sculptures of Greece? If, for example! I were Scott?—Impossible! Campbell?—next to impossible! By-

ron!—more than impossible! Make what you will of the phrase, it is not a thousandth part so absurd as the thought. Well then, if I were Southey?—No. Wordsworth?—No. Bloomfield?—No. Moore?—No. I was so disheartened by these negatives, that I durst not hazard another *if*; but it was my good fortune to fall immediately into a brown study, when, to my astonishment and delight, the afore-named personages, one by one, came into the room, and sitting down on the chair which I had occupied,—how I happened to vacate my seat I know not, any more than by what spell I was replaced in it, at the end of two hours; each in his turn made use of my pen, ink, and paper. Oh! if I could copy what they wrote,—what only one of them wrote,—I should make these pages the most acceptable that were ever presented by me to the public; but I could not have passed them for my own, without hazarding the fate of the jackdaw who borrowed the peacock's feathers. Nor will I plume myself at their expense in another way, by foisting impotent imitations upon my good-natured readers, to gain spurious credit, under the sanction of great names.

"The door was first opened without ceremony, by a hearty-looking, middle-aged country gentleman, who came in as if he were just arrived at his own home after a day of grouse-shooting on the moors, with a smile of indescribable good humour on his countenance, through which some gay apparition of thought seemed breaking, like the moon out of a cloud:—he sat down, took up the pen, dipt it in the ink, and presently covered the paper with an eight-syllable lay of the easiest verse in the world, that ambled and cantered in all the paces of a Highland pegasus, through an episode concerning barons and knights, and ladies and lakes, and fields and tournaments, and feasts and songs, and forests and mountains, and minstrels,—so unlike any thing, that any body else ever wrote, and so like all that he himself had written, that I could not mistake the author. No sooner, however, had he risen up, than the whole,—which I read as he penned,

and which he penned as fast as I could read,—vanished from the paper and from my mind, leaving both as blank as before. - - - -"

The next apparition is that of the Great Unknown, fancifully imagined.

"I caught the disappearing face of my former visitor, turned over his shoulder, with an arch significance of expression, which made it at once, 'another and the same,' and left me bewildered with transport at having discovered the greatest secret of the age, yet grievously tempted to doubt whether I had made any discovery at all. Of one thing, however, I am positive to this hour, that as the sun shone from the passage into the room, I saw *the shadow* of Sir Walter Scott following the person who went out. - - - -"

The next "was in no hurry, however, for display; and to do him justice, he pored so long over his task, writing very slowly, halting sometimes on the down-stroke of a letter, and so frequently retracing, interlining, and blotting out, that having lost all patience, I was ready to push him from the seat, when he suddenly rose; his eye kindled into rapture; and, from a completely disfigured and illegible sheet,—in tones that yet ring in my ear, like music remembered from infancy,—he recited about twenty lyric lines; a spell in which he had bound up so much harmony, splendour and pathos of language, imagination and feeling, that I could have listened to the repetition of the strain a thousand and a thousand times over, from morning till evening on a midsummer's day, and afterwards realized all the romance of the song in the fairy land of a Midsummer Night's Dream.

"Yet had he scarcely read them once, when Southey, who had been walking to and fro in the passage, till he could hold out no longer, burst into the room, and Campbell, whom I forgot to name before, vanished in a moment; but whether he went through the door, the window, or the ceiling, I could not distinguish. - - - -"

Southey and Bloomfield are now sketched, and their writings disappear.

"But this enchantment, as well as the rest, melted away like the rainbow

from my paper, while I gazed upon it. I had not time to regret the loss, for another of the tuneful fraternity, of diminutive stature, but with the airiness and vivacity of a bird, darting in at the door, lighted on the chair, and rapidly cross-lined and speckled my paper with the words and the melody of a song, composed and set to music by himself: which he immediately warbled forth with the sweetness of a red-breast, at the fall of the leaf. It was simple and passionate, tender and indignant, at the same time. The burthen, of course, was the beauty and the wrongs of a female, but whether she was his mistress or his country I could not precisely determine; if it was Ireland of whom he sung, his patriotism had the fervour of love; if it was Delia, his love had the impetuosity of patriotism. Would that he had always written as worthily or as ambiguously; the name of the bard, then, would never have been degraded under that of Little, much less under that of Moore! - - - -"

Wordsworth is next introduced, with a redeemed nest of nightingales in his possession: and is characteristically drawn, till the Essay comes to this conclusion:

"W. had run through half a dozen of his nightingale cadences, and might have sung till next morning without hazard of interruption from me, when a being of almost super-human appearance made a third in our company. He might have issued from the world of spirits, for before either of us were aware, he stood glaring upon us. W. perceiving him, instantly flew away with his birds, and left me alone with the mysterious apparition. It was Byron! he seized the pen,—it became a magician's wand in his grasp;—he touched the ink-stand,—it expanded into a cauldron like that of the witches in *Macbeth*, and there was a dance of 'black spirits and white,—blue spirits and grey,' about it, using their ineffable incantations with such effect, that the walls of the house fell into nothing before them, and my Lord suddenly unfolding the paper, which had already undergone so many metamorphoses, it stretched itself into a landscape, under

the gloom of night, with a wan ray of the moon in the last quarter gleaming along it. Instantly we found ourselves, the mighty lord and I, in a corner of Lara's hall. - - -

"A loud but hesitating succession of raps at the door, dissipated the whole phantasmagoria. A poet, who shall be nameless, came in; I looked up, and recollected myself!"

(*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*)

THE PASHA OF EGYPT.

THE Pasha of Egypt is a very extraordinary character. By birth a Greek, and enslaved in his early youth, he enjoyed no advantage of education; but in the course of his administration of the government of the celebrated province at present under his control, he evinces the wonderful effects which may be wrought by a mind naturally sagacious and energetic. Having established himself as a military chieftain, too formidable to be controlled by the Divan of Constantinople, he has of late years devoted himself to commercial enterprizes, which, if his life be spared, or if they are continued after his death, must tend to the speedy recivilizing of the ancient parent of the arts and sciences. He first directed his attention to the cultivation of sugar, of which he grew a considerable quantity; but as the quality was coarse, by the aid of a Scotch agent he established an extensive sugar refinery, the produce of which has occasionally been found a matter of anxiety to the European dealers in refined sugar in the Levant. In the course of the process of refinement he had occasion for a steam-engine, with which, we have been informed, he was supplied by the British Ministry, who wished to conciliate his favour by so acceptable a present; which, however, we have been told, he pretended he wished to possess only as an object of curiosity.

At a later period, an English gentleman, high in his confidence, advised him to turn his attention to the cultivation of cotton. He accordingly procured from the United States, in separate quantities, so as to produce no alarm, several tons weight of the best cotton seed, which he has sown in different spots on the banks of the Nile, favourable to the growth of the cotton plant. His success in this new

speculation has hitherto been decisive. A few months ago, a hundred bags of his cotton was sold at Liverpool, and is found, on working, to be superior to the Sea Island cotton. Several vessels have within these few days cleared out from Liverpool to Alexandria, where he has thirty thousand bags ready for sale; and his next year's crop is expected to be one hundred thousand. If the civilization of his people is within many degrees commensurate with his progress in agriculture, so that they can take a tolerable proportion of our manufactures in exchange for the raw material, Jonathan may look about him. At present the purchases are made from the Pasha in hard dollars.

It will easily be believed that the rising power of this extraordinary man is viewed with extreme jealousy by the Porte. Accordingly, a short time ago, the Grand Signor, sent an agent with a couple of executioners, with instructions to bring his head to Constantinople; but the Pasha's spies gave him speedy intelligence of the danger that awaited him. He made preparations accordingly, and the ministers of death, instantly on their arrival in Egypt, and before they could display the fatal firman, were deprived of their heads, which the Pasha pickled and sent to the Sublime Porte, with a history of his providential escape from the plots of assassins. Since then he has remained unmolested in the prosecution of his grand and useful designs, and all who wish well to the progress of civilization in Africa, will pray that he may live a thousand years.

The Pasha, we further hear, bought from Rundel and Bridge the Pitt diamond, and has paid for it. The diamond was lately consigned to the care of the captain of a British ship of war.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz. March 18.)

Traditions OF THE Western Highlands.

No. II.

THE TAIGHEIRM.

THE last time the Taigheirm was performed in the Highlands, was in the island of Mull, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the place is still well known to the inhabitants. Allan Maclean, commonly styled Allan Mac Echan (son of Hector,) was the projector of these horrid rites; and he was joined by Lachlan Maclean, otherwise denominated Lachain Oer (dun Lachlan.) They were men of resolute and determined characters, and both young and unmarried.

The institution was no doubt of pagan origin, and was a sacrifice offered to the Evil Spirit, in return for which the votaries were entitled to demand two boons. The idea entertained of it at the time must have been dreadful, and it is still often quoted for the purpose of terrifying the young and credulous. The sacrifice consisted of living cats roasted on a spit while life remained, and when the animal expired, another was put on in its place.

This operation was continued for four days and nights, without tasting food. The Taigheirm commenced at midnight between Friday and Saturday, and had not long proceeded, when infernal spirits began to enter the house or barn in which it was performing, in the form of black cats. The first cat that entered, after darting a furious look at the operator, said, "*Lachain Oer, thou son of Neil, that is bad usage of a cat.*" Allan, who superintended as master of the rites, cautioned Lachlan, that whatever he should hear or see, he must continue to turn the spit; and this was done accordingly. The cats continued to enter, and the yells of the cat on the spit, joined by the rest, were tremendous. A cat of enormous size at last appeared, and told Lachain Oer that if he did not desist before his great-eared brother arrived, he never would behold the face of God. Lachlan answered, that if all the devils in hell came, he would

not flinch until his task was concluded. By the end of the fourth day there was a black cat at the roof of the barn, and their yells were distinctly heard beyond the Sound of Mull, in Morven.

The Taigheirm at length was finished, and the votaries were then to demand their due reward on the spot where the rites were performed. Allan was agitated by the fearful sights he had witnessed, and made use of two words meaning wealth. Lachlan, who, though the youngest man, had the greatest firmness, and had all his wits about him, asked progeny and wealth, and each obtained literally what he asked.

When Allan was on his death-bed, and his pious friends advised him to beware of the wiles of Satan, he replied, that if Lachain Oer (who was then dead) and himself were to have the use of their arms, they would dethrone Satan, and take up the best births in his dominions. When Allan's funeral-procession approached the churchyard, the second-sighted present saw Lachain Oer at some distance in full armour, at the head of a party in sable attire, and the smell of sulphur was perceived by all the people.

The stone on which Cluase More, the fiercest of the cats, sat, is still exhibited, with marks visible in small pits on the surface. The word Taigheirm may mean a house of arms, or the yells of cats, by a variation in the accent.

Allan's figure, in full armour, is cut on the stone which covers his grave; and the story of the Taigheirm, is always attached to his name to this day.*

Cameron, of Lochiel, performed the Taigheirm some time before this, and was presented with a small silver shoe, which was to be put on the foot

* A very imperfect account of the Taigheirm will be found in one of Sir Walter Scott's notes to his beautiful poem, "The Lady of the Lake."

of every son born in that family ; and this custom was always continued, until the shoe was unfortunately lost when Lochiel's house was consumed by fire in 1746. This shoe fitted all of them

but one ; and he afterwards turned his back to the foe at Sheriff Muir, having inherited a large foot by his mother, who was of another race.

MORILLA CALDER.

WHEN Macbeth, the usurper, obtained possession of the Scottish throne, tradition says that he created his brother Thane of Cawdor. Of this brother was descended, in a direct line, Sir Hugh Calder, who held that estate in the 15th century.

Sir Hugh had one daughter, his only child, and having no prospect of other children, she was destined to inherit the whole of his ample domains. While yet very young, she was an object of desire to the needy and to the ambitious. John of Lorne, second son of the Earl of Argyle, procured minute information of the situation and circumstances of the family, and he resolved on carrying her away. Having selected a trusty party of his clan and followers, he found no difficulty in getting possession of the heiress of Calder, who was nursing at some distance from her father's ancient castle. The nurse guessing the purpose for which the child was taken, bit a joint of her little finger to mark her identity, and instantly gave the alarm to her father. Sir Hugh made an early and vigorous pursuit, and was pressing hard on a party of the marauders, who had charge of a large boiler for cooking provisions.

Campbell of Inverliver, who commanded this division, saw that the child would be rescued, unless means were found to retard the pursuit. He ordered his own seven sons, who accompanied him, to invert the boiler, and to defend it to the last extremity. His commands were obeyed, and the seven brothers fell in defence of the boiler. From the extraordinary bravery with which it was defended, the Calders were convinced that the heiress was beneath it, and consequently exerted all their efforts to obtain possession of the boiler ; but, behold, they found nothing there ! The main body, however, gained time to escape in safety, and Morilla Calder was carried to Loch Awe in triumph. In the midst of the joy expressed for acquiring possession of so rich an heiress, Campbell, of Achnanbreck, asked what was to be done if the girl died before she was of marriageable age ? Inverliver promptly replied, that she could never die so long as a red haired lassie was to be found on either side of Loch Awe. Of the marriage which afterwards took place, is descended the present highly respectable and noble family of Cawdor.

YOUTH.

YOUTH is the victim of a morn,
That flies the coming day ;
It is the blossom on the thorn,
Which rude winds sweep away.
'Tis like the charming bue which glows
Upon a virgin's face ;
Till care hath nipp'd her fading rose,
And wither'd every grace.
It is the image of the sky
In glassy waters seen ;
When not a cloud appears to fly
Across the blue serene.
But when the waves begin to roar,
And lift their foaming head,
The mimic stars appear no more,
And all the heaven is fled.
'Tis fleeting as the passing rays
Of bright electric fire ;

Which gild the pole with sudden blaze,
And in that blaze expire.
And tender as the filmy threads,
Which, in the dewy dawn,
From flower to flower Arachne spreads
Wide o'er the verdant lawn.
It is the morning's gentle gale,
Which, as it softly blows,
Scarce seems to sigh across the vale,
Or bend the blushing rose.
But soon the gathering tempests pour,
And all the sky deform ;
The gale becomes the whirlwind's roar,
The sigh, a raging storm.
For care and sorrow's morbid gloom,
And heart-corroding strife,
And sickness, pointing to the tomb,
Await the noon of life.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(Sel. Mag.)

COUNTRY ROUND JERICO.

LUKE x. 30. *A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves."*

"About six o'clock in the morning, a Janissary was in waiting. Having been repeatedly assured that there was no danger on this side Jericho, and scarcely believing that there was any on the other, I had resolved upon having no other attendant, except him and my servant Nocholai. I was at the same time provided with a letter to the Governor of Jericho, commanding him to furnish me with an escort.—As we were on the point of starting, Nocholai expressed a wish to see the Jordan: a horse was procured; he girded on his sword, and, with my fowl-ing-piece in his hand, we sallied forth. The route is over hills, rocky, barren, and uninteresting. We arrived at a fountain, and here my two attendants paused to refresh themselves. The day was so hot, that I was anxious to finish the journey, and therefore I hurried forwards. A ruined building situated on the summit of a hill, was now within sight, and I urged my horse towards it. The Janissary now galloped by me, and making signs for me not to precede him, he rode into and round the building, and then motioned me to advance. We came next to a hill, through the very apex of which has been cut a passage, the rocks overhanging it on either side. I was in the act of passing through this ditch when a bullet whizzed by close to my head. I saw no one, and had scarcely time to think, when another was fired some short distance in advance. I could as yet see no one: the Janissary was yet beneath the brow of the hill, in his descent: I looked back, but my servant was not yet within sight. I looked up, and within a few inches of my head were three muskets and three men taking aim at me. Escape or resistance were alike impossible. I got off my horse. Eight men jumped

down from the rocks and commenced a scramble for me. I observed also a party running towards Nocholai. At this moment the Janissary galloped in among us, with his sword drawn; and, as I knew that if blood were spilt I should be sacrificed, I called upon him to fly. He wounded one man that had hold of me, and presently cut down a second Arab, and all the rest scrambled up the rocks. The Janissary turned his horse and rode off, calling on me to follow him, which I did on foot. In the mean time the Arabs prepared the matchlocks, and opened a fire upon us, but only few of their shots came very near. We had advanced about a league, when two of the banditti made a show of cutting us off. A sudden panic seized the Janissary; he cried on the name of the prophet, and galloped away. I called out to him that there were but two; that with his sword and pistols, if we stopped behind a stone, we could kill them both. He rode back towards the Arabs; they had guns, and the poor fellow returned full speed. As he passed I caught at a rope hanging from his saddle. I had hoped to have leaped upon his horse, but found myself unable; my feet were dreadfully lacerated by the honey-combed rocks. Nature would support me no longer; I fell, but still clung to the rope. In this manner I was drawn some few yards, till, bleeding from my ankle to my shoulder, I resigned myself to my fate. As soon as I stood up, one of my pursuers took aim at me, but the other happening to advance between us, prevented his firing. He then ran up, and with his sword aimed such a blow as would not have required a second. His companion prevented its full effect, so that it merely cut my ear in halves, and laid open one side of my face. They then stripped me naked."

SIR F. HENNIKER'S TRAVELS.

(Lon. Mag.)

TRAITS OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER.—RUTH.

WHAT a beautiful Poem, if I may so call it, is the Book of Ruth. Here is one of the few sweet and exquisitely faithful pictures, left us by the Ancients, of that noble tenderness which distinguishes the Female character. Ruth is both the pattern and the copy of the best of her sex. It has often, no doubt, been remarked as a defect among the Poets of Antiquity, that they have so rarely exhibited woman in all the peculiar loveliness of her nature. The Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans, though Sophocles and a few others may afford partial exceptions, seem to have regarded the female sex as almost below the dignity of poetical notice. When they are introduced upon the scene, it is almost always in masculine characters: they are men in women's apparel. Clytemnestra, Medea, Camilla, Amata, have all the roughness of the other sex, and but little of the tenderness of their own. Or if they are occasionally drawn with a more delicate pencil, it is only to exhibit them at the loom, amongst their maids, or engaged in their household affairs. Not to speak of the Deities, who seem to participate all the vices of the Human race and none of the virtues, Penelope, nay Andromache herself, the most amiable female characters painted by Homer, (who in powers of delineation was the Shakspeare of that age), are but faint and lifeless representations of Woman as she is often to be found upon the great stage of Nature. The draught of the poet was infinitely less poetical than the original, for the cold majestic housewifely deportment of Andromache towards Hector, even in the height of her grief for his departure, is such as no matron who tenderly loves her husband would assume. In this respect the Moderns have not only manifested a more delicate taste and refined sensibility, but have taken a much more philosophical view of human nature. The Ancients evidently seem to have considered women an inferior species of beings to men, which is a doctrine as illiberal as it is unphilosophical. The sneer couched in the very gender of Virgil's "*va-*

rium et mutabile semper femina" is sufficient to indicate the opinion of the earlier ages; the literal translation of this sentence being,—Woman is a fickle and changeable *animal*. Indeed they seldom in their writings give us any reason to suppose that they examined the subject with due attention; they do not appear ever to have justly appreciated the peculiar graces of the female mind, or the characteristic virtues of the female disposition. The Turks are said to hold that women have no souls, and I cannot but conclude the Greeks and the Romans so far barbarians, that they were wholly ignorant of a fact which I am sure needs only be asserted to obtain general assent,—viz. the higher perfection of that quality which we denominate *soul*, in the female breast than in ours. Whatever we may arrogate in point of Understanding, whatever with respect to the grander emotions of the soul;—where the finer dispositions or feelings (which we denominate *par excellence*, soul) are concerned, it must be allowed that the sex which is pre-eminent for delicacy of outward form, is proportionably endued with these nicer refinements of the spirit.

Friendship and Love are two of those gentler passions in which soul is principally concerned. And the story of Ruth appears to confirm an old theory of mine, upon the comparative capacities of the two sexes for the entertainment of these kindred emotions. It has long been a favourite opinion with me, that in purity of feelings where love is the passion, in devotedness of heart, and strength of attachment to the object preferred, women are, generally speaking, far nobler beings than men. Indeed if the reader agrees with me in the assertion made above, first that women are pre-eminent in soul, and secondly that soul is predominant in love, he must of necessity also agree with me, that women love with more truth and intensity than we do; thus far, my theory is impregnable. But besides the intensity of the feeling, I think its purity in the female breast is for the most part confirmed

by observation. In her loves, Woman is seldom more than an ardent friend ; in his, Man is never less than a lover. The last and best quality engaged in this passion,—Constancy, is, however, that in which I think the nobleness of the female heart chiefly remarkable. There is a spirit of peculiar devotedness to the object of her love, in the breast of a woman, a certain *fortitude* of affection, which no changes or chances of life can discourage, which increases with adversity, and which unkindness itself cannot subdue : Woman's love, like an April flower, seems to bloom most sweetly in tears. To her, love is a second nature, the business of her life, the motive of her actions, the theme of her waking thoughts, the shadow which her fancy pursues even in slumber ; it is the innate principle of her constitution, it is born with her, it grows with her heart-strings, and she rarely parts with it but with her life. Constancy is then, in her, almost an unavoidable virtue, for her happiness consists in loving and being loved, which constancy best ensures. By the very delicacy of her constitution she is bound to home, she is essentially domestic ; her temperament therefore must be one which can be *satisfied with sameness*, else there would be no fitness between the being and its circumstances ; in other words, she is of a constant, faithful disposition. Of course I shall be understood as speaking generally ; there are many inconstant women. Nay, perhaps, where love is not immediately concerned, the same exquisite sensibility to every thing charming will induce fickleness : new pleasurable objects will excite new feelings.

It is from this devotedness of spirit, that I conclude, in opposition to common opinion, that Women are more capable of mutual Friendship than men. The domestic nature of the circumstances in which they are placed, whereby their little weaknesses are perpetually brought into collision, sufficiently accounts for the infrequency or impermanency of their friendship amongst themselves,—if such allegation be true, which I am by no means inclined to admit. Comparing them

with ourselves in this particular, I dare say were Female Biography as copious and historical as ours, for every Py-lades and Orestes, it would be easy to quote a Naomi and Ruth.

The story or poem, as given in the Sacred Writings, is an historical testimony in favour of the above conclusion. As well, therefore, to illustrate my position, as to make a few cursory observations on the beauties of Scripture Poetry, I beg leave to rehearse a few passages of the Book of Ruth.

And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, Go, return each to her mother's house : the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me.

The Lord grant that ye may find rest each of you in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them, and they lift up their voice, and wept.

I must interrupt the course of the narrative here, to remark upon the exquisite beauty of the common scriptural phrase, “they *lift up* their voice, and wept.” It is not only a very bold, but a critically just metaphor ; and also expresses most aptly that kind of action which generally accompanies loud weeping, where the bosom expands upwards and the head is involuntarily raised or thrown back, to give strength and freedom to the voice. The expression “to raise the voice” is much feebler, and whatever metaphor might once have been in it, is now unperceived by reason of its triteness.

And they said unto her, Surely we will return with thee unto thy people.

And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters ; why will you go with me ? Are there yet any more sons in my womb, that they may be your husbands ? - - - -

And they lift up their voice, and wept again : and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law ; but Ruth clave unto her.

And she said, Behold thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods ; return thou after thy sister-in-law.

And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee ; for whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God :

Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried : the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

When she saw that she was stedfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

How beautiful, how affecting is this story ! and how simply, yet poetically told. The chasteness and concision of the manner is peculiarly admirable. There is nothing like false ornament or ambitious decoration in the language ; all is naturally and expressively related. What a pleasing image of amiability and tenderness does the second

verse present ; the matron blessing her two daughters, embracing them, and their returning no answer, but weeping. The loneliness, the resignation of the widowed childless Naomi, is also beautifully painted in the first. I would moreover especially point out to the notice of the reader, the mode in which Orpah's departure is made known. The sacred poet says, she "kissed her mother-in-law;" but he does not add, as a less skilful writer would have done,—and went her way. He leaves that to be implied by the remainder of the sentence. This brief way of narrating by implication, is very difficult of attainment, being apt to degenerate into obscurity. And for this best quality of narration,—concise perspicuity, the Scriptures, it must be acknowledged, are remarkable. There is no laborious preparation for a coming incident, no minute detail of worthless circumstantialia ; the writer directly, yet not abruptly, introduces the next subject at once. Ossian likewise excels in this particular. But the verses quoted above are also as poetical in their measure, as in the imagery they contain. There is a sweet melancholy cadence runs all through them, which is uncommonly delightful to the ear. It is particularly remarkable in the first verse, and in Ruth's answer to Naomi. Indeed, whether we consider the music of the periods, or the strength and pathos of the sentiments, I do not think it possible to point out in any book whatsoever, sacred or profane, a more truly poetical passage than this answer of Ruth. What an eloquence breathes through it, how forcible are the expressions, and how impassioned the manner. That spirit of devotion and determinedness of constancy, which I noted as a characteristic of the female disposition, is here most strikingly displayed. Ruth persists to the verge of obstinacy in accompanying her mother-in-law, and will not be persuaded even by the person she loves so ardently. The expression "Ruth *clave* unto her," denotes this amiable persistence very happily.

In the several accounts which historians have given us of Friendship between man and man, we see much no-

bleness of mind, much firmness of purpose displayed. Pylades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias, are splendid examples of honour, magnanimity, courage, and fidelity. But yet, if we curiously examine these stories, we shall find that the peculiar devotedness of spirit which I am inclined to attribute to the female sex, is never dwelt upon by the historian, never brought out into the foreground, never particularly insisted on as the sole ruling motive of action. There is always some other inducement, some *selfish* principle leading one or other of the parties to the commission of the said act of friendship, some motive of action beside the apparent one. Thus we are told in the story of Theseus and Pirithoüs, that one of these heroes accompanied his friend to hell (by which some difficult adventure was figured). Here is fidelity to be sure, but this was clearly not the only motive. The principle of *honour* was another incitement, and quite distinct from love or friendship. The *glory* of the action was a third. It is to the Book of Ruth we must turn, if we look for an historical example of pure and disinterested friendship. This fidelity of Ruth was built upon the single motive, love ; there was here no debt of honour to be paid, no fame or glory to be won. She followed Naomi from the sole and simple impulse of generous affection. And how beautifully this is set forth by the sacred poet, it is needless to observe.

And Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech, and his name was Boaz.

And Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, Let me now go into the field, and glean ears of corn after him, in whose sight I shall find grace. And she said unto her, Go, my daughter.

Here is another remarkable instance of that direct and simple brevity which renders the style of these writings so animated ; "And she said unto her, Go, my daughter."

Ruth goes into the field to glean after the reapers, and there it was "her hap to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz." Boaz inquires of his servant, "What damsel is this ?" and learning her story, addresses her :

Then said Boaz unto Ruth, Heardest thou not, my daughter ? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens.

Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: Have I not charged the young men, that they shall not touch thee? And when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels and drink of that which the young men have drawn.

Then she fell on her face and bowed herself unto the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger.

And Boaz answered, and said unto her, It hath fully been shown to me, all thou hast done to thy mother-in-law, since the death of thine husband: and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore.

What an excellent moral lesson is here conveyed; Ruth's virtuous fidelity to Naomi is rewarded by the protection of Boaz. Indeed the whole story is a striking exemplification of retributive justice; Ruth is preferred not only to be the wife of "a mighty man of wealth," but to be the ancestress in a direct line to the Messiah, for her goodness of heart and innate amiability of disposition, as displayed towards Naomi. But let the historian speak:

And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not.

And let fall also some of the handfuls on purpose for her, and leave them that she may glean them, and rebuke her not.

There is a kind of rude delicacy in this proceeding of Boaz, which perhaps would be but ill exchanged for the more refined gallantry of modern times. His attentions towards Ruth are quite in the spirit of simplicity which prevailed in those unpolished ages, yet Raleigh himself could not have more adroitly contrived to furnish the Beautiful Gleaner with an abundant gathering.

Ruth then returns with her gleanings to Naomi, who upon hearing the favour she had obtained in the sight of Boaz, advises her to solicit his protection according to the ceremonial of the Jews. Ruth accordingly performs this ceremonial, and, as the reader is doubtless aware, is finally married to Boaz:

So Boaz took Ruth, and she became his wife. . . . and she bare a son.

And the women said unto Naomi, Blessed be the Lord which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel.

And he shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, and a nourisher of thine old age: for thy daughter-in-law which loveth thee, which is better to thee than seven sons, hath borne him.

And Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it.

With this beautiful image of the grateful widow with her daughter's child in her bosom, the sacred author

concludes his interesting, his pathetic, his incomparable story.

Reverting to my theory concerning Friendship, it may be asked, Is not Orpah's departure as unfavourable to your opinion, as Ruth's permanence is the contrary? No: no more than the comparative weakness of Cæsar's boatmen, is an argument against the courage of our sex, because he was not as brave as Cæsar himself. A much more plausible objection would be, that although friendships amongst women are, from their spirit of constancy, more permanent *when made*, yet that there is no natural tendency in that sex towards mutual friendship. This may be very true, and when I see it proved I shall believe it. To say, however, that Woman's love for the other sex interferes with her love for our own, goes but a very little way in advancing this proof,—for is not Man in an exactly similar predicament? We are told: Men, after marriage, frequently preserve their friendships as close as before; women generally, after the same ceremony, sacrifice theirs. Granting the fact, what does it prove? That women are more inconstant than men? Certainly not: but that their domestic duties prevent them cultivating friendship as sedulously as before, and that this noble feeling declines, and perhaps gradually dies, as all feelings will, which are thus cut off from exercise. Those also who assert that women have not greatness of mind to entertain friendship, would do well to recollect that they have softness and amiability of disposition, which is much better. Besides, I have Shakspeare on my side, whose

name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

We cannot, surely, forget Helena's address to Hermia, when Oberon had thrown his enchantments around them.

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—O, is all now forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?—
We Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Here is Shakspeare, who seems to have made for himself a window in every human breast, here is the Grand Inquisitor who penetrates with an intuition almost supernatural the mysteries of this "little world of man," here is the infallible interpreter of Nature, Shakspeare himself, delineating a picture of friendship the most perfect; and who compose the group on the foreground? *Women!* Now I put it to the candour of the reader, would Shakspeare have drawn such a vivid picture of female friendship, unless the propriety of it had been suggested to him by his previous observation of human nature? Why did he never think of depicting two *boys* in such an attitude?

ANTIGONE is another instance of female devotedness. In defiance of the king's edict, she piously intert the body of her brother Polynices, and according to the penalty denounced, is *buried alive!* Moreover ELECTRA sacrifices her own mother to avenge her father's death; and it is especially worthy of notice, that her brother Orestes, who had the same reason to

perform this revolting deed of justice, is quite a secondary personage in the tragedy, he is little more than a passive instrument in the hands of Electra. So that in both these cases, whether considered as matters of history or poetical fiction, fidelity of spirit is assigned to the female sex, as a characteristic attribute distinguishing them above other men. I do not however adduce either deed as a proof of woman's constancy of *affection*; they were rather acts of heathen piety. Much less are the Antigone and Electra of Sophocles to be looked upon as favourable pictures of the sex in general, nor as exonerating the poets of antiquity from the imputation of apathy with respect to the peculiar beauty of the female character. They are both, especially the latter, marked by a spirit of fierceness, which is by no means amiable. Antigone in the *Cedipus Coloneus* (which affords another instance of devotedness, in the same person,) is a far more faithful copy of woman in the best array of her virtues. But where shall we find the tenderness, the delicacy of soul, the fineness of sensibility, and all the mild excellencies of the female character, pourtrayed with such exquisite truth and feeling, as in our own Juliet, Desdemona, Ophelia, Cordelia, Imogen, Hermione, and Miranda? RUTH is alone worthy to join such a band of sister Perfections.

LAMENT FOR THE PAST YEAR.

Farewell, thou shadowy Year, farewell;
My heart feels light that thou art gone;
That last star was thy burial light,
That passing wind thy funeral moan.
Another year? It cannot be,
Surely, what thou hast been to me!
Twelve months ago I sat, as now;
Glorious was the blue midnight,
A glad sound came from many bells,
And never shone the stars more bright;
I thought the sky, so calm, so clear,
Might be an omen of the year.
False sky! false stars! showed they their light
But as in mockery to the eye,
That sought in their bright page to read
A something of its destiny?
Why looked they beauty, looked they hope,
On such a darkened horoscope!
For, not one warning shadow told
How many clouds were on the wind,
Of hopes that fell like autumn fruit,
Leaving the sapless boughs behind!

All that has been may be again,
And yet lives in my spirit's pain.
Now there is storm upon the sky,
The clouds hang heavy, as with care;
The stars have darkened one by one,
A moaning sound is on the air;
And be the year the worst to me,
'Tis but what I expect should be.
Come, thou new Year! I doubt thy life
Will be such as thy birth has been,
Ended as it begun, in tears,
A desolate and darkened scene.
There is now but one only thing
Which I can wish, or thou canst bring.
A deep, a lone, a silent grave,
Is all I ask, dark Year, of thee;
To others hope and pleasure bring,
But only bring the grave to me!
The wearied heart, in its despair,
Will seek and find a haven there.

Jan. 1, 1824.

L. E. L.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY, NO. V.

(Sel. Mag.)

ON LIGHT AND COLOURS.

IN my last paper, I adverted to the nature and property of solar light, confining my observations more particularly to the different coloured rays of which it is composed. I now proceed to consider some of its remaining properties.

The amazing velocity of light has been treated of in a former paper; and therefore I need here merely remark, that this fact was first demonstrated by Roemer, a Danish philosopher, who proved that it requires about eight minutes to pass over one half of the earth's orbit, consequently, that light moves at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second. Notwithstanding, however, this astonishing velocity of its particles, their momentum is not so great as to discompose the delicate texture of the eye; and when a considerable quantity of its rays are collected in the focus of a powerful burning-glass, they are not capable of communicating the least motion to the thinnest laminæ of metal (gold leaf for example) which can be exposed to their impact.

The wonderful divisibility of the parts of matter is in nothing more apparent than in the minuteness of the particles of light. This divisibility of matter in general, may indeed be mathematically proved to be capable of being carried on *ad infinitum*; but though we are constrained to admit the possibility of the fact, yet we cannot form any just idea respecting it. The same difficulty of apprehension will attach to the minuteness of the particles of light: but still it has satisfactorily been shown, that a single inch of candle, while burning, is capable of giving out particles to the amazing number of 269,617,040, with forty cyphers annexed; at which rate there must issue, during one second of time, a number of particles "vastly more a thousand times a thousand million times the number of sands which the whole earth itself could contain, provided the whole were solid."

How near those particles are to each

other which constitute a ray of light, cannot with any accuracy be determined. If a burning stick be made to describe a circle by quickly turning it round, the whole circumference will appear luminous; which shows that the impression made by the light upon the sensorium, when the stick is in any one point of the circumference, remains till the burning part of the stick returns again to the same point. Now it has been found, that if the revolution of the ignited body be performed in 7''', (or seven sixtieths of a second,) the whole circle appears luminous: that is, if the particles succeed each other at an interval which does not exceed that time, constant vision is produced; and since light passes over more than 22,000 miles in 7''', if the distance of the particles be not greater than 22,000 miles, they are sufficiently contiguous to answer the purposes of constant vision. Newton supposes that the impression continues about a second of time.

Light, when it comes in contact with bodies, is not only capable of entering into them; but likewise of remaining within them; and, in many cases, the light thus absorbed may afterwards be extricated without its having undergone any alteration. Mr. Canton made some ingenious experiments on this subject. He calcined* some oyster-shells in a good fire for half an hour, and then pounded and sifted the purest part of them. Three parts of this powder were mixed with one part of the flowers of sulphur, and rammed into a crucible, which was kept red hot for an hour. The brightest parts of the mixture were then scraped off, and kept in dry well-stopped phials for use. If they be exposed for a short time to the rays of the sun, they will thus acquire the property of emitting light in the dark, so as to enable a person to distinguish the hour on his watch. After some time, it ceases to

* To calcine is to burn in the fire to a calx, or substance equally reducible to powder.

shine, but recovers its property on being again exposed to the light. These facts are curious, but we are not aware of any practical benefit which can result from their discovery. The substance formed as above, is termed *pyrophorus* and sometimes *solar phosphorus*.†

Light not only enters into bodies, it also combines with them, and forms one of their component parts. It has been long known, that different kinds of meat and fish, when they are beginning to putrefy, become luminous in the dark, and of course give out light; this is the case particularly with the whiting, the herring, and the mackerel. This phosphorescence of fish and animal substances was first investigated by Canton, who has furnished a number of interesting experiments. The subject, however, has been more fully entered into and extended by Dr. Hulme.

If two drams of the flesh of herrings be put into a dram of sulphate of magnesia, (Epsom salts,) on the second evening a ring of light will be perceived round the top of the liquid, but it will still be dark below, but on shaking the phial, the whole will become beautifully luminous. On the third night, the light rises again to the top, but the ring is not so luminous as on the preceding night, nor the whole mixture after shaking it. Sometimes the light disappears entirely on the third evening. A similar experiment may be made with sea-water. In this case, on the second night the liquid is dark, on the third lucid, on the fourth very luminous, on the fifth it begins to decline, on the sixth diminishes still fur-

ther, and on the seventh entirely disappears. At this period, however, neither the flesh nor the liquid have any smell of putrescence. Similar appearances took place by the same treatment of mackerel.

But the property of emitting light is not confined to either these solar pyrophori, or to the pyrophori made by solutions of animal substances. There are also living pyrophori; such as the glow-worm, lantern-fly, and many other insects. The luminous matter of the glow-worm is a liquid secreted and retained in the lower part of the abdomen. If the fluid be squeezed out, it still retains its shining property, and may be spread upon the palm of the hand, but in this state it soon disappears. The light is most vivid when the creature is in motion. Its luminous appearance, however, is at all times interrupted by periods of either diminished light or total darkness. In its most vivid state, the colour of the light emitted is of a bright yellow or orange.

Many sensible effects are produced on bodies by the absorption of light. Plants, for instance, may be made to vegetate tolerably well in the dark; but in that case colour is always white, they have scarcely any taste, and contain but a very small portion of combustible matter. In a very short time, however, after their exposure to the light, their colour becomes green, their taste is stronger, and the quantity of combustible matter is considerably increased. Celery, for example, requires to be covered with earth, in order to its becoming an article suitable for food; for by this means the light is excluded, which would very soon turn it green, and would make its flavour so strong as to render it unfit to be eaten. A strong attraction of affinity is observable between light and living vegetables. This fact is familiar to those who have placed trees in windows, for they always lean towards the light. This would be still more observable by wholly confining them in a dark room, into which light was admitted only by a small hole: they would first turn and then grow towards it, until they should be able to get through it into the open light.

† *Baldwin's Phosphorus*, a similar composition, may be made as follows. Put some dry nitrate of lime into a crucible, and place it in a clear fire, and let it remain in a state of fusion for about ten minutes; then pour it out into a warm iron vessel and it becomes solid; break it into pieces, and inclose them in well-stopped phials. Expose these phials to the direct rays of the sun for some hours, and when taken into a dark place they will give out a considerable quantity of light. If muriate of lime be taken instead of nitrate, and treated in exactly the same manner, a similar effect is produced. This latter substance is termed *Homburg's Phosphorus*.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more."

--- "WHY as for the matter o'that, (said old Jem Breeching, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and preparing to recharge.) —As for the matter o'that, I've had all sorts of acquaintances, from Bet Blowsey, the bumboat woman, down to the Duke of Wellington; aye, and I've been among *Royals* too. Why, there was the Duke of C——, him as took command in the Downs at the first of the Peace, when all the Hemp-he-roads and Kings came to pay our honour'd Majesty a visit under that 'ere thingum-eye they 've got at Woolwich now for a rot-under. There was a sight! We would'nt look at your common lords and ladies then. I remember old Blue-cheer landing, and Play-toff Prince of Easy-Humbug, for I belonged to the yacht that took old Loo-he-de-sweet to France; and so we saw 'em all for nothing. But, somehow or other, there warn't one to beat our own good old George; and then there was that lovely flower of British growth, our own dear Princess Charlotte, so like her Royal Grandfather. There, messmates, I won't say another word about it; I sees you're all affected. Some on you remembers the *Countess of Elgin* hired cutter, commanded by Mich. C—ford, when Bobby H—— was Master. Well, d'ye see, Mich was ashore at Deal, with his jib bowsed chock a block, and turning the corner in Middle-street with fresh way, he come stem on, right into the Duke's hull. 'Halloo! halloo!' (exclaimed His Royal Highness,) what ship do you belong to?—"No ship at all, (*hiccup*) my Lord—your Majesty, I mean, 'Do you know this Officer?' enquired the Duke, turning to Captain A——. 'Know me, (said Mich, making another tack towards him,) aye, to be sure he does.'—"Tis the Commander of the cutter,' said Captain A——. 'You're

drunk, Sir,' continued the Duke. 'Beg your pardon, (*hiccup*) your Royal Highness—I am as sober (*hiccup*) as a prince.'—"I say you're abominably drunk, Sir.'—"Well, well, an't please your Royal Highness, I may be (*hiccup*) about half seas over.'—"Then, Sir, my orders are, that you keep half seas over for the next week to come; so go on board, get under weigh, and cruize at the back of the Goodwin till recalled.' 'Aye, aye, an't please your Royal (*hiccup*) Highness, I'll be off the Good-un directly;' and away he started. Poor Mich was a jovial fellow, but Death grappled him at last. He was a great favourite with all the Captains, and obtained his commission partly through merit, and partly on account of a humorous Poem address'd to the Lords of the Admiralty. I recollect once falling in with his vessel off the Texel. 'How are you, Mr. C——?' says our Commander, hailing him. 'More troubled with the wind than the weather, Sir, (replied C——,) for my spirits are terribly low. Can you spare me a few nervous drops?'—"Aye, aye; let's have something to put 'em in.' 'Thank ye, Sir, thank ye; I'll send my Joey (a three-gallon bottle to which he gave that name)—I'll send my Joey.' The boat was lower'd down, and Joey came aboard. The Captain, without noticing its size, ordered the Steward to fill it. 'What are you about there below, Steward? (said the Commander;) What makes you so long?'—"I han't half filled the bottle yet, Sir.' 'Not half filled it!—why how much does it hold?'—"Three or four gallons, Sir.' 'Confound the fellow! *Countess* a-hoy!' 'Halloo!'—"I say, C—ford, if ever you send your Joey aboard of me again, and I don't break his neck, there's no snakes in Vir-ginny. Why he's nearly swallowed all my grog!"

"Ah, (says old Ben Marlin,) them there were glorious times! But, however, we are never satisfied. When we used to drink Malmsy Madeira out of a bucket, the toast was always 'Bet-

ter luck still.' Touch the bell, Dick Wills." 'Aye, aye,' says Dick, rattling the poker and tongs together. "Landlord, (said Ben, as he enter'd,) it's a sad heart as never rejoices; and so, d'ye see, having received a present of rhino from an old friend, why bring us in a bucket of flip for all hands." 'This was extremely welcome, and very gratefully acknowledged. The flip was brought. "And now (says Ben) I'll tell you a rum story, that happened about twenty years ago this very day. Why aye, that was one of the rummest rigs that ever I seed; zounds, it put all Portsmouth in a mutiny!"—"Hoot, hoot! (said old Hameish,) dinna mak twa bobs at a cherry, mon, but gie's the account, and let's hae it wi' muckle glee; only bearing in memorial that 'tis ane o' the rules of this Saucyation that nae ane is to indulge i' the flights o' fancy, vulgo a lie, without its being barefaced, in contradistinction to the naked truth.' "Be aisey, Hameish, (says Teddy,) and don't make a both-eration. How can he lie while he sits? And as for lying at full length, och don't mention it—he'll never do that again. Isn't he getting as straight as a ram's horn? Arrah, Ben, my darling, get on, and don't stop; do the thing dacently—begin in the middle, and make both ends meet." "Why, d'ye see, (says Ben,) it was that ere time when most of the channel fleet were at Spithead, and liberty-men were ashore every day. Well, the old *Barfleur* was going to be paid off, and what does we do, but determined to have a grand sheave-o before all hands separated. So we sends despatches to Fareham to have a good dinner ready for us New Year's Day, with oceans of grog and mountains of bacca; and so we muster'd that ere morning to the number of sixty or seventy, some on horses, some on donkeys; and as for chaises and gigs, there was a pretty set-out. Well, we weighed with a foul wind from Capstan-square, and after making a great many tacks, hove to before the Admiral's, and saluted him with three hearty cheers. Harry Cole was mounted on a Jerusalem poney, that backed astarn right through the window of a pastry-cook's shop. There was a dish of flummery, pies,

and tarts, rolled in all directions; it soon made a-bun-dance among the small fry—barbers and sweeps, bricklayers and tailors, my eyes! there was precious work! Well, old Harry dismounted, and taking his hanimal on his shoulders, walks deliberately out, and sets him down in the street, ordering 'em to send in their bill, and he'd make good the damages. At last we clear'd the town, and formed the order of sailing in two divisions. Black Jackson, the captain of the main-top, commanded one, and Jem Crampton the other, and the wind coming favourable, the signal was made to crack on all sail. It was a fine sight to see the small craft scud out of our way, and the road was lined with spect-tatoes to gaze at the fleet. Well, d'ye see, Tom Butt—you remember Tom Butt, a comical crojack ey'd fellow, as dry as a biscuit when he was well soak'd? Tom Butt had got a dull sailer, that wouldn't answer her helm, and so he and Jack Moberly, whose craft was every bit as bad, were left astern. Tom, thinking she was out of trim and too much by the head, gets out of the saddle, and shifts ballast farther aft; that was worse, for his vessel lufft right up in the wind, came athwart Jack's bows, and capsized him in an instant; but that warn't the best of it: however, we had a glorious day, and next morning toss'd up our anchors for Portsmouth. Well, poor Jack Moberly was taken before the Mayor by the rogue of a landlord that hired him the horse, and all hands attended as witnesses; indeed it made such a kick up, that hundreds were in attendance outside the court. Jack, his face plastered and patch'd in all directions, was put to the bar, the landlord on his right, and Tom Butt on his left. 'Well, what is your complaint?' said Sir — C—ter. 'Why, please your worship, I hired this here fellow a horse—' 'Fellow! (says Jack) who do you call fellow? I've got a collar to my shirt as well as you.' 'Don't interrupt him, my friend,' said the mayor. 'There, (replied Jack, slueing round to the landlord,) doesn't his honour call me friend?—and shiver my old tarry trowsers if I won't be a friend to your worship as long as you live.' 'Well,

well, let the man go on.' 'So I hired him a horse.' 'That's a cracker (says Tom Butt) as how it was no more like a horse than your honour, but a broken-back'd rattle-trap ould mare; and, belike your worship—' 'I must insist on one speaking at a time, (said the mayor) and first let me hear the man's complaint.' 'Why, please your worship, they hired my mare, as capital a roader as ever was backed, thof I say it myself; she cost me—' 'But that has nothing to do with the concern!' exclaimed the magistrate. 'No, your worship: Well, yesterday they brings her back again, both knees broke, and her face cut to pieces, and so I threw her on his hands, to make good the loss, but they refuse to satisfy me.' 'What do you estimate the worth of the beast?' 'Thirty pound, your worship, and little enough too.' 'Well, my friend, and what have you to say to that?' 'Why, if you pleases (says Tom Butt) I'll overhaul the whole matter, for my messmate is rather taut bound about the upper works.' 'Let me hear it then as quick as possible.' 'Why d'ye see, we met to have a bit of a jollification, as all hands were going to be drafted into different ships. Well, your worship, the fleet weigh'd from the town, and the commander in chief made the signal to make all possible sail, and so they crack'd on, that I and Jack here were left hull down astern. Well, your honour, being willing to drag up with the rear squadron, we carried a taut press, but a sudden squall threw us slap aback, and Jack's vessel being crazy and leaky withal, turned the turtle with him, and, sure enough, stove in the animal's bows, and carried away part of Jack's cutwater, and sundry other damages. Well, 'twas a blessed thing that the squall did happen, for the fleet were obliged to shorten sail; and so some an 'ent was ordered to take him in tow. As soon as the rain abated and the wind lull'd, they carried on, and got to Fareham in good time. Jack Tempest made sail to the doctor's for six yards of plaster, and so we parcell'd and woulded the shiver'd parts in both the beast and my messmate, giving 'em a good lick

of tar; and then we brought him to a court-martial for losing his ship, but after a close flistigation of the case, he was honourably quided, for it was fully—' At this moment there was a terrible rookery and noise outside the court—'See what's the matter there,' said the mayor. The hubbub continued, and the officer returned with a report that it was some sailors had brought another witness. 'Let 'em come in,' says the magistrate. The doors were opened, and in came Joe Jarves, leading the ould mare. My eyes! there was a bobbery. The animal was strips of plaster from stem to starn, and looked in a state of starvation. I dare say the crows always followed her. Howsomever, Joe begins—'Look here, your worship, my messmate is in limbo for breaking this here creature's knees; now I say she ought to be clapp'd in limbo for breaking my messmate's face, for that ere gentus there said she had been over the road hundreds of times; now Jack had never steered that course before; which ought to know best, your worship? But to prove the roguery of the thing, look, your worship, one bridle-port is fast jam'm'd and bolted in her head, and the other hasn't been opened since. Then she had an ugly knack of stopping, and swinging one leg all manner of ways, like a dog-vane in a calm. We offered to make reparation, but he wouldn't agree to it, and swore he'd bring a *civil action* against Jack for the *recovery* of the beast. Whether this is a civil action to clap Jack in limbo I leave to your worship to judge; and as for the recovery of the creature, didn't we try all we could to recover her? Didn't we fish her game-leg and do the needful, and hasn't she had strong beer to drink, while all the rest had water? and didn't we bring her home in a coal-waggon, riding all the way? and if that warn't enough to recover her, why she'll never be better.' Old Joe's appeal, and the sight of the mare, did the business; we were ordered to pay five pounds and the doctor's bill, and then all hands adjourned to the Sally-port, where we drank success to the ould *mayor* of Portsmouth and the ould *mare* of Common-hard.

CHEMICAL ESSAYS. NO. III.

(Sel. Mag. March.)

SIMPLE SUPPORTERS OF COMBUSTION.—OXYGEN—CHLORINE—IODINE.

WE considered, in our last number, the *powers* of matter—homogeneous attraction, heterogeneous attraction, caloric, and electricity. We will now proceed to examine some of the bodies influenced by these principles.

We must first give a systematic list of some of these substances. The first class we shall notice, is that which comprises all the simple supporters of combustion. They are remarkable for the great combinations they form with the simple inflammable bodies, and they are all capable of producing acids. They are considered as endued with the negative electricity, and are called acidifying electro-negative supporters of combustion. They are three :

1. OXYGEN. | 2. CHLORINE. | 3. IODINE.

The second class we must consider as the simple acidifiable and inflammable substances. These are all electro-positive: they for the most part combine with the three substances before enumerated, and some of these compounds form acids. Their number is six :

1. HYDROGEN. | 3. SULPHUR. | 5. CARBON.
2. NITROGEN. | 4. PHOSPHORUS. | 6. BORON.

In the new nomenclature, several *endings* of words have been adopted, to make more clear and concise the meaning of *phrases* which were before used. The acidifying principles before mentioned enter into two classes of compounds, both with each other, and with the bodies of the second and third class. Those which are not acid are commonly distinguished by the termination *ide*, as *oxide* of nitrogen, *oxide* of chlorine, *chloride* of sulphur, *iodide* of iron, &c.: and if more than one compound is produced, the terminations *ous* and *ic* are used to designate the relative proportions of the supporters of combustion. Thus nitrogen forms two oxides: that containing the smallest proportion of oxygen is the *nitrous oxide*; that containing the largest, *nitric oxide*. The same difference is maintained in the designations

of acids; sulphuric and sulphurous acids, malic, malous, &c. The different combinations of the metals with oxygen are expressed by prefixing to the first compound protoxide, the next deutoxide, &c. The acids terminating in *ous* produce compounds terminating in *ite*. Thus sulphurous acid and potassa form sulphite of potassa; those terminating in *ic* produce compounds ending in *ate*. Thus nitric acid and soda form a nitrate of soda; nitrous acid and soda form nitrite of soda. When the same acid combines with more than one oxide of the same metal, the first syllable of the Greek word is prefixed to the salt; thus the *protosulphate* and *persulphate* of iron signify the combination of sulphuric acid with the protoxide and peroxide of iron.

The compounds of the simple inflammable bodies with each other are commonly designated by the termination *uret*; as phosphuret of sulphur, carburet of phosphorus.

Having thus given some account of the new nomenclature, we will examine the first substance in the class of acidifying principles, OXYGEN. This is a transparent gas of greater weight than atmospheric air. It may be obtained by heating the salt called *chlorate of potash*, in a glass retort, to a state of redness. If the beak of the retort be immersed in water while the bulb is heated, the gas rises through the water, and may be collected with a glass vessel which is filled with water, and held over the beak of the retort; the gas displaces the water, and occupies the room it before held. It may be obtained from the black oxide of manganese, in a glass retort, when some sulphuric acid is poured on it, and it is heated considerably.* It may also be obtain-

* The apparatus for collecting gases generally made use of is of the following kind. It is a japanned iron vessel, containing a shelf perforated with holes, through which the gas may pass into inverted vessels provided to hold it.

ed from red oxide of lead, and even nitre; though this last substance does not yield it in any considerable purity.

Besides having no colour, and being perfectly transparent, oxygen has neither taste nor smell. It supports respiration and combustion most powerfully. Atmospheric air consists of nitrogen (a gas enumerated in our second class) and oxygen. Oxygen is that which renders our atmosphere respirable. But an atmosphere of oxygen would be too stimulating for our lungs, and cause them to act too rapidly; nitrogen, therefore, tempers this quality and renders the compound more suitable for the purpose of supporting life. Here we see the kindest arrangements of the Creator of all things, in forming an atmosphere, which is neither too invigorating nor too depressing for our system. "*O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness!*" If the discoveries in Chemistry were viewed with a desire to admire the goodness of the Sovereign of the universe, we should be constrained each moment to acknowledge, "*that it well becomes men to be thankful.*"——But to proceed.

A simple experiment will show how vividly oxygen supports combustion. Let the operator obtain a *glass* retort, and put into it a small quantity (say fifteen grains) of chlorate of potash, or black oxide of manganese, made into the subsistence of a paste with sulphuric acid. Let him heat the bulb of the retort over a spirit or argand lamp, and collect the gas in inverted glasses over water. The best instrument perhaps to collect it in for this experiment (to one who is not provided with a glass-stopped bell-glass) would be a bottle. When the vessel is full of oxygen, let him select a cork which just fills the mouth, and let him fix into this a piece of *thin* iron wire, wound round a pencil, or any thing of that sort, into a spiral shape like a cork-screw. Having fixed this to the cork, let him place on the end of it a small piece of ignited tinder, and immerse the wire into the vessel containing the oxygen. A vivid combustion will en-

sue: the wire will ignite, and burn with the greatest brilliancy; it will throw out scintillations of the melted metal.

This is a very beautiful and at the same time a very safe experiment, in which there is no danger to the operator, and which requires no expensive apparatus. It *was* considered that there could be no combustion without the presence of oxygen; but recent experiments have proved that this is not correct. Chlorine and iodine will support combustion, even though oxygen may be absent. Combustion is considered to arise from any intense medical action. It is *now* supposed, that there can be no combustion, when oxygen, chlorine, and iodine, are all absent.

Let us now proceed to our second substance in the first class, CHLORINE. Chlorine is a permanently elastic gas, of a yellowish green colour, of a sour and irritating taste and smell. Its specific gravity is very great: taking hydrogen as 1.00, oxygen is 15.00, chlorine, 33.5. Chlorine is possessed of the negative electricity. Chlorine will support combustion: a taper put into it, burns in a manner inferior to what it does in the open air; but some bodies, such as phosphorus, &c. take fire immediately and spontaneously. Dutch leaf, when inflamed by a small piece of ignited tinder, burns in a beautiful manner. Chlorine may be obtained by heating black oxide of manganese in a glass retort. It is copiously produced; and may be collected over hot water, as cold water absorbs it rapidly. The greatest care should be taken by the young operator in his attempts on this gas, as it is extremely pernicious if respired, even when much diluted with atmospheric air. It used to be called by the French chemists, oxymuriatic acid. It is not altered by being exposed to very high temperatures. Chlorine unites with oxygen in three degrees, forming an oxide and two acids. Oxide of chlorine, euchlorine, is of a very deep colour: it is not so irritable or disagreeable in smell as chlorine itself: it detonates when gently heated. It was discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy. It may be obtained by mixing chlorate of potash and sulphuric acid,

and heating the mixture in a small retort to the temperature of 150° : it consists of two volumes of oxygen united with one of chlorine. The acids are chloric and perchloric. The salts are called chlorates: the remarkable ones have long been known under the name of oxy muriates.

Our third substance will be seen by a reference to the list to be IODINE. It has a bluish black colour; when

crystallized is of a metallic lustre; at 80° it rises in fumes; at 130° more rapidly; at 220° it fuses, and produces copious violet-coloured fumes, which condense in brilliant plates. Iodine unites with oxygen and chlorine, and forms two acid compounds, which as they are little known and of little use we will pass over. The operation of forming iodine is difficult and tedious.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

THE FORSAKEN.

Oh cast that shadow from thy brow,
My dark-eyed love; be glad awhile:
Has Leila's song no music now?
Is there no charm in Leila's smile?

There are young roses in my hair,
And morn and spring are on their bloom;
Yet you have breathed their fragrant air
As some cold vapour from the tomb.

There stands the vase of crystal light,
Veined with the red wine's crimson stains,—
Has the grape lost its spell to-night?
For there the cup untouched remains.

I took my lute for one sad song,
I sang it, tho' my heart was wrung,
The sweet sad notes we've loved so long;
Yet heard you not, tho' Leila sung.

I press'd my pale pale cheek to thine,—
Tho' it was wet with many tears,
No pressure came, to answer mine,
No murmur breathed, to soothe my fears.

Ah, silent still? then know I all
My fate! And must we part at last?
In mercy, gentle Heaven, recall
Only the memory of the past!

Never yet did the first June flower
Bare purer bosom to the bee,
Than that which yielded to Love's power,
And gave its sweetest wealth to thee.

'Twas a new life: the earth, the sky,
Secn'd to grow fairer for thy sake;
But this is gone,—oh destiny,
My heart is withered, bid it break!

My garden will lie desolate,
My flowers will die, my birds will pine;
All I once lov'd I now shall hate,
With thee changed every thing of mine.

Oh speak not now, it mocks my heart,
How can hope live when love is o'er?
I only feel that we must part,
I only know—we meet no more!

L.E.L.

(Lond. Mag.)

TO HIS MISTRESS'S LIPS.*

SWEET thornless rose,
Surpassing those
With leaves at morning's beam dividing;
By Love's command
Thy leaves expand
To show the treasure they were hiding.

Oh tell me! Flower,
When hour by hour
I doating gaze upon thy beauty,
Why thou the while
Dost only smile
On one whose purest love is duty?

Does pity give,
That I may live,
That smile to show my anguish over;
Or cruel coy,
Is it but joy
To see thy poor expiring lover?

Whate'er it be,
Or cruelty,
Or pity to the humblest, vilest;
Yet can I well
Thy praises tell,
If while I sing them thou but smilest.

When waters pass
Through springing grass,
With murmuring song their way beguiling,
And flowerets rear
Their blossoms near,
Then do we say that Earth is smiling.

When in the wave
The Zephyrs lave
Their dancing feet with ceaseless motion;
And sands are gay
With glittering spray,
Then do we talk of smiling Ocean.

When we behold
A veil of gold
O'erspread the sky at morn and even,
And Phœbus' light
Is broad and bright,
Then do we say 'tis smiling Heaven.

Though Sea and Earth
May smile in mirth,
And joyous Heaven may return it;
Yet Earth and Sea
Smile not like thee,
And Heaven itself has yet to learn it.

* From the German of Gabriella Chiaverra.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A COCKNEY SQUIRE.*

SIR,
I HAVE often heard it remarked, that the recollections of a long life would furnish incidents as singular as any recorded in the annals of fiction, and delineations of character as grotesque and absurd as any which can be produced on the stage in the broadest farce. My own experience very much inclines me to agree to this opinion; and while I was reading your analysis of Percy Mallory, the character of Sir Ferebee de Lacy brought to my remembrance a person well known to me in my youth, and of whom I am strongly impelled to relate a few traits: After a lapse of forty years, and a more extensive knowledge of mankind, the character of this person still appears to me singular and amusing. He was the Squire of the parish in which I was born, and in which I passed my earliest and happiest years; a man of large fortune, which he had accumulated in trade. With this he purchased from a noble but decayed family a considerable estate, with a handsome mansion, and removed from St. Mary Axe to take possession of it, with a determined purpose not only to become a country gentleman, but a fine gentleman; a pattern of good breeding; the glass in which his neighbours might dress themselves. My father always attributed this last resolution to his having once passed an hour in company with Richardson, (an occurrence he was fond of relating,) at the time when "Sir Charles Grandison" was in his meridian of glory. In pursuance of this plan, his manners were punctilious to the last degree; he always bowed on the hand of every lady he addressed with the commonest civility; the whole world would not have bribed him to turn his back in going out of a room. I can laugh now at the wicked and eager hope with which my brother and I used to watch his exit from the fire-place to the door of his forty-five feet long saloon, and with what glee we anticipated that same unlucky chance would overthrow

him in the progress of his backing and bowing. But those were not the days of foot-stools, ottomans, and work-tables; no elegant lumber littered his drawing-room, and the experienced pilot always reached the port in safety. At the time I remember him, he was a little spare creature, hardly five feet high, very much resembling Falstaff's description of Justice Shallow; pinched in the waist like an hour-glass, and giving the idea of a dried wasp. Over this *anatomy* was stretched a skin exactly the colour of a walnut, the effect relieved by a jet-black wig curled above the ears and tied behind. On high days this was exchanged for a wig with a high-powdered toup  t, a bushy frizure at the sides, and a bag. He generally wore a grass-green suit with a gold edging, and a little triangular cocked-hat under his arm. At his first outset as a rural economist his fame quickly spread; his agricultural experiments were only rivalled in absurdity by the schemes of the Laputan sages. Of these I only recollect two or three: the first, a plan for fattening pigs on cucumbers, which was soon relinquished. There was a very fine rookery at a farm close to his park-wall, which became the object of his envy. He sent for his bailiff, and told him he intended to keep rooks as well as his neighbours; the man informed him that this did not depend upon his will and pleasure, for though the trees near the mansion-house were lofty and well placed for a rookery, "yet somehow the birds had never seemed to fancy them." "That (replied the Squire) must be the fault of the late proprietor. I shall build a number of nests to save them the trouble, and you will see what flights will come, and how glad they will be to occupy them." In vain did the bailiff remonstrate; he was forced to procure the church ladder, and to the infinite amusement of the neigh-

* We are indebted to an esteemed Correspondent for this portrait of a real Character, and of manners almost antiquated (though only forty years old,) with which we are enabled so pleasingly to vary our department of Sketches of Society.—Ed.

bourhood, was seen ascending the trees with a large basket of twigs, and constructing, as well as he could, about fifty nests. But the obstinate rooks were blind to the proffered advantage; they came, it is true, and flew round, cawing loudly, and rejoicing in the magazine of materials so bountifully provided near home; and ere a week was ended, were so basely ungrateful as to remove the whole piecemeal to repair the breaches made by the storms of winter in their old habitations, and to construct new ones. Baffled in this hope of establishing a colony, the "much enduring man" turned his thoughts into another channel, and sending again for the bailiff, informed him that he resolved to keep bees. The man enquired how many stocks he would have purchased? and received a fierce reprimand for the extravagance of his proposal, was asked how he could be so thoughtless as to recommend a purchase of what might as easily be procured on the downs? He was ordered to hire ten women to go in quest of bees the next morning, and to prepare hives for receiving the captives. Early in the next day the detachment started for the downs, each furnished with a tin canister to contain the spoil; and after running about for hours, stunning the bees with blows from their straw hats, and encountering stings without number, secured about thirty prisoners, who were safely lodged in the hive; but, as has been the fate of many arduous campaigns, little advantage accrued from all this fatigue and danger. Next morning the Squire sallied forth to visit his new colony: as he approached, a loud humming assured him they were hard at work, when, to his infinite disappointment, it was found that the bees had all made their escape through a small hole in the hive, leaving behind them only an unfortunate humble bee, whose bulk prevented his squeezing himself through the aperture, and whose loud complaints had been mistaken for the busy hum of industry. I can perfectly recollect a carriage which this original built, and which he called his foxhunter: one side was hung on springs, and had a cushioned seat occupied by his

lady; the opposite side was without springs, and instead of a seat had a small sort of wooden horse, on which was a saddle. On this he took his place, rising in the stirrups with great assiduity, and literally, according to the American phrase, *taking a ride* in his carriage. There was no congeniality of spirit between my father and the Squire; but the former, who was one of the most candid and kind-hearted of men, was ever desirous of looking only to the best points of the character of his neighbour, and they lived on terms of considerable intimacy. Twice a year the whole of our family received an invitation to the grand dinners which were given to the neighbourhood, and happy were my brother and I that these stated banquets occurred during the Christmas and Midsummer holidays. How anxiously did we, on these occasions, look out for a gloomy day or a threatening cloud, for if there was the least apprehension of rain, the coach was sent for us, though the distance was not a quarter of a mile. This stately vehicle, as large as the city stage coach, never left the coach-house without being drawn by four sleek black horses, with stump tails, such as are now only seen sometimes in teams of waggon-horses on the western roads: it would not have been becoming the Squire's dignity to have it moved by a pair. How we listened for its approach, and caught the sound as it rumbled and rolled heavily on in time to summon my mother to put on her white gloves, and take her fan in her hand, and a last peep in the looking-glass! How we stood dancing for joy at the door to watch the dexterous old coachman, in his yellow wig with its tobacco-pipe curls, his laced triangular hat, and his gorgeous livery, trotting into the gate, and whirling round the little sweep, skirting to an inch without damaging my mother's flower-borders, or overturning the pots of geraniums and carnations on each side the door-way! How joyfully we leaped into this ample carriage! What a mansion it seemed to us! How we stretched ourselves to our utmost height, as we drove along, that we might be seen as well as see through

the large heavy plate glass windows which required my father's strong arm to draw up and let down! The only drawback to this delight was its short duration. Then the awful alighting at the hall-door, where the Squire himself received us, first consecrating his hand with a kiss before he presented it to my mother to conduct her to the great saloon, and seat her in one of the high-backed and well-stuffed crimson damask chairs, which, with their gilt and ponderous feet protruding forwards, were placed in a large and imposing circle at due distance from the fire-place. Then the dinner itself! the impatience with which we watched for the removal of the stewed carp, the haunch of venison, and the hashed calves head! even the great silver epergne, with its glittering store of pendent baskets, filled with pickles of every sort and colour, hardly obtained a glance from us: and it was not "savoury meat which our souls loved;" our hearts were fixed, and our appetites prepared for the second course, for well we knew the joys in reserve. At the head of the Squire's establishment was an old housekeeper, a tall portly matron, with dark hair coupl'd over a cushion of a foot high, on the top of which was a fabric of lace, and muslin and ribon, which would furnish materials for a dozen caps of moderate dimensions. Between this dignified female and the housekeeper of a neighbouring rich bachelor, the most active rivalry prevailed; *our* friend never went to London, an advantage her antagonist possessed, and by which she acquired many new modes of decorating a table; but these *new fangled* triumphs (as they were called in the Squire's family) were counterbalanced by our friend's superior invention, and resource in her own powers, and by a certain mystical compound called a quaking pudding, so supereminent in flavour as to be deemed unequalled. This receipt she declared she would not give to her own sister in her lifetime, but held out a hope of communicating it to my mother on her death-bed, in return for the benefit she conceived herself to have derived from my

father's sermons. The results of this struggle for fame were such as would make the erudite Dr. Kitchener, the renowned Ude, and the more humble George Frederick Nutt, hide their diminished heads. The glories of the second course, with such a stimulus, particularly when the rich bachelor was one of the party, can hardly be conceived in these degenerate days, when the profusion of sweets which used to deck the tables of our grandsires, are no longer in fashion. How our eyes widened as the butler approached the table, tottering under the weight of the glass salver, loaded with a pile of jellies and whipt syllabubs,—the truffle emulating Mont Blanc in height and snowy whiteness; the hen's nest in flummery; the desert islands of curds and caudy! the still more admirable floating island, with its barley-sugar temple, towards which two papier maché figures were proceeding, hand in hand, on a walk made of coloured comfits; in short, here were realized all Belvidera's wildest fancies, "Seas of milk and ships of amber." How we rejoiced in the success of the manœuvres which had placed us at a distance from my mother's anxious eye, snugly sheltered by a good-natured, protuberant old lady, who always maintained that children could digest *any* thing and *every* thing, and who did all in her power to verify her theory by our practice; how dexterously we avoided seeing the warning finger held up; what a deaf ear we turned to the short hem which was uttered to call to our recollections the lessons of temperance which had been read to us in the morning; how little did we profit by them, and yet how often in the course of the evening did we tacitly acknowledge their wisdom. Of the Squire's lady I have a fainter recollection; but I remembered to have heard, that when married to him she was very beautiful, and sacrificed by an avaricious father before she was of an age to judge of what would constitute her happiness. She was possessed of considerable talents and a high spirit; and had she borne her faculties more meekly, would have been as much es-

teemed as she was admired ; but she despised her little sordid husband, and was at no pains to conceal her contempt, this often produced scenes of a ludicrous kind, though not a little distressing to their guests. By her cool and cutting replies she would sometimes exasperate him to such a degree, that I have heard my mother relate to have seen him run behind her, and seizing the back of her chair, leap as high as her shoulder, uttering a succession of oaths, and in his storm of passion totally forgetting the Grandisonian suavity on which he usually piqued himself. To these ebullitions she would only say, "I wish, my dear, you would have a little more consideration for my employments ; how is it possible that I can thread a needle while you are frisking behind me in this extraordinary manner." It may be supposed how much such a remonstrance would increase the energy of his Highland flings and the torrent of his oaths. In the latter years of his life, the harmony of our intercourse was somewhat interrupted by a project which the Squire put in action solely, I believe, to create some interest in his pursuits, having found that his agricultural experiments had ended in vanity and vexation of spirit. He built a Methodist chapel in his house, and engaged the services of two or three preachers, who were received into his family and sat at his table. As they were men of the most ordinary description, and as he had ever a great share of saving knowledge, he never scrupled to demand their services on the week day to make hay, carry butter and poultry to market, fetch letters, and make them active in any department in which they could be rendered use-

ful. He had a fine avenue of walnut-trees, and the crop being one year very large, he made his household saints gather, shell it, and convey it to the neighbouring town. The day after this dainty operation was finished, he took them to dine at a neighbouring nobleman's, with hands which, though not "*unwashed*," were of negro blackness. These absurdities by degrees alienated the neighbourhood from him, and he removed to Hampstead, where he purchased a handsome house, and amused his evenings by attending to a club, the members of which met alternately at each other's houses. As age increased, he became more and more under the dominion of his servants, and the old coachman disliking to take out the sleek-backs at night, he invented a shelter for himself in the form of a sentry-box, the frame very slight, covered with oily paper, and having a little round glass window in front ; it was furnished with handles on the inside, and thus protected from the sharp air of the heath, he took his nightly round. But, like Dædalus, his invention proved fatal to him at last, for one windy night his machine was blown over, and ere the servant, who carried a lantern before him, could extricate him and set him on his legs, the force of his struggles and the power of the wind had rolled him into a pool of water by the road side ; by this means he caught so severe a cold, and received so many bruises, that a fever ensued, from which he never recovered. The estate and mansion-house passed to a distant relation, who immediately disposed of it ; and no vestige of my whimsical old neighbour remains but in the recollections which I have now submitted to your perusal.

SONG.

BY CHARLES LOCKHART, ESQ.

THIS rose was once of brilliant hue,
And all its leaves were fresh with dew ;
But faded are the sweets it knew,
And, like it, let me wither too !

Though its beauties long have vanished,
Yet those beauties still are thine ;
Though its tears have long been vanished,
Still, alas ! those tears are mine !

The gift was thine,—the blush that cast
Love on the giving fleetest fast ;
Both were too beautiful to last,
The rose is dead,—the blush is passed !

Like the blush thy love passed over,
Like the rose 'tis changed and dead,
Soon like both will be thy lover,
Since blush, rose, love,—all are fled.

Lon. Lit. Gaz.

ORIGINAL POTRY.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

FRAGMENTS BY L. E. L.

SONG.

Oh speak not of love
As of that which might be,
If the love could pass over
I now feel for thee.

Oh speak not of falsehood,
For it must be thine;
I cannot in fancy
Dream of it as mine.

I have lived but for one love;
If that were no more,
Oh never could new love
Its likeness restore.

When the lamp of the vestal
Has chanced to expire,
It might be rekindled
By morning sunfire;

But, love once extinguished,
All efforts are vain,
There is nothing can brighten
Its embers again.

STAN ZAS.

Is it not so?

It is a green and sunny place
That silent tomb,
And over it, with summer grace,
The wild flowers bloom;

And shadily that willow-tree
Floats on the air;
But lift up the smooth sod, and see
Its dark things bare:

A blackening corpse, a rank, cold smell,
Discoloured bones;
And slimy earthworms are what dwell
In the damp stones.

And look thus on the human face—
Is it not fair?
Yet look within the heart, and trace
Such foulness there.

THE DREAM.

Farewell! and yet how may I teach
My heart to say Farewell to thee?
My first young love, the light, the hope,
The breath, the soul of life to me!

I had last night a strange wild dream,
The very emblem of my love,
I saw a stately eagle's wing
Become the refuge for a dove.

And for a while most tenderly
The eagle cherished his guest;
And never had the dove a home
Of happiness like that fond breast.

It was a sight for love to see
That haughty and that gentle bird,
Caressing and carest, so soft
The mingling murmurs from them heard.

But troubled grew the eagle's crest,
And stern and careless his dark eye,
And so, regardless of the dove,
I marvelled that she did not fly:
Then sudden spread his mighty plumes,
And flung the helpless dove away;
There on the ground, with broken wing,
And soiled and bleeding breast, she lay.
Poor silly bird! if thou hadst flown,
Before, this fate had not been thine.
I wakened, and I thought how soon
Such fall, such falsehood, might be mine.

INDIAN SONG.

*Founded on a romantic species of Divination
practised by Indian Maidens.*

To the moonlit waters of the lake
My little bark I gave,
And gentle as the jasmine's sigh
Was the wind that swept the wave.

I chose the night from many a one,
It was so very fair;
Scarcely the cocoa's light green plumes
Waved on the languid air.

Last year, beneath the summer moon,
I planted a young rose,
I water'd it at the sunrise,
And at the evening's close.

I only let one single flower
Amid the boughs abide,
Soon as they came I culled the heads
Of every bud beside.

I shaded it from the hot noon,
And from the midnight dew,
And fresh, and red, and beautiful,
My lonely rosebud grew.

This morning it was in its prime,
And then my bark I made
Of the green fragrant grass that grows
In the banana's shade.

I made a taper of white wax
From my own hive, whose bees
Had fed but upon hyacinth bells
And on young myrtle trees.

And in the bark that taper stood,
Hung with a wreath of green,
And in the midst my lovely rose
Sat like a fairy queen.

I threw rich spice and scented oils
Around the lighted flame,
And gave it to the stream, and called
Upon Camdeo's name.

My cheek blush'd warm, my heart beat high,
The bark moved slowly on;
There breath'd no wind, there moved no wave,
Yet like a thought 'twas gone.

Alas, my bark! Alas, my rose!
Yet what could I expect?
I sent them on a voyage of love,
And when was love not wreck'd?— I. E. L.

LATE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

MR. BULLOCK'S TRAVELS AND ACQUISITIONS IN MEXICO.

SCHOOLED by great practice and experience in many of the arts and sciences, eminently informed on subjects of natural philosophy, possessed of a mind peculiarly ardent and inquisitive, and indefatigable in exertion and research, we are not acquainted with any man who has established so legitimate a claim to the universal popularity which confesses him (from Indus to the Pole) than our friend Mr. William Bullock. His exhibitions, of various and interesting kinds, have made him known to the young, whom he has so pleasantly instructed; while his skill has made him the intimate of the learned, both at home and abroad, who have found their advantage in consulting his intelligence.

We were gratified when we heard of the return of such a person from Mexico, after a sojourn in that country; because we thence anticipated the opportunity of acquiring a more effectual, just, and comprehensive idea of the state of Spanish (if longer Spanish) America, than from all the books of travels (excellent though some of them are) which we had ever read on the subject. We awaited, therefore, with some impatience for the arrival of his imports. We have now seen the most of them; and we will venture to say, that as we have not been, so neither will the British public be, disappointed.

Such an account as we can give of these Mexican products will, we flatter ourselves, occupy a page as interesting as any we could present; and though we cannot remember a title of the curiosities which attracted us, we trust there may be enough unforgotten to merit the attention of our readers.

Mr. Bullock spent six months in Mexico; visited the capital and many principal cities, and, with his usual zeal and assiduity, climbed volcanoes and pyramids, drew landscapes and temples, exhumed ancient images and unriched long-established gods; collected minerals, birds, natural productions, costumes, works of native arts and manufactures; and, beyond all, availing

himself of the political situation of the country, which opened channels jealousy had dammed up since the conquests by Spain, obtained possession of early manuscripts and other records of the most remarkable kind, and apparently of the highest antiquarian value. Of some of these things it shall be our "hint to speak."

It is now 300 years since the discovery of Mexico by the Spaniards, yet, owing to the narrow policy of the conquerors (who completely succeeded in shutting out the knowledge of this most splendid portion of the new world from the rest of Europe,) the accounts of its ancient inhabitants and their metropolis (the scene of the extraordinary feats of Cortez and Montezuma,) as well as of the present city of Mexico, though the most regular and beautiful in existence, are to the present day but vague and obscure. The laws of the land doomed every stranger found in the territory to death; and the difficulty of access by its ports, situated in the Gulf, aided this barbarous system; so much so indeed that Mexico had never, we believe, been visited by any Englishman of science, till the opportunity, offered on the expulsion of the Spaniards, was promptly and happily seized by the enterprising individual whose name heads this notice. The disposition of his former unrivalled zoological collection had left Mr. Bullock at liberty to pursue new projects; and he sailed for Mexico in 1822, accompanied by his son as draughtsman. Having completely succeeded in his object, he recently returned in his Majesty's ship *Phaeton*, having, through the favour and assistance of the existing Government, been enabled to bring with him the treasures, which we have mentioned in a summary way. These will elucidate the state of the country, and its ancient population, before the discovery of America: and also its present situation, its city, arts, manufactures, commerce, natural productions, &c. &c. With this view, Mr. B. is now busily arranging them for exhibi-

tion in the spring; and he appears to have every material that can assist the historian, the man of science, the naturalist and the merchant.

There is an elaborate panoramic drawing of the magnificent capital of New Spain, taken from the top of the cathedral. It comprehends the whole of the celebrated valley of Mexico, the lakes of Tezcuco and Chalco, and the great pyramid of St. Juan de Teotēchan, the snow-capped volcanoes of Popocatepetl, &c. There are also perspective views of the same city; of Puebla de los Angeles (containing 70 or 80,000 souls, and rich in public buildings;)* of Xalappa;† of Vera Cruz (now no more;) of the most celebrated mountains and volcanoes; of the most beautiful landscapes; of the most striking subjects of natural history; of agricultural instruments; and in short, of whatever belongs to the external forms of the country and people.

But what affords a more perfect notion of Mexico is a series of models, in full size as well as in little, of the fruits and vegetable productions. We never approached any thing so like the idea of a tropical climate as these give at one glance. The doubted *hand* tree, with its fruit resembling the human hand; the gigantic and clustering shapes of the palms, bananas, plain-tains, paupaws, avocatas, annonas, and hundreds of others whose forms are totally unknown to us, render credible the veriest stories of travellers, and when seen in their true forms and proportions, excite an astonishment which descriptions and pictures cannot create. A white gourd, like a bludgeon two feet long, may be instanced as one plant which struck us particularly; and we also remarked strings of a nameless fruit resembling our ropes of onions, but four or five feet in length, and more closely studded with cherry or plum-looking berries. Prodigious *cactus*, which with us yield no fruit, are here of the size of mis-shaped hair bottoms, and set round the edges with a scarlet fruit like our largest pears; and the

torch thistle, three feet in thickness, and thirty feet high, is seen with its massy stem, covered with flowers and fruits. Also, maize of extraordinary fertility and rich colours, and above sixty gourds in all the varieties of form which fancy could suggest.

To models of these and many others, Mr. Bullock has added specimens of all the productions that could be preserved in their natural state; and has brought with him (to enrich the Flora of England) a large collection of living plants, and seeds of the rarest and most beautiful flowers. These are now committed to British earth, and as their habitat was principally the table-land to the north of Mexico, a temperate and congenial climate, it may reasonably be hoped that their cultivation with us will be successful, and that in a few years we may not only see them naturalized, but extensively adorning our gardens and shrubberies.

In natural history, his collection of preserved specimens seems to be as numerous, new, and interesting as in botany. Of nearly two hundred species of birds, the greater number are undescribed!! Many of these are humming birds of exquisite plumage and surpassing brilliancy; resembling the glittering and dazzling products of the mines round which they fly. Of these, Mr. B. had, at one time, seventy alive in one cage, and studied closely their motions and habits.

The fishes of Mexico and its coasts are also little known. Mr. B. has preserved a great variety, very singular in form and beautiful in colour. His catalogue embraces between two and three hundred species.

Mr. B. also brought with him several living animals, but they have not borne our climate; they are new, or little known in Europe. Among these are the Acolotl, or Wild Dog of Mexico; a miniature species of dog, scarcely the size of a rat, which burrows in the mountains, in the neighbourhood of Durangon;* a new species of Deer. Armadillos, Currassows, Flamings,

* It has the richest churches perhaps in the world. The architecture is gorgeous, and the interior so rich, that in some the rails are of massy silver, as thick as a man's leg.

† Whence our name of Jalap. It grows there.

* Among his stuffed animals are, a frog of the bulk of a tolerable tortoise, which is contrasted by this dog, much less than the frog. On looking at them together, one fancies that the reptile could easily swallow the quadruped.

Parrots (undescribed) &c. &c. In charge of these and other marvels, is a young Mexican Indian, probably the first who has visited Europe since the days of Cortez, and certainly the first who has visited Britain. He can read and write the Mexican language, and even partially interpreted the MSS.

While augmenting the stores of the vegetable and animal kingdom, it was not to be imagined that our enthusiastic countryman would neglect the mineral world, in which Mexico is, perhaps, richer than all the universe besides. Her mines form her distinguishing character; and will soon, in all likelihood (since British and American capital has been set to work upon them,) renew her wealth and importance as a nation.† The mineral kingdom is, nevertheless, more profuse and valuable,

† We may here mention, that Mr. Allaman, the present Minister and a man of science, who has been in Europe, was Mr. Bullock's great patron in the country, and to him the public are chiefly indebted for the antiquities brought over. He had some of them dug up at the expense of the government, and was so pleased with the proceedings of Mr. B. that he furnished him with his own drawings to copy, and to confirm the intercourse, was the means of obtaining for him gratuitously, a silver mine, which that gentleman is now working under the superintendence of his son. Great contracts are now entering upon to work the long disused and ruined mines. The great mine of Valenciana is now English property (we believe Messrs. Barclay's): it has produced more than any mine in the world; in some years, of old, the profits are said to have been a million and a half sterling.

than rare and beautiful. What there is, Mr. B. has been fortunate in obtaining. His cases comprise the whole collection of the Conde de Valentini-ana, the crystals, &c. of Mr. Wilcox, the American Consul, and all those collected by Dr. Cervantes, the professor of natural history; besides other curious specimens.

Still, however, to us the most interesting parts of his acquisitions remain to be described: We allude to his manuscripts religious emblems, &c.:—historical documents of the time of Cortez, in the shape of rude pictures; pictures still more rude, *detailing* (obviously, and quite intelligibly to the mind through the eye) the early, perhaps original, migrations and settlements of the Mexican tribes; emblematical writings; maps; casts of the stupendous idols which they worshipped, and the lesser idols themselves, so curiously and elaborately carved in the hardest materials, that we wonder how they could possibly be executed with the native tools; and a multitude of other extraordinary things, the bare enumeration of which would extend this paper to an inconvenient length. We therefore conclude for the present, and promise our friends another article on the same subject.

STANZAS.—HE NEVER SMIL'D AGAIN.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

— "Henry I. (after the loss of Prince William) entertained hopes, for three days, that his son had put into some distant port of England; but when certain intelligence of the calamity was brought him, he fainted away; and it was remarked, that he never afterwards was seen to smile, nor ever recovered his wonted cheerfulness."—*Hume*.

The bark that held a Prince went down,
The sweeping waves roll'd on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a Son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain!
Why comes not Death to those that mourn?
—He never smil'd again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him pass'd the young and fair
In Pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair,—
He never smil'd again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crown'd
Amidst the knightly ring.
A murmur of the restless deep
Seem'd blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smil'd again!

Hearts, in that time, clos'd o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly pour'd,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board.
Graves which true love had wash'd with tears
Were left to Heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smil'd again!

NARRATIVE OF A COMMON SOLDIER.

(Lon. Mag.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE CHIEFLY PASSED IN THE ARMY BY A SOLDIER.

THOUGH, in some instances, rather coarse in style, this is apparently a genuine, and certainly a very natural and vivid picture of the class of society to which the lowly station of its author chiefly limited his observations. We say chiefly, because there is a degree of acuteness and good sense about his remarks, strongly characteristic of his native Scotland, where the lower orders are taught in their youth what never fails to be useful in extending their views through life, and shows them at its close, in their old age, informed above their condition;—a shrewd, sensible, and intelligent race of men.

The story is various, adventurous, and often possesses a strong interest in consequence of its truth and fidelity. Where it fails, it is in a literary quality; and for this it would be too severe to condemn a writer who comes before us in the red coat of a common soldier, and not in an academic gown or erudite wig. We shall not therefore censure the certain ambitious attempts at the pathetic or grandiloquent which struck us as we read this book; nor contrast them with the very plain description of sea-sickness, or the vulgar oaths of warlike Hectors and Trullas, which a little good advice would have induced the author to soften down so as to be more fit for eyes and ears polite. In a slightly and quite irregularly educated man, these blemishes are venial; and encouraging his honest aspirations for distinction as a public writer, it will afford us more pleasure to point out its merits than his faults.

James ——— was born in Glasgow, of mean but respectable parents. From his infancy he seems to have been a headstrong and inconsiderate boy. After relating some circumstances not much to his credit, he describes his running off to sea with his companion; a voyage to the West Indies, storms, accidents, &c. &c.; and his return, somewhat sobered as to his ideas of the world and its pursuits. A feeling of shame, however, induces him again to

leave home, and he enlists as a soldier. His description of joining the regiment; and the plunder by crimps, sergeants, and comrades, is a curious and (we take it) faithful description of such affairs; and not unworthy to be placed aside the naval picture of a Middy's Introduction to the other service, (which will begin in our next.) But we shall rather select, to illustrate the volume, parts of the detail of the troops embarking for Portugal.

"We had been about three months in Jersey, when the order came for our embarkation for Portugal; but only six women to every hundred men were allowed to accompany us. As there were, however, a great many more than that number, it was ordered that they should draw lots, to see who should remain. The women of the company to which I belonged were assembled in the pay-sergeant's room for that purpose. The men of the company had gathered round them, to see the result, with various degrees of interest depicted in their countenances. The proportionate number of tickets were made with 'to go,' or 'not to go' written on them. They were then placed in a hat, and the women were called by their seniority to draw to their tickets. I looked round me before they began. It was an interesting scene. The sergeant stood in the middle with the hat in his hand, the women around him, with their hearts palpitating, and anxiety and suspense in every countenance. Here and there you would see the head of a married man pushed forward, from amongst the crowd, in the attitude of intense anxiety and attention.

"The first woman called, was the sergeant's wife—she drew 'not to go.' It seemed to give little concern to any one but herself and her husband. She was not very well liked in the company. The next was a corporal's wife—she drew 'to go.' This was received by all with nearly as much apathy as the first. She was little beloved either.

"The next was an old hand, a most

outrageous virago, who thought nothing of giving her husband a knock down when he offended her, and who used to make great disturbance about the fire, in the cooking way. Every one uttered their wishes audibly that she would lose; and her husband, if we could judge from his countenance, seemed to wish so too. She boldly plunged her hand into the hat, and drew out a ticket: on opening it, she held it up triumphantly, and displayed 'To go.' 'D——n you,' said she, 'old Meg will go yet, and live to scald more of you about the fire-side.' A general murmur of disappointment ran through the whole. 'D——n the old b——h,' said some of them, 'she has the devil's luck and her own.'

"The next in turn was the wife of a young man, who was much respected in the company for his steadiness and good behaviour. She was remarkable for her affection for her husband, and beloved by the whole company for her modest and obliging disposition. She advanced, with a palpitating heart and trembling hand, to decide on (what was to her, I believe) her future happiness or misery. Every one prayed for her success. Trembling between fear and hope, she drew out one of the tickets, and attempted to open it; but her hand shook so that she could not do it. She handed it to one of the men to open. When he opened it, his countenance fell, and he hesitated to say what it was. She cried out to him, in a tone of agony, 'Tell me, for God's sake, what it is.' 'Not to go,' said he, in a compassionate tone of voice. 'Oh, God, help me! oh, Sandy!' she exclaimed, and sunk lifeless into the arms of her husband, who had sprung forward to her assistance, and in whose face was now depicted every variety of wretchedness. The drawing was interrupted, and she was carried by her husband to his birth, where he hung over her in frantic agony. By the assistance of those around her, she was soon recovered from her swoon; but she awoke only to a sense of her misery. The first thing she did was to look round for her husband, when she perceived him she seized his hand, and held it, as if she was afraid that he was

going to leave her. 'Oh, Sandy, you'll no leave me and your poor baby will you?' The poor fellow looked in her face with a look of agony and despair.

"The scene drew tears from every eye in the room, with the exception of the termagant whom I have already mentioned, who said, "What are ye a' makin' sic a wark about? let the babie get her greet out. I suppose she thinks there's naeboddy ever parted with their men but her. Wi' her faintin,' and her airs, and her wark.' - - -

"The drawing was again commenced, and various were the expressions of feelings evinced by those concerned. The Irish women in particular, were loud in their grief. It always appeared to me that the Irish either feel more than the Scotch or English, or that they have less restraint on themselves in expressing it. The barrack, through the rest of the day, was one continued scene of lamentation. - - -

"We were to march the next morning early. The most of the single men were away drinking. I slept in the birth above Sandy and his wife. They never went to bed, but sat the whole night in their birth, with their only child between them, alternately embracing their child and each other, and lamenting their cruel fortune. I never witnessed in my life such a heart-rending scene. The poor fellow tried to assume some firmness; but in vain: some feeling expression from her would throw him off his guard, and at last his grief became quite uncontrollable.

"When the first bugle sounded, he got up, and prepared his things. Here a new source of grief sprung up. In laying aside the articles which he intended to leave, and which they had used together, the idea seemed fixed in her mind, that they would never use them in that way again; and as she put them aside, she watered them with her tears. Her tea-pot, her cups, and every thing that they had used in common, all had their apostrophe of sorrow. He tried to persuade her to remain in the barrack, as we had six miles to travel to the place of embarkation; but she said she would take the last minute in his company that she could.

“The regiment fell in, and marched off, amid the wailing of those who, having two or three children, could not accompany us to the place of embarkation. Many of the men had got so much intoxicated that they were scarcely able to walk. The commanding officer was so displeased at their conduct, that in coming through St. Helier’s he would not allow the band to play.

“When we arrived at the place where we were to embark, a most distressing scene took place, in the men parting with their wives. Some of them indeed it did not appear to affect much : others had got themselves nearly tipsy ; but the most of them seemed to feel acutely. When Sandy’s wife came to take her last farewell, she lost all government of her grief. She clung to him with a despairing hold. ‘Oh, dinna, dinna leave me!’ she cried. The vessel was hauling out. One of the sergeants came to tell her that she would have to go ashore, ‘Oh, they’ll never be so hard-hearted as to part us,’ said she ; and running aft to the quarter-deck, where the commanding officer was standing, she sunk down on her knees with her child in her arms. ‘Oh, will you no let me gang wi’ my husband? Will ye tear him frae his wife and his wean? He has nae frien’s but us—nor we ony but him—and, oh, will you mak’ us a frien’less? See my wee babbie pleadin’ for us.’

“The officer felt a painful struggle between his duty and his feelings : the tears came into his eyes. She eagerly caught at this as favourable to her cause. ‘Oh, aye, I see you have a feeling heart—you’ll let me gang wi’ him. You have nae wife ; but, if you had, I am sure you wad think it unco hard to be torn frae her this way—and this wee darlin.’ ‘My good woman, (said the officer) I feel for you much ; but my orders are peremptory, that no more than six women to each hundred men go with their husbands. You have had your chance as well as the other women ; and, although, it is hard enough on you to be separated from your husband, yet there are many more in the same predicament ; and it is totally out of my power to help it.’

‘Well, well,’ said she, rising from her knees, and straining her infant to her breast ; ‘It’s a’ owre wi’ us, my puir babbie ; this day leaves us frien’less on the wide world.’ ‘God will be your friend,’ said I, as I took the child from her until she could get into the boat. Sandy had stood, like a person bewildered, all this time without saying a word. ‘Farewell then, a last farewell then,’ said she to him : ‘Where’s my babbie?’ she cried. I handed him to her—‘Give him a last kiss, Sandy.’ He pressed the infant to his bosom in silent agony. ‘Now a’s owre ; farewell, Sandy ! we’ll maybe meet in heaven ;’ and she stepped into the boat with a wild despairing look. The vessel was now turning the pier, and she was almost out of our sight in an instant ; but, as we got the last glimpse of her, she uttered a shriek, the knell of a broken heart, which rings in my ears at this moment. Sandy rushed down below, and threw himself into one of the births, in a state of feelings which defies description. Poor fellow, his wife’s forebodings were too true ! He was amongst the first that was killed in Portugal ! What became of her, I have never been able to learn.”

Having thus far made our readers acquainted with the Soldier’s narrative, we shall not proceed farther with so short a book ; but content ourselves with quoting three of his anecdotes, and protesting against the Scottish misuse of will, would, &c. for shall, should, &c. in almost every page.

At Lisbon, James — and a friend Dennis, a worthy Irish soldier, met a procession of the host. “Poor Dennis (we are told) was sadly puzzled the first time he met one of these parties : he was a catholic, and of course could not avoid following the example of the *christians* around him ; but he had a great aversion to kneeling in the dirty streets. The procession was fast advancing, and he had been two or three times half down on his knees and up again ; at last, a lucky thought struck him—he snatched the hat out of the hand of the Portuguese that was kneeling before him, and, deliberately placing it on the ground, knecled down

on it, and went through the ceremony with great gravity—thus saving both his conscience and his breeches. The fellow who owned the hat durst not move until the procession had passed; and then, without giving him time to speak, Dennis clapped the hat, dirty as it was, on the owner's head, and walked off."

During the campaign, "We generally turned out for the working party, at five o'clock in the morning; and our breakfast, which was coffee with bread, was always ready at that hour. I remember, the first time we had it, each man came forward with his mess-tin for his allowance, which was measured out by the cook. We had a Highlandman in the company, who had enlisted raw from his native hills, and who, I believe, had never seen any thing of the kind before. When he came for his allowance of the coffee, which was now nearly done, the cook was skimming it off the top very carefully, to avoid stirring up the grounds. Donald, who thought this a scheme to keep all the good part to himself, exclaimed, 'Tam your plood! will you'll no gie some o' the sik as well as the sin?' 'Oh, certainly,' said the cook (who was a bit of a wag); and, stirring the grounds well up, he gave him a double portion. Donald came in, chuckling with satisfaction at having detected the knavery of the cook, saying, 'If she'll socht to sheat a highlandman, she'll be far mistook.'" And seeing the rest of his comrades breaking bread in their coffee, he did the same: by this time the eye of every one in the tent was on him, scarcely able to refrain from laughing. Donald began to sup it with his spoon; but, after taking two or three spoonfuls, grinding the coffee grounds between his teeth, and making wry faces, he threw

tin, contents and all, out of the tent door, exclaiming, 'Tam their coffee! you might as weel chow heather, and drink pog water as that teevil's stuff. Gi'e Donal a cog o' brochan before any o' your tea or coffees either.'"

Our last anecdote is also a campaigning one, and not badly matched with poor Donald's coffee:

"We had not long taken up our quarters in the village, where our whole brigade was, when a peasant entered it driving a flock of sheep before him. In a moment, a race was made amongst them by some of the soldiers. Others, stimulated by their example, followed; and, in a few minutes, officers and men promiscuously could be seen scrambling for the mutton. Dennis joined the throng, and had seized one of them, at the same moment that an officer of the Irish regiment in the brigade made a grasp at it. 'Give me that sheep, sir,' said the officer in an authoritative tone. 'Arrah, be aisy, honey,' said Dennis. 'Kill a Hessian for yourself, if you please.*' The officer relinquished his claim, and pursued another. The poor Portuguese shepherd stood like a statue, not knowing well what to do. At last, when he found himself relieved from all his charge, he went away, muttering curses on the '*ladrones Englese*,' to make his complaint to the general."

We trust these extracts will recommend our soldier to good-liking, and that his little literary labour will be rewarded with a *bounty* worthy of the British public.

* "A common expression amongst Irishmen. I asked Dennis what it meant. He said that, during the rebellion, a number of Hessian soldiers had been landed in Ireland, and an 'United Man,' having shot one of them, was busy plundering him, when one of his comrades came and asked share. 'Kill a Hessian for yourself, my gay fellow,' was the reply."

ORIGIN OF NAMES.

In the time of the Crusades, there was a wretched little people of mountaineers inhabiting the caverns near the road to Damascus. These brigands elected a chief, whom they named Cheik Elchassissim. It is said that the honorific title of *cheik* originally signified *old*, as with us the title of *seigneur* comes from *senior*, elder, and the word *graf*, a count, signifies

old among the Germans; for, in ancient times, almost every people conferred the civil command upon the old men. Afterwards, the command having become hereditary, the title of *cheik*, *grof*, *seigneur*, or *count*, has been given to children; and the Germans call a little master of four years old, *the Count*, that is, the *old gentleman*.

(Lon. Mag.)

GERMAN EPIGRAMS.

The Germans possess a great number and variety of short epigrammatic compositions, from which an interesting Anthology might be wreathed. We propose to give a few specimens from time to time.

Is it a wonder—with his pelf,
That Tom his friends remembers not?
For friends are easily forgot
By him who can forget himself.—*Weckherlin.*

THE CHANGED LAIS.

O Venus! whelm'd in sorrow o'er,
My broken glass I bring to thee;
For *what I was* it shows no more,
And *what I am* I dare not see.—*Weckherlin.*

EPITAPH.

Here lies, thank God, a woman who
Quarrell'd and storm'd her whole life through;
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.—*Weckherlin.*

Who noble *is* may hold in scorn
The man who *is* but noble *born*.—*Zeiler.*

TO A SCOUNDREL.

Witness against thee!—wheresoe'er thou goest
Thou bearest thy accuser, as thou knowest.
Zeiler.

PRUDENCE.

Seamen on the surge who ride
Court the wind and court the tide,
Force alone no victory brings;—
They who aim at noblest things,
Should aspire to wisdom's light;
Wisdom's nightier far than might.—*Zinkgreff.*

HONOURABLE SERVICE.

If one have served thee, tell the deed to many;
Hast thou served many, tell it not to any.—*Opitz.*

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Here lies old father Gripe, who never cried, "*Just
satis,*"
'Twould wake him did he know you read his tomb-
stone gratis. *Opitz.*

I never dine at home, said Harry Skinner;
True! when you dine not out, you get no dinner.
Opitz.

Better to sit in Freedom's hall,
With a cold damp floor and a mouldering wall,
Than to bend the neck, and to bow the knee,
In the proudest palace of slavery.—*Olearius.*

When o'er thee all the crowded storms of woe
Roll darkling—mourn not! heaven hath order'd so
That life's swift stream through dreary shores
should flow. *Olearius.*

One Arab's steed's worth more than all
An over crowded donkey stall.
Olearius.

O lovely May! thou art a kiss
From heaven to earth, of nuptial bliss;
A kiss that hails a blushing bride,
Who soon shall feel a mother's pride.—*Logau.*

In praise of truth and honesty,
Men's busy tongues are never still,
'Tis well—for both are fled from earth,
De mortuis nisi bonum nū.—*Logau.*

Thou addest daily to thy store thy gains,
Will a gold fleece give a sheep more brains?
Paullin.

APPEARANCE.

Appearance may deceive thee—understand
A pure white glove may hide a filthy hand.
C. Gryphius.

The world is but an opera show,
We come, look round, and then we go.—*C. Gryphius.*

'Tis hard indeed to make a pother,
That Eve poor Adam overthrew,
For what he did to please the mother,
We daily for the daughters do.—*Besser.*

ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose,
Dazzled and charm'd he called that woman "bride"
And his first sleep became his last repose.
Besser.

COUNSEL.

Friend! do not crouch to those above,
Friend! do not tread on those below:
Love those—they're worthy of thy love,
Love these—and thou wilt make them so.
Wernicke.

Of all Job lost, his history tells us plain,
God gave him doubled portions back again,
God did not take his plucky wife—'tis true.
What could the patient man have done with *two*?
Wernicke.

Ere yet her child has drawn its earliest breath,
A mother's love begins—it glows till death,
Lives before life—with death not dies—but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams.
Wernicke.

Bliss is like woman—both alike we see,
Immutable in mutability.—*Wernicke.*

EPITAPH.

What thou art reading o'er my bones,
I've often read on other stones;
And others soon shall read of thee,
What thou art reading now of me.—*Flemming.*

VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

MR. SOUTHEY.

No writer of the present day (observes Mr. Galt, in his *Bachelor's Wife*) has written more of what I should call respectable poetry, than the Poet Laureat. He has, I acknowledge, produced several passages of great beauty and magnificence, but none which can be justly called truly sublime or pathetic. He ranks high in the estimation of the world, and deservedly so, as a man of genius, and perhaps in point of industry he is not inferior, neither in constancy of application nor in productive power, to the greatest of his cotemporaries. But the whole of his lays and lucubrations bear an impress of art or authorship which will ever keep them out of the first class.

ANIMAL SUICIDE.

A doubt has been raised—whether brute animals ever commit suicide: to me it is obvious that they do not, and cannot. Some years, ago, however, there was a case reported in all the newspapers of an old ram who committed suicide (as it was alleged) in the presence of many witnesses. Not having any pistols or razors, he ran for a short distance, in order to aid the impetus of his descent, and leaped over a precipice, at the foot of which he was dashed to pieces. His motive to the “rash act,” as the papers called it, was supposed to be mere *tedium vitæ*. But, for my part, I doubted the accuracy of the report. Not long after a case occurred in Westmoreland which strengthened my doubts. A fine young blood horse, who could have no possible reason for making away with himself, unless it were the high price of oats at that time, was found one morning dead in his field. The case was certainly a suspicious one: for he was lying by the side of a stone-wall, the upper part of which wall his skull had fractured, and which had returned the compliment by fracturing his skull. It was argued, therefore, that in default of ponds, &c. he had deliberately hammered with his head against the wall; this, at first, seemed the only solution: and he was generally pro-

nounced *felo de se*. However, a day or two brought the truth to light. The field lay upon the side of a hill: and, from a mountain which rose above it, a shepherd had witnessed the whole catastrophe, and gave evidence which vindicated the character of the horse. The day had been very windy; and the young creature being in high spirits, and, caring evidently as little for the corn question, as for the bullion question, had raced about in all directions; and at length, descending too steep a part of the field, had been unable to check himself, and was projected by the impetus of his own descent like a battering ram against the wall.

HUMAN SUICIDE.

Of human suicides, the most affecting I have ever seen recorded is one which I met with in a German book: this I shall repeat a little further on: the most calm and deliberate is the following, which is *said* to have occurred at Keswick, in Cumberland: but I must acknowledge, that I never had an opportunity, whilst staying at Keswick, of verifying the statement. A young man of studious turn, who is said to have resided near Penrith, was anxious to qualify himself for entering the church, or for any other mode of life which might secure to him a reasonable portion of literary leisure. His family, however, thought that under the circumstances of his situation he would have a better chance for success in life as a tradesman; and they took the necessary steps for placing him as an apprentice at some shopkeeper's in Penrith. This he looked upon as an indignity, to which he was determined in no case to submit. And accordingly, when he had ascertained that all opposition to the choice of his friends was useless, he walked over to the mountainous district of Keswick (about sixteen miles distant)—looked about him in order to select his ground—coolly walked up Latrig (a dependency of Skiddaw)—made a pillow of sods—laid himself down with his face looking up to the sky—and in that posture was found dead, with the appearance of having died tranquilly.

OPIUM EATERS.

The practice of eating opium does not appear to be so general with the Turks as is commonly believed. But there is a set of people at Constantinople devoted to this drug; and the Theriakis, as they are called, have that hollow and livid aspect, the fixed dulness of the eye at one time, or the unnatural brightness at another, which tell too plainly of this destructive habit. They seldom live beyond thirty; lose all appetite for food; and as their strength wastes, the craving for the vivid excitement of opium increases. It is useless to warn a Theriakkee that he is hurrying to the grave. He comes in the morning to a large coffee-house, a well-known resort for this purpose, close to the superb mosque of Suleimanieh. Having swallowed his pill, he seats himself in the portico in front, which is shaded by trees. He has no wish to change his position, for motion would disturb his happiness, which he will tell you is indescribable. Then the most wild and blissful reveries come crowding on him. His eyes are fixed on the river beneath, covered with the sails of every nation; on the majestic shores of Asia opposite, or vacantly raised where the gilded minarets of Suleimanieh ascend on high: if external objects heighten, as is allowed, the illusions of opium, the Turk is privileged. There, till the sun sets on the scene, the Theriakkee revels in love, in splendour, or pride. He sees the beauties of Circassia striving whose charms shall most delight him; the Ottoman fleet sails beneath his flag as the Capitan Pacha: or seated in the divan, turbaned heads are bowed before him, and voices hail the favoured of Alla and the Sultan. But evening comes, and he awakes to a sense of wretchedness and helplessness, to a gnawing hunger which is an effect of his vice; and hurries home, to suffer till the morning sun calls him to his paradise again.

DR. JOHNSON

was a frequent visitor at Sheridan's, when he was in London, and used to fondle the children, in his rough way, who might so far boast of having been '*elevés sur les genoux des philosophes.*' Observing that Mrs. Sheridan's

eldest daughter already began to give signs of that love of literature for which she was afterwards distinguished, and that she was very busily employed in reading his '*Ramblers*,' her mother hastened to assure Dr. Johnson, it was only works of that unexceptionable description which she suffered to meet the eyes of her little girl. 'In general,' added Mrs. Sheridan, 'I am very careful to keep from her all such books as are not calculated, by their moral tendency, expressly for the perusal of youth.' '*Then you are a fool, Madam!*' vociferated the doctor. 'Turn your daughter loose into the library; if she is well inclined, she will choose only nutritious food; if otherwise, all your cautions will avail nothing to prevent her following the natural bent of her inclinations.'

TRANSLATIONS.

Translations are the touchstones of wit, and that which is true wit in one language will be equally so in another. It is like mercury; which, though it may assume different forms, is not lost in any operation you can make it undergo. What the Italians call *concetti* (conceits), if translated into English, would be called nonsense. The works of the ancients have always undergone this proof. Homer, read him in what language you will, is always the greatest of poets. Even "*Don Quixote*," did not succeed less in French than in Spanish. Moliere preserves true beauties in Italian and English: as he painted nature, the truth and justice of his pictures will be always acknowledged, if they are but rendered properly and happily. Every translation is a copy; but, to copy well, a man should know how to paint. When many of the gay comedies or other pieces, which have the most reputation in France, come to be translated into English, they appear to be only tissues of trifles, agreeably expressed. All those very delicate thoughts vanish away, when you take them out of the words in which they are dressed: the kind of wit, in which their merit consists, evaporates as soon as they touch this crucible. As all the lustre was owing only to the turn and polish, it

cannot be preserved in another tongue, because it is impossible to find equivalent expressions for all those pretty phrases that supply the place of thought. By this proof we may, in fact, know the merit of every author; for true wit is the same in all ages and nations.

MAIDENS ALL FORLORN.

Miss Mary Lydia Lucrine, a maiden lady of genteel fortune, who died in the year 1778, at her apartments in Oxford Street, and who, some years since, meeting with a disappointment as to matrimony, made a vow, never to see the light of the sun! Accordingly the windows of her apartment were closely shut up, and she strictly kept her resolution.

A few years ago another lady, who had resolved never to see the light of the day again, from a matrimonial disappointment, lived shut up in darkness, (at least she had only a lamp or candle burning,) in Charter-house Street; and this lady, like the above, rigidly kept her maiden vow.

FIRE QUERY.

A correspondent, dissatisfied with the answer to the query respecting the sun putting out a fire, given in a former number, states, that the rarefaction of the air, by the double action of the fire and the sun, is the cause of the phenomenon. "For," says he, "it is well known that a fire will not burn without air, and also that heat rarefies the air. Now, the sun's heat, combined with that of the fire, will rarify the air to such a degree, that the fire will go out, because the air is not sufficiently dense to make it burn."

THIEVES.

The capital of England is the only place in the world where thieves voluntarily assume a notorious costume to distinguish themselves from their fellow citizens. The cut of the coat, tie of the neckcloth, and sleek curl of the hair above the ears, are all as distinct and peculiar as livery, parochial garb or badge. Honest men should be prohibited from imitating what is equivalent to branding or ironing in other countries.

CHANCE OR FORTUNE.

A singular reverse of fortune has just happened to an Irishman of the name of Arthur Burns, who at present resides in the High-street, Glasgow. He came to this country a number of years ago, and has since worked as a builder's labourer, and bore the character of a sober and industrious man. An uncle of his, who went to the East Indies in early life, accumulated a large fortune, and on his death-bed made a will bequeathing the whole of his property in favour of his relation. Inquiry was made after Burns in Ireland, where it was ascertained that he long before had gone to Scotland. A messenger was immediately despatched to this city, and care-

ful inquiry made, till he was at length traced out a few days ago, and the good news imparted to him. He was furnished with the copy of his uncle's will, appointing him sole heir to his immense property, amounting to 190,000*l.* in cash, several valuable estates, five merchant vessels at sea, besides an inventory of furniture of the richest and most costly description; among other articles, are a gold table, a bedstead mounted with gold, a pair of slippers with gold buckles, two carriages finely mounted with silver, and various other articles equally splendid. One of the vessels, called the Margaret, is on her passage home, with some of these valuable effects, and a large stock of the choicest wines, and several puncheons of rum. Mr. B. is about forty years old, is married, but without children. None of the money or effects have yet arrived, as the will was despatched before the merchant was dead, but accounts of his decease and the arrival of the effects are daily expected. Mr. Burns in the meantime has never ceased from his employment, and is much less elated on the subject than might have been expected. He regularly carries home in the evening his usual bundle of sticks for fuel. As is always the case in matters of this kind, new friends have sprung up on every side, who are eager to serve him; and offers of accommodation are unbounded; but he has declined their services, and prefers working in his homely garb and abstemious fare, till he is able to touch his own. Three thousand pounds was sent by his uncle to him in Ireland, some years ago, entrusted to a gentleman who kept it, and when he failed, he ranked the labourer as one of his creditors. The composition was 7*s.* but he has not yet received it, and it would seem that his good fortune would come on him all at once.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

The Plague, called also Cholera Morbus, and which in 1817 appeared for the first time on the banks of the Ganges, reached, in 1821, the shores of the Persian Gulf. In 1822 it spread into Persia, and entered Syria by means of the caravans from Basora. In the month of June last it mounted to Antioch, and extended to the shores of the Mediterranean, where it came in contact with the European merchants. The report, that it has made its appearance in the Isle of Cyprus and in Lower Egypt, is groundless; but there is reason to fear that it will be introduced into the latter country during the approaching spring, especially if it should reach Damas before the cold season arrests its ravages. It is not known whether or not it has penetrated into Alexandria; the last intelligence merely states that it has already desolated the shores of the gulf on which that city is situated; and that the terror which it inspired had caused the flight of the greater part of the population.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS DECEASED.

Died at Cheltenham, aged 73, the *Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, bart.* rector of Willingham, prebendary of Ely, and a magistrate of Cambridgeshire, &c. one of the most adventurous and original characters of his age. He was a native of Chelmsford, where his father, Mr. Bate, who was a clergyman, conferred on him a classical education, and afterwards sent him to college. He commenced his career by writing for the stage, and produced "The Rivals," and the "Blackamore washed White," while Mr. Garrick conducted Drury Lane Theatre, and, of course, became acquainted with that gentleman, and with the theatrical performers of his day. He next appeared as a recruiting officer, at a station near Middlesex hospital, where his active manœuvres to promote enlistments excited most public attention. The peace of 1782 depriving him of this employment he ventured in the speculation of a newspaper, and brought out the *Morning Herald*, with all that energy of posting bills, &c. and with humbugs in liveries, which soon conferred on the paper great notoriety. Besides writing articles of wit and humour for his paper, in which he had much talent, he produced "The Woodman," and the "Fliche of Bacon," wherein he fortunately enjoyed the co-operation of Mr. Shield. He was frequently a guest at the table of the prince; and, patronage offering in the church, he entered into holy orders, and was soon after placed in the list of the magistracy of the counties of Essex and Cambridgeshire, still continuing his connexion with the newspaper. At his living, at Bradwell near the sea, he became an agricultural improver, and obtained a premium from the Society of Arts, for some extensive embankments in a district where the retiring of the sea favoured the operation; and about the same time he rendered himself very conspicuous as a magistrate, by raising a hue and cry through two counties, in chase of a man, who was charged with darning the king; and, as an editor, complimented the Court of King's Bench on the clemency of the sentence on Kidd Wake, of five years' solitary confinement, a journeyman printer, who had been convicted, on the evidence of Stockdale, of being one of the mob who insulted the king, on his way to the Parliament House. In course of time, our subject was made a baronet, and succeeded the bishop of Chester, as rector of Willingham, in the county of Cambridge. A few years ago he sold his interest in the *Morning Herald* to its present active proprietors, having previously disposed of the *English Chronicle* and the *Courier de l'Europe* which he also established. His connexion with the press enabled him constantly to keep himself before the public, and his consequent literary influence introduced him to an extensive circle of acquaintance. Few men, therefore, were better known during

a period of forty-five years. In political principles, his paper was like harlequin's coat, and therefore held in little estimation; yet maintained a circulation from the chit-chat and small wit with which it was filled, as well as advertisements from the exaggerated reports of its circulation, which, in his time, was seldom half of that which it now enjoys. That he was a man of genius, and of daring and persevering enterprise, it cannot be denied.—*Mon. Mag.*

THE ASBESTOS STONE.

The asbestos stone is found in several places in Europe and Asia, particularly in Sweden, Corsica, Cornwall, and the Island of Anglesea, in England. It is of a silky nature, very fine, and of a greyish colour; insipid, and indissoluble in water. It may be split into threads and filaments, from one to ten inches in length. It is indestructible by fire, whence it may be employed for many useful purposes. There are some sorts whose filaments are rigid and brittle, and others more flexible. The former is not spun into cloth, and the latter very difficultly. In consequence of its incombustibility, it was very much valued by the ancients for wrapping up the bodies of the dead. In the year 1702, an urn was discovered at Rome, with the bones of a human body wrapped in a cloth made of flexible asbestos. The method of preparing it is as follows: the stone is laid to soak in warm water, then opened and divided by the hands, that the earthy matter may be washed out. This earth is white like chalk, and makes the water thick and milky. This being several times repeated, the filaments are afterwards collected and dried: they are commodiously spun with flax. When the cloth is woven, it is best preserved by oil from breaking. It is then put into the fire; and the flax being burnt out, the cloth remains pure and white. It might also be made into paper; and, from its incombustibility, wills, or any other thing of importance, could be written on it. The Chinese make furnaces of this mineral, which are very portable.

THE COMET,

which became visible in this country a few days after Christmas-day last, passed its perihelion, or nearest point to the sun, about the 22d of December; in the thirteen days that followed, to the 4th of January, its apparent motion amongst the fixed stars was at the average daily rate of 1 deg. 31 m.; thence to the 12th, its motion averaged 1 d. 58 m.; and so rapid was the increase of its speed, that between the morning of the 12th and the evening of the 23d of January, its apparent motion was 2 deg. 36 m. per day, and the real daily motion in its orbit, as viewed from the sun, 112 minutes per day, being nearly double the velocity with which the earth revolves round the sun, although this latter amounts to nearly one million and a half of miles daily! Its apparent course is amongst the stars which surround the North Pole. M.

Schumacher, M. Mossotti, and several other astronomers, are engaged in calculations which will enable us, in a future Number, to record the chief elements of this comet's motion.

TO BOIL POTATOES MEALY, AND NOT CRACKED,

it has been recommended to assort them to a nearly uniform size, for each boiling; put them into an uncovered pot, which they must not fill, and pour over them cold water, so as only to cover them. When this first water is nearly ready to boil, pour it off, and replace it with a similar quantity of cold water salted rather profusely: which replacing of the water has the double effect of removing the extracted juices of the raw potatoes, and to cool their outsides, whilst their inner parts retain the heat acquired, so that the boiling they are then to undergo (until the prongs of a fork proves them to be done in the middle,) is uniform throughout, and the potatoes are not cracked, as in a close covered pot they are apt to be, by the great heat applied to their outsides, whilst yet their centers are in part raw.

NORWAY.

M. Boye, a naturalist who chiefly studies ornithology, has published a narrative of a tour in Norway, as far as Lofoden. At Seyerstad he could not induce a woman to accept any kind of payment for the dinner which he had just eaten. She led him to a window, and pointing to the surrounding country, said, "So long as the earth shall give us corn, and the sea fish, no traveller shall ever be able to say that we have taken money of him." In the Isle of Tiatæ, where he landed wet through, in the middle of the night, the servants of M. Brodkorb, the proprietor of the island, conducted him, without inquiring his name, into a well furnished and well heated room, where he passed the night. The next morning he and his fellow travellers were invited to breakfast with the family. A few years ago, the proprietor of the isle of Porwig caused the rudder of a boat, which had brought some travellers to the island, to be secretly taken away, in order to compel them to remain at his house till a new one could be made. The community of interests between the inhabitants, their retired situation, and the small number of travellers who visit them, afford an explanation of their manners, though without depriving them of their patriarchal and Homeric character.

SCIATICA.

Dr. Martinet, of Paris, has published a treatise on the use of Oil of Turpentine in Sciatica, and similar disorders of the limbs. It contains a number of experiments, exhibiting the advantageous effects of that essential oil. The result is, that of thirty-six persons affected with Sciatica and similar disorders, whether acute or chronic, twenty-six were completely cured by the application of oil of turpentine, seven received

great relief, and in only three cases was it inoperative. The average length of time during which it was found necessary to persevere in the application of this remedy was only six days; and it seems to deserve the attention of other medical practitioners.

INTELLIGENCE.

There is preparing for publication, the Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822; containing some Account of the recent Revolutions, together with Observations on the State of Society in those Countries, by Captain Basil Hall, R. N.

Mr. Cochrane, whose extraordinary pedestrian exploits in Asia and in the Northern regions of the Russian Empire have excited so much wonder, is printing his Travels. He penetrated in one direction to the utmost boundaries of Russia towards America, where he was stopped by authority; and we understand that his adventures bear altogether a character of novelty and peculiar interest.

A public meeting was lately held at Liverpool, to consider the propriety of receiving and adopting, as a public institution, the 'Mechanics' and Apprentices' Library, which has been successfully commenced in that town by private exertions, and it was resolved to establish such a library. The meeting was numerous attended by gentlemen of the highest respectability, and the body of the hall was crowded by mechanics and apprentices.

Mr. Bernard Barton has in the press a new work, entitled Poetic Vigils.

In press, Poems, &c. by Thos. Wilkinson. Idwal, a Poem in three Cantos, with Notes, will shortly be published.

The Jews of the British West India Colonies, synthetically arranged, by George Robinson, Esq. will appear in a few days.

The Life of Joanna of Sicily, Queen of Naples, is nearly ready for publication.

NEW WORKS.

Howell's Characters of Theophrastus, royal 8vo. 21s.: imperial 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. —Wood's Essay on the Genius of Homer, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Godwin's History of the Commonwealth, Vol. I. containing the Civil War, 8vo. 14s.—Sayings and Doings, 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 10s.—Il Pastore Incantato, and other Poems, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Australia, and other Poems, by J. K. Hervey, 12mo. 6s.—Things in General, being Delinuations of Persons, Places, &c. Vol. I. 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Chatfield on the Darker Ages, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Country Belles, or Gossips Outwitted, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.—Percival's Poems, 8vo. 16s.—Memoirs of a Deist, 8vo. 6s.—Cambridge Classical Examination, 8vo. 4s.—De la Beche's Geological Memoirs, 8vo. 18s.—Guide to Mounts Bay and Lands End, 8vo. 10s.—Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators, 8vo. 5s.—The Modern Traveller, (Part I, Palestine,) 18mo. 2s. 6d.

SPIRIT

OF THE

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[VOL. I. N.S.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(La Belle Mag.)

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

By Mrs. Hemans.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but *all*,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own—oh, Death.

Day is for mortal care,
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth;
Night, for the dreams of sleep,—the voice of
prayer,—
But *all* for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
Then comes a day for grief's overwhelming power,
A time for softer tears;—but *all* are thine!

Youth, and the opening rose,
May look like things too glorious for decay;
And smile at thee: but thou art none of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but *all*,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own—oh, Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far, shall cross the sea;
When autumn's hue shall touch the golden grain,
But who shall teach us *when* to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale,
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale?
They *have* one season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth,—and thou art *there*!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies;—and swords beat down the princely crest!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And dowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but *all*,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own—oh, Death!

STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY AND IN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

TRUE,—*all* we know must die,—
Though none can tell th' exact appointed hour;
Nor should it cost the virtuous heart a sigh,
Whether death crush the oak, or nip the opening
flower?

The *Christian* is prepared,
Though others tremble at the hour of gloom;
His soul is always ready on his guard,
His lamps are lighted 'gainst the bridegroom come.

It matters not the time,
When we shall end our pilgrimage below;
Whether in youth's bright morn, or manhood's
prime,
Or when the frost of age has whiten'd o'er our brow!

The *Child* that blossom'd fair,
And look'd so lovely on its mother's breast
(Fond source of many a hope, and many a prayer!)
Why murmur, that it sleeps, where all at last must
rest?

Snatch'd from a world of woe
(Where they must suffer most, who longest dwell!)
It vanish'd like a flake of early snow,
That melts into the sea, pure as from Heaven it fell!

The youth whose pulse beats high,
Eager through glory's brilliant course to run;
Why should we shed a tear, or breathe a sigh,
That the bright goal is gained—the prize thus early
won?

Unstain'd by many a crime,
Which to maturer years might owe their birth ;
In summer's earliest bloom, in morning's prime,
How blest are they who quit this chequer'd scene
of earth !

And shall no tear be paid,
To her the new-made *Bride*, the envied fair ;
On whose fond heart, Death's withering hand is
laid,
Checking each pulse of bliss Hymen had waken'd
there ?

Joy scatter'd roses, while
The happy slumberer sank to calm repose,
In Death's embrace ;—e'er love withdrew his smile,
And 'scap'd those chilling blights the heart too often
knows.

Yes ! *all* we know must die.—
Since none can tell th' exact appointed hour,
Why need it cost the virtuous heart a sigh,
Whether death crush the oak, or nip the opening
flower ?

SPECIMENS OF THE DUTCH POETS.*

(Lon. Mag.)

A DUTCH ambassador entertaining the king of Siam with an account of Holland, after which his majesty was very inquisitive, amongst other things told him, that water in his country would sometimes get so hard, that men walked upon it ; and that it would bear an elephant with the utmost ease. To which the king replied,—Hitherto I have believed the strange things you have told me, because I looked upon you as a sober fair man, but now *I am sure you lie*. We have little doubt but that if six months ago Baron Fagel had told (not the king of Siam, God save his majesty !) but the king of England, that in his country there was such a thing as poetry,—poetry which would bear criticism,—we have little doubt but that the king of England would have returned, in the most delicate and soothing terms which the “finest gentleman in Europe” could think of, the identical answer which his Siamese cousin gave in plain English. Not that we impute any want of information upon subjects of general literature, to our Sovereign ; on the contrary, we believe him to be a man of very elegant acquirements, and of a refined and cultivated understanding :—but to an English ear, Dutch poetry sounds like a contradiction in terms. For ourselves, to our shame we confess it, we should as soon have expected moonlight to burst forth from green cheese, as eloquence from the mouth of Mynheer ; and we dare say most of our readers would have thought, with us, that the two miracles were about on a par of impossibility. In the little volume before us, we have, however, a complete refutation of this our ancient opinion,

the offspring of ignorance and prejudice ; there is some poetry here which would not discredit any nation, some which would do honour to the most poetical nations that ever flourished—Greece and England. We should like to know whether our readers do not freshly recognize the Grecian model in the following chorus from the *Palamedes* of Vondel :

The thinly-sprinkled stars surrender
To early dawn their dying splendour ;
The shades of night are dim and far,
And now before the morning-star
The heavenly legions disappear :
The constellation's† charioteer
No longer in the darkness burns,
But backward his bright courser turns.
Now golden Titan, from the sea,
With azure steeds comes gloriously,
And shines o'er woods and dells and downs,
And soaring Ida's leafy crowns.
O sweetly-welcome break of morn !
Thou dost with happiness adorn
The heart of him who cheerily—
Contentedly—unwearily—
Surveys whatever nature gives,
What beauty in her presence lives,
And wanders oft the banks along
Of some sweet stream with murmuring song.
Oh ! more than regal is his lot,
Who, in some blest secluded spot,
Remote from crowded cares and fears,
His loved—his cherish'd dwelling rears !
For empty praises never pining,
His wishes to his cot confining,
And listening to each cheerful bird
Whose animating song is heard :
When morning dews, which zephyr's sigh
Has wafted, on the roses lie,
Whose leaves beneath the pearl-drops bend ;
When thousand rich perfumes ascend,
And thousand hues adorn the bowers,
And form a rainbow of sweet flowers,
Or bridal robe for Iris made
From every bud in sun or shade.
Contented there to plant or set,
Or snare the birds with crafty net ;

* By J. Bowring, &c. London, 1824.

† *Ursa Major*.

To grasp his bending rod, and wander
Beside the banks where waves meander,
And thence their fluttering tenants take ;
Or, rising ere the sun's awake,
Prepare his steed, and scour the grounds
And chase the hare with swift-paced hounds ;
Or ride beneath the noon-tide rays
Through peaceful glens and silent ways,
Which wind like Cretan labyrinth :
Or where the purple hyacinth
Is glowing on its bed ; or where
The meads red-speckled daisies bear.
Whilst maidens milk the grazing cow,
And peasants toil behind the plough,
Or reap the crops beneath their feet,
Or sow luxuriant flax or wheat.
Here flourishes the waving corn,
Encircled by the wounding thorn :
There glides a bark by meadows green,
And there the village smoke is seen :
And there a castle meets the view,
Half-fading in the distance blue.
How hard, how wretched is his doom
Whom sorrows follow to the tomb,
And whom, from morn till quiet eve,
Distresses pain, and troubles grieve,
And cares oppress ;—for these await
The slave who in a restless state
Would bid the form of concord flee,
And call his object—liberty.
He finds his actions all pursued
By envy or ingratitude :—
The robe is honouring I confess,
The cushion has its stateliness :—
But oh ! they are a burthen too !
And pains spring up, for ever new,
Beneath the roof which errors stain,
And where the strife is—who shall reign.

— — — — —
When a person is cured of one misapprehension the first thing he naturally does, is to fall into another :—In conformity with this general practice, upon our prejudice against the possibility of Dutch poetry existing, having been put to flight by the publication of the Batavian Anthology, our next step was to indulge a prepossession, that although it might be Dutch poetry, it was not real poetry. It had sufficiently the air of a prodigy that a native of the modern Bœotia should put together such a combination of images and words as might convey to his dull ear and capacity, what *he* called poetic sensations, or should feel within himself any appetite for pleasures other than the indigenous ones of smoking, sailing, canalling, and money-making ; but when in direct contradiction of opinions, formed, as we thought, on a philosophical estimate of the Batavian disposition, a volume of Dutch poetry was announced as forth-coming,—we consoled our wounded infallibility with the

hope, that beyond the immediate purviews of the *Zuyder-Zee*, these images and words aforesaid, would excite sensations, equally intense perhaps, but more akin to laughter than sympathy. We had figured to ourselves the Dutch Venus,—a lady about half a ton avoirdupois, with a face like the full moon and a boddice-full of heavenly alabaster, enveloped in a dozen petticoats, and leading in her hand the national Cupid, as fat and immoveable as a flying cherub on a monument ;—when lo ! the Medicean herself in all her bending beauty and graceful diminutiveness of person, salutes us with a well-known smile, and the immortal Urchin who floats round her shoulders, is as volatile, as classically proportioned, and as mischievously alive as ever. Are not these the very deities with whom we have been so long and so intimately acquainted ?

Cupid once in peevish pet
Cried to Venus—"They are wet—
He has drench'd my strings in tears :
All my quiver have I shot—
Wasted all—they pierce him not,
And his heart of stone appears."

"Listen, silly boy !" she said :
"Steal a lock from Doris' head ;
When the arrows miss—refrain !
Waste not, trifling rogue, thy strength—
Wait and watch ! Be sure at length
Cupid shall his victory gain."

So he runs where Doris dresses,
But he dared not steal her tresses ;—
For a straggling hair or two
Softly he implores the fair ;
Bends his bow—"The shaft is here—
He has pierc'd me through and through."

Many of the poems are turned with admirable felicity of expression and the most perfect ease of manner ; nay, there are some in which it is pretty evident that the whole merit belongs to the translator, inasmuch as the original thoughts are of little value :

Maiden ! sweet maiden ! when thou art near,
Though the stars on the face of the sky appear,
It is light around as the day can be.
But maiden ! sweet maiden ! when thou'rt away,
Though the sun be emitting his loveliest ray
All is darkness, and gloom, and night to me.
Then of what avail is the sun or the shade,
Since my day and my night by thee are made ?

Upon the whole, if the Translators, as they profess, wished merely to give the British public some proof that poetry was not incompatible with the Dutch manners, mind, and language, they have more than accomplished their purpose ; their book is not only an interesting document of this kind, but a pleasing collection of elegant little poems.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

LETTER FROM A "FIRST-FLOOR LODGER."

There are two lodged together.—*Shakspeare.*

Nec hospes ab hospite tutus.—*Ovid.*

"AN Englishman's house is his castle"—I grant it; but, for his lodging, a comparison remains to be found. An Englishman's house may be his castle; but that can only be where he consents to keep the whole of it. Of all earthly alliances and partnerships into which mortal man is capable of being trepanned, that which induces two interests to place themselves within four walls, is decidedly the most unholy. It so happens that, throughout my life, I have had occasion only for half a house, and, from motives of economy, have been unwilling to pay rent for a whole one; but—there can be, on earth, I find, no resting-place for him who is so unhappy as to want only "half a house!" In the course of the last eight years, I have occupied one hundred and forty-three different lodgings, running the gauntlet twice through all London and Westminster, and, oftener than I can remember, the "out-parishes" through! As two "removes" are as bad as a fire, it follows that I have gone 71 times and a half through the horrors of conflagration! And, in every place where I have lived, it has been my fate to be domiciled with a monster! But my voice shall be heard, as a voice upon the house-top, crying out until I find relief. I have been ten days already in the abode that I now write from, so I can't, in reason, look to stay more than three or four more. I hear people talk of "the grave" as a lodging (at worst) that a man is "sure of;" but, if there be one resurrection-man alive when I die, as sure as quarter-day, I shall be taken up again.

The first trial I endured when I came to London, was making the tour of all the boarding-houses—being deluded, I believe, *seriatim*, by every prescriptive form of "advertisements."

First, I was tried by the pretence modest—this appeared in *The Times* all the year round. "Desirable circle"—"Airy situation"—"Limited number of guests"—"Every attention"—and "no children."

Next, was the commanding—at the very "head and front" of *The Morning Post*. "Vicinity of the fashionable squares!"—"Two persons, to increase society"—"Family of condition"—and "Terms, at Mr. Sam's, the bookseller's."

Then came the irresistible. "Widow of an officer of rank"—"Unprotected early in life"—"Desirous to extend family circle"—"Flatter herself," &c.

Moonshine altogether!

"Desirable circle"—A bank clerk, and five daughters who wanted husbands. Brandy and water after supper, and booby from Devonshire snapt up before my eyes. Little boy too in the family, that belonged to a sister who "had died." I hate scandal; but I never could find out where *that* sister had been buried.

"Fashionable square"—The fire, to the frying-pan! The worst *item*—(on consideration)—in all my experience. Dishes without meat, and beds without blankets. "Terms," "two hundred guineas a-year," and surcharges for night-candle. And, as for dinner! as I am a Yorkshireman, I never knew what it meant while I was in Manchester Square!

I have had two step-mothers, Mr. Editor, and I was six months at Mrs. Tickletoby's preparatory school, and I never saw a woman since I was born cut meat like Lady Catharine Skinflint! There was a transparency about her slice which (after a good luncheon) one could pause to look at. She would cover you a whole plate with fillet of veal and ham, and not increase the weight of it half an ounce.

And then the Misses Skinflints—for knowledge of anatomy—their cutting up a fowl!—In the puniest half-starved chicken that ever broke the heart of a brood hen to look at, they would find you side-bone, pinion, drum-stick, liver, gizzard, rump, and merry-thought! and, even beyond this critical acquaintance with all admitted—and apocryphal—divisions and distinctions, I have caught the eldest of them actually inventing new joints, that, even in speculation, never before existed!

I understand the meaning now of the Persian salutation—"May your shadow never be less!" I lost mine entirely in about a fortnight that I staid at Lady Skinflint's.

Two more hosts took me "at live-ry" (besides the "widow" of the "officer of rank")—an apothecary who made patients of his boarders, and an attorney, who looked for clients among them. I got away from the medical gentleman rather hastily, for I found that the pastry-cook who served the house was his brother; and the lawyer was so pressing about "discounts," and "investments of property," that I never ventured to sign my name, even to a washing-bill, during the few days I was in his house: On quitting the which, I took courage, and resolved to become my own provider, and hired a "First Floor," accordingly ("unfurnished") in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury Square.

"Mutatio loci, non ingenii."

The *premier coup* of my new career amounted to an escape. I ordered a *carte blanche* outfit from an upholsterer of Piccadilly, determined to have my "apartments" unexceptionable before I entered them; and discovered, after a hundred pounds laid out in painting, decorating, and curtain fitting, that the "ground landlord" had certain claims which would be liquidated when my property "went in."

This miscarriage made me so cautious, that, before I could choose again, I was the sworn horror of every auctioneer and house-agent (so called) in London. I refused twenty offers, at least, because they had the appearance of being "great bargains." Eschewed all houses, as though they had the plague, in which I found that "single gentlemen were preferred." Was threatened with three actions of defamation for questioning the solvency of persons in business. And, at length, was so lucky as to hit upon a really desirable mansion! The "family" perfectly respectable; but had "more room" than was necessary to them. Demanded the "strictest references," and accepted no inmate for "less than a year." Into this most unexceptionable abode I conveyed myself and my

property. Sure I should stay for ever, and doubted whether I ought not to secure it at once for ten years instead of one. And, before I had been settled in the house three quarters of an hour, I found that the chimneys—every one of them! smoked from the top to bottom!

There was guilt, Mr. North, in the landlord's eye, the moment the first puff drove me out of my drawing-room. He made an effort to say something like "damp day;" but the "amen" stuck in his throat. He could not say "amen," Mr. Editor, when I did cry "God bless us!" The whole building, from the kitchen to the garret, was infected with the malady. I had noticed the dark complexions of the family, and had concluded they were from the West-Indies,—they were smoke-dried!—

"Blow high, blow low!"

I suffered six weeks under excuses, knowing them to be humbug all the while. For a whole month it was "the wind;" but I saw "the wind" twice all round the compass, and found, blow which way it would, it still blew down my chimney.

Then we came to "Cures." First, there were alterations at the top—new chimney-pots—cows, hovels,—and all making the thing worse. Then we tried at the bottom—grates reset, and flues contracted—still to no purpose. Then we came to burning charcoal; and in four days I was in a decline. Then we kept the doors and windows open; and in one day I got a fit of the rheumatism. And in spite of doors or windows, blowers, registers, or Count Rumford—precaution in putting on coals, or mathematical management of poker—down the enemy would come to our very faces,—poof! poof!—as if in derision! till I prayed Heaven that smoke had life and being, that I might commit murder on it at once, and so be hanged; and, at length, after throwing every moveable I could command at the grate and the chimney by turns, and paying "no cure no pay" doctors by dozens, who did nothing but make dirt and mischief, I sent for a respectable surveyor, paid him for his opinion beforehand, and heard that the fault in the chimneys was "radical," and not

to be remedied without pulling the house down !

I paid my twelvemonth's rent and wished only that my landlord might live through his lease. I heard afterwards, that he had himself been imposed upon ; and that the house, from the first fire ever lighted in it, had been a scandal to the neighbourhood. But this whole Magazine would not suffice to enumerate the variety of wretchednesses—and smoky chimneys the very least of them !—which drove me a second time to change my plan of life ; the number of lodgings that I lived in ; and the inconveniences, greater or lesser, attending each. In one place, my servants quarrelled with the servants of “ the people of the house.” In another, “ the people of the house's ” servants quarrelled with mine. Here, my housekeeper refused to stay, because “ the kitchen was damp,” There, my footman begged I would “ provide myself,” as there were “ rats in his cock-loft.” Then somebody fell over a pail of water, left upon “ my stairs ; ” and “ my maid ” declared, “ it was the other maid had put it there.” Then the cats fought ; and I was assured, that mine had given the first scratch. On the whole, the disputes were so manifold, and always ending in my discomfiture,—for the lady of the mansion would assail me,—I never could get the gentleman to be dissatisfied, (and so conclude the controversy by kicking him down stairs,)—that, seeing one clear advantage maintained by the grand-possessor, viz. that I, when we squabbled, was obliged to vacate, and he remained where he was, I resolved, once for all, to turn the tables upon mankind at large, and become a “ landlord,” and a “ housekeeper,” in my own immediate person.

“ Sir, the grey goose hath laid an egg. Sir, the old barn doth need repair. The cook sweareth, the meat doth burn at the fire. John Thomas is in the stocks ; and everything stays on your arrival.”

I would not advise any single gentleman hastily to conclude that he is in distress. Bachelors are discontented, and take wives ; footmen are ambitious, and take eating-houses. What

does either party gain by the change ? “ We know,” the wise man has said, “ what we are ; but we know not what we may be.”

In estimating the happiness of householders, I had imagined all tenants to be like myself—mild, forbearing, punctual, and contented ; but I “ kept house ” three years, and was never out of hot water the whole time ! I did manage, after some trouble, to get fairly into a creditable mansion—just missing one, by a stroke of fortune, which had a brazier's shop at the back of it, and was always shown at hours when the workmen were gone to dinner—and sent a notice to the papers, that a bachelor of sober habits having “ a larger residence than he wanted,” would dispose of half it to a family of respectability. But the whole world seemed to be, and I think is, in a plot to drive me out of my senses. In the first ten days of my new dignity, I was visited by about twenty tax-gatherers, half of them with claims that I had never heard of, and the other half with claims exceeding my expectations. The householder seemed to be the minister's very milch cow—the positive scapegoat of the whole community ! I was called on for house-tax, window-tax, land-tax, and servant's-tax ! Poor's-rate, sewer's-rate, pavement-rate, and scavenger's-rate ! I had to pay for watering streets on which other people walked—for lighting lamps which other people saw by—for maintaining watchmen who slept all night—and for building churches that I never went into. And—I never knew that the country was taxed till that moment !—there were but a few of the “ dues ” to be sheared off from me. There was the clergyman of the parish, whom I never saw, sent to me at Easter for “ an offering.” There was the charity-school of the parish, solicited “ the honour ” of my “ subscription and support.” One secondrel came and told me that I was “ drawn for the militia ; ” and offered to “ get me off,” on payment of a sum of money. Another rascal insisted that I was “ chosen constable ; ” and actually brought the *insignia* of office to my door. Then I had petitions to read, (in writing) from all the people who chose

to be in distress—personal beggars, who penetrated into my parlour, to send to Bridewell, or otherwise get rid of. Windows were broken, and “nobody” had “done it.” The key of the street-door was lost, and “nobody” had “had it.” Then my cook stopped up the kitchen sink; and the bricklayers took a month to open it. Then my gutter ran over, and flooded my neighbor’s garret; and I was served with notice of an action for dilapidation.

And, at Christmas!—Oh! it was no longer dealing with ones and twos!—The whole hundred, on the day after that festival, rose up, by concert, to devour me!

Dustmen, street-keepers, lamplighters, turncocks—postmen, beadles, scavengers, chimney-sweeps—the whole *pecus* of parochial servitorship was at my gate before eleven at noon.

Then the “waits” came—two sets!—and fought which should have my bounty.” Rival patrols disputed whether I did or did not lie within their “beat.” At one time there was a doubt as to which, of two parishes, I belonged to; and I fully expected that (to make sure) I should have been visited by the collectors from both! Meantime the knocker groaned, until very evening, under the dull, stunning, single thumps—each villain would have struck, although it had been upon the head of his own grandfather!—of bakers, butchers, tallow-chandlers, grocers, fishmongers, poulterers, and oilmen! Every ruffian who made his livelihood by swindling me through the whole year, thought himself entitled to a peculiar benefaction (for his robberies) on this day. And

“Hos! Now by my life I scorn the name!”

All this was child’s play—*bagatelle*, I protest, and “perfumed,” to what I had to go through in the “letting off” of my dwelling! The swarm of crocodiles that assail me, on every fine day—three fourths of them, to avoid an impending shower, or to pass away a stupid morning—in the shape of stale dowagers, city coxcombs, “professional gentlemen,” and “single ladies!” And all (except a few that were swindlers) finding something wrong about my arrangements! Gil Blas’ mule,

which was nothing but faults, never had half so many faults as my house. Carlton Palace, if it were to be “let” to-morrow, would be objected to by a tailor. One man found my rooms “too small;” another thought them rather “too large;” a third wished that they had been loftier; “a fourth, that there had been more of them.” One lady hinted a sort of doubt, “whether the neighbourhood was quite respectable;” another asked, “if I had any children;” and, then, “whether I would bind myself not to have any during her stay!” Two hundred, after detaining me an hour, had called only “for friends.” Ten thousand went through all the particulars, and would “call again to-morrow.” At last there came a lady who gave the *coup-de-grace* to my “house-keeping;” she was a clergyman’s widow, she said, from Somersetshire—if she had been an “officer’s,” I had suspected her; but, in an evil hour, I let her in; and—she had come for the express purpose of marrying me! The reader who has bowels, they will yearn for my situation.

*Nolo conjugari!**

I exclaimed in agony; but what could serve against the ingenuity of woman? She seduced me—escape was hopeless—morning, noon, and night! She heard a mouse behind the wainscot, and I was called in to scare it. Her canary bird got loose—would I be so good as to catch it? I fell sick, but was soon glad to get well again; for she sent five times a-day to ask if I was better; besides pouring in plates of *blanc mange*, jellies, cordials, raspberry vinegars, fruits fresh from the country, and hasty-puddings made by her own hand. And, at last, after I had resisted all the constant borrowing of books, the eternal interchange of newspapers, and the daily repair of crow-quills, the opinions upon wine, the corrections of hackney coachmen, and the recommendation of a barber to the poodle dog;—at last—Oh! the devil take all wrinkled stair carpets, stray pattens, and bits of orange-peel dropped upon the ground! Mrs. F—— sprained her ankle, and fell down at my very drawing-room door!

* Was this Latin or Yorkshire?—C. N.

All the women in the house were bribed—there was not one of them in the way! My footman, my only safe-guard—was sent off that minute for a doctor!—I was *not* married; for so much, let Providence be praised!

Animus meminisse horret.

I can't go through the affair! But, about six months after, I presented Mrs. F—— with my house, and every thing in it, and determined never again—as a man's only protection against female cupidity—to possess even a pair of small-clothes that I could legally call my own.

Ultimum Supplicium.

This resolution, Mr. Editor, compelled me to shelter myself in “furnished lodgings,” where the most of accommodation, (sublunary!) after all, I believe, is to be found. I had sad work, as you may imagine, to find my way at first. Once I ventured to inhabit (as there was no board in the case) with a surgeon. But, what between the patients and the resurrection-men, the “night bell” was intolerable; and he ordered the watchman too, I found, to pull it privately six or seven times a-week, in order to impress the neighbourhood with an opinion of his practice. From one place, I was driven away by a music-master, who gave concerts opposite to me; and, at a second, after two days abiding, I found that a madman was confined on the second floor! Two houses I left, because my hostesses made love to me. Three, because parrots were kept in the streets. One, because a cock (who would crow all night) came to live in a yard at the back of me; and another, in which I had staid two months (and should perhaps have remained till now) because a boy of eight years old—there is to me no earthly creature so utterly intolerable as a boy of eight years old!—came home from school to pass “the holidays.” I had thoughts—I don't care who knows it—of taking him off by poison; and bought two raspberry tarts to give him arsenic in, as I met him on the stairs, where he was, up and down, all day. As it is, I have sent an order to Seven Dials, to have an “early delivery” of all the “Dying Speeches” for the next ten years. I

did this, in order that I may know when he is hanged—a fact I wish particularly to ascertain, because his father and I had an altercation about it.

Experience, however, gives lights; and a “furnished lodging” is the best arrangement among the bad. I had seven transitions last month, but that was owing to accidents; a man who chooses well may commonly stay a fortnight in a place. Indeed, as I said in the beginning, I have been ten days where I am; and I don't, up to this moment, see clearly what point I shall go away upon. The mistress of the house entertains a pet monkey—failing all issue of her own; and I have got a new footman, who, I understand, plays upon the fiddle. The matter, I suspect, will lie between these two.

I am most nervous myself about the monkey. He broke loose the other day. I saw him escape over the next garden wall, and drop down by the side of a middle-aged gentleman, who was setting polyanthuses! The respectable man, as was prudent, took refuge in a summer-house; and then he pulled up all the polyanthuses; and then tried to get in at the summer-house window! I think that——

Eh!—Why, what the deuce is all this?—Why, the room is full of smoke!—Why, what the devil—Thomas!—*[I ring the bell violently.]*—Thomas!—*[I call my new footman.]*—Tho-o-o-mas!—Why, some rascal has set the house on fire.

Enter THOMAS.

Indeed, no, your honour—indeed—no—it—it's only the chimney.

The chimney! you dog!—get away this moment and put it out. Stay!—Thomas!—The villain's gone!—Come back, I say,—what chimney is it?

Thomas. Only the kitchen chimney, sir.

Only the kitchen chimney! you rascal, how did you do it?

Thomas. I was only tuning my fiddle, you honour; and Mary, housemaid, flung the rosin into the fire.

His fiddle!—Mr. North, I knew it would happen. Where's the landlord?

Thomas. He's not at home, sir.

Where's his wife?

Thomas. She's in fits, sir.

You scoundrel, you'll be hanged, to

a certainty!—There's a statute for you, caitiff! there is. Come, sir—come—strip, and go up the chimney directly.—Strip! or I'll kill you with the toasting fork, and bury your body in the dust-hole.

[Enter the cat, with a tail as thick as my arm, galloping round the room.]

Zounds and death, what's to be done?—My life's not insured!—I must get out of the house. [Rattling of wheels, and cries of "Fire!" in the street.] Oh, the devil! here comes the parish engine, and with as many thieves with it as might serve six parishes!—Shut the doors below, I say. [Calling down stairs.] Don't let 'em in. Thomas!—The house will be gutted from top to bottom!—Thomas!—Where is that rascally servant of mine! Thomas!—[Calling in all directions.] I—I must see, myself.

[Scene changes to the kitchen. The housemaid in hysterics under the dresser.]

Phoo! what a smell of sulphur!—Thomas!—Do your chimneys ever take fire in Scotland, Mr. Editor?—Thomas!—I remember it was on a Friday I hired him!—Thomas!—[I find him in the jack-towel.]—Take a wet blanket, you rascal, and get thro' the garret window. Crawl up the tiles, you wretch, and muffle the chimney-pot!

Madam!—[The landlady clings round my neck.]—Madam—for Heaven's sake!—There is no danger, I assure you.—[She clings tighter.]—Or, if there is, we had better embrace after it's over.—You'll "die by me?"—No, no; not for the world. Throw some pails of water on the grate, for Heaven's sake!—Damn the monkey! how he gets between one's legs! Thomas! [The tumult increases.] Thomas!

Thomas. [Down the chimney.] Sir!

One more peep [I run up stairs] from the window. Hark, how they knock without!—Rat-tat-tat! As I live, here are a dozen engines, fifty firemen, and four thousand fools!—I must be off!—Thomas!—[He enters.]—I must escape. Thomas! I'll sepulchre you—but not yet. Show me the back-door.

Thomas. There is none, sir. I've been trying to get out myself.

No back-door!

[Enter the Cook, with the monkey on her back. The knocking continues.]

Cook. Oh laws, sir! We shall all be destructed, sir!—Oh laws! where is your honour's double-barrelled gun?

My gun?—up stairs. What d'ye want with the gun?

Cook. Oh laws, sir! if it was to be shot off up the chimney, it would surely put it out.

She's right. Run, Thomas! At the head of the bed. Away with you. Mind—it's loaded—take care what you are about.

There they go!—They have found it. Now they are down stairs. Why, zounds! the woman has got the gun!—Take it from her!—He don't hear me. Thomas!—She's going to fire it, as I live!—Yes! she's sitting down in the grate!—Thomas!—With her body half way up the chimney!—Thomas!—Death! the woman's a fool. Bang! bang! [Report heard!] Ah! there she goes backwards!—It's all up! Here comes the soot, in cart-loads, all over her!—Thomas! you rascal!—She's killed!—No, egad! she's up, and running. Don't let her come near me. Margery! Pshaw! What's her name?—She's running towards the the street door!—Margery!—Why, she's all on fire, and as black as a soot-bag!—Why, stop her, I say.—Ah! she gets into the street. Thomas!—Margery!—Everybody! The woman will be burned to death! [Shouts without, and noise of water. Ha!—[I run to the window.]—Huzza!—The engines are playing upon her!!!

That infernal footman! he is my fate—and I thought it would be the monkey!

Enter Thomas.

Come in, you sneaking scoundrel. Is the woman burnt?

Thomas. No, sir,—she's only singed.

Singed! you Beelzebub's bastard!—Curse the monkey—stop him—he's gone off with my gold spectacles!

Mr. North, if you have compassion, hear a man of five-and-forty's prayer! I can't stay here!—where am I to go to?—If you should think—Thomas!—I must get into a hackney coach!—If you should think—Call me a hack-

ney coach, sirrah—and ask the man what he charges for it (d'ye hear) by the week. If you should think, Mr. North, that there is any chance of my doing well in Edinburgh—I shouldn't like to be above the fifth story, (I understand most of your houses run ten.)—A line, by return, would oblige “a constant reader.” As I have no home,

at present, except my hackney coach that I've sent for, I can't say exactly in what place of suffering your letter will find me; but, by addressing to the coffee-house in Rathbone Place, it will somewhere or other come into the hands of

Your very humble servant,

WRINKLETON FIDGET.

March 31.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY, NO. VI.

(Sci. Mag. March.)

HISTORY AND MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR.

SUGAR is obtained from the juice expressed from a plant called *Saccharum Officinale*, or *common sugar-cane*, which grows in great plenty in the East and West Indies. It is said to grow spontaneously in S. America; but on the other hand it is asserted that it was not known in those regions till the Europeans colonized them. For a considerable time, however, it has been most industriously and successfully cultivated in the American Islands within the tropics, and it is from these plantations that we now derive the greatest part of our supply of sugar.

It is a question not yet decided among naturalists, whether the ancients in general were acquainted with this plant, and whether they knew how to employ the juice expressed from it. All that we can gather from the arguments on either side is, that if they knew the properties of the sugar-cane, they did not understand the method of condensing, hardening, and whitening it; and, of course, they knew nothing of our sugar.

Very many vegetables secrete a sweet juice easily converted into sugar. From a species of maple, *Acer Saccharinum*, sugar is annually obtained in America in considerable quantities. In Mexico it is extracted from the American Aloe, *Agave Americana*, and at Kamschatka from the *Heracleum Sphondylium*, and *Fucus Saccharinus*. Many roots also afford sugar; as beet, carrots, parsnips, &c.

In cultivating the sugar-cane the following is the method generally adopted. The soil chosen is a rich vegetable mould, in such a situation that it

can be easily watered from the river. About the end of May, when the soil is reduced to the state of mud, one or two joints, are planted in rows, about four feet from row to row, and a foot and a foot and a half asunder in the rows. From three to six canes spring from each of the slips which are set. They are cut in January and February, about nine months after they are planted; at which time they reach the height of eight or ten feet, and the naked cane is from an inch to an inch and a quarter in diameter. They do not suffer the canes to flower; for when this takes place the juice loses much of its sweetness. The newly cut cane are put through the rollers of a mill, and their juice collected into large iron boilers, preparatory to its being made into sugar.

In North America it was noticed that sugar is produced from the *Acer Saccharinum*, or sugar maple tree, which abounds in its woods. The following is the method they adopt. When the tree is about twenty years old, it is then considered by them as having reached its maturity, its diameter being from two to three feet; and in the months of February, March, and April, when the sap most plentifully rises, they bore the tree with an augur to the depth of three quarters of an inch, and in an ascending direction. The hole is then deepened to two inches, and a wooden spout is introduced into the hole to direct the flow. The sap flows from four to six weeks. When it ceases on the south side, that on the north is bored. This process is said not injure the tree, but on the contrary im-

proves it. An ordinary tree yields, in good seasons, from twenty to thirty gallons of sap, from which are made from five to six pounds of sugar; or every forty pounds of sap yield about a pound of sugar; so that it is only about one sixth as rich as the East India sugar-cane.

In order to make sugar, the expressed juice is boiled, with the addition of quicklime, or the vegetable alkali, (potash,) to saturate the superabundant acid. The boiling is afterwards repeated in smaller and smaller vessels, during which process it is often necessary to scum off the impurities, and to employ additional alkali. When the juice acquires a due consistency, it is suffered to cool in a proper vessel, and the sugar concretes in a crystallized or granular mass. This, after it is separated from the molasses, is sold under the name of brown or moist sugar. This same sugar, more purified, becomes white; and, being cast into conical moulds in the process, is then the loaf-sugar of the shops.

Moist or brown sugar is the state in which it is generally imported from the West Indies. When refined among ourselves, it yields the following products from a cwt. of 112lbs.

Refined loaf-sugar, about	64lbs.
Bastard sugar	17
Treacle	23
Extraneous impurities	3=112

The bastard sugar is easily distinguished from other brown sugar by its dulness, for it has lost the shining, sparkling appearance of the moist sugar. It is an inferior article, being merely a residuum from making the refined, or loaf sugar, containing less of the saccharine principle, and is ground up to a very fine powder, and in that state sold at an inferior price.

The sugar spoken of above is produced either from the sugar-cane, or the maple sugar tree; but there are besides this various other kinds, sugar of figs, sugar of grapes, Botany Bay sugar, mushroom sugar, and sugar of manna. All of these chemically differ, and vary likewise in their degree of sweetness.

But besides these we should mention the sugar of starch; for it is a curious

fact that this substance is capable of being converted into a sugar possessing exactly the same property as the sugar of grapes. This singular discovery was made by Kirchhoff, a Russian chemist, as he was employed in a set of experiments to convert starch into gum. He conceived that the starch would be rendered soluble in water by boiling it with very dilute sulphuric acid; and by prolonging the boiling he gradually observed the conversion of the starch into sugar. Saussure ascertained that an hundred parts of starch, when converted into sugar, became one hundred and ten parts. Hence he drew as a conclusion that starch sugar is merely a compound of starch and water in a solid state.

This process of converting starch into sugar is exceedingly simple. The starch may be procured either from wheat or potatoes. It must then be mixed with four times its weight of water, and about one hundred part its weight of sulphuric acid, and the mixture boiled for thirty-six hours, fresh water being supplied from time to time as fast it evaporates. After the boiling is over, lime must be added, so as to saturate the sulphuric acid, and the sulphate of lime thus formed must be separated by filtering. The liquor which remains is only sugar and water, and if concentrated by sufficient evaporation the sugar only will appear.

Sugar, as a part of our necessary food, or as adding to our luxuries, is too well known to require description. But its use as an aliment is by different medical men differently appreciated. While the great Boerhaave supposed it to have a tendency to emaciate the human body, John Hunter recommended it as a restorative in cases of debility. However, in a moderate proportion, there can be little doubt but that it is nutritious, for all animals supported in their earliest state by milk, are nourished by a food containing a great proportion of sugar; and Dr. Cullen is of opinion that all food is nutritious in proportion to its saccharine quality. Still there are well authenticated cases in which an excess of sugar has been found to have done much harm.

Traditions
OF THE
Western Highlands.
No. III.

EWEN OF THE LITTLE HEAD.

ABOUT three hundred years ago, Ewen MacIaine, of Lochbuy, in the island of Mull, having been engaged in a quarrel with a neighbouring chief, a day was fixed for determining the affair by the sword. Lochbuy, before the day arrived, consulted a celebrated witch as to the result of the feud. The witch declared, that if Lochbuy's wife should on the morning of that day give him and his men food, unasked, he would be victorious; but if not, the result would be the reverse. This was a disheartening response for the unhappy votary, his wife being a noted shrew.

The fatal morning arrived, and the hour for meeting the enemy approached, but there appeared no symptoms of refreshment for Lochbuy and his men. At length the unfortunate man was compelled to ask his wife to supply them with food. She set down before them curds, but without spoons. When the husband inquired how they were to be eaten, she replied they should assume the bills of hens. The men ate the curds, as well as they could, with their hands; but Lochbuy himself ate none. After behaving with the greatest bravery in the bloody conflict which ensued, he fell covered with wounds, leaving his wife to the execration of his people. She is still known in that district under the appellation of *Corr dhu*, or the Black Crane.

But the miseries brought on the luckless Lochbuy by his wife did not end with his life, for he died fasting; and his ghost is frequently seen to this day riding the very horse on which he was mounted when he was killed. It was a small, but very neat and active pony, dun, or mouse-coloured, to which the Laird was much attached, and on which he had ridden many years before his death. His appearance is as accurately described in the island of Mull as any steed is at Newmarket. The prints of his shoe are discerned by connoisseurs, and the rattling of his

curb is recognized in the darkest night. He is not particular in regard to roads, for he goes up hill and down dale with equal velocity. His hard-fated rider still wears the same green cloak which covered him in his last battle; and he is particularly distinguished by the small size of his head, a peculiarity which, we suspect, the learned disciples of Spurzheim have never yet had the sagacity to discover as indicative of an extraordinary talent and incomparable perseverance in horsemanship.

It is now above three hundred years since Ewen a chin vig (Anglice, Hugh of the Little Head,) fell in the field of honour; but neither the vigour of the horse nor of the rider is yet diminished. His mournful duty has always been to attend the dying moments of every member of his own numerous tribe, and to escort the departed spirit on its long and arduous journey. He has been seen in the remotest of the Hebrides; and he has found his way to Ireland on these occasions long before steam navigation was invented. About a century ago he took a fancy for a young man of his own race, and frequently did him the honour of placing him behind himself on horseback; he entered into conversation with him, and foretold circumstances connected with the fate of his successors, which have undoubtedly since come to pass.

Many a long winter night have I listened to the feats of Ewen a chin vig, the faithful and indefatigable guardian of his ancient family, in the hour of her last and greatest trial, affording an example worthy the imitation of every chief,—perhaps not beneath the notice of Glengarry himself.

About a dozen years since, some symptoms of Ewen's decay gave very general alarm to his friends. He accosted one of his own people, (indeed he never has been known to notice any other,) and shaking him cordially by the hand, he attempted to place him on the saddle behind him, but the uncourteous dog declined the honour. Ewen

struggled hard, but the clown was a great, strong, clumsy fellow, and stuck to the earth with all his might. He candidly acknowledged, however, that his Chief would have prevailed, had it not been for a birch tree which stood by, and which he got within the fold of his left arm. The contest became then very warm indeed, and the tree was certainly twisted like an osier, as thousands can testify who saw it as well as myself. At length, however, Ewen lost his seat for the first time! and the instant the pony found he was his own master, he set off with the fleetness of lightning. Ewen immediately pursued his steed, and the wearied rustic sped his way homeward. It was the general opinion that Ewen found considerable difficulty in catching the horse; but I was happy to

learn that he had unquestionably succeeded, as he had been lately seen riding the old mouse-coloured pony without the least change on either the horse or the rider. Long may they continue so! Many a highland chief strutted along the streets of Edinburgh on a late memorable occasion, with a tail full twenty yards in length, who did not enjoy half so much of the love of his people as does poor *Ewen a chin* *rig* at this day.

Those who from motives of piety or curiosity have visited the sacred island of Iona, must remember to have seen the guide point out the Tomb of Ewen, with his figure on horseback, very elegantly sculptured in alto-relievo; and many of the above facts are at the same time related. *Lond. Lit. Gaz.*

(New Mon.)

THE RITTER BANN. A BALLAD.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE Ritter Bann from Hungary
Came back, renown'd in arms,
But scorning jousts of chivalry
And love and ladies' charms.

While other knights held revels, he
Was wrapt in thoughts of gloom,
And in Vienna's hostelry
Slow paced his lonely room.

There enter'd one whose face he knew,—
Whose voice, he was aware,
He oft at mass had listen'd to,
In the holy house of prayer.

'Twas the Abbot of St. James's monks,
A fresh and fair old man:
His reverend air arrested even
The gloomy Ritter Bann.

But seeing with him an ancient dame
Come clad in Scotch attire,
The Ritter's colour went and came,
And loud he spoke in ire.

"Ha! nurse of her that was my bane,
Name not her name to me;
I wish it blotted from my brain:
Art poor?—take alms, and flee."

"Sir Knight," the abbot interposed,
"This case your ear demands;"
And the crone cried, with a cross enclosed
In both her trembling hands:

"Remember, each his sentence waits;
And he that shall rebut
Sweet Mercy's suit, on him the gates
Of Mercy shall be shut.

You wedded undispensed by Church,
Your cousin Jane in Spring;—
In Autumn, when you went to search
For churchmen's pardoning,

Her house denounced your marriage-band,
Betrothed her to De Grey,
And the ring you put upon her hand
Was wrench'd by force away.

Then wept your Jane upon my neck,
Crying, 'Help me, nurse, to flee
To my Howel Bann's Glamorgan hills;
But word arrived—ah me!—

You were not there; and 'twas their threat,
By foul means or by fair,
To-morrow morning was to set
The seal of her despair.

I had a son, a sea-boy in
A ship at Hartland bay,
By his aid from her cruel kin
I bore my bird away.

To Scotland from the Devon's
Green myrtle shores we fled;
And the Hand that sent the ravens
To Elijah, gave us bread.

She wrote you by my son, but he
From England sent us word
You had gone into some far countrie,
In grief and gloom he heard.

For they that wrong'd you, to elude
Your wrath, defamed my child;
And you—ay, blush Sir, as you should—
Believed, and were beguiled.

To die but at your feet, she vow'd
To roam the world ; and we
Would both have sped and begg'd our bread,
But so it might not be.

For when the snow-storm beat our roof,
She bore a boy, Sir Bann,
Who grew as fair your likeness proof
As child e'er grew like man.

'Twas smiling on that babe one morn
While heath bloom'd on the moor,
Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn
As he hunted past our door.

She shunn'd him, but he raved of Jane,
And rous'd his mother's pride ;
Who came to us in high disdain,—
'And where's the face,' she cried,

'Has witch'd my boy to wish for one
So wretched for his wife ?—
Dost love thy husband ? Know, my son
Has sworn to seek his life.'

Her anger sore dismay'd us,
For our mite was wearing scant,
And, unless that dame would aid us,
There was none to aid our want.

So I told her, weeping bitterly,
What all our woes had been ;
And, though she was a stern ladie,
The tears stood in her een.

And she hous'd us both, when, cheerfully,
My child to her had sworn,
That even if made a widow, she
Would never wed Kinghorn."—

Here paused the nurse, and thus began
The abbot, standing by :
" Three months ago a wounded man
To our abbey came to die.

He heard me long, with ghastly eyes
And hand obdurate clench'd,
Speak of the worm that never dies,
And the fire that is not quench'd.

At last by what this scroll attests
He left atonement brief,
For years of anguish to the breasts
His guilt had wrung with grief.

'There lived,' he said, 'a fair young dame
Beneath my mother's roof,
I loved her, but against my flame
Her purity was proof.

I feign'd repentance, friendship pure ;
That mood she did not check,
But let her husband's miniature
Be copied from her neck.

As means to search him, my deceit
Took care to him was borne
Nought but his picture's counterfeit,
And Jane's reported scorn.

The treachery took, she waited wild ;
My slave came back and lied
Whate'er I wish'd ; she clasp'd her child,
And swoon'd, and all but died.

I felt her tears for years and years
Quench not my flame, but stir ;
The very hate I bore her mate
Increased my love for her.

Fame told us of his glory, while
Joy flush'd the face of Jane ;
And whilst she bless'd his name, her smile
Struck fire into my brain,

No fears could damp ; I reach'd the camp,
Sought out its champion ;
And if my broad-sword fail'd at last,
'Twas long and well laid on.

This wound's my meed, my name's Kinghorn,
My foe's the Ritter Bann."—
The wafer to his lips was borne,
And we shriv'd the dying man.

He died not till you went to fight
The Turks at Warradein ;
But I see my tale has changed you pale."—
The abbot went for wine ;

And brought a little page who pour'd
It out, and knelt and smiled :—
The stunn'd knight saw himself restored
To childhood in his child.

And stoop'd and caught him to his breast,
Laugh'd loud and wept anon,
And with a shower of kisses press'd
The darling little one.

"And where went Jane ?"—"To a nunnery, Sir—
Look not again so pale—
Kinghorn's old dame grew harsh to her."—
"And has she ta'en the veil ?"—

"Sit down, Sir," said the priest, "I bar
Rash words."—They sat all three,
And the boy play'd with the knight's broad star,
As he kept him on his knee.

"Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,"
The abbot further said :
"Time draws a veil o'er beauty's face
More deep than cloister's shade.

Grief may have made her what you can
Scarce love perhaps for life."—
"Hush, abbot," cried the Ritter Bann,
"Or tell me where's my wife."

The priest undid two doors that hid
The inn's adjacent room,
And there a lovely woman stood,
Tears bathed her beauty's bloom.

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumber'd hours of pain ;
Such was the throb and mutual sob
Of the Knight embracing Jane.
April, 1821.

LATE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

JOURNAL OF A SECOND VOYAGE for the Discovery of a North-west Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific ; performed in the Years 1821-22-23, in H. M.'s Ships *Fury* and *Hecla*, under the Orders of Captain Parry. London, 1824.

WHEN this Expedition, upon the fate of which so intense an interest had hung in the public mind, happily returned to our shores, we were fortunately enabled to lay before our readers a very full and accurate detail of its leading incidents and discoveries. Our *Gazettes*, containing these accounts, where bought up with an eagerness which showed the extent of the curiosity and the feelings that existed about our gallant navigators ;* and we rejoice to observe that the present volume is well calculated, in every way, to satisfy the wish for still more ample and scientific information upon the subject.

The numerous Charts, and admirable Engravings by Finden, from drawings by Captain Lyon, are superior to any illustrations of the kind within our knowledge, and greatly assist us in completing our ideas of the natives whom the voyagers encountered, and their mode of living ; while the text, in a methodical and well-digested manner, places clearly before us the principal events of an attempt which, if not eminently successful, did not fail for want of proper care in the outfit and perseverance in the execution.

The work commences with an Introduction, which describes the liberal and judicious equipment of the ships, and their provisioning for three years. Then follow the Official Instructions.

Completely prepared at all points and for all circumstances, the vessels sailed in May 1821, accompanied by the *Nautilus* transport ; and on the 2d of July, having previously unloaded and dismissed that auxiliary carrier, they were off Resolution Island at the Mouth of Hudson's Straits. On the 16th, they sent their last letters to England by a whaler ; and within five days were visited by a tribe of Esquimaux belonging to the Savage Islands in these Straits. These people were however acquainted with Europeans,

and not, we lament to say, the better for their intercourse. They were greedy barterers, and not very honest ; though only one instance was remarked of their endeavouring to swerve from a bargain after they had licked (their usual custom) the article received in traffic, and thus, as it were, ratified the exchange.

Capt. Parry states that they " possessed in an eminent degree the disposition to steal all they could lay their hands on, which has almost universally been imputed to every tribe of Esquimaux hitherto visited by Europeans. They tried, more than once, the art of picking our pockets, and were as bold and unembarrassed as ever, immediately after detection. It is impossible to describe the horribly disgusting manner in which they sat down, as soon as they felt hungry, to eat their raw blubber, and to suck the oil remaining on the skins we had just emptied, the very smell of which, as well as the appearance, was to us almost insufferable. The disgust which our seamen could not help expressing at this sight seemed to create in the Esquimaux the most malicious amusement ; and when our people turned away literally unable to bear the sight without being sick, they would, as a good joke among themselves, run after them holding out the blubber or raw seal's flesh, dripping with oil and filth, as if inviting them to partake of it. Both the men and women were guilty of still more disgusting indecencies, which seemed to afford them amazing diversion. A worse trait even than all these was displayed by two women alongside the *Hecla*, who, in a manner too unequivocal to be understood, offered to barter their children for some article of trifling value, beginning very deliberately to strip them of their clothes, which they did not choose to consider as included in the intended bargain.

* See our last vol. p. 236. 291.

"Upon the whole it was impossible for us not to receive a very unfavourable impression of the general behaviour, and moral character, of the natives of this part of Hudson's Strait, who seem to have acquired, by an annual intercourse with our ships for nearly a hundred years, many of the vices which unhappily attend a first intercourse with the civilized world, without having imbibed any of the virtues or refinements which adorn and render it happy."

Proceeding up Hudson's Straits to the head, the Expedition was entirely baffled in endeavouring, through every inlet, to penetrate to the Polar Sea by any opening to the north of Southampton Island. It thus lost the season, amongst a few unimportant bays and creeks, to which names were given, and of which the only consequence is, that future trials in that direction need not be made. The non-existence of a passage through Repulse Bay, was determined.

The vessels now returned towards the East; several boat-expeditions were attempted, and they finally were laid up in winter quarters, at a very short distance to the north of their summer's labours.

"In reviewing (the author sums up) the events of this our first season of navigation, and considering what progress we had made towards the attainment of our main object, it was impossible, however trifling that progress might appear upon the chart, not to experience considerable satisfaction. Small as our actual advance had been towards Behring's Strait, the extent of coast newly discovered and minutely explored in pursuit of our object, in the course of the last eight weeks, amounted to more than eight hundred leagues, nearly half of which belonged to the continent of North America. This service, notwithstanding our constant exposure to the risks which intricate, shoal, and unknown channels, a sea loaded with ice, and a rapid tide concurred in presenting, had providentially been effected without injury to the ships, or suffering to the officers and men; and we had now once more met with tolerable security for the en-

suuing winter, when obliged to relinquish further operations for the season. Above all, however, I derived the most sincere satisfaction from a conviction of having left no part of the coast from Repulse Bay eastward in a state of doubt as to its connexion with the continent. And as the mainland now in sight from the hills extended no farther to the eastward than about a NNE. bearing, we ventured to indulge a sanguine hope of our being very near the north-eastern boundary of America, and that the early part of the next season would find us employing our best efforts in pushing along its northern shores."

In their winter's abode they found that the apparatus for heating between decks answered every expectation; and, to "kill the time," besides killing foxes, hares, &c. &c. they established a theatre for dramatic representations once a fortnight; had occasional concerts; and for a better purpose, a regular school, and Divine service every Sunday, in common to both ships. But the grand resource from ennui was the visit of a tribe of Esquimaux in the month of February; and though in our former numbers, may be read many particulars of these harmless creatures, we are convinced that the following extracts, put together from the whole of Captain Parry's separate observations, will afford as much entertainment as any portion of his Work which we could condense into our first notice of it into one Number.

We will introduce them as Seal-hunters and Seal-eaters:

"The party we at first joined were seated on a high hummock of ice, with their spears in their hands, looking out for seals. After we had talked to them for a few minutes, Okotook suddenly started up and set off along the edge of the ice, without giving us or his companions the least warning. The latter seemed so much accustomed to this, that they took no further notice than by immediately following him, and we did the same; the whole party walking at a very quick rate, and the natives keeping their heads constantly turned towards the sea to look out for

seals. After being thus engaged for an hour and a half, we judged, from the motions of a party at some distance beyond us, that they had game in view. As we approached them, Okotook evidently began to be apprehensive that we, who did not understand the matter, would spoil their sport. To prevent this, he did the most civil thing that could well have been devised, which was, to send his companions, one by one to the spot, and to remain with us himself, keeping us at such a distance as to allow us to see their proceedings, without alarming the animal they were in pursuit of. The other seven Esquimaux now forming one party, disposed themselves into a single line, so as to make as small an appearance as possible in the direction in which they were going, and in this manner crept very cautiously towards the margin of the floe. On a sudden they all stooped down quite low, to hide themselves, and continued thus a quarter of an hour, during which time they prepared their lines and spears; and then, when the animal appeared to be intercepted from their view, again took the opportunity of gaining a few paces on him in the same cautious manner as before. When they had been thus occupied for a full hour, alternately creeping and stooping down, the seal which had been lying on the ice took the water, and they then gave up their chase. During this time, Okotook could scarcely restrain his impatience to be nearer the scene of action; and when we produced a spy-glass, which appeared to bring his companions close to us, he had not words to express his surprise and satisfaction. In a short time he held it as steadily as we did, and explained by signs every motion he observed.

"As soon as they had given up the seal they had been watching, the whole party seemed with one accord to turn their steps homeward, in which direction, being that of the ships also, we were by this time not sorry to accompany them. We were now between three and four miles north-east of the ships, and full a mile and a half from any part of the shore. In the open water beyond the floe, the tide was

running two knots to the northward, and as the ice on which we stood had been formed only within the last fortnight, and a sheet as substantial as this had before been carried away by the stream, it was impossible not to feel some apprehension lest we might thus be detached from the shore, an accident that has been known to happen to Esquimaux ere now, and has probably more frequently befallen them, when none have survived to tell the tale.

"As we returned towards the land, we came to a small rising on the level surface of the floe not larger than a common mole-hill, and of much the same shape, at which one of the Esquimaux immediately stopped. His companions, still walking on, called us away, explaining that what we saw was the work of a seal, and that it was probable the animal was about to complete his hole and to come up on the ice, in which case the man would endeavour to kill him. We watched the man at the hole, however, with a glass, for more than half an hour, observing him constantly putting his head down towards the ice, as if in the act of listening for the seal, but without otherwise changing his position; after which, he followed us on board without success.

"If, however, a man has any reason to suppose that a seal is at work beneath, he immediately attaches himself to the place, and seldom leaves it till he has succeeded in killing the animal. For this purpose, he first builds a snow-wall about four feet in height, to shelter him from the wind, and, seating himself under the lee of it, deposits his spear, lines, and other implements upon several little forked sticks inserted into the snow, in order to prevent the smallest noise being made in moving them when wanted. But the most curious precaution to the same effect consists in tying his own knees together, with a thong, so securely as to prevent any rustling of his clothes which might otherwise alarm the animal. In this situation, a man will sit quietly sometimes for hours together, attentively listening to any noise made by the seal, and sometimes using the *keipkuttuk*, an instrument

hereafter described, in order to ascertain whether the animal is still at work below. When he supposes the hole to be nearly completed, he cautiously lifts his spear, to which the line has been previously attached, and as soon as the blowing of the seal is distinctly heard, and the ice consequently very thin, he drives it into him with the force of both arms, and then cuts away with his *panna* the remaining crust of ice, to enable him to repeat the wounds and get him out. The *neitiek* is the only seal killed in this manner, and, being the smallest, is held, while struggling, either simply by hand, or by putting the line round a spear with the point stuck into the ice. For the *oguke*, the line is passed round the man's leg or arm; and for a walrus, round his body, his feet being at the same time firmly set against a hammock of ice, in which position these people can from habit hold against a very heavy strain. Boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age consider themselves equal to the killing of a *neitiek*, but it requires a full-grown person to master either of the larger animals. - - -

- - - "After distributing a number of presents in the first four huts, I found on entering the last that Pootoolook had been successful in bringing in a seal, over which two elderly women were standing, armed with large knives, their hands and faces besmeared with blood, and delight and exultation depicted on their countenances. They had just performed the first operation of dividing the animal into two parts, and thus laying open the intestines. These being taken out and all the blood carefully baled up and put into the *oookooseek*, or cooking-pot, over the fire, they separated the head and flippers from the carcass and then divided the ribs. All the loose scraps were put into the pot for immediate use, except such as the two butchers now and then crammed into their own mouths, or distributed to the numerous and eager by-standers for still more immediate consumption. Of these morsels the children came in for no small share, every little urchin that could find its way to the slaughter-house, running eagerly in and between

the legs of the men and women, presenting its mouth for a large lump of raw flesh, just as an English child of the same age might do for a piece of sugar-candy. Every now and then also a dog would make his way towards the reeking carcass, and when in the act of seizing upon some delicate part, was sent off yelping by a heavy blow with the handles of the knives. When all the flesh is disposed of, for a portion of which each of the women from the other huts usually brings her *oookooseek*, the blubber still remains attached to the skin, from which it is separated the last; and the business being now completed, the two parts of the hide are rolled up and laid by, together with the store of flesh and blubber. During the dissection of their seals, they have a curious custom of sticking a thin filament of skin, or of some part of the intestines, upon the foreheads of the boys, who are themselves extremely fond of it, it being intended, as Iligliuk afterwards informed me, to make them fortunate seal-catchers.

"The seals which they take during the winter are of two kinds, the *Neitiek*, or small seal (*phoca hispida*), and the *Oguke*, or large seal (*phoca barbata*.) These and the *Ei-u-ek*, or Walrus, constitute their means of subsistence at this season; but, on this particular part of the coast, the latter are not very abundant and they chiefly catch the *neitiek*. The animal we had now seen dissected was of that kind, and and with young at the time. A small one taken out of it had a beautiful skin, which, both in softness and colour, very much resembled raw silk; but no inducement could make Pootoolook part with it, he having destined it for that night's supper. - - -

- - - "Tooolook having been concerned in killing one of the seals just brought in, it fell to his mother's lot to dissect it, the *neitiek* being the only animal which the women are permitted to cut up. We had therefore an opportunity of seeing this filthy operation once more performed, and entirely by the old lady herself, who was soon up to her elbows in blood and oil. Before a knife is put into the animal, as it lies on its back, they pour a little

water into its mouth, and touch each flipper and the middle of the belly with a little lamp-black and oil taken from the under part of the lamp. What benefit was expected from this preparatory ceremony we could not learn, but it was done with a degree of superstitious care and seriousness that bespoke its indispensable importance. The boys came eagerly into the hut as usual, and held out their foreheads for the old women to stick the charms upon them; and it was not till now that we learned from Iligliuk the efficacy of this very useful custom. As soon as this dirty operation was at an end, during which the numerous bystanders amused themselves in chewing the intestines of the seal, the strangers retired to their own huts, each bearing a small portion of the flesh and blubber, while our hosts enjoyed a hearty meal of boiled meat and hot gravy soup. Young Sioutkuk ate at least three pounds of solid meat in the first three hours after our arrival at the huts, besides a tolerable proportion of soup, all which his mother gave him whenever he asked it without the smallest remark of any kind. We now found that they depended on catching seals alone for subsistence, there being no walrus in this neighbourhood. As they were several miles from any open water, their mode of killing them was entirely confined to watching for the animals coming up in the holes they make through the ice."

Of all the Esquimaux, a woman named Iligliuk was the most intelligent. Nearly at the beginning of her intimacy with our countrymen, Capt. P. relates,

- - - "She favoured us with a song, and struck us as having a remarkably soft voice, an excellent ear, and a great fondness for singing, for there was scarcely any stopping her when she had once begun. We had, on their first visit to the ships, remarked this trait in Iligliuk's disposition, when she was listening for the first time to the sound of the organ, of which she seemed never to have enough; and almost every day she now began to display some symptom of that superiority of understanding for which she was so re-

markably distinguished. A few of the women learned several of our names, and I believe all thought us Angekoks* of a very superior class, when we repeated to them all round, by the assistance of our books, the names of all their husbands, obtained on board the preceding day."

This female even drew maps for them; but in the end, like most ladies who are spoiled, she changed much for the worse:

"I am (our gallant Captain confesses) however compelled to acknowledge that, in proportion as the superior understanding of this extraordinary woman became more and more developed, her head (for what female head is indifferent to praise!) began to be turned with the general attention and numberless presents she received. The superior decency and even modesty of her behaviour had combined, with her intellectual qualities, to raise her in our estimation far above her companions; and I often heard others express what I could not but agree in, that for Iligliuk alone, of all the Esquimaux women, that kind of respect could be entertained which modesty in a female never fails to command in our sex. Thus regarded, she had always been freely admitted into the ships, the quarter-masters at the gangway never thinking of refusing entrance to the 'wise woman' as they called her. Whenever any explanation was necessary between the Esquimaux and us, Iligliuk was sent for quite as an interpreter; information was chiefly obtained through her, and she thus found herself rising into a degree of consequence to which, but for us she could never had attained. Notwithstanding a more than ordinary share of good sense on her part, it will not therefore be wondered at if she became giddy with her exaltation, assuming certain airs which, though infinitely diversified in their operation according to circumstances, perhaps universally attend a too sudden accession of good fortune in every child of Adam from the equator to the poles. The consequence was that Iligliuk was soon spoiled; considered her admission into the ships and most

* Sorcerers or wizards.

of the cabins no longer as an indulgence but a right ; ceased to return the slightest acknowledgment for any kindness or presents ; became listless and inattentive in unravelling the meaning of our questions, and careless whether her answers conveyed the information we desired. In short, Iligliuk in February and Iligliuk in April were confessedly very different persons ; and it was at last amusing to recollect, though not very easy to persuade one's self, that the woman who now sat demurely in a chair, so confidently expecting the notice of those around her, and she who had at first with eager and wild delight assisted in cutting snow for the building of a hut, and with the hope of obtaining a single needle, were actually one and the same individual."

Who can answer for long continued and equable intercourse with the sex ? Capt. P. seems really to have expected more from a woman than human nature, in any quarter of the globe, warrants. But critics have nothing to do with these niceties, changes of the wind, and such like matters ;—we return to the Esquimaux generally :—

"The Esquimaux went out to endeavour to catch seals as usual, but returned unsuccessful after several hours' labour. As it was now evident that their own exertions were not at all times sufficient to procure them food at this season, and that neither indolence nor any idea of dependence on our charity induced them to relax in those exertions, it became incumbent on us carefully to attend to their wants, and by a timely and judicious application of the slender resources we had set aside for their use, to prevent any absolute suffering among them. We therefore sent out a good meal of bread-dust for each individual, to be divided in due proportion among all the huts. The necessity of this supply appeared very strongly from the report of our people, who found some of these poor creatures actually gnawing a piece of hard seal-skin with the hair on it,

while few of the huts had any lamp alight. It must be remembered that the failure of their seal-fishery always involves a double calamity, for it not only deprives them of food, but of fuel for their lamps. When this is the case, not to mention the want of warmth and light in the huts, they are also destitute of melting snow for water, and can therefore only quench their thirst by eating the snow, which is not only a comfortless but ineffectual resource. In consequence of this, it was surprising to see the quantity of water these people drank whenever they came on board ; and it was often with difficulty that our coppers could answer this additional demand. I am certain that Toolooak one day drank nearly a gallon in less than two hours. Besides the bread-dust, we also supplied them to-day with a wolf's-carcass, which, raw and frozen as it was, they eat with a good appetite ; and indeed they had not the means of cooking or even thawing it. I cannot here omit a pleasing trait in their character, observed by our people who carried out their supplies ; not a morsel of which would the grown-up people touch till they had first supplied the wants of their hungry little ones. - - -

"On the 13th our friends at the huts were fortunate in procuring three seals, an event that created great joy at the village. Mr. Allison, who happened to be there when these prizes were announced, informed me that there was a general outcry of joy ; all the women hurried to the doors of the huts, and the children rushed to the beach to meet the men dragging along the prize. One of these little urchins, to complete the triumphant exultation with which this event was hailed, instantly threw himself on the animal, and, clinging fast to it, was thus dragged to the huts. Each woman was observed to bring her *ootkoossek*, or cooking-pot, to the hut where the seal was dissected, for the purpose of receiving a share of the meat and blubber."

SICILIAN DWARF.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

"**S**EEING is believing," and upon my conscience, unless I had seen the Sicilian Dwarf with my own eyes, I could not have credited so extraordinary a variety in human nature. This creature is a female, and of the name of Cramachi; a Sicilian by birth, and now within a few months of being ten years old. But it is impossible to describe the miracle of her appearance, or its effect upon the mind. To see rationality, sportiveness, and intelligence, all the faculties of humanity, in a being so inconceivably below the standard at which we have ever witnessed them, so overtured all previous impressions, that, even with the fact before us, we doubt the evidence of our own senses. A tolerable sized doll, acting and speaking, would not astonish us so much—for nature is, in this instance, far more wonderful than art could be. Only imagine a creature about half as large as a new-born infant; perfect in all parts and lineaments, uttering words in a strange unearthly voice, understanding what you say, and replying to your questions: imagine, I say, this figure of about five nineteen inches in height and pounds in weight,—and you have some idea of the most extraordinary phenomenon. And the more you look, the more you reflect,—the more incredible it appears that this can be real. But true it is: here is the fairy of your superstition in actual life; here is the pigmy of ancient mythology brought down to your own day. The expression of her countenance varies with whatever affects her mind (for,

on my faith, there is a mind and soul in this diminutive frame!); her beautiful tiny hand (for the fore-finger of which, the ring of a very small shirt button would be much too wide a round) has all the motions and graces which are found in the same member of a lovely woman; she laughs, she threatens, she displays her fondness for finery, she likes her drop of wine, she shows her displeasure, she chooses and rejects; in fine, she is as perfect as a common child of the same age. Her walk is rather tottering, and her voice (as I have said) very remarkable. Her general appearance is not unpleasing, though there is a little of the simia in the form of the features: her health is good, and her body, limbs, &c. are complete.

I shall visit her again and again, for she is to me the wonder of wonders. I took her up, caressed and saluted her; and it was most laughable to see her resent the latter freedom, wiping her cheek, and expressing her dislike of the rough chin. But her great antipathy is to Doctors; these have offended her by examining her too minutely, and whenever they are mentioned she doubles her filbert of a fist, and manifests her decided displeasure. Of her trinkets she seems very proud, taking off her ring to show it, and pointing to her ear-rings, with the joyous exclamation of "Very pretty,"—for she has already learnt a little English. But, go and see her, or you never can conceive the true meaning of Milton's phrase—

"Miaim of nature."

(Lon. Mag.)

INCUBATION.

The process of hatching ducklings and chickens by artificial means was not long since forced upon public notice by some other process before the Lord Mayor. Like all novelties this furnished matter for pleasure at the time; but we are informed, that the person who brought forward this scheme really succeeds in putting his theory into practice;—and not only produces the young birds in the way stated, but even

surpasses all Egyptian example. For we are assured, that, in order to show the progress of incubation, he has been led to try the experiment of removing the egg from the shell, and enclosing it in glass to be hatched; and that he has succeeded!! Thus the entire progress of incubation, like the working, &c. of bees, is exposed to constant and visible observation.

BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. SOPHIA LEE.

MRS. Sophia Lee, the author of that excellent historical tale *The Recess*, the comedy of the *Chapter of Accidents*, the *Hermit's Tale* a poem, *Almeyda* a tragedy, the *Life of a Lover* a novel, &c. &c. died on the 13th March.

In an age and country distinguished for valuing literary talents, we feel that the name of this lady ought not to pass with that brief notice of her death and writings, to which our limited space, in the first instance, confined us, and therefore devote a column of our *Gazette* to such particulars concerning her, as we have been able to collect, and which, we have no doubt, will be interesting to our readers.

She was daughter of Mr. John Lee, a performer at *Covent Garden Theatre*, and eldest sister of the equally celebrated *Harriet Lee*, author of the *Canterbury Tales*, &c. &c.

Educated strictly in all the habits of domestic life, SOPHIA LEE, if we are rightly informed, devoted her attention, at an early age, to the education and welfare of the younger branches of the family, to whom after the premature death of their mother, and the subsequent one of their father, her prudence became eminently useful—Thus sacrificing to affection and duty, somewhat of that celebrity which she might have increased by the exclusive cultivation of her talents. Yet few writers had more allurements at their outset to pursue the path of fame. The comedy of the *Chapter of Accidents*, which was offered anonymously to the elder Mr. Colman, a man of approved taste and genius, was received by him with an immediate request to know the author; and its success fully justified his high opinion of it. The talents of Ed-

win were never better displayed than in that original, true, *Somersetshire clown*, *Jacob Gawky*; and *our Bridget* became the phrase of the day for comic vulgarity.

The interesting *Novel of the Recess* next appeared, and was the first English work of merit, in which historical characters were made the ground-work of fictitious events. It presented the writer in strong contrast with herself, both as to subject and diction, and was so extremely popular, that, after the publication of the first volumes, which came out singly, Mr. Cadell desired the author to name her own terms for the remainder, inclosing a bank note of value as a compliment. She now, however, devoted only her leisure hours to her pen, and produced her succeeding works at intervals, having established a seminary for young ladies at Bath, which her name rendered distinguished and flourishing. From this situation she retired about twenty years since, to close an active and well spent life in family association, privacy and content.

As a writer, her distinguishing characteristics were originality, pathos, and that rarest of gifts, fertility of invention, sometimes even approaching to exuberance. But it is not merely as a writer that we have considered her—our encomium is of a higher nature, and includes a numerous circle; since it may be both generally and justly observed (and it gives us heartfelt pleasure to make the observation,) that the women most admired for talent in the present day, perform every relative duty in life with as much correctness and fidelity, as if they classed with the best gifted of their sex.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

THE English frigate *Minerve*, commanded by Capt. Brenton, unfortunately run ashore near *Cherbourg*. A sailor, who had both his legs shot off while endeavouring to heave her into deep water, was carried into the cockpit. Waiting for his turn to be dressed, he heard the cheers of the crew on deck, and eagerly demanded what they meant. Being told that the ship was off the shoal, and would soon be clear of the forts,

"Then d— the legs," exclaimed the poor fellow; and taking his knife from his pocket, he cut the remaining muscles which attached them to him, and joined in the cheers with the rest of his comrades. When the ship was soon afterwards taken, he was placed in the boat to be conveyed to the hospital; but, determined not to outlive the loss of his liberty, he slackened his tourniquets and bled to death.

THE SPIRITS OF THE AGE.

(New Mon.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT is undoubtedly the most popular writer of the age—the “lord of the ascendant” for the time being. He is just half what the human intellect is capable of being; if you take the universe, and divide it into two parts, he knows all that it *has been*; all that *is to be* is nothing to him. He is a mind “reflecting ages past”—he scorns “the present ignorant time.” He is “laudator temporis acti”—a “prophet of things past.” The old world is to him a crowded map; the new one a dull, hateful blank. He dotes on all well-authenticated superstitions; he shudders at the shadow of innovation. His retentiveness of memory, his accumulated weight of prejudice or romantic association, have overlaid his other faculties. The cells of his memory are vast, various, full even to bursting with life and motion; his speculative understanding is rather flaccid, and little exercised in projects for the amelioration of his species. His mind receives and treasures up every thing brought to it by tradition or custom—it does not project itself beyond this into the world unknown, but mechanically shrinks back as from the edge of a precipice. The land of abstract reason is to his apprehension like *Van Diemen’s Land*, barren, miserable, distant, a place of exile, the dreary abode, of savages, convicts, and adventurers. Sir Walter would make a bad hand of a description of the *millennium*, unless he could lay the scene in Scotland five hundred years ago, and then he would want facts and worm-eaten parchments to support his style. Our historical novelist firmly thinks that nothing *is* but what *has been*; that the moral world stands still, as the material one was supposed to do of old; and that we can never get beyond the point where we are without utter destruction, though every thing changes, and will change, from what it was three hundred years ago to what it is now—from what it is now to all that the bigoted admirer of the “good old times” most dreads and hates.

It is long since we read, and long since we thought of our author’s poetry. It would probably have gone out of date with the immediate novelty, even if he himself had not made the world forget it. It is not to be denied that it had great merit, both of an obvious and intrinsic kind. It abounded in vivid descriptions, in spirited action, in smooth and flowing versification. But it wanted *character*. It was poetry “of no mark of likelihood.”* It slid out of the mind, as soon as read, like a river; and would have been forgotten, but that the public curiosity was fed with ever-new supplies from the same teeming, liquid source. It is not every man that can write six quarto volumes in verse, that shall be read with avidity, even by fastidious judges. But what a difference between *their* popularity and that of the Scotch Novels! It is true, the public read and admired the “Lay of the Last Minstrel,” “Marmion,” and so on; and each individual was contented to read and admire because the public did: but with regard to the prose-works of the same (supposed) author, it is quite *another-guess* sort of thing. Here every one stands forward to applaud on his own ground, would be thought to go before the public opinion, is eager to extol his favourite characters louder, to understand them better than every body else, and has his own scale of comparative excellence for each work, supported by nothing but his own enthusiastic and fearless convictions. It must be amusing to the *Author of Waverley* to hear his readers and admirers (and are not these the same thing?)

* Note by the Editor.—The writer of this paper, and not the Editor, must be considered as here presuming to be the critical arbiter of Sir Walter’s poetry. A journal such as this cannot be supported without the aid of writers of a certain degree of talent, and it is not possible to modify all their opinions so as to suit every body’s taste.

† No! For we met with a young lady who kept a circulating library and a milliner’s-shop in a watering-place in the country, who, when we inquired for the “Scotch Novels,” spoke indifferently about them, said they were “so dry she could hardly get through them,” and recommended us to read “*Agnes*.” We never thought of it before; but we would venture to lay a wager that there are many other young ladies in the same situation, and who think “Old Mortality” “dry.”

quarrelling which of his novels is the best, opposing character to character, quoting passage against passage, striving to surpass each other in the extravagance of their encomiums, and yet unable to settle the precedence, or to do the author's writings justice—so various, so equal, so transcendent are their merits! His volumes of poetry were received as fashionable and well-dressed acquaintances: we are ready to tear the others in pieces, as old friends. There was something meretricious in Sir Walter's ballad-rhymes; and like those who keep opera *figurantes*, we were willing to have our admiration shared, and our taste confirmed by the town: but the Novels are like the mistresses of our hearts, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and we are jealous that any one should be as much delighted, or as thoroughly acquainted with their beauties as ourselves. For which of his poetical heroines would the reader break a lance so soon as for Jeanie Deans? What "Lady of the Lake" can compare with the beautiful Rebecca? We believe the late Mr. John Scott went to his death-bed (though a painful and premature one) with some degree of satisfaction, inasmuch as he had penned the most elaborate panegyric on the Scotch Novels that had as yet appeared! The Epics are not poems, so much as metrical romances. There is a glittering veil of verse thrown over the features of nature and of old romance. The deep incisions into character are "skinned and filmed over"—the details are lost or shaped into flimsy and insipid decorum; and the truth of feeling and of circumstance is translated into a tinkling sound, a tinsel *common-place*. It must be owned, there is a power in true poetry that lifts the mind from the ground of reality to a higher sphere, that penetrates the inert, scattered, incoherent materials presented to it, and by a force and inspiration of its own melts and moulds them into sublimity and beauty. But Sir Walter (we contend, under correction) has not this creative impulse, this plastic power, this capacity of reacting on his materials. He is a learned, a literal, a *matter-of-fact* expounder of

truth or fable: † he does not soar above and look down upon his subject, imparting his own lofty views and feelings to his descriptions of nature—he relies upon it, is raised by it, is one with it, or he is nothing. A poet is essentially a *maker*; that is, he must atone for what he loses in individuality and local resemblance by the energies and resources of his own mind. The writer of whom we speak is deficient in these last. He has either not the faculty, or not the will, to impregnate his subject by an effort of pure invention. The execution also is much upon a par with the most ordinary effusions of the press. It is light, agreeable, effeminate, diffuse. Sir Walter's Muse is a *modern-antique*. The smooth, glossy texture of his verse contrasts happily with the quaint, uncouth, rugged materials of which it is composed; and takes away any appearance of heaviness or harshness from the body of local traditions and obsolete costume. We see grim knights and iron armour; but then they are woven in silk with a careless, delicate hand, and have the softness of flowers. The poet's figures might be compared to old tapestries copied on the finest velvet: they are not like Raphael's *Cartoons*, but they are very like Mr. Westall's drawings, which accompany, and are intended to illustrate them. This facility and grace of execution is the more remarkable, as a story goes, that not long before the appearance of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott, having, in the company of a friend, to cross the Frith of Forth in a ferry-boat, they proposed to beguile the time by writing a number of verses on a given subject, and at the end of an hour's hard study, they found they had produced only six lines between them. "It is plain," said the unconscious author to his fellow-labourer, "that you and I need never think of getting our living by writing poetry!" In a year or so after this, he set to work, and poured out quarto upon quarto, as if they had been drops of water. As to the rest, and compared with the true and great poets—what is he to Spenser, over whose immortal,

† Just as Cobbett is a matter-of-fact reasoner.

ever-amiable verse Beauty hovers and trembles, and who has shed the purple light of Fancy, from his ambrosial wings over all nature? What is there of the might of Milton, whose head is canopied in the blue serene, and who takes us to sit with him there? Sir Walter has no voluntary power of combination: all his associations (as we said before) are those of habit or of tradition. He is a merely narrative and descriptive poet, garrulous of the old time. The definition of his poetry is a pleasing superficiality.

Not so of his "NOVELS AND ROMANCES." There we turn over a new leaf—another and the same—the same in matter, but in form, in power how different! The Author of Waverley has got rid of the tagging of rhymes, the eking out of syllables, the supplying of epithets, the colours of style, the grouping of his characters, and the regular march of events, and comes to the point at once, and strikes at the heart of his subject, without dismay and without disguise. His poetry was a lady's waiting-maid, dressed out in cast-off finery: his prose is a beautiful, rustic nymph, that, like Dorothea in Don Quixote, when she is surprised with dishevelled tresses bathing her naked feet in the brook, looks round her abashed at the admiration her charms have excited. The grand secret of the author's success in these latter productions is that he has completely got rid of the trammels of authorship; and torn off at one rent (as Lord Peter got rid of so many yards of lace in the "Tale of a Tub") all the ornaments of fine writing and worn-out sentimentality. All is fresh, as from the hand of nature: by going a century or two back and laying the scene in a remote and uncultivated district, all becomes new and startling in the present advanced period. Highland manners, character, scenery, superstitions, northern dialect and costume, the wars, the religion, and politics of the 16th and 17th centuries, gave a charming and wholesome relief to the fastidious refinement and "over-laboured lassitude" of modern readers, like the effect of plunging a nervous valetudinarian

into a cold-bath. The Scotch Novels, for this reason, are not so much admired in Scotland as in England. The contrast, the transition is less striking. From the top of the Calton-Hill, the inhabitants of "Auld Reekie" can descry, or fancy they descry, the peaks of Ben Lomond and the waving outline of Rob Roy's country: we who live at the southern extremity of the island can only catch a glimpse of the billowy scene in the descriptions of the author of Waverley. The mountain air is most bracing to our languid nerves, and it is brought us in ship-loads from the neighbourhood of Abbot's-Ford. There is another circumstance to be taken into the account. In Edinburgh there is a little opposition, and something of the spirit of cabal between the partisans of works proceeding from Mr. Constable's and Mr. Blackwood's shops. Mr. Constable gives the highest prices, but, being the Whig bookseller, it is grudged that he should do so. An attempt is therefore made to transfer a certain share of popularity to the second-rate Scotch novels, issuing from Mr. Blackwood's shop. This operates a diversion, which does not affect us here. The Author of Waverley wears the palm of legendary lore alone. Sir Walter may indeed surfeit us: his imitators make us sick!—It may be asked—it has been asked, "Have we no materials for romance in England? Must we look to Scotland for a supply of whatever is original and striking in this kind?" And we answer, "Yes!" Every foot of soil is with us worked up: nearly every movement of the social machine is calculable. We have no room left for violent catastrophes; for grotesque quaintnesses; for wizard spells. The last skirts of ignorance and barbarism are seen hovering (in Sir Walter's pages) over the Border. We have, it is true, gipsies in this country as well as at the Cairn of Dornclough; but they live under clipped hedges, and repose in camp-beds, and do not perch on crags, like eagles, or take shelter, like sea-mews, in basaltic, subterranean caverns. We have heaths with rude heaps of stones upon

them ; but no existing superstition converts them into the Geese of Micklestone-Moor, or sees a Black Dwarf groping among them. We had a Parson Adams, not quite a hundred years ago, a Sir Roger de Coverley, rather more than a hundred ! Even Sir Walter is ordinarily obliged to pitch his angle (strong as the hook is) a hundred miles to the North of the "Modern Athens," or a century back. His last work indeed is mystical, is romantic in nothing but the title-page. Instead of "a holy-water sprinkled in dew," he has given us a fashionable watering-place ; and we see what he has made of it. He must not come down from his fastnesses in traditional barbarism and native rusticity : the level, the littleness, the frippery of modern civilization will undo him as it has undone us !

Sir Walter has found out (oh, rare discovery !) that facts are better than fiction ; that there is no romance like the romance of real life ; and that, if we can but arrive at what men feel, do, and say in striking and singular situations, the result will be "more lively, audible, and full of vent" than the fine-spun cobwebs of the brain. With reverence be it spoken, he is like the man who having to imitate the squeaking of a pig upon the stage, brought the animal under his cloak with him. Our author has conjured up the actual people he has to deal with, or as much as he could get of them, in "their habits as they lived." He has ransacked old chronicles, and poured the contents upon his page ; he has squeezed out musty records ; he has consulted wayfaring pilgrims, bedrid sybils ; he has conversed with the living and the dead, and let them tell their story their own way ; and by borrowing of others, has enriched his own genius with everlasting variety, truth, and freedom. He has taken his materials from the original authentic sources, in large concrete masses, and not tampered with or too much frittered them away. He is only the amanuensis of truth or history. It is impossible to say how fine his writings in consequence are, unless we could describe how fine nature is. All that portion of the history of his coun-

try that he has touched upon (wide as the scope is—the manners, the personages, the events, the scenery) lives over again in his volumes. Nothing is wanting—the illusion is complete. There is a hurdling in the air, a trampling of feet upon the ground, as these perfect representations of human character or fanciful belief come thronging back upon our imaginations. We will merely recall a few of the subjects of his pencil to the reader's recollection ; for nothing we could add by way of note or commendation could make the impression more vivid.

There is (first and foremost, because the earliest of our acquaintance) the Baron of Bradwardine, stately, kind-hearted, whimsical, pedantic,—and Flora MacIvor (whom even *we* forgive for her Jacobitism), the fierce Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Dhu, constant in death, and Davie Gellatly roasting his eggs or turning his rhymes with restless volubility, and the two stag-hounds that met Waverley, as fine as ever Titian painted, or Paul Veronese :—then there is old Balfour of Burley, brandishing his sword and his Bible with fire-eyed fury, trying a fall with the insolent, gigantic Bothwell at the 'Change-house, and vanquishing him at the noble battle of Loudon-Hill ; there is Bothwell himself, drawn to the life, proud, cruel, selfish, profligate, but with the love-letters of the gentle Alice (written thirty years before) and his verses to her memory, found in his pocket after his death : in the same volume of "Old Mortality" in that lone figure in Scripture, of the woman sitting on the stone at the turning to the mountain to warn Burley that there is a lion in his path ; and the fawning Claverhouse, beautiful as a panther, smooth-looking, blood-spotted ; and the fanatics, Macbriar and Mucklewrath, crazed with zeal and sufferings ; and the inflexible Morton, and the faithful Edith, who refused to "give her hand to another while her heart was with her lover in the deep and dead sea : " and in "The Heart of Mid Lothian" we have Effie Deans, that sweet, faded flower, and Jeanie, her more than sister, and old David Deans, the patriarch of St. Leonard's Crag, and Butler, and Dumbiedikes, eloquent in

his silence, and Mr. Bartoline Saddle-tree and his prudent help-mate, and Porteous swinging in the wind, and Madge Wildfire, full of finery and madness, and her ghastly mother—again, there is Meg Merrilies, standing on her rock, stretched on her bier with “her head to the East,” and Dirk Hatteraick (equal to Shakspeare’s Master Barnardine) and Glossin, the soul of an attorney, and Dandy Dinmont with his terrier-pack and his pony Dumble, and the fiery Colonel Mannering, and the modish old Counsellor Pleydell, and Dominie Sampson*—and Rob Roy (like the eagle in his eyrie) and Baillie Nicol Jarvie, and the inimitable Major Galbraith, and Rashleigh Osbaldistone and Die Vernon, the best of secret-keepers; and in “The Antiquary,” the ingenious and abstruse Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, and the old beadsman, Edie Ochiltree, and that preternatural figure old Edith Elspeth, a living shadow, in whom the lamp of life had been long extinguished, but that it is fed by remorse and deepening recollections, and that striking picture of the effects of feudal tyranny and fiendish pride, the unhappy earl of Glenallan; and the Black Dwarf, and his friend Habbie of the Heughfoot, the cheerful hunter, and his cousin, Grace Armstrong, fresh and laughing like the morning; and the “Children of the Mist,” and the bay-

* Perhaps the finest scene in all these novels is that where the Dominie meets his pupil Miss Lucy the morning after her brother’s arrival.

ing of the blood-hound that tracks their steps at a distance (the hollow echoes are in our ears now), and Amy and her hapless love and the villain Varney, and the deep voice of George of Douglas that addressed these words to Mary Queen of Scots—“Your Majesty wished for Rosabel to assist you in your flight, and Rosabel is here!”—and the immoveable Balafré and Master Oliver the Barber, and the quaint humour of “The Fortunes of Nigel,” and the comic spirit of “Peveril of the Peak,” &c. &c. &c. What a host of associations! What a thing is human life! What a power is that of genius! What a world of thought and feeling rescued (almost) from oblivion! How many hours of *wholesome* heartfelt amusement has our author given to the gay and thoughtless! How many sad hearts has he soothed in pain and solitude! It is no wonder that the public repay with lengthened applause and gratitude the pleasure they receive. He writes as fast as they can read, and he does not write himself down. He is always in the public eye, and they do not tire of him. His worst is better than any other person’s best. His *backgrounds* (and his latter works are little else but backgrounds capitally made out) are more attractive than the principal figures and most complicated actions of other writers. His works, taken together, are almost like a new edition of human nature. This is indeed to be an author! * * * *

TRAVELS IN EGYPT.—POISONS.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

Extract of a Letter from Dr. Ehrenberg, written 27th Nov. 1821, from his Tent, near Elh Suan, the last Town on the Southern Frontier of Egypt, and addressed to Dr. Koreff.

WE send you a few lines to apprise you of our progress and researches. The opportunity which offers of conveying letters to Cairo is too sudden to allow us to transmit to His Excellency the Prince Grand-Chancellor our third report. Our first memoirs left Cairo on the 30th of March, and were to go by the way of Alexandria and Leghorn. We hope to be able on our arrival at Dongola to fulfil the honourable duty imposed on us, of making His Excellency regularly acquaint-

ed with the principal events of our travels. I suppress the circumstances which have hitherto rendered our residence in Egypt very disagreeable. Our greatest enemies have been, to me a very violent nervous fever, and to both of us opthalmic attacks, which have lasted several months. Nevertheless, although two of our companions are dead, and three others who supplied their places have lost courage and quitted us, we preserve our firmness, and advance with prudence. As

above all things you recommended us to examine into the poisons known in Egypt, we have already dried the leaves of the venomous plants most known in this country. We have carefully collected in flasks the juice of such of those plants as are milky. We have also obtained some yellowish green juice extracted from the teeth of the Cerastes, (horned snake,) and have begun to preserve some scorpions' fangs, as well as the vessels which serve as a receptacle for the poison. Of scorpions we have hitherto met with only eight kinds: five in the desert of Libya, and near Alexandria, the largest on the frontiers of Barbary, near Gasi Choitrebie; and three between Cairo and Essian. All these scorpions are yellow, tending to a blackish brown; and we have had abundant opportunities of examining them. Those which are found in the higher Egypt are considered the most venomous; and as that which we have distinguished by the name of Scorpio Cahrisimus is the largest and the most common, it is probable that all the others are derived from it. A Frenchman, M. Rufeau, or Rousseau, who employs himself in looking for Egyptian antiquities, and in copying objects of natural history, at Luxos, near Thebes, told us that one of his young female blacks had just died in the most severe pain, in consequence of the sting of a scorpion; and that he had known of several other occurrences of a similar nature within a very short period of time. I myself, who had with great caution taken above a hundred of these animals in my hands, was lately stung in the finger by one of them. At the moment of the puncture I experienced a penetrating pain, which staggered me like an electric shock. Although I did not neglect to suck the wound with force until the ap-

pearance of blood, the feeling of pain became still more intense in the course of a few minutes. I bound the finger tightly up. The pain, which still continued, extended itself by degrees to the hand, and afterwards to the elbow; and to the interior part of the arm, and resembled a kind of cramp. At the end of an hour I experienced this severe pain only in the neighbourhood of the wound, the lips of which began to swell. At the end of three hours, all that remained was a sensation of numbness in the finger, which went off on the following day. I do not know whether an inclination to sleep that I experienced in the evening was attributable to the wound, or to a catarrh which had shown itself. We were witnesses of another occurrence of the same nature at the village of Saulim, in the province of Trajan. One evening the Kaimakahn entered our apartment, crying out and entreating help. He had been stung by a venomous animal, and was suffering great pain. Dr. Hemprich made, at the wounded place of the finger, an incision, which bled copiously, and then bound the finger up. The next day the injured man found himself completely healed. Our search for the scorpion by which he was stung was fruitless. It appears that in general the sting of the scorpion is more dangerous to children than to grown persons. When the Arabs meet snakes or scorpions, they hold them down with a stick or some other instrument, and break their fangs with stones or a knife. We never saw a venomous animal in the hands of an Arab which was not mutilated; and therefore when the snake-swallowers, or other Arabs, have brought us these animals, we have seldom preserved them in spirits of wine. We are at present busy in collecting details with respect to these various subjects.

THE GRAVE.

How deep and quiet is the tomb—
Its brink how dark and dread!
Velling in an impervious gloom
The country of the dead.

The nightingale's sweet melody
Is never warbled there,
And friendship's votive roses lie
Wither'd on the bier.

There widow'd brides forsaken wring
Their hands in wild despair,

Vain in its depths their moans they fling,
With the young orphan's prayer.
Yet where for happiness beside
Shall wretched mortals fly,
When that dark gate alone may hide
Their hoped tranquillity!

There hearts are driven storm-tost by woes,
That ne'er knew rest before,—
Where else shall they obtain repose,
But where they beat no more? *Eng. Mag.*

LATE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820, 21, & 22. By Capt. Basil Hall, R.N. Author of A Voyage to Loo Choo.

THE rapidly growing importance of South America readily accounts for the number of publications relating to that country which now almost weekly claim and obtain our attention. We feel pretty confident that we could not devote a fair proportion of our pages to any subject more generally interesting; but it is a great addition to our comfort when the character of the work noticed is such as to confirm us in the assurance that our review of it must extract matter agreeable to every class of readers. Such is the task we have before us. Captain Hall's delightful Voyage to Loo Choo taught us to expect nothing but gratification from his pen; and these volumes have no disappointment in their whole contents. To the access which his station gave him to society and to political proceedings, Captain Hall has brought the intelligence of a well cultivated understanding and observant mind; and he has detailed what he observed in the spirit of a gentleman and style of a pleasant writer. Learning, as every Briton must do, to the side of freedom, and wishing well to its efforts, he is nevertheless an impartial historian; and we find no individual nor party exalted or debased at the expence of truth. Justice is done to the gallant exploits of Lord Cochrane, which have had an immense influence on the liberation of South America, and the character of San Martin is ably delineated; but, the extreme is not taken, and we are not told, on the other hand, that all those who adhered to old interests and old prejudices were corrupt knaves, fanatics, and bigots. It is this sort of overcharging which destroys its own purpose. Too much of eulogy on one part, and of obloquy on the other, always begets suspicion, and almost always opposition. No portion of human life is divided into Gods and Devils. It appears from our author, that even an ex-inquisitor possessed some good qualities, while a patriotic leader happened to be a robber and a butcher.

But though the means employed were too frequently unworthy, we must not look at the benefit done with an unfavouring eye. It is impossible to contemplate a people rescued from darkness and thralldom, and raised to the rank of men enjoying the blessing of liberty with its natural concomitants extended commerce, wealth, social happiness, knowledge, virtue—it is impossible, we repeat, to contemplate such a change without exultation, and such a change is fairly represented in Captain Hall's work, if not completed, at least beyond the power of mortals to prevent. It is honestly and candidly said, (speaking of Chili)—

- - - "They begin to be fully sensible of their own importance in the world, and to see the necessity of being acquainted with the proceedings of other states. To this incipient feeling of national dignity, they had a deep-seated and resolute enthusiasm in favour of independence.

"Of civil liberty, I am not sure that the Chilians have, as yet, equally clear and correct notions; but nothing is more decided than their determination not to submit again to any foreign yoke; and I should conceive, from all I have been able to learn, that, under any circumstances, the Spanish party in Chili would be found small and contemptible. Every day deepens these valuable sentiments, and will render the re-conquest of the country more and more remote from possibility. The present free trade, above all, maintains and augments these feelings; for there is not a single arrival at the port which fails to bring some new article of use, or of luxury, or which does not serve, by lowering the former prices, to place within reach of the lower orders many things known before only to the wealthy; to extend the range of comforts and enjoyments; and to open new sources of industry.

"Amongst a people circumstanced as the South Americans have been, debarred for ages from the advantages of

commerce, this change is of the last importance; and it is pleasing to reflect, that, while our merchants are consulting their own interests, and advancing the prosperity of their country, they are, at the same time, by stimulating at once and gratifying the wants of a great people, adding incalculably to the amount of human happiness. By thus creating higher tastes, and new wants, they produce fresh motives to exertion, and give more animating hopes to whole nations, which, without such powerful and immediate excitements, might, for aught we know, have long remained in their ancient state of listlessness and ignorance. Every man in the country, rich or poor, not only practically feels the truth of this, but knows distinctly whence the advantage is derived; and it is idle, therefore, to suppose that blessings which come home so directly to all men's feelings, and which so manifestly influence their fortunes and happiness, can be easily taken from them.

"There are, no doubt, many defects in the administration of affairs in Chili, occasional bad faith, and occasional oppression, and sometimes very inconvenient disturbances, and partial political changes; but these are of no moment in so vast a question. The barrier which has so long dammed up the tide of human rights, and free action, has been at length removed, and the stream is assuredly not to be stopped by any thing from without; and what is internal, that might produce mischief, is rapidly improving as men advance in intelligence, and acquire a deeper interest in good order. An invasion, indeed, might cause much misery and disorder, and tend for a time, to keep back the moral and political improvement of the country; but the reaction would be inevitable, and, ere long, the outraged country would spring forwards to life and liberty, with tenfold vigour.

"By means of foreign intercourse, and by the experience and knowledge of themselves, acquired by acting, for the first time, as freemen, they will come to know their own strength; by learning also to respect themselves,

which they could hardly have done before, they will be ready to respect a government formed of themselves; and, instead of despising and hating their rulers, and seeking to counteract their measures, will join heartily in supporting them when right, or in exerting a salutary influence over them when wrong. At all events, even now, all parties would unite upon the least show of an attack; and so the result will prove, should any thing so wild and unjust be attempted."*

This general view is extremely cheering; but following the author's example, we shall not dilate so much on historical events, as notice what is most striking in the native manners, especially as they were acted upon by the extraordinary occurrences of late years, when our naval force in that quarter had indeed a very difficult game to play,—so difficult, that we are surprised by Captain Hall's having found opportunity for what he has accomplished in this Journal.

The first volume details his arrival in the Conway frigate at Valparaiso; various excursions in Chili, particularly to Santiago; an account of the revolution, of San Martin, of O'Higgins, and of Lord Cochrane's exploits; of the expedition against Peru; of his own affairs at Callao and Lima; of the south coast of Chili; of the Arancanians and the pirate chief Benavides; and a multitude of other things both of temporary and permanent interest. But our extracts (and various they will

* The following passage may form a curious note to this, and show what odd circumstances have already grown out of the Revolution:

"At Huacho, we found the governor at dinner with two or three friends. He was of the aboriginal race of the country, spoke a little Spanish, and was probably a discreet and clever fellow, otherwise he would not have been left in a command by San Martin. The dinner was placed on a long table in the middle of a shop, and the whole party forked their meat out of the dish. It was interesting, on looking round the shop, to observe the effect of the recent political changes. A roll of English broadcloth was resting on a French wine case, marked *Medoc*; on the table stood a bottle of champagne; the knives and forks were marked "Sheffield," and the screen which divided the apartment was made of a piece of Glasgow printed cotton."

be) must speak for us. The customs are excellently illustrated by the following miscellaneous selections :

“As soon as the dispatches were sent off, I paid a visit to a Chilian family of my acquaintance, and immediately on my entering the drawing-room, the lady of the house, and one of her daughters, each presented me with a rose, apologizing, at the same time, for having omitted to do so before. This custom of presenting strangers with a flower prevails in all Spanish countries, and is one of an extensive class of minute attentions, which the Spaniards and their attendants understand better than any other nation. The favour itself is nothing ; indeed, it seems essential to the civility that it should be a mere trifle ; the merit lies in the unaffected and simple expression of good will and kindness which, while it really obliges, is of a nature to impose no obligation. - - -

“The Chilians are fond of making pic-nic parties, to dine in the country, at any spot which may suit them during an excursion, and to-day I happened to fall in with some friends bent on such an expedition, all crowded into a careta or covered wagon, on its way to the hills : as they wanted one more cavallero, I was well pleased to be permitted to join them. We reached the destined spot in safety, though sufficiently jolted, and well nigh deafened by the creaking sound of the wheels, which, like those in Spain, are kept purposely without grease, in order, it is said, by this clumsy device, to prevent smuggling—since no cart or wagon can pass within half a league of a custom-house officer without calling his attention to the spot. - - -

“I went in the evening to visit a family in Almendral, or great suburb of Valparaiso. The ladies were ranged, as usual, along the wall, in a compact line, with their shawls drawn over the head and across the chin, so as nearly to conceal the face. One young lady played the harp, another the guitar, while some occasionally joined with their shrill voices in singing the patriotic songs of the day. Others were chatting, or working, and the evening passing away pleasantly enough, when,

without any apparent cause, the whole party jumped up, cast away their music and work, and flew in the most frantic style out of the house, screaming aloud, *Misericordia ! misericordia !* beating their breasts at the same time, and looking terrified beyond description. I was astonished at all this, but followed the company into the street, calling out *Misericordia* as loud as any of them. It was a bright moonlight evening, and the street, from end to end, was filled with people ; some only half dressed, having just leaped from their beds—children, snatched from their sleep, were crying in all directions—many carried lights in their hands—in short, such a scene of wild confusion and alarm was never seen, and all apparently occasioned by a spontaneous movement, without any visible motive. After standing in the street for about a minute, the whole crowd turned round again and ran into their houses, so that, in the course of a few seconds, the hubbub was stilled, and not a mortal was to be seen. I now begged to know the cause of this amazing commotion, having a vague idea of its forming some part of a religious ceremony, when, to my surprise, I learned that it had been produced by an earthquake, so severe, that the people had been afraid of the houses tumbling about their ears, and had run into the open street to avoid the danger ; for my part, I was totally unconscious of any motion, nor did I hear the sound, which they described as unusually loud. On mentioning this fact afterwards in company, I was assured, that for a considerable period after the arrival of foreigners, they are in like manner insensible to shocks, which a native can at once distinguish. It may be mentioned also, as an unusual effect of experience, that the sensation of alarm, caused by feeling an earthquake, goes on augmenting instead of diminishing, and that one who at first ridicules the terrors of the inhabitants, comes eventually to be even more frightened than they are. - - -

“The theatre (at Lima,) which was opened during the festivities upon the accession of the new Viceroy, was of rather a singular form, being a long

oval, the stage occupying the greater part of one side, by which means the front boxes were brought close to the actors. The audience in the pit was composed exclusively of men, and that in the galleries of women, a fashion borrowed, I believe, from Madrid, the intermediate space being divided into several rows of private boxes. Between the acts, the Viceroy retires to the back seat of his box, which being taken as a signal that he may be considered as absent, every man in the pit draws forth his steel and flint, lights his segar, and puffs away furiously, in order to make the most of his time, for when the curtain rises, and the Viceroy again comes forward, there can no longer be any smoking, consistently with Spanish etiquette. The sparkling of so many flints at once, which makes the pit look as if a thousand fire-flies had been let loose, and the cloud of smoke rising immediately afterwards and filling the house, are little circumstances which strike the eye of a stranger as being more decidedly characteristic than incidents really important. I may add, that the gentlemen in the boxes also smoke on these occasions; and I once fairly detected a lady taking a sly whiff behind her fan. The Viceroy's presence or absence, however, produces no change in the gallery aloft, where the goddesses keep up an unceasing fire during the whole evening. - - -

"We sat down to dinner, a very merry party, the master of the house insisting upon my taking the head of the table; a custom, he said, that could by no means be dispensed with. The first dish which was placed on the table was bread soup, exceedingly good, and cooked either with fish or meat, a distinction so immaterial, we thought, that our surprise was considerable when we observed a gentleman of the party start up, and, with a look as if he had swallowed poison, exclaim, 'O Lord, there is fish in the soup!' and while we were wondering at this exclamation, our friend ran off to the kitchen to interrogate the cook. He returned with a most woe-begone look, and finished his plate of soup as if it had been the last he was ever to

taste. A feeling of delicacy prevented our asking questions, although our curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, by observing the gentleman touch nothing else, but literally go without his dinner. It was Friday, and it was in Lent, which might have accounted for his horror at meat; but it was fish which had shocked him; besides, we saw the rest of the company eating without scruple, which puzzled us exceedingly, and the more so, as the self-denying individual was a very sensible man, and showed no other symptoms of eccentricity. We at last discovered that he had, for some reason or other, come under a religious engagement not to eat both fish and flesh, though the South Americans are permitted to do so, by an express bull in their favour, and it so happened, that he had set his fancy this day most particularly on a meat dish close to him, never dreaming of what had been put into the soup; fish once tasted, however, his feast was at an end, and he kept his vow in a manner worthy of an anchorite."

Another instance of this kind occurred at a Ball:

"I was surprised (says Capt. H.) and somewhat disappointed, to see a young lady, one of the gayest and best dancers in Chili, place herself at the instrument. The gentlemen loudly appealed against this proceeding; but she maintained her place resolutely, declaring she would not dance a single step. I saw there was some mystery in this, and took an opportunity of begging to know what could have induced a person, of so much good sense and cheerfulness, and so fond of dancing, to make so very preposterous a resolution. She laughed on hearing the subject treated with such earnestness, and confessed that nothing was farther from her own wishes than her present forbearance, but that she was bound by a promise not to dance for a whole year. I begged an explanation of this singular engagement, when she told me, that, during the recent confinement of her sister, our host's wife, at a moment when her life was despaired of, her mother had made a vow, that, if she recovered, not one of the unmarried girls should dance for twelve

months. Her younger sister, however, was dancing; and I found she had managed to evade the obligation by an ingenious piece of casuistry, arguing that, as the promise had been made in town, it could never be intended to apply to the country. The good-natured mother, who probably repented of her absurd vow, allowed that a good case of conscience had been made out; and the pretty Rosalita danced away with a spirit which was taken up by the whole room, and a more animated ball was never seen. - - -

"A gentleman had thought fit to commence instructing his daughter in French,—a circumstance which the girl, unconscious of any crime, mentioned in the course of her confession to the priest, who expressed the greatest horror at what he heard, denounced the vengeance of Heaven upon her and her father, refused to give her absolution, and sent the poor creature home in an agony of fear. The father soon discovered the cause, and after some correspondence with the confessor, went to the head of the government, who sent for the priest, questioned him on the subject, and charged him with having directly interfered with the letter and spirit of the constitution, which gave encouragement to every species of learning. The priest affected to carry matters with a high hand, and even ventured to censure the director for meddling with things beyond his authority. This was soon settled: a council was immediately called, and the next day it was known throughout the city that the priest had been seen crossing the frontiers, escorted by a military guard. An account of the whole transaction, with the correspondence between the parent and the confessor, were also published officially in the Gazette, and full authority given, in future, to every person to teach any branch of knowledge not inconsistent with morals and religion. - - -

"The Host is usually carried in procession on foot; but a carriage has been appropriated to this duty in Lima, in consequence of a curious circumstance, the details of which were related to me by a person who delight-

ed in any thing tending to make the past times look ridiculous.

"It seems that a certain Viceroy, some years ago, had become deeply enamoured of a celebrated actress, named La Pericholé, and as vice-monarchs, like real monarchs, seldom sigh in vain, La Serona Pericholé soon became mistress of the palace, where, besides spending large sums of the public money, she succeeded in making her vice-regal admirer even more contemptible than he had been before. Every request she chose to make was immediately granted to her, except in one trifling case; and she, therefore, of course, resolutely set her heart upon attaining this object. Her whim was not of any great consequence, it might be thought, since it was merely to be allowed, for once, to drive in a carriage of her own through the streets of Lima. Now this, which to us seems the simplest thing in nature, is looked upon in quite a different light in the capital of Peru, for although any one might ride about as long as he pleased in a gig, or a calesh, or in a balancin, no one ever presumed of entering a coach but a grandee of the highest class. The Viceroy tried every argument to free La Pericholé's head of this most unreasonable fancy, but all in vain; and at length he was obliged to set public opinion at defiance, and, at the risk of a rebellion, to order a coach to be made for the lady, whose folly was destined to render them both ridiculous. How to traverse the streets without being mobbed, was now the grand difficulty, for the Viceroy was pretty sure that he should never behold the fair Pericholé again if she went alone; to go in the same carriage, however, was too scandalous an abomination to be thought of,—besides, it was not what the lady wanted, who who must needs go in her own carriage. In the end, it was arranged that the Viceroy should lead in his coach of state, and that La Pericholé should follow, while the usual train of carriages brought up the rear, with the body-guard surrounding all. It is even said the Viceroy had a window cut in the back part of his carriage, for the

express purpose of keeping an eye on his lady ; be that as it may, it so happened that the mob were amused with the ridiculous nature of the procession, and followed with huzzas the delighted Pericholé, while she crossed and recrossed the city. On returning towards the palace, she drew up before the cathedral, and stepping out, declared that her ambition once satisfied, she had no farther occasion for the coach, and would, therefore, in gratitude to Heaven, devote it to the service of the church, and desired that henceforward it might always carry the Host whenever the Sacrament of extreme unction was to be administered.

"A strange custom prevails everywhere in this country at balls, public as well as private. Ladies of all ranks, who happen not to be invited, come in disguise, and stand at the windows or

in the passages, and often actually enter the ball-room. They are called *Tapadas*, from their faces being covered, and their object is, to observe the proceedings of their unconscious friends, whom they torment by malicious speeches, whenever they are within hearing. At the palace, on Sunday evening, the *Tapadas* were somewhat less froward than usual ; but at the *Cabildo*, or magistrates' ball, given previously, the lower part of the room was filled with them, and they kept up a constant fire of jests at the gentlemen near the bottom of the dance."

With this cento of amusing traits we must close our introduction of these highly-pleasing volumes ; but they afford us too many temptations to be disposed of in one paper, and we promise to return to them, with a firm hope that it will gratify the public.

(New Mon.)

BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is pour'd :
Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the Conqueror's path—
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath !
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crush'd in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers to die in the Conqueror's way !

Bring flow'rs to the Captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell ;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye ;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth—Bring him flowers, wild flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the Bride to wear !
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childish mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young Bride !

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early Dead !
For this through its leaves hath the white-rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nurst.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are Love's last gift—bring ye flowers ! pale flowers !

Bring flow'rs to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are Nature's offering, their place is *there* !
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—Bring flowers, bright flowers !

THE MONTHS.--APRIL.

(Extracted from N. Mon.)

APRIL is at once the most juvenile of all the months, and the most feminine—never knowing her own mind for a day together. Fickle as a fond maiden with her first lover;—coying it with the young sun till he withdraws his beams from her—and then weeping till she gets them back again. High-fantastical as the seething wit of a poet, that sees a world of beauty growing beneath his hand, and fancies that he created it; whereas it is *it* that has created him a poet: for it is nature that makes April, not April nature. April is, doubtless, the sweetest month of all the year; partly because it ushers in the May, and partly for its own sake—so far as any thing can be valuable without reference to any thing else. It is, to May and June, what “sweet fifteen,” in the age of woman, is to passion-stricken eighteen, and perfect two and twenty. It is, to the confirmed Summer, what the previous hope of joy is to the full fruition—what the boyish dream of love is to love itself. It is, indeed, the month of promises; and what are twenty performances compared to one promise? When a promise of delight is fulfilled, it is over and done with; but while it remains a promise, it remains a hope: and what is all good, but the hope of good? what is every *to-day* of our life, but the hope (or the fear) of to-morrow?—April, then, is worth two Mays, because it tells tales of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the harbinger, the herald, the promise, the prophecy, the foretaste of all the beauties that are to follow it—of all, and more—of all the delights of Summer, and all the “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious” Autumn. It is fraught with beauties itself that no other month can bring before us, and

“It bears a glass which shows us many more.”

As for April herself, her life is one sweet alternation of smiles, and sighs, and tears—and tears, and sighs, and smiles—till it is consummated at last in the open laughter of May. It is like—in short, it is like nothing in the world but “an April day.” And her charms—but really I must cease to look upon the face of this fair month

generally, lest, like a painter in the presence of his mistress, I grow too enamoured to give a correct resemblance. I must gaze upon her sweet beauties one by one, or I shall never be able to think and treat of her in any other light than that of *the Spring*; which is a mere abstraction—delightful to think of, but, like all other abstractions, not to be depicted or described.

Let me inform the reader, that what I have hitherto said of April, and may yet have to say, is intended to apply, not to this or that April in particular—not to April eighteen hundred and twenty-four, or fourteen, or thirty-four; but to APRIL *par excellence*—that is to say, what April (“not to speak it profanely”) *ought to be*. In short, I have no intention of being *personal* in my remarks; and if the April which I am describing should happen to differ, in any essential particulars, from the one in whose presence I am describing it, neither the month nor the reader must regard this as a covert libel or satire. The truth is, that, for what reason I know not—whether to put to shame the predictions of the Quarterly Reviewers—or to punish us islanders for our manifold follies and iniquities—or from any quarrel, as of old, between Oberon and Titania—but certain it is, that of late

“The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems’ thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the Spring, the Summer,
The chilling Autumn, angry Winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and th’ amazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.”

It is of April, as she is when Nature is in her happiest mood, that I speak.

What a sweet flush of new green has started up to the face of this meadow!—And the new-born daisies that stud it here and there, give it the look of an emerald sky powdered with snowy stars. In making our way between them, to yonder hedge-row, that divides the meadow from the little copse that lines one side of it, let us not take the shortest way, but keep religiously to the little footpath—for the young grass is as yet too tender to bear being trod upon. I have been hither-

to very chary of appealing to the poets in these pleasant papers ; because they are people that, if you give them an inch, even in a span-long essay of this kind, always endeavour to lay hands on the whole of it. They are like the young cuckoos, that if once they get hatched within a nest, always contrive to oust the natural inhabitants. But when the *daisy*—"la douce Marguerite"—is in question, how can I refrain from pronouncing a blessing on the bard, who has, by his sweet praise of this "unassuming common-place of nature," revived that general love for it, which, until lately, was confined to the hearts of "the old poets," and of those young poets of all times, the little children ?

"When soothed awhile by milder airs,
Thou Winter in the garland wears
That thinly shades his few gray hairs ;
 Spring cannot shun thee ;
And Autumn, melancholy wight !
Doth in thy crimson head delight
 When rains are on thee."

"In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane
 * * * * *
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought
 When such are wanted.

By violets, in their secret mews,
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose ;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
 Her head impearling ;
 * * * * *
 Thou art the poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or some bright day of April sky,
Imprison'd by hot sunshine lie
 Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare,
He need but look about, and there
Thou art !—a friend at hand, to sear
 His melancholy.

If stately passions in me burn
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn
 A lowlier pleasure ;
The homely sympathy, that heeds
The common life our nature breeds ;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
 Of hearts at leisure."
 * * * * *

Now, at last, the Easter week is arrived, and the poor have for once in the year the best of it—setting all things, but their own sovereign will, at a wise defiance. The journeyman who works on Easter Monday, even though he

were a tailor itself, should lose his *caste*, and be sent to the Coventry of mechanics—wherever that may be. In fact, it cannot happen. On Easter Monday ranks change places—Jobson is as good as Sir John—the "rude mechanical" is "monarch of all he surveys" from the summit of Greenwich-hill—and when he thinks fit to say "It is our royal pleasure to be drunk"—who shall dispute the proposition ? Not I, for one. When our English mechanics accuse their betters of oppressing them, the said betters should reverse the old appeal, and refer from Philip sober to Philip drunk ; and then nothing more could be said. But now, they *have* no betters, even in their own notion of the matter. And, in the name of all that is transitory, envy them not their brief supremacy ! It will be over before the end of the week, and they will be as eager to return to the labour as they now are to escape from it : for the only thing that an Englishman, whether high or low, cannot endure patiently for a week together, is, unmingled amusement.

But there is a sport belonging to Easter Monday, which is not confined to the lower classes, and which, fun forbid that I should pass over silently. If the reader has not, during his boyhood, performed the exploit of riding to the turn-out of the stag on Epping Forest ;—following the hounds all day long,—at a respectful distance ;—returning home in the evening with the loss of nothing but his hat, his hunting whip, and his horse—not to mention a portion of his nether person ;—and finishing the day by joining the Lady mayoress's ball at the Mansion-house ;—if the reader has not done all this when a boy, I will not tantalize him by expatiating on the superiority of those who have. And if he *has* done it, I need not tell him that he has no cause to envy his friend who escaped with a flesh-wound from the fight of Waterloo—for there is not a pin to choose between them !

I have little to tell the reader in regard to London exclusively, this month. I must mention, however, that now is heard in her streets, the prettiest of all the cries which are peculiar to them—

"Come buy my primroses!"—and but for which, the Londoners would have no idea that Spring was at hand. Now, spoiled children make "fools" of their mammas and papas;—which is but fair, seeing that the said mammas and papas return the compliment during all the rest of the year. Now, not even a sceptical apprentice but is religiously persuaded of the merits of *Good-Friday*, and the propriety of its being so called

—since it procures him two Sundays in the week instead of one. Finally, —Now, exhibitions of painting court the public attention, and obtain it, in every quarter;—on the principle, I suppose, that the eye has, at this season of the year, a natural hungering and thirsting after the colours of the Spring leaves and flowers, and rather than not meet with them at all, it is content to find them on painted canvass!

VARIETIES.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, &c.

THIS month has been less prolific than the preceding; and, altogether, we believe there is less of literary novelty at the commencement of the present season than has for some years been usual.

Theodore Hook's "*Sayings and Doings, a Series of Sketches from Life*," is at this time making considerable noise in the reading world. It is, indeed, one of the smartest productions of the kind that has appeared for many years. Four tales—"Danvers," "The Friend of the Family," "Merton," and "Martha the Gypsy," compose the three volumes, more than one-half of which, indeed, is occupied by "Merton." Each of these tales is founded upon an *old Saying*; the object of the author being to illustrate *old sayings by modern doings*; which *doings*, he assures us, are *facts*. Thus, for instance, the history of "Danvers" indisputably proves that "*too much of a good thing is good for nothing*." Tom Burton, a young man of talent, acquirement, and manners, but of moderate fortune, falls in love with, and marries the paragon of all that is lovely and excellent in woman—"Health, peace and competence"—happiness in its utmost human perfection—is his. By the death of his rich old uncle from India, he is suddenly advanced to prodigious wealth. He takes the uncle's name (Danvers); purchases princely estates; obtains a seat in Parliament; blazes forth in a contested county election; patronizes men of genius: collects books, pictures and articles of *virtù*, with all the ardour of a Fonthill *cognoscentè*; finds himself £200,000 in debt; is convicted of, and imprisoned for an election bribery which he never committed; and is ultimately reduced to an humble pittance of less than £1,500 a year.

"Merton" shows that "*there's many a slip between the cup and the lip*." Blest with talent and character, he enters life with the most brilliant prospects. Enamoured of a beautiful girl, Fanny Meadows, he carries her off to Scotland, on the very borders of which, during a momentary separation, he commits an assault and is taken before a magistrate. The loss of time, thus occasioned, proves fatal to his hopes: his pursuers arrive at the very moment of the

marriage ceremony. He quarrels with his rival, but is deprived of the honour of meeting him by the circumstance of his rival's having been shot by another person an hour before the time of his appointment. Five hours after the time that it could prove serviceable, he receives a note from his adored Fanny, indicating a plan by which she might be rescued, and united to the man of her heart. He goes to London, gets inebriated for the first time in his life; sets out upon a nocturnal expedition; under an erroneous impression makes a forcible entry into the house of his mistress, and is taken captive by the guardians of the night. On the succeeding day he is seen by Miss Meadows under very suspicious circumstances with a lady of the strictest honour. His father undertakes to effect a reconciliation, but drops down dead as he is setting out for that purpose. Merton is patronized by a nobleman; he reads the newspaper announcement of the marriage of Miss Fanny Meadows; throws himself, in despair, into the arms of his noble friend's *protégée*, and then learns, to his utter astonishment and chagrin, that it was not *his* Fanny Meadows, but a cousin of hers, whose marriage had just occurred. Fortune still persecutes him. Arriving at his country house, he finds it just burnt down; and while he is searching amongst the ruins for his father's will, his wife elopes with a dashing Baronet. By the failure of a banker, upon whom he had neglected to present a draught, he loses a large sum. In the expectation of obtaining a divorce, he makes an arrangement for marrying his Fanny, but loses the verdict. He sets off to Yarmouth in Norfolk, when he ought to have gone to Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight. He is apprehended by the officers of justice, brought to trial, found guilty, and sentenced to death for the murder of his wife's seducer. A few hours before the time appointed for his execution he effects his escape—goes to his wife's father—kills him by his appearance—is retaken, and led to the scaffold; when, just as he is about to be launched into eternity, the man believed to have been murdered, appears, and Merton is once more at large. Supposing his wife to be dead, there is now no bar to his union with Fanny Meadows; but, on

the very day before his intended marriage, he meets his wife a common prostitute. Merton, still the victim of hopes and expectations, enters upon a large estate as the declared heir of a Peer; but alas! it turns out that his half-brother, and not himself, is entitled to the vast possessions. He buys a ticket in the lottery—it comes up a £20,000 prize—but he has been robbed of his ticket. At length, after encountering an almost innumerable host of equally promising and equally disastrous adventures, fate seems to be weary of her persecutions. His wife is dead—fortune has smiled gloriously upon him—he flies to throw himself and his possessions at the feet of his worshipped Fanny, and finds that she is—an inhabitant of another world! All this *may be true*, but certainly it is very unlike *truth*.

"The Friend of the Family," is a villainous attorney, upon whose exploits we shall pause no longer than to say, that "all ends well" by his committing *felo-de-se*.

"Martha the Gypsy" is a very brief sketch.

These volumes display an extraordinary knowledge of life and nature, and a most happy talent for the delineation of character and manners. The satire is severe—sometimes, indeed, more severe than just; yet most of the hits are very palpable; and, altogether, the style is so racy and piquant—there is so much truth and felicity in the sketches—that it is impossible not to be delighted with the work.

Galt's "*Bachelor's Wife, a Selection of Curious and Interesting Extracts, with Curious Observations*," is a capital book; the best that we are acquainted with of its class, the "Curiosities of Literature" alone excepted. "It has been generally formed," observes the compiler, "upon the principle of affording specimens of the literature of different epochs, not indeed methodically arranged, but so chosen as to exhibit a more extensive view of the literary mind of the country, historically considered, than has been attempted in any previous selection of extracts." Whilst, however, we admit the excellence of the book, and accord it our warmest praise, we object most decidedly to the very clumsy and ineffectual vehicle by which these delightful extracts are introduced. It is injurious to the many sensible and original observations of Mr. Galt, as too many readers, we are fearful, will be induced to pass them over without perusal. The fair Egeria is neither more nor less than an ideal blue stocking, who, by her learned conversation, imparts a charm to the lonely chambers of her spouse, Benedict, in the paper buildings. We admire *intellectuality*, if we may be allowed the coinage of a word, in the lovelier part of our species; yet we must confess we are not without our predilections for beautiful forms and faces of less assuming pretension. This, however, is no matter of opinion; and we can unhesi-

tatingly venture to assert, that the reader, brown or fair, masculine or feminine, will find Mr. Galt's "*Bachelor's Wife*" a very enchanting creature.

"*Pride shall have a Fall, a Comedy with Songs*," some account of the performance of which will be found in our theatrical department, is, we understand, from the able pen of Mr. Croly, the distinguished author of "*The Angel of the World*," "*Catiline*," "*Paris in 1815*," &c. It is dedicated, by permission, to Mr. Caoning. Independently of its merits as an acting play, it will rank high amongst the reading dramas of the age. In the closet, its poetical beauties are contemplated with admirable effect. We shall offer one or two specimens. Curiosity is thus described:—

Curiosity!

True, lady, by the roses on those lips,
Both man and woman would find life a waste
But for the cunning of—Curio-ity!
She's the world's witch, and through the world she runs,
The merriest masquer underneath the moon!
To beauties, languid from the last night's rout,
She comes with tresses loose, and shoulders wrapt
In morning shawls; and by their pillow sits,
Telling delicious tales of—lovers lost,
Fair rivals jilted, scandals, smuggled lace,
The hundredth novel of the Great Unknown!
And then they smile, and rub their eyes, and yawn,
And wonder what's o'clock—then sink again;
And thus she sends the pretty fools to sleep.
She comes to ancient dames, and, stiff as steel,
In hood and stomacher, with snuff in hand,
She makes their rigid muscles gay with news
Of Doctors' Commons, matches broken off,
Blue-stocking frailties, carus, and ratafia;
And thus she gives them prattle for the day.
She sits by ancient politicians, bowed
As if a hundred years were on her back;
Then peering through her spectacles, she reads
A seeming journal, stuff'd with monstrous tales
Of Turks and Tartars; deep conspiracies
(Born in the winter's brain); of spots in the sun,
Pregnant with fearful wars. And so they shake,
And hope they'll find the world all safe by morn.
And thus she makes the world, both young and old,
Bow down to sovereign Curiosity!

The following is sung as a trio:—

Tell us, thou glorious Star of eve!
What sees thine eye?
Where'er human hearts can heave,
Man's misery!
Life, but a lengthened chain;
Youth, weary, wild, and vain;
Age on a bed of pain,
Longing to die!
Yet there's a rest!
Where earthly agonies
Awake no sighs
In the cold breast.

Tell us, thou glorious Star of eve!
Sees not thine eye
Some spot, where hearts no longer heave,
In thine own sky?
Where all life's wrongs are o'er,
Where Anguish weeps no more,
Where injured spirits soar,
Never to die!

One touch of the comic and we have done. The subjoined is the prison harangue of the dissipated Torrento:

"Are we to suffer ourselves to be molested in our domestic circle; in the loveliness of our prison lives; in our *otium cum dignitate*? Gentlemen of the gaol! (*Cheering*.) Is not our residence here for our country's

good?—(Cheering.) Would it not be well for the country if ten times as many, that hold their heads high, outside these walls, were now inside them?—(Cheering.) I scorn to appeal to your passions; but shall we suffer our honourable straw, our venerable bread and water, our virtuous slumbers, and our useful days to be invaded, crushed, and calcitrated by the iron boot-heel of arrogance and audacity?—(Cheering.) No! freedom is like the air we breathe, without it we die! No! every man's cell is his castle. By the law we live here; and should not all that live by the law, die by the law? Now, gentlemen, a general cheer: here's liberty, property, and purity of principle!—(Cheering.)

It is with no slight feeling of satisfaction, that, after a lapse of several years, we hail the appearance of another historical romance. "*Duke Christian of Luneburg, or Traditions from the Hartz*," from the pen of that amiable and admirable writer, Miss Jane Porter. To this lady we are indebted for almost a new species—a species delightful and instructive as it was new—of literary fiction—the "Great Unknown," great as is his fame, is only a follower in her wake. Referring to the ancestry of our beloved Sovereign, to whom it is dedicated, the scene of the present production is laid in the age that immediately succeeded the Reformation; a period in which all Europe laboured under the most powerful religious excitement. Duke Christian is a hero of a spirit most truly chivalric; and, in the progress of his adventures, he is associated, or comes in contact with, nearly all the distinguished characters of the times. The picture of the English court in the reign of James I. is very ably drawn; much discrimination of character is displayed; and the more romantic incidents connected with the tender passion are developed in all that delicate and soul-thrilling pathos which we have been accustomed to admire in the writer's earliest efforts. Altogether, the work is finely, nobly and beautifully written.

"*Sir Andrew Sagittarius, or The Perils of Astronomy*," in three volumes, is an amusing though not very well written book, abounding in light and playful satire.

A volume, entitled "*Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland*," by Christopher Keelivine, consists of two tales: "*Mary Ogilvie*," and "*The Love-Match*," and, what the author terms a "Sketch of Changes." In the first of these, George, a young man of fortune, returns from off his travels just as Mary Ogilvie, a lovely girl for whom, though of an inferior station, he had long entertained a boyish fondness, is on the point of bestowing her hand with reluctance upon another. His mind is agitated by contending passions—love for Mary, and a dread of incurring the scorn and ridicule of the world. The latter prevails; and, in a state bordering on distraction, he attends the marriage of his

early love. He subsequently forms a union of interest, and drags on a life of misery, continually haunted by the image of his lost Mary. However, Mary's husband is killed by a fall from his horse; George's lady meets with an accident which proves fatal; and thus the lovers, after a decent period of widowhood, are at length united. The hero of "*The Love-Match*" is the son of a dissenting clergyman in the West of Scotland, who rears a family of thirteen children upon a scanty stipend of £40 a year. These tales do not abound in incident; but they are pervaded by a strain of pathetic simplicity which renders them deeply interesting.

Miss Spence's tales of "*How to be Rid of a Wife*," and the "*Lily of Annandale*," (two volumes which were slightly introduced to the readers of the *Belle Assemblée* in the course of the memoir of their fair authoress, inserted, with a portrait, in the number for last month), are distinguished, the first by the singularity of the biographical incident on which it is founded, and the second by features of a more romantic and poetic cast. The first gives development to an anecdote which is related of one of the Dukes of Chandos, to the effect that the nobleman alluded to, having first, from an impulse of humanity, succeeded in rescuing a young and amiable, but rustic female, from the barbarities of a coarse and tyrannical husband, was at length induced, upon the death of that husband, and after giving the fair one a suitable education, to yield himself to the united charms of her person, her heart, and her mind, and to make her his Duchess. The second is a tragic love story of the Scottish border, and contiguous parts of Cumberland. A short extract, comprizing the final sentences of the "*Lily of Annandale*," will afford a specimen of Miss Spence's style, and of the tone of feeling which her volumes discover:—

"Many years had rolled away, and all recollection of Fleming was lost, except when Helen's disastrous story was revived, and her grave was visited by the curious traveller, who heard, with tearful eye, the melancholy tale of one so young and beautiful.

"It was more than twenty years after these tragical events took place, that a stranger, wrapt in a cloak, was seen bending with feeble steps, wasted form, and haggard eyes toward the grave of Helen.

"A peasant passing homeward, with curious gaze, noticed his steps, as another stranger, of more humble guise appeared to watch at a short distance, with anxious and respectful look, the person who with mournful aspect tottered along.

"Still and solemn was the scene; on the grave wild flowers sprung, mingling with the long grass which in dewy drops waved over the silent stone.

"In mournful attitude, the stately figure, with bended knee and upraised hands, hung over the grave; but soon, with a piercing

groan, fell prostrate on the grave of Helen. Surprise and dismay overwhelmed the honest borderer. He beheld, he recognized, in the melancholy stranger, the lost Fleming.

“With tender caution he hastened to raise him up; but it was a vain effort. His gallant spirit was fled to join that of fair Helen.

“On her grave he found at last his bed of rest; and, to the present day, their remains sleep in peace together.

““They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.””

We rarely notice re-publications; but a new edition of “*The Works of Henry Mackenzie, Esq.*” with a Critical Dissertation on the deservedly popular tales of the author, by Mr. Galt, has just appeared, of so superior character that we cannot refrain from recommending it very warmly to the notice of our readers. One handsome pocket volume, with vignette and frontispiece, elegantly engraved from designs by Uwins, comprizes “The Man of Feeling,” “Ra Roche,” “Nancy Collins,” “Louisa Venoni,” “Albert Baue,” “Sophia M——,” “Father Nicholas,” “The Man of the World,” “Julia de Rubigné,” &c.

Another little work to which we earnestly solicit the attention of such of our fair friends as have the care of the rising generation, is Mary Ann Rundall’s “*Sequel to the Grammar of Sacred History.*” This volume embraces “A Paraphrase on the

Epistles and Gospels for every Sunday throughout the Year, with Explanatory Notes;” “A Simple Illustration of the Liturgy,” and “A Paraphrase on the Church Catechism.” Mrs Rundall very sensibly observes, that “this simple illustration of the church service, by displaying the beautiful arrangement of its several parts, and showing how admirably it is contrived for public use, may perhaps excite an interest that has hitherto been unfelt.”

Sayings and Doings.—Such is the popularity of this work, that the entire Second Edition was subscribed off among the London Booksellers.

The celebrated French naturalist, Cuvier, has dissected an insect not an inch long, in which he reckons *four hundred and ninety-four* pair of muscles, connected with *four hundred and ninety-four* pair of nerves, and forty thousand artennæ.

A new Romance from the great Wizard of the North.—The story is Scottish, and the incidents it includes, are supposed to have happened about the year 1760. Four thousand copies of the work were bespoke on one occasion.

We sincerely lament to announce the death of that intrepid traveller *Belzoni*, at Benin in Africa, from severe fever. He was on his route to Timbuctoo, and had every thing arranged, which promised him the completest success.

(New Mon.)

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY THE WIFE OF A JAPANESE

Who had accompanied the Russians to their country.

I look through the mist, and I see thee not—
Are thy home and thy love so soon forgot?
Sadly closes the weary day,
And still thy bark is far away!

The tent is ready, the mats are spread,
The saranna* is pluck'd for thee,

Alas! what fate has thy baidare† led
So far from thy home and me?

Has my bower no longer charms for thee?—

Where the ‡ purple jessamines twine
Round the stately, spreading, cedar tree,
And rest in its arms so tenderly,

As I have reposed in thine.

In vain have I found the § sea-parrot's nest,
And robb'd of its plume her glittering breast,
Thy mantle with varied hues to adorn,—
Thou hast left me watchful and forlorn!

* Saranna is the bread-fruit of the Japanese.

† Baidare, the Japanese boat.

‡ Purple jessamine, *Bignonia grandiflora*, is a climbing plant, native of Japan; flowers purple.

§ They ornament their *parkis* (mantles) and all their dresses with the feathers of the sea-parrot, storm finch, and mauridor.

Dost thou roam, amid the eagle flocks
Whose cirie is in the highest rocks?
Dost thou seek the fox in his lurking-place,
Or hold the beaver in weary chase?
Dost thou search beneath the foaming tide
Wherein the precious || red pearls hide?

Return!—the evening mist is chill,
And sad is my watch on the lonely hill,
Return!—the night-wind is cold on my brow,
And my heart is as cold and desolate now.
Alas! I await thee and hope in vain!—
I shall never behold thy return again!

* * * * *

She stood on the beach all the starless night,
But nought appear'd to her eager sight;
No bark on its bosom the ocean bore,
And he whom she loved return'd no more.
For the strangers came from the icy North,
And their words and their gifts had won him forth.
Their ship sail'd far from his native bay,
And it bore him to other regions away.

|| Japan produces red pearls, which are not less esteemed than white.

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 7.]

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1824.

[VOL. I. N.S.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(New Mon.)

TO ————.

RETURN me that salute again,
 If thou of such a coldness art,
 I value not the trifle—vain
 To me, unless with all the heart
 Thou gavest it, as first indeed I thought,—
 If otherwise, I value it as nought.

I would as lieve a marble lip
 In all its icy chillness kiss,
 As her's who suffer'd me to sip
 And could not feel a mutual bliss,
 Whose soft salute is yielded void of sense,
 A reckless act of cold indifference.

One lovely fair as thou may'st be,
 That feels no pleasure, but receives
 The proffer'd gift in apathy,
 Heedless of him who takes or gives,
 Never can raise a hope or wish in me,
 Or gain an hour my love's idolatry.

What can I think that gift is worth
 That to another means the same,
 In scenes of passion or of mirth,—
 To him who feels or not love's flame!—

How can I trust where nothing to me tells
 A preference for one fellow-mortal dwells!

No, lady, I must have a soul
 That says, when'er I snatch a kiss,—
 "This is *thine* only, I control
 To all but thee the sign of bliss;
 And when I give it thee, I secret fling
 My heart with its last core into the thing.

"To others I may yield a form
 Given but at custom's silly call;
 To thee I give affection warm,
 The virgin's faith, her love, her all;
 And when thine image brightens in mine eyes,
 The lifestream quickens, and I breathe in sighs."

Then, lady, take my kiss again :—
 The alabaster stone
 May beauty show in semblance fair,
 But 'tis in form alone :
 There is no life, no passion dwelling there,
 And without these beauty is but a snare.
 May 1, 1824.

(New Mon.)

THE PIRATÈS' SONG.

UNMOOR our bark upon the wave—
 The wave, our vessel's home !
 And we will steal her stiff and brave,
 Far in the salt sea-foam.

Unmoor our bark upon the wave—
 Come steady hearts and bold !
 All eager the dull land to leave,
 Her lofty prow behold :—

Her lofty prow that shall defy
 The tempest and the shore,
 And hear us far as winds can fly,
 Wild in the Atlantic's roar—

To hail the yellow Chinese man,
 Or Afric's sable race,
 The Moor or tawny Indian,
 Or give the merchant chase.

We are a band of iron souls
 No fear can ever tame ;

We'll bear our deeds to both the Poles,
 In thunder and in flame.

We'll crest the white waves gallantly,
 That rage and hiss below :—
 Comrades, huzza ! we're free—we're free—
 We own no master now !

Unmoor and sail, the breeze is full,
 The skies are clear and bright,
 We're free—we're free as you sea-gull,
 That scuds through floods of light.

Her anchor's up, her head is round,
 There's a ripple at her bow,
 Her sails fill fast, no mooring ground
 Restrains her courage now.

Huzza ! she sweeps her gallant way,
 Cheer, comrades, at my call !—
 The wide world is our enemy,
 But we will dare it all !

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ON DRESS.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

IT being evident to me, from your writings, that you are a man of erudition and taste, and acquainted with the history of ancient and modern times, I take the liberty of addressing you, through the medium of the Magazine, which you so ably conduct, on a subject which, light as it may appear, at first sight, is very important to society, namely, that of dress: I say important, because any occupation, employment, or pursuit, which engrosses a huge proportion of a man's time, *ought* certainly to be a matter of moment. Indeed, the present one is not only a matter of *many moments*, but of many hours to the higher classes, and fills up a great part of life in our younger days; so much so, that if we were to calculate the hours devoted to eating and drinking, to sleep, and to the toilet, how little of life would remain for any other purpose; and if we superadd to this, the time dedicated to pleasure, many men might be said *not to live* at all, at least so far as rational life is implied, or an existence honourable to themselves and beneficial to society. But that is not the object of the present enquiry, which is merely to seek for information as to the possibility of inventing some costume, or style of manly dress, which might unite grace, convenience, uniformity, and nationality, and not leave our youth and their purses a prey to whim, novelty, folly, and a conspiracy of their tradesmen to make them more and more ridiculous. There are general rules of comfort and of ornament that must always be the same, yet they are daily varying, from the cupidity of the tailor, the hatter, the boot-maker, &c., and from the insatiability of vanity, which is always essaying some new whim to gain notoriety, to provoke emulation, to acquire imitation, and to launch into expense. For instance, it is as necessary that the body should be kept warm, as it is that it should be screened from indelicate exposure; and becomes equally proper that the quantum of heat and of covering should be proportioned to the climate and moral habits of the country. For example, the same quantity of wearing apparel

would not suit the climate of India and that of Russia, and what might be necessary in the one would be an incumbrance in the other; neither can we feel easy with precisely the same clothing at Christmas and in the dog-days. Nevertheless we see hourly anomalies in dress as little suitable or seasonable as these, nay, far more ridiculous; but self-love and use, which is termed second nature (however unnatural), blind us in this respect; for when we look at the full-bottomed wigs, the roomy skirts, the long flapped waistcoats, and laced suits of our great grandfathers, the scarlet embroidered frocks, gold-laced beaver, and *conteau de chasse*, worn by them as a morning dress, we cannot refrain from laughter, and we think that they looked like mountebanks, or actors prepared for a scenic representation. Yet an old gentleman of those days, with a bluish coloured silk coat, and a green and gold waistcoat, like a gravel walk and a grass plat, small-clothes to match the coat, and the silk stockings brought up above the knees, his steel hilted rapier by his side, and a feather in his hat, would have been convulsed with laughter at the appearance of a modern macaroni, with a hat upon his head like a *parachute*, his neck in the stocks, from the semi-strangulation of a cravat, a shirt collar like the winkers of a horse, the neck's covering secured by a Tyburn tie, or a bowline knot, the pattern of the neckerchief being taken from a boxer, and his great coat looking as if it were stolen from a blanket warehouse, or made to imitate the dog whose name it bears, a *poodle* Benjamin. These contrasts are as distant from each other as the Equator and the Pole; the one sins by over-dressing the gentleman, the other by under dressing the fellow; the former fits the drawing-room, the latter savours of the stable; no wonder that our dandies are going to rack! These extremes, however, seem to be the effect of time, but those of affectation are compassed in the moment; one day we meet all ages, sizes, and conditions, with their throats in the pillory, with a thing like a pillow or a bol-

ster under their chins; and in a trice the fashion goes out, and our bucks are half squeezed to death, of their own accord, by a thing as tight as a cord and as thin as a sheet of paper, which supplants a wrapping affair more like the sheet of a bed, from its width and dimensions. These are contrasts so great, that the *one* must certainly be wrong if the other be right: but it requires very little pains to prove that both were preposterous in the extreme. One year our people of *bon ton* are collared by the tailor so highly, that one might ask them temperately what made their collar (not choler) rise thus? Another year the standing collar is banished, and its substitute is so shaped and cut down, that you see our fops smiling over these oval concerns, like a bumpkin grinning through a horse collar at a *fair*. One season *loose habits* of all kinds are the *go* (and I wish they were gone), another season produces them so inconveniently tight, that what formerly had all the form and *compearance* of a man, as my aunt Deborah would say, is now quite similar to the other sex about the waist.

"He looks so very like a waiting gentlewoman, the corset fopling is so girt in, that it is a hundred to one but he will *miss stays in going about*." Powder, pomatum, black pins, and ribbon, were the follies of our forefathers;* starch, oil, and whalebone, are those of their progeny. The fribble to-day would not wear an enormous *queue* for all the world: the *beau* of the olden times would have felt degraded to the level of a worker at the hulks, to have been thus cropped and shorn of his hairy honours. In former times, the tailors laced their customers with gold: now a lordling is *luced* by his own man, who *tags* after him with a yard of silk or tape, to keep *up* his appearance in the world. The fashion of one time is to have tight *pantaloon*s, so as to make the wearer look like a piece of statuary: the order of the day another time, is to have Cossacks, Tartars, and I know not what all, as voluminous as a lady's petticoat, plaited

round the middle in the same *gentlewomanlike* manner, and pointed down at the bottom, so that the Exquisite is so lost in his inexpressibles, so contracted above the hip, and so bustled out below it, that a greenhorn, *à la mode*, whose tiny growth upwards is but a mere sprout compared with the biforked amplitude downwards, looks not unlike a twin radish: (Ogemini! I think I hear you say), but I mean a radish of a double conformation, under ground, whilst its little green head is, like the Exquisite's nothing in comparison to it. Then again we see men padded and puffed about the chest, however empty their *chest* may be *at home*, puckered and tumefied about the shoulders, stuffed and cottoned about the collar, and made the most of in this part of the body, whilst the coat is cut off behind, and narrowed into something resembling a bird's tail, or that of a sprat, so that old Horace would have applied his remark to our sex, had he seen this finish off, instead of describing a certain end of the lady: *Desinet in piscem, mulier formosa superne*: our modern gentleman is certainly as queer a fish as that. It must be allowed that these changeful monstrosities are not stranger than having the pigeon's wing curls at a man's ear, a bag, to catch nothing, at his back, or a thing twisted up like a knocker to a man's head, as if it were placed there to enquire whether the upper story was furnished, or unfurnished. And it cannot be denied that the natural, unpowdered hair, in the Roman style, is less artificial and more in harmony with a manly person, than a fine cauliflower *peruke*, or a mountain of dark false hair, with appendages over the shoulders, and sausage curls behind, which make the grave wearer look like an owl in an ivy-bush. The tunic, too, is an easy dress: but all starching and stiffening, all bolstering up, except in the way of credit, all imitations of female attire, together with numerous amplifications, or unseemly *cur-tailings* in dress, are odious and insufferable; is it not possible to assume a style of dress suited to the rank and nation of the wearer? There are professional dresses, graceful enough in their kind, the military, the peer's robes, college gowns, the

* I never see this word on paper but I think of the simplicity of a Highlander, who said to a proud upstart, who was talking of his forefathers, "Eh! man, had you really *four* fathers?"

clothing of the bar, pulpit, and the civic chair; and there are dresses confined to countries, which have a powerful effect; not to mention those which are exploded, there yet exist the Turkish, the Albanian, the Hussar, the Highland, and others, and, therefore, might not some *costume* be hit upon of Anglican invention? But this I leave to your superior judgment: at present we see a confusion of the *turpis honesta*, so that it is difficult to distinguish the man of the fancy from the man of fashion, the groom from his master, except from his behaviour, and not always from that. We have heard so much of the *simplex munditiis*, for the fair sex, and the assertion of Thomson, that

"Nature needs not the *foreign* aid of ornament,"

that I should like to meet, in our own sex, with something simple and elegant, natural and graceful, without *foreign* fopperies, and the constant resorting to *la Mode de Paris* for a new cut, which I would *cut altogether*. I have not troubled you with the *making up* of a coxcomb for appearance in public, the chin tuft, or mustachio of one who is not obliged to wear it, the prolific crop,

raised from bear's-grease, on the cheek, the *false front*, nor of a *double-faced* Janus, but of a *bare-faced* genius, the glass of a man who could distinguish a bailiff or a creditor half a mile off without it, the two false calves of a *false calf* who wears them, the twelve-inch spurs of a foot passenger on life's path, the waistcoating a fellow up so, to make him look stout, that, when he undresses, it is like peeling an onion, the oils and unguents, the paintings and perfumes, the finishing touch of the comb, brush and pencil, which leaves us to say of the other component parts,

"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

Nor have I ventured to intrude into the lady's dressing-room, like a certain uncourteous Dean, there to expose her weakness or her want of consistency, or taste: I merely address you on this subject for information's sake, and because it strikes me that one who can give so complete a *dressing* to the Reviewers and other scribblers of the periodical press, might be able to *dress* our male fashionables better than they are at present. I remain sir,

Your very humble servant.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

LINES WRITTEN BY THE SEASIDE.

ONE evening as the Sun went down,
Gilding the mountains bare and brown,
I wander'd on the shore;
And such a blaze o'er ocean spread,
And beauty on the meek earth shed,
I never saw before.

I was not lonely—dwellings fair
Were scatter'd round and shining there;—
Gay groups were on the green,
Of children, wild with tameless glee,
And parents that could child-like be
With them and in that scene.

And on the sea, that look'd of gold,
Each toy-like skiff and vessel hold
Glided, and yet seem'd still;
While sounds rose in the quiet air,
That, mingling, made sweet music there,
Surpassing minstrel's skill:

The breezy murmur from the shore—
Joy's laugh re-echoed o'er and o'er
Alike by sire and child;—
And whistle shrill—the broken song—
The far off flute-notes lingering long—
The lark's strain, rich and wild.

I look'd—I listened—and the spell
Of music and of beauty fell
So radiant on my heart,
That scarcely durst I *real* deem
What yet I would not own a dream,
Lest, dream like, it depart!

'Twas sunset in the world around—
And looking inwards, so I found
'Twas sunset in the soul;
Nor grief, nor mirth, was burning there,
But musings sweet and visions fair
In placid beauty stole.

But moods like these, the human mind,
Tho' seeking oft, may seldom find,
Nor, finding, force to stay—
As dews upon the drooping flower,
That having shone their little hour,
Dry up—or fall away.

But though all pleasures take their flight,
Yet some will leave memorials bright,
For many an after year;
This sunset, that dull night will shade—
These visions, which must quickly fade—
Will half immortal memory braid
For me, when far from here!

JOURNAL OF A SECOND VOYAGE for the *Discovery of a North-west Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific*; performed in the Years 1821-22-23, in H. M.'s Ships *Fury and Hecla*, under the Orders of Captain Parry. London, 1824.

IN proportioning our matter for our last Number, we were induced to break off in the middle of Captain Parry's interesting details relative to the intercourse between the Expedition and the Esquimaux tribe which settled in its vicinity during the first winter. These details we now resume, as they are too curious and characteristic to be abridged unsparingly.

"Having distributed some bread-dust among the women, we told Illumea and her daughter Togolat that we proposed taking up our lodging in their hut for the night. It is a remarkable trait in the character of these people, that they always thank you heartily for this, as well as for eating any of their meat; but both board and lodging may be given to *them* without receiving the slightest acknowledgment either in word or deed. As it was late before the men returned, I asked Togolat to get the rest of the women to perform some of their games, with the hope of seeing something that was new. I had scarcely time to make the proposal when she darted out of the hut, and quickly brought every female that was left at the village, not excepting even the oldest of them, who joined in the performance with the same alacrity as the rest. I could however only persuade them to go through a tedious song we had often before heard, which was now indeed somewhat modified by their insisting on our taking our turns in the performance, all which did not fail to create among them never-ceasing merriment and laughter. Neither their want of food and fuel, nor the uncertain prospect of obtaining any that night, were sufficient to deprive these poor creatures of that cheerfulness and good-humour which it seems at all times their peculiar happiness to enjoy.

"The night proved very thick with small snow, and as disagreeable and dangerous for people adrift upon floating ice as can well be imagined. If the women however gave their husbands a thought or spoke of them to us, it was only to express a very sincere

hope that some good news might shortly arrive of their success. Our singing-party had not been long broken up when it was suddenly announced by one of the children, the usual heralds on such occasions, that the men had killed something on the ice. The only two men who were at home instantly scrambled on their outer jackets, harnessed their dogs, and set off to assist their companions in bringing home the game, while the women remained for an hour in anxious suspense as to the extent of their husband's success. At length one of the men arrived with the positive intelligence of two walruscs having been taken, and brought with him a portion of these huge animals as large as he could drag over the snow. If the women were only cheerful before, they were now absolutely frantic. A general shout of joy instantly echoed through the village; they ran into each other's huts to communicate the welcome intelligence, and actually hugged one another in an ecstasy of delight by way of congratulation. One of them, *Arnalooa*, a pretty young woman of nineteen or twenty, knowing that a dog belonging to her husband was still at the huts, and that there was no man to take him down on the ice, ran out instantly to perform that office; and with a hardiness not to be surpassed by any of the men, returned, after two hours' absence, with her load of walrus-flesh, and without even the hood thrown over her head to shelter her from the inclemency of the weather.

"When the first burst of joy had at length subsided, the women crept one by one into the apartment where the first portion of the sea-horses had been conveyed, and which is always that of one of the men immediately concerned in the killing of them. Here they obtained blubber enough to set all their lamps alight, besides a few scraps of meat for their children and themselves. From this time, which was nine o'clock, till past midnight, fresh cargoes were continually arriving: the principal part being brought in by the dogs, and the rest by the men, who, tying a thong

which held it round their waist, dragged in each his separate portion. Before the whole was brought in, however, some of them went out three times to the scene of action, though the distance was a mile and a half.

"Every lamp now swimming with oil, the huts exhibited a blaze of light, and never was there a scene of more joyous festivity than while the operation of cutting up the walrus continued. I took the opportunity which their present good humour afforded, to obtain a perfect head and tusks of one of these animals, which we had not been able to do before; and indeed, so much were their hearts opened by the scene of abundance before them, that I believe they would have given us any thing we asked for. This disposition was considerably increased also by their taking it into their heads, that their success was in some way or other connected with, or even owing to, our having taken up our night's lodgings at the huts.

"After viewing all this festivity for some time, I felt disposed to rest; and wrapping myself up in my fur coat, lay down on one of the beds which Illumea had given up for our accommodation, as well as her *keipik*, or large deer-skin blanket, which she rolled up for my pillow. The poor old woman herself sat up by her lamp, and in that posture seemed perfectly well satisfied to doze away the night. The singularity of my night's lodging made me awake several times, when I always found some of the Esquimaux eating, though after we lay down they kept quite quiet for fear of disturbing us. Mr. Halse, who was still more wakeful, told me that some of them were incessantly employed in this manner for more than 3 hours. Indeed the quantity of meat that they thus contrive to get rid of is almost beyond belief.

"Having at length enjoyed a sound nap, I found on awaking about five o'clock that the men were already up, and had gone out to renew their labours on the ice, so that several of them could not have rested more than two or three hours. This circumstance served to correct a notion we had entertained, that when once abundantly supplied with food they took no

pains to obtain more till want began again to stare them in the face. It was now more pleasing to be assured that, even in the midst of plenty, they did not indolently give themselves up to repose, but were willing to take advantage of every favourable opportunity of increasing their store. It is certain indeed that were these people more provident, (or in other words less gluttonous, for they do not waste much,) they might never know what it is to want provisions, even during the most inclement part of the year."

We could hardly find a better description than what we have just quoted, of the general habits and interior arrangements of the Esquimaux; but there are other of their customs which also deserve to be specifically mentioned in this place. Okatook, the husband of Iligliak, was taken ill, and our countrymen, with their wonted humanity, had him brought to the ship for cure.

"Before the invalid was suffered to leave his apartment, some of the bystanders sent for Ewerat, now better known to our people by the undignified appellation of "the Conjuror." Ewerat, on this occasion, maintained a degree of gravity and reserve calculated to inspire somewhat more respect than we had hitherto been disposed to entertain for him in that capacity. Placing himself at the door of the apartment opposite Okotook, who was still seated on the bed, he held both his thumbs in his mouth, keeping up a silent but solemn converse with his *toorongow*,* the object of which was, as Mr. Bushnan presently afterwards found, to inquire into the efficacy and propriety of the sick man's removal. Presently he began to utter a variety of confused and inarticulate sounds; and it being at length understood that a favourable answer had been given, Okotook was carried out and placed on the sledge, Ewerat still mumbling his thumbs and uttering his incantations as before. When the party took their leave, there were a great many doleful faces among those that remained behind; and Mr. Bushnan said that the whole scene more resembled the preparations for a funeral than the mere removal of a sick

* Familiar spirit.

man. When the sledge moved on, Ewerat was the only one who had not a "Good-bye!" ready, he being as seriously engaged as at first, and continuing so as long as our people could observe him.

"Okotook was extremely ill on his arrival, having been three hours on the sledge, and Iligliuk, who, as Mr. Bushnan told me, had scarcely taken her eyes off her husband's face during the whole time, seemed almost worn out with fatigue and anxiety. A bed of wolf-skins being prepared for him, Okotook was soon placed upon it, and such remedies applied as Mr. Edwards judged necessary for his complaint, which was inflammation of the lungs to a degree that, if left to itself, or even to Ewerat, would soon have proved fatal, or at best have terminated in consumption. - - -

- - - Next day "we heard from Ilumea, who came to see her son Okotook, that a part of the natives had gone still farther to the westward upon the ice, one spot not affording sufficient subsistence for the whole of them. Our patient felt much the better for a comfortable night's lodging, and now submitted with great patience to the application of a blister, though I believe his confidence in our mode of cure was afterwards shaken for a time by the pain which it occasioned. Both he and Iligliuk, however, seemed very sensibly to feel the comforts and advantages of their present quarters; and a "coyenna" (thanks) now and then fell from their lips. Nothing could exceed the attention which the latter paid to her husband; she kept her eyes almost constantly fixed upon him, and seemed anxious to anticipate every want. One of Okotook's brothers had arrived from the huts, bringing with them some walrus-flesh to tempt the appetite of the invalid, whose stomach, however, very fortunately for his complaint, was not disposed to this kind of delicacy. When his brother was about to return, Okotook took it into his head to send his son away with him, probably because he heard they had the day before killed two seals, which afforded better feeding than we had to give him; be this as it may, we were not sorry

that he went, and the boy himself seemed no less pleased; for without playfellows or amusement of any kind, his time hung very heavily on his hands while he remained on board. It was amusing to see Okotook take a dose of physic for the first time in his life to-day. He knew its taste was not pleasant, but this was certainly not all that he dreaded; for before he put the cup to his lips with one hand, he held on by his wife with the other, and she by him with both hers, as though they expected an explosion, or some such catastrophe, as the immediate effect of the potion; nor did he venture to relinquish his hold, till the taste began to leave his mouth. The quantity of water which he drank in the course of the four and twenty hours is beyond conception; and the cabin fire could scarcely, by the melting of the snow, furnish enough for their consumption. These people are extremely particular as to the purity of the water they drink. Some that had been melted in our steamer, and which I thought very good, neither of them would touch, or at least always spat out again. If the water was much above the temperature of 32°, they also disliked it, and immediately put snow into it to cool it down. Iligliuk, who came on board with one side of her hair loose, loosened the other also to-day, in consequence of her fancying Okotook worse, though it was only the annoyance of the blister that made him uneasy; for even in this sequestered corner of the globe, dishevelled locks bespeak mourning. It was not however with her the mere semblance of grief, for she was really much disturbed throughout the day, all our endeavours not availing to make her understand how one pain was to be removed by inflicting another. - - -

"Togolat came down to the ships to-day to see her brother Okotook; she was accompanied by Arnalooa, and on their arrival they were both sent for into the cabin. We observed however that they required an unusual degree of solicitation to make them go near Okotook, or even to the side of the cabin where he lay concealed by a skreen; and after all, they remained in the opposite corner next the door;

and having talked freely to the invalid for some time, took their leave without seeing him. In the evening, after they were gone, we found that this unfortunate though well-intended visit was occasioning great distress to Okotook, who talked for two hours almost incessantly about "Arnalooa's having seen him," which it seems ought not to have been the case. What misfortune was to be apprehended in consequence of this event we could not learn; but he spoke of it in a kind of agony, and was evidently labouring under the influence of some powerful though absurd superstition respecting it. Towards night he suffered a dreadful bleeding at the nose, followed by much sickness at the stomach, which, together with the phantom of Arnalooa, which still haunted his imagination, combined to make him extremely unwell for some hours. The next day however he was free from complaint of any kind, and began once more to put on a smiling countenance."

We shall now devote a column or two to Natural History and Atmospheric Phenomena. On the 2d of January, it is stated—

"As a proof of the difficulty which the hares must find in obtaining subsistence during the winter, these animals were at this time in the habit of coming alongside the ships upon the ice to pick up what they could from our rubbish heaps. A fox or two still entered the traps occasionally, and our gentlemen informed me that they had always been most successful in catching them after a southerly wind, which they attributed with great probability to the smell of the ships being thus more extensively communicated over the island. One or two of these poor creatures had been found in the traps with their tongues almost bitten in two. The traps made use of for catching these beautiful little animals were formed of a small cask, having a sliding door like that of a common mouse-trap, and were baited with oiled meat or blubber. The whole number caught during the winter was between eighty and ninety, of which more than seventy were taken before the end of December. In a single trap of Capt. Lyon's, no less than

fifteen were caught in the course of four hours, on the night of the 25th of November: and the people engaged in watching the trap remarked that no sooner had one of these poor animals been taken out, and they themselves retired a few yards, than another entered it. So stupid indeed are they in this respect that, in several instances, those which had escaped from the ships entered, and were re-caught in the same traps as before.

"Of a great number of foxes weighed by Captain Lyon during the winter, the average weight was eight pounds, but they varied from nine and a half to seven, and he observed that the males, though larger than the females, were not so fat. The fur of the whole of them when first caught was of the purest white, except in two or three individuals of a bluish colour, which appeared to be of a different species. The great variety of dispositions displayed by those which were kept for taming was very remarkable, some being gentle and quiet from the time of their first coming on board, and others remaining wild and intractable in spite of every kindness and good treatment. Our dogs became familiar enough even to play with them; but the foxes were, on their part, never entirely free from apprehension on this account. The noise they make when irritated is a weak half-stifled sort of bark, but they have also a more shrill and piercing cry when much frightened. When placed with their houses upon the ice, they were constantly endeavouring to burrow in the snow within the circle of their chains, and one of them, where the snow lay deeper than usual, soon formed for himself a secure and sheltered apartment under it. When deprived of the means of doing this, they are far from being proof against the severity of the season, for two or three died on board the *Fury* entirely from this cause, though furnished with good kennels. Of those which were taken better care of, not one remained on board alive when we went to sea, the greater part having gradually wasted away, though well fed and housed; and the rest, which were thriving better, escaped to the shore."

In February, the first wolves, a flock of thirteen (all of which were killed gradatim) appeared—"These animals had accompanied or closely followed the Esquimaux on their journey to the island the preceding day: and they proved to us the most troublesome part of the *suite*. They so much resemble the Esquimaux dogs, that, had it not been for some doubt among the officers who had seen them, whether they were so or not, and the consequent fear of doing these poor people an irreparable injury, we might have killed most of them the same evening, for they came boldly to look for food within a few yards of the *Fury*, and remained there for some time. - - -

After a short period, "The wolves had now begun to do us some damage; for not even the sails that were fastened round the house and observatory could escape their ravenous fangs, and they had thus in the course of a single night much injured two of our studding-sails. We set traps for them on the ice; and also large shark-hooks secured with chains and baited with meat; but the former they entered and destroyed, and the latter were always found broken or bent, without securing the depredators. These animals were indeed so hungry and fearless as to take away some of the Esquimaux dogs in a snow-house near the *Hecla's* stern, though the men were at the time within a few yards of them. - - -

"A wolf being caught in one of the traps this evening which was so close as to be easily watched from the ship, a party of the officers ran out to secure the depredator, and fired two balls into the trap at once to despatch him. Finding after this that he continued to bite a sword that was thrust in, a third shot was fired at him. The trap was then sufficiently opened to get his hind legs firmly tied together, after which, being considered tolerably secure, he was pulled out of the trap, which, however, his head had scarcely cleared when he feriously flew at Mr. Richards' throat, and would certainly have done him some serious mischief had not that gentleman, with great presence of mind,

seized the animal in his turn by the throat, squeezing him with all his force between both hands. This made the wolf relinquish his first attempt, and Mr. Richards only suffered by a bite in his arm and another in his knee, which, on account of the thickness of his clothes, were happily not severe ones. As for the wolf he prudently took to his heels, though two of them were still tied together, and being favoured by this momentary confusion occasioned by his late *rencontre* with Mr. Richards, succeeded in escaping his pursuers. He was found dead the following day at the distance of three quarters of a mile from the ships."

On another occasion Mr. Elder observing one of the Esquimaux dogs attacked by several of these ferocious animals, "and hastening to the spot with his gun, found that these animals had made such quick work in the partition of their prey, that though he reached the scene of action in a few minutes, and the dog had at first made considerable resistance, only one of its hind legs remained, each wolf having run off with his share. It is remarkable that these creatures had never entered our traps since the moon had declined to the southward, whereas not a night elapsed before that without their going to them. The Esquimaux had in their's caught only a fox."

In March, Capt. P. says, "I procured from a little Toonek a string of bones, which on inquiry we found to belong to a land animal called by the Esquimaux *Kablee-anioo*, and which we certainly had never met with. From the description given us by these people on this and several other occasions, we considered it likely to be the wolverene; but it must be extremely rare in those parts of America."

But the atmospherical, meteorological, and other phenomena are more interesting than the accounts of animal life. The aurora borealis, double moons, and other extraordinary appearances, become of constant occurrence. We shall select one description as a fair example of the many varieties, of which the accounts are very well written.

SKETCHES OF PAUL JONES.

WE may safely conclude that no one will read "The Pilot," without feeling some interest and curiosity respecting the mysterious character who forms the prominent feature in the tale; and that particulars, however scanty, will be acceptable, of a man who for a time kept the coasts of the united kingdom in a state of alarm; for, although his name is cautiously withheld, there are allusions to acts and circumstances which can apply to none but the once celebrated Paul Jones.

He was born and bred on the estate of Lord Selkirk, near Kirkcudbright; his father, by name Paul, a steady methodical Scotchman, being head gardener to Lord Selkirk, and young Paul acting in a subordinate capacity in the same establishment, as appears from the following story on record of father and son. In the gardens were two summer houses corresponding with each other. One day Lord Selkirk during his walks observed a man locked up in one of them, and looking out of the window—in the other summer house, looking out of the corresponding window appeared young John Paul. "Why are those lads confined?" said Lord Selkirk to the gardener. "My Lord, I caught the rascal stealing your lordship's fruit." "But there are two—what has your son done, is he too guilty?" "Oh no, please your lordship, I just put him in for symmetry."

In this service he remained for some years; but at length, being detected in certain knavish tricks which would have entitled him to confinement in the summer house on stronger grounds than symmetry, he was dismissed, and following the bent of a wild and ardent disposition, betook himself to a sea-faring life, for which his habits, and the practical knowledge gained by a long residence near a sea port, had fully prepared him. He commenced his naval career as a common sailor; but his talents soon rendering him conspicuous, he was appointed mate, and in this capacity made several voyages to the West Indies, where he finally became master of a vessel. Soon after the rupture between this country and Ame-

rica, happening to be at Piscataway, in New-England, he was induced to desert his national colours and enlist under those of the revolutionists, prompted partly by a vindictive spirit, and partly by the predatory prospects offered by the approaching war—at the same time changing his name from John Paul to Paul Jones.

For this new sphere of action his enterprising character and talents were admirably adapted; and these, added to his thorough knowledge of the northern coasts of England, soon brought him into notice, and pointed him out as a fit actor in the marauding schemes then in agitation. Accordingly, in the latter part of 1777 he was actively employed as Commander, in fitting out the *Ranger** privateer, mounting 18 guns, besides swivels, and manned with a desperate crew of 150 men. In the course of the winter he put to sea, and made two captures on the European side of the Atlantic, both of which were sent into a French port. In the month of April, 1778, he for the first time appeared in the neighbourhood of his native place, and forthwith proceeded to execute a well digested plan for burning the town and shipping of Whitehaven. Having made the land, he cautiously kept in the offing to avoid observation, but at the close of evening, the necessary preparations being made, he stood in for the shore, and at midnight, having approached sufficiently near, his boats well manned, and armed by thirty daring fellows, in deep silence pushed off from the vessel. A small battery commanded the bay and entrance of the harbour; it was necessary to secure this before they could venture on ulterior measures; accordingly having made good their landing, the party rushed upon the garrison before any alarm could be given, and made them prisoners. The guns were immediately spiked, and every thing seemed to favour the final success of their enterprize. It was dead low water, and the vessels were laying side by side without a chance of preservation, should the flames once get head. Lit-

* In some accounts she is called the *Revenge*.

the expecting such a visit, no watches were on the look out, and the inhabitants were buried in sleep. In full security and confidence the armed force dispersed themselves, depositing matches ready primed amidst combustibles on the decks and rigging. Nothing more was required for their destruction than the signal for lighting the trains. At this critical moment a loud knocking was heard in the main street, and voices of alarm were heard in every direction. It was evident that they were discovered, and nothing remained but to commence in haste the work of destruction, for the alarm had now become general, and crowds were seen running towards the piers, attracted by the lights which the retiring party were hastily throwing on board the vessels; fortunately without effect, one only being seriously scorched, the crews and townsmen succeeded in extinguishing the flames before they reached the rigging. Foiled in their attempt, the privateer's men regained their boats, and putting off, reached their ship in safety. On mustering, one only of the party was missing, and to him were the people of Whitehaven indebted for their preservation; for, influenced either by conscientious motives or self-interest, he quitted his companions when engaged about the harbour, and running up the main street, knocked at every door as he passed, roused the sleepers from their beds, called upon them to rise and save their lives and property.

Having failed in this enterprize, Jones stretched across the Solway Firth, towards the coast of Scotland, and with the early dawn entered the river Dee, forming the harbour of Kirkcudbright. A little above its junction with the sea the river widens into a sort of estuary, and here on a promontory, or rather island, where the river is about a mile and a half in width, stands St. Mary's Isle, the Castle of Lord Selkirk, and here, within a short distance of a spot endeared to him by the strongest ties and earliest associations, soon after sun-rise Jones dropped anchor, with feelings, if we may judge from the tenor of a letter which will be mentioned in the course

of the following narrative of that day's proceedings, very different from those which the public gave him credit for, proving that, with all his failings, his heart was still susceptible of impressions which might have raised him, as much as his unjustifiable deeds had hitherto lowered him, in the estimation of his countrymen. Early in the morning, the privateer had been observed making her way up the river, her guns and warlike appearance attracting much attention and curiosity, for vessels of her description were seldom seen working up the intricate passage of the Dee. Not a suspicion was entertained of her real character, but the male part of the population conjectured her to be a visitor equally unwelcome—a ship of war coming up for the purpose of impressment. Accordingly at an early hour (Lord Selkirk being fortunately in London), Lady Selkirk was informed of the circumstance, and a request was made by the men servants that they might absent themselves for the purpose of concealment. The vessel had no sooner anchored, than she was observed to despatch an armed boat. The crew on landing seemed to have no particular object in view; and after remaining some time, strolling up and down the country, took to their boat and returned on board. Before, however, the people had recovered from their first alarm, the boat was again observed to push off, and in a few minutes a strong body of armed men landed on the beach without interruption; not as before did they stroll about, but, forming in regular order, marched directly to the castle, which they immediately surrounded, and then, for the first time, a suspicion of the real character of such unexpected visitors was excited. Lady Selkirk, who, with her children, were the only members of the family then resident in the castle, had just finished breakfast, when she received a summons to appear before the officer commanding the detachment; she obeyed with considerable fear, which was not diminished upon a nearer view of the visitors, whose ferocious looks, and ragged dress, too plainly showed their hostile intentions; and, as it was evident that plunder was

their object, the worst might be expected, in case of resistance. They were armed with every variety of weapon; muskets, pistols, swords; and one savage looking fellow bore an American tomahawk over his shoulder. Two officers had the charge of the party; one of them coarse and rude in language and behaviour; the other, on the contrary, was not only courteous and respectful—but even apologized to Lady Selkirk, regretting the unpleasant duty in which it was his unfortunate lot to appear as a principal. Their first inquiry was for Lord Selkirk: on being assured that he was not in the country some disappointment was manifested. After a short pause, the latter officer said he must then request her Ladyship to produce all her plate. She replied, that the quantity in the castle was very small, but what there was should be immediately given up; and accordingly the whole was laid before them, even to the silver tea-pot used at breakfast which had not been washed out. The officer on receiving it directed his men to pack up every article, again apologizing for his conduct on an occasion which he called a dirty business, and then taking leave, at the head of his men returned to the vessel, leaving the family not a little rejoiced at their escape. Still, however, as the ship did not get under weigh, fears were entertained of a second visit, and Lady Selkirk lost no time in sending off her children, and removing whatever property was likely to become a source of temptation, to a place of security. Her fears were fortunately groundless, and in a few hours, she had the satisfaction of seeing the privateer under weigh without offering further molestation.

Some days afterwards she received a letter from Paul Jones himself, written in a romantic, almost poetical style. He entreated her pardon for the late affront, which he assured her was so far from being planned or sanctioned by him, that he had done every thing in his power to prevent its taking place; but his officers and crew insisted on the attempt, hoping to secure the person of Lord Selkirk, for whose ransom a considerable sum might be ex-

pected. This he declared was the object of their first visit, and having failed in it, they returned on board, when, after some murmuring, they insisted on again landing and plundering the house. To this he was obliged to consent, though with great reluctance, adding, as a proof of his innocence, that he would endeavour to purchase the plunder they had so disgracefully brought off, from the crew, and transmit (if not the whole) whatever he could procure, to her ladyship. Not hearing again for several years, all hope, of course, was given up of the fulfilment of his promise, when, to her great surprise, in the spring of 1783, the whole was returned, carriage paid, precisely in the same state in which it had been carried away, to all appearance never having been unpacked, the very tea leaves remaining in the tea-pot as they were left after the breakfast on the day of capture. The report of his landing, rapidly spread through the country, attended with every variety of exaggeration by the time it reached London. Lord Selkirk received it with the additional particulars, that his family were all made prisoners and his castle burnt to the ground. He immediately hurried to the north, and it was not till he had gone half way that he learned the real truth. On clearing the land, Jones stood to the westward, and towards evening, making the Irish coast, entered Belfast Loch, capturing or burning as he proceeded several fishing boats. He was soon observed by Captain Burdon, of the Drake sloop of war, of 14 guns and 100 men; conceiving the privateer to be a merchantman, a boat was despatched for the purpose of impressing her crew. On coming alongside, the man of war's men immediately boarded, and were as immediately secured. Jones however did not think it prudent to persevere in his progress up the bay, in the presence of an armed vessel in the king's service, and accordingly put about. Captain Burdon's suspicions were immediately excited by this measure and the evident detention of his boat, and not a moment was lost in giving chase and clearing for action. On coming up with the enemy, Captain Burdon open-

ed a spirited fire, but owing to the darkness of the night he was unable to continue it with effect, and the vessels separated. But as soon as it was light the engagement was gallantly renewed, and continued for upward of an hour, when Captain Burdon and his first lieutenant being killed, twenty of his crew disabled, a topmast shot away, and the ship dreadfully cut up, the Drake was compelled to surrender. During the action the prisoners on board the privateer, were kept in irons, but on its ceasing they were all sent on shore in the detained fishing boats. By this time, the coast on both sides of the Channel being generally alarmed, Paul Jones felt it unsafe to remain in that quarter, and therefore hastened with his prize towards Brest, which port he succeeded in making without interruption. On his arrival, he communicated the result of his cruise to Dr. Franklin, the American representative, then resident in Paris, and it has been generally supposed that the Doctor, so far from approving, strongly censured his piratical attack upon St. Mary's Isle, insisting on his restoring such unjustifiable plunder. That this representation is not true to the full extent, the fact of the abovementioned letter, written a few days after the event, is a sufficient proof.

In the course of the following winter, he appears to have exchanged the command of the *Ranger* for a frigate of 40 guns and 370 men, called the *Bon Homme Richard*, acting as a commodore, with an additional force of the *Alliance* frigate, of 36 guns and 300 men, the *Vengeance* brig, of 14 guns and 70 men, and a cutter of 18 guns, all in the service of Congress; the *Pallas*, a French frigate of 32 guns and 275 men, was also added to the squadron.

Sailing from Port l'Orient in July 1779, he appeared off the coast of Kerry, where he landed a boat's crew in the hope of bringing off some sheep, but the country people assembling in defence of their property, secured the assailants, and sent them prisoners to Tralee jail. From thence he continued his course, and sailing north about, ran down the east coast of Scotland,

capturing in his passage many valuable prizes, amongst others a store ship from Quebec, all of which he ordered to France. On the 14th of September, they were off Dunbar, and seen to capture two prizes close in shore. No competent force was at that time in the north, of which he seems to have been perfectly aware, for, despatching the vessels of the squadron in different directions, he resolved on the bold and hazardous attempt of burning the shipping in Leith harbour, and collecting tribute from the defenceless towns on the Fifeshire coast; and, dashing up the Firth of Forth, he came in sight of Edinburgh on the evening of September 16. The wind blowing strong from the westward, and the tide running down, he came to an anchor under the island of Inch Keith, nearly opposite to Kirkcaldy; on the following morning he weighed, and endeavoured to beat up the Leith roads, but the breeze increasing to a gale, he sprung one of his top-masts, and was obliged to bear up, running down the Firth with such speed that he was soon out of sight. Foiled in his attempt, he rejoined his squadron, and proceeded to cruise off the coast of England, where on the 23d of September, he fell in with a British convoy from the Baltic, escorted by his Majesty's ship *Scrapis*, Captain Pearson, of 44 guns, and Countess of Scarborough, armed ship of 20 guns, commanded by Captain Thomas Piercy, which meeting occasioned one of the most memorable actions ever recorded. Captain Pearson's conduct, is, indeed, beyond all praise. We give it to the reader in his own words—being an official communication to the Admiralty.

[Then follows in the London Magazine the British Captain's account of his capture—concluding with the remarks "that two essential pieces of service to our country have arisen from it—the one in wholly oversteering the cruise and intentions of this flying squadron; the other in rescuing the whole of a valuable convoy from falling into the hands of the enemy."]

The King was so well pleased with the behaviour of the two captains and their officers and men, that he conferred the honour of knighthood on Captain Pearson, and soon afterwards made Captain Piercy Post-Captain, and promoted the other officers. The service they had performed deserved

indeed every reward ; and so sensible were the Directors of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company of their obligations to these excellent officers for protecting the rich fleets under their care, that they voted their thanks to both ; and as a further testimony of their approbation, requested Captain Pearson's acceptance of a piece of plate worth 100 guineas, and Captain Percy of another valued at 50 guineas.

Although Captain Pearson was not permitted to go on shore, and make his case known to Sir Joseph Yorke, this Ambassador, by his representations to their High Mightinesses the States General, prevailed on them to cause the wounded seamen belonging to the *Serapis* and the armed ship to be landed ; and farther urged them to detain, and to order to be delivered up, both the ships and their crews, "which," he said "the Pirate, Paul Jones of Scotland, who is a rebel subject, and a criminal of the state, had taken." This request was refused, and the only effect of his remonstrances was, that they should not allow the prizes to be sold there, but gave orders that they should depart from their ports as they came. The States General did not on this occasion behave with that spirit and dignity which so faithful an ally as Great Britain had been to them, had a right to expect. In spite of this pretended order that they should quit the Texel, however, they suffered them to remain ; and it cost Sir Joseph Yorke infinite trouble to procure the release of the prisoners they had on board, every obstacle being thrown in his way, by their calling themselves sometimes French and sometimes Americans. At last, however, the prisoners were released ; and the squadron, notwithstanding a long and close blockade, stole out in a dark night, and effected their escape to Dunkirk.

The appearance of Jones in so large a ship in the Firth of Forth, had excited, as may well be supposed, the greatest alarm ; and the Admiralty, aware of the unprotected state of the northern part of the kingdom, directed a squadron, consisting of the *Prudent* of 64 guns, and some frigates, under the

command of Captain Burnet, to proceed without delay from Spithead, for the protection of the Scotch metropolis. So strict indeed were his orders to make the best of his way, that Captain Burnet did not think himself justified in spreading his squadron as wide as he could ; though had he done so, there is every probability that he would have intercepted Jones when beating about in the North Sea in his disabled state, before he was able to reach the Texel.

Having lost the *Bon Homme Richard*, he shifted his flag into the *Alliance*,* and the squadron no longer acting in concert, each ship was left singly to shift for itself ; and in January or February, 1780, Jones escaped the vigilance of our cruisers, reached Corunna, having on board Captain Gustavus Cunningham, a celebrated character, whose case in many points resembled his own.

Early in the disturbances with America Cunningham had taken an active part against his country, and rendered himself particularly obnoxious to Government ; but at length he was fortunately captured in a private armed cutter which he commanded, and carried into New York. The Americans were so well aware of his services, and the danger to which he was now exposed, that they took every means in their power to procure his exchange ; and as a last effort, sent a very strong remonstrance to Sir George Collier, then commanding the *Raisonné* off New York, threatening severe retaliation : for which purpose, Henry Hamilton, Esq. Lieutenant-Governor of Dehors ; Philip Degean, a Justice of Peace ; and William Lambe, Captain of Volunteers ; then prisoners, were singled out by the Governor of Virginia : a young gentleman of fortune, also, was put in irons, and confined in a dungeon at Boston :—on all of whom it was determined to proceed in every respect as Cunningham should be treated in England. To their remonstrance Sir George Collier sent a firm and spirited reply, denying that any of his prisoners were treated with inhumanity ; but

* Or another of the same name, as when afterwards mentioned she is stated to mount only 22 guns, with 250 men.

adding that, as it was the practice of civilized nations to punish criminals in the usual course of justice, Gustavus Cunningham standing in that predicament, was therefore about to be sent to England, to receive that punishment from his injured country which his crimes should be found to deserve. He was accordingly put on board the *Grantham* packet from New York, which landed him at Falmouth, in July, 1779, and he was immediately lodged in the Castle; but no sooner was he confined, than his ingenuity exercised itself in contriving the means of escape—which he in a short time accomplished by burrowing under the foundations.

From this time till 1783, little is known of Paul Jones; but in the month of December of that year he arrived in London from Paris, with despatches from Congress to John Adams, the American Resident. He had crossed the Atlantic from Philadelphia to France in the short space of 22 days; and after delivering his papers, he set out at 3 o'clock the following morning for Paris, to proceed to America.

During the peace his mind seems to have languished for active employment; and in March, 1788, being then at Copenhagen, he made an offer of his services to the Emperor of Russia, and was accepted; but how or where he was employed does not ap-

pear; that he was unsuccessful, and gave no satisfaction to his employers, may however be inferred from his being under the necessity of retiring to Paris, where he spent the remainder of a life now drawing to its close. The revolution soon after broke out, and not finding employment in the deranged and useless state of the French navy his spirits failed, and he sunk into such abject want, that Captain Blackden was obliged to raise a small sum by way of subscription in order to bury him; he died in the utmost poverty, in June, 1792.

Being a Scotchman, he was deemed a Calvinist, and as the laws relating to the interment of persons of that persuasion were not then abrogated, it was necessary to make an application to the General Assembly, who not only revoked these laws as far as they interfered with his case, but voted that a deputation of its members should attend his funeral. Whatever might be the reality, a semblance of attachment to the national religion remained, and a few of the Assembly objected to this mark of respect on account of his being a Protestant, but this idea was scouted by a vast majority; and the remains of Paul Jones were escorted to the grave by many who were well calculated to emulate the darkest and most desperate deeds of his eventful life.

(Mon. Mag.)

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

FROM THE DUTCH OF DIRK SMITS.

A HOST of Angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impell'd,
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In Heaven's vast halls of light.

They saw, with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendour:
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From Heaven's enchanting region;
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it,—
That little pearl which shone
With lustre all its own,—
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth;—
But left the shell on earth.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

ANN STAVERT AND AMOS BRADLEY.

ISAAC COLLINS was the proprietor of a small farm in Lancashire, and having been from his youth of penurious habits, he was, at the age of sixty, possessed of considerable wealth. He had never been married, and had no near blood-relation alive, so that it was often talked of in the neighbourhood, what would become of his riches on the miser's death. It was generally agreed that they would fall to the King,—for Isaac, it was said, hated the very sight of a woman; and besides, who would marry a being so despicable and hateful? “Ay, forsooth, many a young and pretty maiden too would marry old Isaac, with his money bags,” chuckled the hoary miser, when spitefully he heard the banter of his neighbours, and leered upon them with the glistening eyes of avarice and misanthropy. “Let youth, health, strength, and comeliness, go woo in vain; but I can charm the fairest witch in Lancashire into my chaff-bed and withered arms. What think ye of Ann Stavert of Fell-side?” and the dotard laughed in the mixed joy of his pride, his lust of gold, and the dregs of desire dulled by age, infirmity and a stony heart.

Ann Stavert was the most beautiful girl in all the country side. She was an only child; and her mother, who had long been a widow, was now reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty. When first Isaac Collins the miser asked Ann in marriage, the souls of both mother and daughter recoiled in horror and disgust. But in less than a week afterwards, Ann had promised to marry him; and in a month she was his wife.

The fondness of the dotard now held a constant struggle with the avarice of the miser. Bold and beautiful, heartless and unprincipled, Ann Stavert drained the blood from his withered heart, as she coaxed, and wheedled, and kissed, and embraced him out of his long-gathered, and hidden stores of gold. The very chinks of the walls gave out their guineas; and his trem-

bling hand dropped them into her lap, wrapped up in loathsome rags, that had long mouldered in impenetrable concealment. His old rheumy eyes gloat-ed on the yellow glare of the gold, and then on the luxurious shape of her on whom he lavished it in agony; and then he kissed alternately the hard edges of the coin, and the warm lips of his wedded paramour. “Dost thou not love thine old kind Isaac?” and she pressed him with her bare and snow-white arms, close to the heaving fulness of her bosom. The doting miser would thus fall asleep, grasping in his lean fingers a few yet unfilched pieces of coin, of which he dreamt along with the hot kisses that had cajoled him out of their too slippery brethren.

What happiness could Ann Stavert have in gold?—She was beautiful; and she was proud of her beauty. Now she could adorn her tall, commanding, and alluring person in garments which set off all its temptations,—could outshine all her rivals—and dazzle the eyes of a hundred lovers. She knew that her husband was an object of pity, contempt, and scorn; and she did not conceal that he was so to herself, more than to all others, as the glance of her bright and bold eyes met the faces of men at church or market. But she enjoyed their admiration and delight in her rich ripe loveliness, even while she leant it against the palsied side of old Isaac the miser. “And will he not soon die?” was a thought she feared not to let come questioning to her heart, for she loathed and abhorred the body that was half ready for the corruption of the grave.

But Isaac, though palsy-stricken, was tenacious of life. Now two strong passions kept his bloodless body above the ground. He drank existence from the breath of his young wife, and from that of his coffers. The very struggles of his avarice—the tear and wear of his soul, bartering one kind of joy for another, both equally aimless and unnatural, seemed to lend a sort of shri-

velled strength to the body they consumed;—and week after week, month after month, year after year, had Ann Stavert to cajole and to curse, till at last she fell down on her knees, and prayed to God that the old wretch might die; for her soul was sickened into angry despair, and she longed to see him in his shroud,—his coffin,—his grave.

Ann Stavert had sold her body for gold,—and the soul is often lost in such a bargain. She had strong passions—they had long slept, but at last they were kindled. She singled out from the many who admired her, Amos Bradley, a tall stripling of 18; and she swore an oath within her soul, that she would deliver herself up to him, soul, body, and estate. Her eye spoke—and in the arms of Amos Bradley, she cursed with a more bitter soul her old palsied miser, and with more passionate prayer called upon his Maker to shorten his hated life. The passions of hatred and love wholly darkened her conscience; from the bed of disgust and horror, she flew to the bosom of desire and enjoyment; and when clasped in the embraces of guilt, she dared to think that God would forgive even the murder of her wretched and miserable husband.

The old man saw into her heart, with the craftiness of his half-extinguished intellect, and he hobbled out on his crutch into the night-darkness, a spy on their secret assignations. Blind and deaf to other things, here he both saw and heard, and knew in the decrepitude of his soul and body, that his wife was an adulteress. "Shall I drive her out of my house without a penny, except what she has stolen, or shall I put poison into her drink, and punish her for cheating the old man?" But as the miser was sitting in these cruel thoughts, with his dim red eyes fastened on the floor, his wife entered the room with her flushed visage, and sat down by his side. She looked up, and the fascination of that face in a moment changed him into willing and contented abasement. "Where wast thou, Ann? I thought I saw thee with that younker, Amos Bradley—thou dost

not love Amos better than old Isaac? my pigeon, give me a kiss."—She kissed his loathsome lips with a shudder—as she thought of him whom she had just left, and his endearment that had searched her very soul—"No, no, my kind Isaac—thou art not so old yet—let us to bed;"—while the dotard knowing, and yet forgetting his wife's infidelity, with a leer rose up, and taking his rush-light, which his penurious soul repined should be wasted, tottered into his bed-chamber, and with flashes of anger and vengeance dimly breaking through his decayed memory, and then lost again in the fascination of fondness and fear, he laid down his withered body on the bed from which it was never again to be lifted up in life.

She had left Amos Bradley hiding, and now she returned to his arms. "Oh! Amos, the old villain has seen us in our joy, and he leered at me with the face of a devil. Perhaps his old lean fingers will strangle me in my sleep." "Don't suffer him, Ann, to touch your bosom or neck again. You are mine now, and cursed be the slaver of his drivelling lips!" "No, Amos, never shall the toad pollute my bosom again; but dost think he will kill me, Amos? He is cruel in his old age, and hates even when he hugs me. As the Lord liveth, Amos, for thy sake I will shed his blood! This knife shall go to his heart!" "Ann, wilt thou marry me if we murder him?" "Yes, Amos, and thou shalt lie between my breasts for ever." "Swear it then before God." "I swear before God, as I hope for mercy at the day of judgment."

They went together into the old man's room, and he saw them by the glimmer of the rush-light. There was death in their eyes; and the miser sat up, shaking with terror and palsy, and clasped his shrivelled hands in prayer. "Thou wilt not murder thine old friend Isaac—wilt thou, Ann? Take her, Amos, love and cherish her; I will not see it, but spare my life. There is a bag of guineas in the wall yonder, near that cobweb—dig it out, but save the old miser's life; Amos—Ann, I am afraid of hell." One held his throat, and the other struck him with his knife; but the hand that held

the knife had trembled, and the feeble blow glanced off the ribs of the wretched old man. "I cannot strike again, Amos, but we must finish him, or we are dead people." The stripling took his grasp away from the throat, and the old grey head fell back on the pillow. The murderers stood still for a minute, and by the rush-light glimmering in the socket, they both saw that he was dead. "Don't stare upon me so ghastly, Amos, thank God there is no blood." "Thank God!—did you say thank God?" A blast of rain dashed against the window, and the murderers started. "God preserve us, Amos!—did your hear voices? Hush, it is nothing. Nobody will suspect, and I will marry thee, my sweet Amos, and we shall be rich and happy." They lifted the body, and laid it down on the floor; and, once more renewing their vows of fidelity before God, they lay down in each other's arms till past midnight. Then Amos arose, and returned before dawning to his mother's house.

The next morning it was known that Isaac the miser was dead; and many a careless or coarse jest was made on him and his widow. But during the day, the jesting was at an end; and dark looks and suppressed whispers told over all the parish that poor Isaac, of whom nobody knew any ill but that he was too fond of his money, had had foul usage at last, and that his fair wife best knew how he had died. The black finger gripes were on his neck, and a slight wound on his side near the heart. The prints of a man's feet, all unlike that of poor lame Isaac, were seen all round the house and barn; and his widow, when a knife stained at the point with blood, and exactly fitting the wound, was produced, fell down in a mortal swoon. A neighbour, who had been early a-foot, had met Amos Bradley near the house of the dead man, and on awakening from her swoon, the wretched woman, hearing his name, cried out, in desperation, "Have you got Amos among you?—Amos, Amos, they say we murdered him." An hour before midnight the crime had been perpetrated, and the sun had not reached its height, when

Ann Stavert and Amos Bradley stood beside the corpse, and, borne down by conscious guilt, and fearful evidence of circumstances, looked for a short space on each other, and confessed that they were the murderers.

Amos Bradley was a mere boy, self-willed and deplorably ignorant, but he had never dreamt of committing a cruel crime, till the night on which he grasped the old man's throat with a deadly purpose. He was tempted, and in a moment fell. Now, in the silence and darkness of his cell, his mind was wholly overpowered by a sense of guilt, and sunk almost into idiotcy. But Ann Stavert had long been familiar with horrid thoughts, and for a while her soul rebelled in a fit of unrelenting obduracy. Neither did the fear of death extinguish her guilty and burning passion. Nightly did she dream of him she had seduced to destruction, and awake from troubled and delusive raptures into the dreadful conviction of chains and approaching doom. Even in her cell she would have bared her bosom to him in passion unextinguishable till the day of execution. But the murderers were kept apart. He could not hear her loud and angry shrieks—she could not hear his low and miserable moans. Each cell held, unheard without, its own groans, and the clanking of its own heavy chains.

They stood at the bar together, and together they received sentence of death. He said nothing—but looked around him with a vacant stare. There was no expression in his countenance of any cruelty, or of any strong passion. His soul had died within him, and to the crowded court he was almost an object of compassion. But Ann Stavert stood at the bar with all her soul awake. "Then let me die.—Repent? Why should I repent? Because I murdered that loathsome wretch, and gave me to the youth I madly loved? Had it never been discovered, we should have been happy. Hear it, ye judges of the land! I was happy in Amos's bosom the very hour of murder, although I saw the corpse lying on the floor by the moonlight. Hang me—give my body to dissec-

tion—but as it lived for years in loathing and abhorrence, so did it live for a few hours in joy and in heaven, and that was enough. And now I shall be told that my soul must sink down to hell. But God is just, and I am forgiven.”

They were removed from the bar—he, silent, and seemingly insensible to his doom;—she, with hands clenched against the Judge who had pronounced sentence of death, and uttering blasphemies. It is but a short time from Friday till Monday, but great changes have been wrought during it, short as it is, in the minds of those whose bodies have been in chains. Amos Bradley was visited by his mother; and at the sight of her his understanding, which had been nearly extinguished by the weight of woe, was gradually restored. He was reconciled to his deserved doom: and being made partially to understand the hopes and promises of the gospel by one who was indeed a Christian, the wretched and guilty boy seldom left his knees, and was a true penitent. But Ann Stavert on the night of condemnation, was struck with sudden horror; and a fanatic be-

ing introduced into her cell, soon converted her into a frantic believer in the perfect remission of all her sins. She now joined in horrid union with the name of her poor dear Amos that of the Saviour of mankind—kept continually repeating that she was made pure in his holy blood—and longed to be with him this night in paradise. The scaffold was erected before her husband's door; and as she and her miserable victim mounted its steps, there was a growl of thunder in heaven. Amos Bradley knelt down and prayed—then kissed his mother, who was with him on the scaffold—and turning round, said, “Ann, how dost thou feel? Is it possible God may forgive us? he may be merciful to us, although we showed none to old Isaac.” The wretched woman rushed forward to embrace him, but her arms were tied with cords, and her strength was gone. “This night, Amos, we shall be in Heaven.” “Or hell, woman,” uttered a hoarse voice. It was the Executioner, who bound her shrieking to the beam; and in a few minutes the crowd was dispersed, in tears, trembling, execration, and laughter.

(*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*)

THE INDIAN FLOWER.

THE shadows of twilight
Steal over the sky,
And the star of the evening
Has risen on high.

The sweet breathing flowers
Are seeking repose,
And the dewy drops moisten
Their leaves as they close.

The fragrance they scatter'd
Around them all day,
In the chill of the night-breeze
Has melted away.

Like the friends of life's sunshine,
Whose falsehood is found,
When the cloud of affliction
Is gathering around.

But one is still left us
Now waking alone,
Whose perfume is richer
Than all that are gone.

It rises from slumber
Its sweetness to shed,
When each child of the day-light
Is drooping its head.

So when false friends forsake us,
There still are some hearts
Who cling to us closer
As Pleasure departs:

Their smile can illumine
Our darken'd path yet,
Though the Sun of our fortunes
For ever has set.

THE ROUND TOWER.—A SONNET.

In London, queen of cities, you may see,
Facing the lordly house of Somerset,
A goodly tall round tower. Its base is wet
With Thames' fair waters rolling quietly;
Who was it built this tower? what may it be?
Say, was it piled by Druid hands of old?
Or reared by Eastern Magi, there to hold

The sacred flame, type of their deity?
Was it a Hermit's calm retreat? or pile
Where hung sonorous the resounding bell?
Or is it such as in green Erin's Isle
We see, whose uses nobody can tell?—
'Twas answered:—“Who 'twas built it know I not,
But 'tis, I know, the Tower for Patent Shot.”

Traditions
OF THE
Western Highlands.

No. IV.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

MURDOCH GAIR.

MACLAINE of Lochbui, who was killed in battle about three hundred years ago, left but one son, then an infant; and his uncle Murdoch, of Scallasdale, assumed his guardianship. He soon showed a disposition to take the property to himself, and the unfortunate minor, after many hardships found his way to Ireland, where he was received with kindness in the house of O'Niel. The uncle, at home, was ignorant of his fate; and a report was industriously spread by the friends of the boy, that he had been drowned. Murdoch strengthened his interest by marriage with the daughter of Stewart, of Appin, a neighbouring family of great influence; and he calculated on enjoying, without interruption, his ill-gotten wealth.

The nephew, whose name was also Murdoch, did not, however, lose sight of his right. He was educated by the generous and princely O'Niel, of whom the bards of that day said, that "Guests were in the house of O'Niel more numerous than trees in the forest, and that he was more liberal of his means than the great sea of its shell fish." He was at a very early age distinguished for his intrepidity, and soon acquired much popularity among his associates. When he arrived at manhood, he obtained the consent of his patron to return to his native isle, with a select party of young Irish adventurers, who volunteered to follow his fortunes.

They landed in a sequestered place, still well known, and the young Lochbui set forward alone, to reconnoitre the ground and collect information. He reached the vicinity of his native castle in the twilight. The cows were in the fold, and, passing by the dairy-maid in the act of milking, the cow started and spilt the milk. The woman cried out, "God with Murdoch!" and the young stranger heard the words. It is still a custom in that country, that milk should be offered to every one who passes through a fold, and it was on this occasion offered to

Murdoch. He partook of this milk, and asked the woman what she meant by the words "God with Murdoch," for he already knew that the usurper of his rights was unpopular. The woman sighed deeply, and he asked her name. When she had told it, he knew her to have been his nurse. He bared his bosom, and showed her a mole on his left breast, cautioning her to be guarded. The faithful nurse instantly recognized him. Her first husband, the foster-father of Murdoch, was dead, and she was then married to the door-keeper of the castle, an office of great trust, and highly important to the purpose of the stranger.

His nurse proposed, that on the night following she should contrive that the calves should mix with the cattle at midnight, and she knew that their lowing would be heard within the castle. Her husband would open the gate to give her access to her charge, and the young Murdoch was to enter with his party and gag the door-keeper. The project succeeded, and the adventurous youth obtained possession of his paternal stronghold.

Murdoch Gair, (short Murdoch) an appellation by which he was afterwards distinguished, was soon joined by his people; but his uncle had been absent when the castle was taken, and he was determined to keep possession of the estate. Many skirmishes were fought between them, and many feats of valour are still related of both sides. A pitched battle was at last fought, in which Murdoch of Scallasdale was assisted by the Stewarts of Appin, and the nephew, by the Macleans of Ross. The nephew was victorious; but the uncle still adhered to his claim. Murdoch Gair, however, by accident found the usurper sleeping in a cavern, and twisting a lock of his hair around his dirk, on which his name was engraved, he stuck it into the ground, and thus left him. When the other awoke, he soon discovered what had happened, and exclaimed, "The son of my brother has conquered me at last! his generosity has done what his bravery

could not effect, and never shall my sword again be unsheathed against him !”

Murdoch Gair appears to have acquired a relish for war and plunder, as we find Abercromby, in his *Martial Achievements of the Scots*, states, that many years after this he played sad

havoc around the banks of Lochlomond, in company with a very remarkable person, who, in that narrative, is dignified with the designation of Allan Maclean, the robber. Murdoch died in the end of the reign of Mary Queen of Scotland.

THE FLORIDA.

Many of the vessels which formed the Spanish Armada, intended for the conquest of England, perished on the north and west coasts of Scotland. The ship *Florida* appeared to have been more fortunate than any of her consorts ; she found her way to the bay of Tobermory, on the sound of Mull, one of the finest harbours in the world. Scotland being then a neutral country under James, the sixth of that name, the Spaniards considered themselves perfectly secure, and remained long in that station, repairing the damages they had sustained, and refreshing the crew and troops.

The *Florida* was, no doubt, an object of great interest and curiosity in that remote situation, and all the principal families in the neighbouring country and islands were received on board as visitors, where, tradition says, they were hospitably and splendidly entertained. Elizabeth, the ever watchful and well-informed Queen of England, had intelligence of the *Florida* through her ambassador at the Scotch court, and it was ascertained that this ship was extremely valuable : she had on board a large sum of money intended for the pay of the army ; she contained, besides, a great quantity of costly stores. The law of nations should have protected the *Florida* from injury ; but Elizabeth resolved on her destruction ; and it was accompanied by one of the most atrocious acts, perhaps, ever recorded of any civilized government. The English ambassador soon found an instrument suited to his purpose, and his name was Smøllet. We regret to state, that he was an ancestor of the celebrated writer of that name, who himself alludes to this circumstance in one of his novels, apparently unconscious of the inference which followed. This agent of the

English Queen spoke the Gaelic language, and wore the Highland dress. He went to Mull as a dealer in cattle, and easily found his way on board the *Florida*, where he formed an intimacy, and, along with other strangers, had frequent opportunities of seeing every part of the ship. He at length found a convenient time for his diabolical object, and placed some combustible substance in a situation where it was likely to produce the desired effect. He immediately got ashore, and made the best of his way southward.

He had travelled to a distance of six or eight miles, when he heard the explosion of the *Florida* ; and the spot where he stood is still marked for the execration of mankind. The ship was blown up, and nearly all on board perished. Together with the crew and troops, many of the first men in the country were destroyed by this perfidious and bloody act, which reflects eternal disgrace on the planners, and infamy on the perpetrator. Tradition states, that the poop of the ship was blown to a great distance, with six men, whose lives were saved. Maclean, of Duart, had procured some cannon from the *Florida*, for the purpose of battering the castle of a neighbouring chieftain ; and a few Spanish gunners, who assisted in that service, were preserved by their absence from the ship.

This melancholy story, which would have formed a memorable æra in a more public place, is still, in that country, a fertile source for traditional tales.

The universal belief among the more illiterate natives is, that one of the Spanish Infantas, who is said to have been on board the *Florida*, became enamoured of Maclean, and that his wife had employed a person to blow up the

ship : thus transferring that crime from the Queen of England to the wife of their chief, who was, indeed, very unpopular. It is alleged, that the body of the Infanta had been found, and buried with great pomp in that vicinity ; that a ship had afterwards been sent by the Spanish Government to convey her remains to Spain. "It seems, in collecting these remains, the last joint of one of her royal highness's ring fingers could not be found ; and it is said that her ghost has often been seen searching for this bone by torchlight. This circumstance is frequently mentioned as authority for the pious caution with which the Highlanders preserve the relics of their deceased friends.

Some Spanish mares and horses had been landed, to pasture, and these remained in the island of Mull. The breed of horses in Mull has ever since

been superior, and it still continues so, probably from this cause.

The English ambassador at Madrid having procured information of the precise amount of the treasure which had been on board the *Florida*, a ship of war was sent by the English Government to Tobermory in the beginning of the eighteenth century with divers, for the purpose of recovering the specie. The wreck was soon found, and many articles were raised, but no money was acknowledged. The ship, however, never returned to England, and it was suspected that she had taken refuge in France, for evident reasons.

In the year 1787, the celebrated diver, Spalding, made an attempt to recover this treasure, but he failed entirely as might have been expected, the remains of the ship having sunk into the clay, and totally disappeared.

THE PHYSICIAN.--NO. XIII.

(New Mon.)

OF THE INFLUENCE OF THE WINDS ON HEALTH.

IT seems to be the effect of a particular Providence, that we are usually visited in Spring by high winds and storms. Indeed, upon the whole, I cannot for my part consider the winds so pernicious to health as they are commonly accounted, or coincide with Hoffman when he says, that "God has placed his chemical laboratory in the earth, whence issue winds and malignant effluvia." Essential as it is that we should live in a pure air, if we would remain healthy, so essential is it that there should be winds to purify our atmosphere of the many noxious vapours, which would but too speedily corrupt and infect our juices. In Spring, the warm breath of milder breezes opens the bosom of the earth, which was closed throughout the winter. The changeableness of the weather fills the atmosphere with aqueous vapours. The beneficial frost which purified it in winter, now leaves us ; and we should therefore have just reason to apprehend unwholesome air and malignant diseases in Spring, did not storms supply the place of frost and cleanse the atmosphere. Hippocrates, in his time, observed, that a wet Spring

occasions contagious fevers, and the experience of all succeeding physicians proves, that the air, when impregnated with damp vapours, produces dangerous diseases of that kind. Hence it is easy to infer, that Spring would be prolific in such diseases, but for the prevalence at that season of high winds which dispel these vapours and purify the air.

But, it may be objected, do not these winds bring noxious vapours along with them? This case is possible enough. Darvieux relates, that Barut was formerly rendered very unhealthy by the sea-winds, but that, to screen it from them, an Emir caused pines to be planted, and these trees keep off the pernicious marine exhalations, so that the place is now as healthy as any part of the surrounding country. When the Illyrians, apprehensive of a pestilence, consulted Hippocrates on the means of preventing it, he took advantage of this enquiry, and warned the Greeks to guard against the winds which blew from Illyria ; "for," said he, "beyond those mountains rages the plague, and these are the passes of those mountains. At such and such a time, the

winds of the dog-days will blow and bring with them pestilential effluvia into Greece : therefore close up those passes." By this counsel he rescued Greece from the danger of the plague ; and the whole prediction rested on the knowledge which Hippocrates had of the course of the regular winds which were accustomed to blow into Greece. Had he in this case quieted their alarms, and assured them that these winds, which were otherwise accounted salubrious, would not do them any injury, he might have brought a dreadful calamity on his country. It is only in the case of winds which recur regularly at a particular season, that such anticipations can be formed. When, on the other hand, irregular winds waft pestilential effluvia along with them, this danger cannot be foreseen ; and in this manner the winds may, under certain circumstances, prove as detrimental to health, as in others they are beneficial.

This objection warns me, then, not to bestow on the winds in general greater or more unqualified praise than they deserve. So little as we can assert without qualification, that this or the other kind of food, drink, or medicine is absolutely wholesome or pernicious, so little can the same thing be said of the winds. The winds render the air of a certain country healthy or unhealthy, according as they bring with them from different regions certain vapours, which produce a change either from the better or worse in the atmosphere of that country. If damp sea-winds blow over an arid, parched tract, they improve its atmosphere, which dry winds, on the contrary, would deteriorate ; but the self-same winds would produce the very contrary effect, if it were a low, damp, and swampy region. It is generally hazardous to pretend to determine the qualities of winds in general. We cannot positively assert, for example, that an east or a north wind is dry, and that a west or south wind is damp ; for if an east wind has to traverse an extensive, low, and swampy plain before it arrives at a certain country, it must fill the atmosphere of the latter with damp and deleterious effluvia. With us, on the

contrary, first sweeping as it does over a vast continent, it is generally of a dry nature, and our invalids are but too sensible of its pernicious effects upon them. A physician, therefore, is liable to involve himself in many contradictions by pronouncing unconditionally on the qualities of the winds. The celebrated Hoffmann considered the east and north-west winds as salubrious, and the west and south as unhealthy. What would our invalids say, if I were to assure them in the very words of that eminent physician, that "the east wind renders body and mind more alert, improves the appetite, sharpens the senses, invigorates the fibres, and imparts a lively colour ?" Boerhaave was more cautious. He would not venture to determine the properties of a wind till he was acquainted with the country into which it was to blow, and its whole vicinity. Frommond relates extraordinary things of the south wind when it blows in the Azores. "The inhabitants," says he, "then go about as melancholy as if some great misfortune had befallen them. The little children stay within doors quite dull : none of them are to be seen running about and playing in the streets. But as soon as the north wind again begins to blow, all is once more life and bustle." Who would be so bold as to set down the south winds in general, on the strength of this observation, as an enemy to our comfort ? and in what a delectable situation we should be placed by a Persian, if he were to add to Frommond's observation the result of his own experience respecting the west and south-west winds ? It is known that in Persia these winds, when they pass over heated rocks and marble mountains, carry along with them hot and suffocating vapours ; and that, to avoid their dangerous effects, people are obliged to lie flat on the ground, and in that situation to endure heat and anxiety, if they would not drop down dead on the spot. It is only in the night-time and on rivers that they are able to withstand it, and for this reason the Persians are not fond of travelling by day. This extreme dryness of the air in Persia is probably the cause of a circumstance which Varro

relates, on the authority of Xenophon, concerning the Persians; namely, that their bodies were so exceedingly meagre and dried-up, that they never had occasion either to spit or to blow their noses. Herodotus gives us another story on the same subject. He tells us, that owing to the drought of their climate the heads of the Persians are so brittle, that a stone thrown at them passes right through the skull; whereas those of the Egyptians are so hard, that no stone can make any impression on them. It may be so; we will not fall out with the writers of antiquity: but I shall only say, if the Persians were to desire us to throw ourselves at full length on the ground whenever a south wind blows, how we should laugh at them!

Every town, then, and every country has its good and its bad wind, according to the nature of the atmosphere through which that wind has passed; and on this account I readily admit, that we cannot assert generally that all storms purify the atmosphere. If winds blow long, and without intermission, from unhealthy places, they are not beneficial to a country. But were I to be asked whether an uninterrupted calm or variable winds were more salubrious, I would give the preference to occasional storms. Every thing on this restless earth must have motion. It revolves itself upon its axis. The vegetables are shaken by the winds, and mountains and provinces by earthquakes. The sea would soon become putrid, were its waters not kept duly mixed by its incessant agitation. The whole animal kingdom is constantly in motion. Here are tribes which soar into the clouds and sport in the atmosphere—there are others which burrow in the ground. This species creeps, that hops, a third swims, and a fourth walks. Should the atmosphere alone, then, be able to repose without detriment?—No. Nature knew how to order matters better. She has charged impetuous winds to blow from every quarter, and seldom long together from one point. By their means she not only dissipates the stagnant vapours in the atmosphere, which are like the swamps in low valleys, but also keeps

incessantly mixing together vapours of totally different kinds; and she thereby improves the air in the same manner that a skilful cook mixes up a variety of ingredients, which, taken separately, are pernicious, in order to compound with them a dish that is wholesome.

Such is, then, the relation in which the winds stand to the health of mankind. But now we come to the question: What are the particular effects which they produce on every human body? Here a distinction is to be made. The winds operate on the human body, in the first place, inasmuch as they change the gravity and properties of the atmosphere; but in this respect they do not act in reality as winds. The second effect is, that which they produce inasmuch as they are air in motion; and it is on this point that I propose to subjoin a few remarks.

When the air is in rapid motion, it presses in the same manner as if it had become heavier on the surface of the human body: for it is a well-known axiom of natural philosophy, that the power of a body is augmented not only by the increase of its bulk, but also by the increased velocity imparted to it. This augmented pressure of the air particularly affects the lungs, especially of those who are weak in the chest; and every body knows how difficult it is for a man walking against the wind, to get rid of the air that rushes of itself into the lungs. It is, therefore, necessary that such persons should be cautious not to injure the chest by too rapid motion against the wind.

The principal effect of winds, however, is, that they dispel the warm atmosphere which constantly surrounds the body, and in which, if it were visible, we should look like saints encompassed with a nimbus or glory:—or, in other words, the winds cool the human body. They would constantly suppress the transpiration so essential to health, if we were not to use some precaution to keep the pores open by an increase of the internal heat. To this end spirituous liquors and bodily exercise are subservient. When recourse is had to these means, the wind must rather tend to augment than to stop transpiration; for the transpiration of

fluids is chiefly owing to their particles being carried away by the particles of caloric, and these pass off rapidly in a cold air. Whoever, therefore, cannot keep himself warm in windy weather, either by exercise or some other means, ought to avoid exposure to it if he has any regard for his health.

I shall hence deduce two inferences which may be useful. Spring is the season when we have to expect many cold, stormy winds. For this reason I warn my readers not to change their winter dress for lighter apparel too early. Nothing is more liable to give cold than wind. If I chose to make a parade of quotations on this subject, I should never have done transcribing. Sydenham declared, that "out of a hundred persons ill of colds and inflammation of the lungs, scarcely two would be found who had not brought these disorders on themselves by change of clothing; that is to say, not by dressing too warmly, but not warmly enough." Boerhaave coincided in this opinion; and Hoffman recommends that "in Spring, when the weather grows warm, people should beware of exchanging their warm winter apparel for lighter;" and he assures us, that "it would be better to wear the same kind of dress all the year round, so as to prevent the inclement air, in all vicissitudes of weather, from penetrating the pores of the skin." But of what use is all that eminent physicians may have advanced, even though every body must allow it to be true? People follow these rules only so long as they would have done had such rules never been given; and they violate them and sacrifice themselves, as though the salvation of their country required it, merely perhaps to comply with the supposed dictates of fashion.

The second warning which I have

to give relates to a draught or current of air, which is an artificial wind that we produce in an apartment by the opening of doors and windows standing opposite to one another. An apartment, under such circumstances, should either be avoided altogether, or a person should move about in it to keep up the insensible transpiration, or shun the current of air by retiring into a corner. With these precautions a draught of air in rooms is not only innocent, but to be recommended; because it is the best method of dispersing the noxious effluvia which may have collected in them. It would, consequently, be the height of folly for a person in a profuse perspiration to place himself in a draught for the purpose of cooling himself, like a man whose case is stated by one of our physicians, and who, though previously the picture of health, died on the seventh day of an inflammation of the chest, brought on by this imprudent exposure. To act thus is to run headlong into destruction. Who, indeed, could conceive it to be necessary to forbid such things to persons having the use of their reason? But so it is in our profession. We are obliged to tell people things which their own sense ought to suggest even to the meanest understandings. We have to demonstrate positions which are not more difficult of comprehension, than that a ship must be capable of floating on the water. We have to recommend precautions which, as daily experience shows, cannot be neglected but at the hazard of life. We have to exert all our eloquence to prevail upon them not to die before they absolutely must, and to remain healthy while they may. In physic, more than in any other profession, it is incumbent on a writer to bear in mind the maxim, not to take his readers to be wiser than they really are.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

Ask of the maid, who in the cloister's gloom
Repines, the living inmate of a tomb;
By force or phrenzy severed for her kind,
Yet pining for the joys she left behind—
Ask of the mariner, whom storms have toss'd
On solitary rock, or desert coast,—
Ask of the prisoner, who, in dungeon dank,
Hears but his groans resound, his fetters clank,
Without one generous heart, or pitying eye,
To share his griefs, or sooth his agony—
Ask it of these—'tis they who best can know
If Friendship be not sweet, if Solitude be so!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Gent. Mag.)

THE MOSS ROSE.

The angel who tends on the flowers,
And sprinkles them nightly with dew ;
Reposing one day in their bow'rs,
A Rose-bush a shade round him threw.

Awak'ning with smiles full of love,
And pleas'd with his fragrant repose,
The thought of some token to prove
How much he regarded the Rose.

He said, my dear Child, for thy shade,
Of me ask what favour you please ;
I'll grant it ; for by thy sweet aid
I've slumber'd with pleasure and ease.

Confer then on me, I desire,
The Rose's wild spirit reply'd,
A charm that each maid will admire,
And wear in her bosom with pride.

With Moss I will deck thee, my Child,
The Moss Rose in future thy name ;
Thus Nature with Graces so mild
Will add to thy beauty and fame.

Ye fair ones must all now confess,
That rubies and diamonds are nought,
When summon'd to finish your dress,
Compar'd with what Nature points out,

WRITTEN IN EGYPT.

PARENT of nations ! Art's proud sire !
Upon thy pyramid I stand,
While the sun flings his beams of fire
Over thy desolated land.
Now, far as the strain'd eye can scan,
A sandy ocean sleeps around,
Nothing speaks out of living man
Save me and mine—there is no sound
Of aught amid this solitude
To break the silence of the waste,
And fancy paints in mournful mood,
Wild visions of th' ideal past.
For now the mind is left to guess,
How fair was once this wilderness ;
As death upon some lovely frame
Tells life once breathed in beauty there,
That th' extinguish'd taper's flame
Once flash'd its radiance on the air ;
Thus shadowing forth from their decay
The glories of a perish'd day.
The crown that gemm'd thy awful brow,
Thine arts, thy power—where are they now !

No wandering Arab can be seen
Within the horizon's sweep,
And I am living 'mid the scene
Where the tiar'd Pharaohs sleep—
And I am trampling o'er the dead,
Full fifty ages vanished :—
Those vanish'd dead—but who were they ?
They pass'd and left no name :
Haply ambition in their day
Had never shown the toiling way
To cheat posterity with fame.
What ruin'd cities may be hid
Around this lofty pyramid,
Whelm'd in the desert sand ;
In whose long streets the gazer's eye
Once saw amid antiquity
This wonder of his land,
Yet knew not who had rear'd it high,
But guess'd as erringly as I.
Yet the same heaven look'd out in light
Upon the tolling busy sight,
Uprearing then its glorious brow,
At morning's dawn as it does now.
O Land of that famed sound which hung
Round Memnon's mystic shrine !

I gaze upon thy ruins flung
Like wrecks upon the brine.
I think of Memphian chivalry
Amid thy Red-Sea lost,
Of Necho and his swarthy host,
Th' avengers of their destiny
In a long after-age.
Of giant Thebes that now defies
The waste of years and human rage
Beneath these burning skies :
Her very wrecks are mighty still ;
They scorn our strength and mock our skill.
Here, in the light of beauty's eye
That charm'd him with its witchery,
The Roman lost a world.
Here Cæsar's mighty rival died,
And, one poor foot of earth denied,
With scorn was headless hurl'd ;
And he who captived king and throne,
Had not a grave to call his own.
Mark, ye who sail ambition's tide,
The bitter sum of human pride !

But wherefore call up ancient years ?
Enough within my view appears
To minister to thought :
The desolation reigning here
Speaks to the mind in accents clear
Things schoolmen never taught.
Behold, the horizon's self is clad
In a strange hue and livery sad,
Like th' impressive calm that reigns
Mournful o'er earthquake-riven plains,
That the " mind's eye " can see full well,
But language hath no skill to tell ;
Seeming to grieve the mighty day
Of its pass'd glories rent away ;
Even their very record frown,
Unwrit, unregistr'd, unknown.

The camel waits his lord below ;
The turban'd guides my musings break ;
I must away—yet ere I go
One parting glance around me take,
Then bury 'mid a Moslem crew
This pyramid's majestic view—
Fane, tomb, whate'er thou art—adieu !

April 1824.

A TRUE TALE.

IT was on the afternoon of a lovely day in summer, a veteran Tar came whistling through the narrow lane that cuts off a considerable portion of the main road between Plymouth and Exeter, and shortens the journey to the weary traveller. There was something in his whole appearance so peculiarly interesting and neat, that the passenger, after receiving his "What cheer, what cheer?" could not refrain from turning round and stopping to take another look. Indeed that sparkling eye of good-humour'd pleasantry, that countenance displaying at once the generous benevolence of his heart, was not easily pass'd by unnoticed, or readily forgotten. His dress consisted of a blue jacket and white trowsers, a straw hat bound with black riband thrown carelessly back upon his head, so as to display the straggling locks of silver'd grey that flow'd beneath, and a black silk handkerchief loosely knotted round his neck, over which lay the white collar of his shirt; a short cudgel was tuck'd under his arm. He had now reach'd the inn by the way-side where he purposed heaving to, to hoist in a fresh supply of grog and biscuit for the voyage. Crossing the threshold, and entering the passage, his ears were saluted with vile discordant sounds of some one in a terrible passion. "Never throw hot water and ashes to windward, (says the old Tar, shortening sail :) I'd sooner engage a squadron of fire-ships than one woman in a rage. They're sure to have the last broadside, even while sinking." He was putting about to stand off again, when a sweet voice, in plaintive supplication, struck upon his heart, and brought him up. 'Twas in reply to the vociferations of the terinagant, and he remain'd backing and filling in the passage. "What, money—clothes—all lost, did you say? (exclaimed a rough strain'd throat, something resembling the combined noise of a blacksmith's bellows and a flint-mill)—All gone, eh?"—'Yes, Ma'am, all—all is lost to me,' replied a female, in tones which would have excited pity in any heart that

claim'd the smallest acquaintance with humanity. "So you think that story will do, eh? (continued the first;) 'twont though, Missus, so you must tramp. I don't keep a house for vagrums, and sich like." 'Indeed, indeed, 'tis true; the villains robb'd me of all, and I've walk'd many, many weary miles. Oh but for a piece of bread—a little cold water!—can you deny me this? Indeed, I've not been used to beg.'—"Why that's the way with all you canting creatures—all ladies, forsooth! Where do you come from?" 'Oh, Ma'am, I'm a wretched girl, yet I was once happy; sorrow has indeed reach'd me—lost, lost, Lucy!' "Ha, I see how it is! What, you've been with the fellows, have you? Why, you good-for-nothing!—there, get out of my house—get out, I say!" 'Can you have the cruelty to let me perish? Where—where shall I find compassion, if my own sex refuse it! Oh remember, that mercy—that pity is the attribute of angels!'—"Don't talk to me of angels, hnssy! and as for tributes, there's sesses, and taxes, and poors'-rates enough—Out, I say! What you want, eh? Here, John! Bet! where are you all? you pack of idle vagabonds! Here, take this Miss and turn her out." 'Oh let me implore your pity—here humbly let me beg——' This was too much for our honest Tar. Entering the kitchen, he beheld a young girl, plainly but neatly dress'd, on her knees before an old woman. The tears were running down her pale face, and she seem'd fainting with fatigue and grief, while a man grasp'd one shoulder, a boy the other, and a maid-servant together, were attempting to force her out. "Yo-hoy, what's the matter here! (said the veteran, flinging the man to the opposite side of the room, and giving the boy a trip that laid him sprawling on the other.) Cowardly, lubberly rascals! what, grapple a vessel in distress? And you (turning to the Landlady) to stand looking on! Is this a Christian country? For shame, old woman!" "Old woman, forsooth! What you takes the part of

the young-un, eh? But she shall budge directly." "I say she shan't then. Come here, pretty one, and nobody shall harm you while old Will Block can keep the weather-gage." "Well, this is fine treatment, too, in my own house! And you, ye rascalions, who eat my victuals and take my wages, to see it tamely! Lay hold of her, I say." "Touch her if you dare, (says old Will, flourishing his stick,) and I'll—I'll—Aye, that's right, keep off, for if you come athwart my hawse, blow my wig but I'll cut your cables!" Poor Lucy had got close to his side; but fearing her protector would be injured by his generosity, she entreated him to desist. "I am not worthy your notice, Sir;—only a drop of water, for I am very faint." "Shall have the best the house affords, while I've a shot in the locker. Go along, old Mother Squeeze-lemon, and get something for the poor child; don't you see she's all becalmed?" "What, give my property to vagrums and wenches!—not I, indeed! Will you pay the reckoning?" "Avast, old Grampus! think of this here when you stands at another bar, and the last great reckoning comes—how will you look then? This will stand a black account against you, and what'll you have to rub it off with, eh? Go, get her a glass of wine." "And who's to pay? Wine, indeed!—get her some water, Jack," said the now alarmed Landlady, for Will's reflection, and the solemn manner in which it was utter'd, operated powerfully on her conscience. "Heave to, you porpoise-faced swab—none of your water; get us some wine, and the best in the house, too, d'ye hear? why, what's the lubber grinning at! Will this satisfy you, ye old she-shark? (thrusting his hand into his jacket-pocket, and drawing it out again fill'd with gold)—Will this satisfy you?" The landlady's countenance brighten'd up: "Why if so be as how you means to pay for it, that's another thing. Well, well, I dare says you're a gentleman, after all. Come, child, (to Lucy,) I'm sorry I was so harsh, but it's only my way. There, run, John, and fetch a bottle of my best wine, and some of those nice sweet cakes—Stop,

John, stop, I'll go myself for the poor dear." "Ha, ha, ha! what a generous heart! (cried Will;) how readily it expands at the voice of distress! Here's the key will unlock the flood-gates of her benevolence at any time, (holding up a guinea.) But come, pretty one, (drawing a chair,) sit down and rest." "Oh, Sir, how shall I ever repay your bounty?" said Lucy. "Wait till I ax you," replied Will, who felt hurt at the idea of being repaid. "Here, Miss, (said the Landlady, entering,) take this nice cake and wine, 'twill do you good. God bless your sweet face! why, do you think I would go for to hurt a hair of your head?" "There, there, there's enough of it—no more palaver, I arn't agreed for that, you know, though I suppose you'll consider it in the bill." Luckily at this moment, to prevent the gathering storm, the bell rung violently in another room, and she disappeared. "Come, come, don't be backward, never mind an old Sailor, (said Will.) Refresh yourself, and then tell me what I can do to serve you; speak as if I was your father." "Oh, Sir, don't talk of my father—I have fixed a wound in his heart—" "There, there, don't cry, I can't bear to see a woman's tears, it makes a fool of me; but tell me honestly all about it, for I've got to be at old Admiral M——'s by night." "Of —— Grove?" enquired Lucy, much agitated. "Why aye; do you know him?" "No, Sir; but—but I have seen—I have been in company with his nephew;" and again she burst into tears as if her heart would break. "Why aye, I see how it is; knock old Will down for a witch. I see how it is; this is some of Master Tommy's doings, eh? Zounds! (clenching his fist)—but no matter. And where are you come from?" "From my father's, Sir." "And who is your father?" "Oh do not ask me; my name is Lucy B——." "What, the daughter of old B—— that was in the *Venerable* as first Lieutenant?" "Yes, I am indeed his wretched daughter." "Zounds! why (starting up in a passion)—why, and has Tom dared—but don't be frighten'd, don't be frighten'd. And so you have deserted your home

and my poor old friend?" "Spare me, Sir, spare me: if my father was indeed your friend, who succour his erring child!" "Well, well, my upper works get crazy now—hardly able to weather the storm. But the villain that would betray innocence, and then abandon his victim—zounds!—but come, come along." "I thought of going to the Admiral's, Sir." "To be sure, to be sure; we'll be under weigh in a minute." "Yet, Sir, perhaps he will not see me, or it may be injurious to his interests; and oh I would willingly die to serve him, for he has a feeling heart." "A what! a feeling heart! Why are you here then! But come along, sweetheart;" and discharging the reckoning, they set off in company.

Of all the eccentric beings in this eccentric world, old Admiral M—— was the most eccentric. He had risen solely by merit from the station of Cabin-boy to Vice-Admiral of the White; and 'twas ever his boast that he had never skulk'd in great men's pockets, nor been afraid to dip his hands in a tar-bucket. "I came in at the hawse-holes, (he would say,) and didn't creep in at the cabin-windows." He had been known to absent himself from home for weeks together, and no one could tell where he went, or what had become of him, till his repeated acts of generous bounty discover'd the track he had taken. He would frequently return home without previous notice, enter the house unobserved, ring his bell, and order refreshments, as if he had never quitted it. Not an old sailor that ever sailed with him but was welcome to partake of his cheer; and those who had been his messmates previous to his mounting the uniform, (if of good character, but not successful as himself,) always sat at his own table. Possessed of an immense fortune, which he was accusom'd to say was drawn from the Spanish *Stocks*, yet without children, for he was a bachelor, he had adopted his nephew, determin'd to leave him the bulk of his property. The young man, who really was naturally of an amiable disposition, on this accession to his uncle's favour, associated with some of the

dashing characters of the day, and became tinctured with their vices and follies. He had been introduced to the family of Lieut. B—— by a brother Officer, and that acquaintance which terminated so sadly for poor Lucy, was begun. Yet he passionately loved her; but fearing the condemnation of the Admiral, and the loss of his patronage, he had withdrawn himself from Exeter, without even bidding her farewell, choosing rather to immure himself from the world than break the oath he had pledged to Lucy, or disoblige his Uncle by marrying without his consent, knowing that the old gentleman was ambitious for his nephew to look for a wife agreeable to the high prospects in view before him, and equally convinced that to thwart his inclinations would but annihilate all his hopes, and cast him adrift upon the world. Such was the state of affairs when Lucy left her home to endeavour to gain an interview with her lover, and fell in with old Will, who in early life, according to his own account, had sailed with the Admiral, and was now going to pay him a visit, and see some of his old messmates, of whom the principal part of the household was composed. She had been plunder'd by some villains of all she possess'd at day-break, but still continued her journey, till worn with hunger and faint with fatigue, she enter'd the inn and implored assistance.

The shades of evening fell on the landscape as they pass'd under the avenue of trees that led to Grove House. Will having promised to exert himself in obtaining an interview between Mr. M—— and his convoy, left her at a short distance and proceeded onward. Almost overpower'd by her reflections, and every pulse throbbing violently with agitation, she lean'd against the trunk of a tree, expecting to see the being whom, next Heaven, she loved most tenderly. 'Twas now too dark to distinguish objects, but she could hear footsteps approaching, and she sunk without sense or motion to the ground. On recovery, she found herself sitting on a couch in a small room, and the old housekeeper, with other females, sedu-

lously administering to her necessity. Her eye glanced wildly round for another object, while the old lady strove to soothe her mind; informing her that 'twas herself who had discovered her in the avenue at the request of old Will. Refreshments were placed, of which Lucy partook sparingly, desirous of knowing, yet trembling to ask, whether Mr. M—— was in the house, or had seen the worthy veteran, her kind conductor?

"Pray, Sir, (said the Admiral, entering the room abruptly, and addressing his nephew,) Pray, Sir, what does that man deserve who robs a friend of his dearest treasure—who, stealing into the confidence of a young and artless girl under the flag of affection, turns pirate, and plunders his prize with remorseless cruelty?" The young man sat petrified, for these questions were precisely accordant to his own feelings previous to the entrance of his Uncle. "Answer me! (exclaimed the Admiral, raising his voice)—answer me directly!"—"I cannot, Sir, I am too sensible of error." "Or what does he merit (continued the Admiral) who, contrary to the views of a relative who has raised him to opulence, first contracted himself to a young female, and then deserted her?" "Infamy—infamy and disgrace! (exclaimed the agitated M.) I feel it all—all, and shudder!" "You have judged right, Sir; your acquaintance with the poor distress'd child of Lieutenant B—— I have just received information of, and your own lips have condemn'd you." "Not so much as my heart, Sir, (replied M——.) Pass what sentence you please, but oh suffer me to expiate my fault—do not drive me to desperation!"—"Tis well, Sir, you are convinced of your error;" and ringing the bell violently, a servant appeared: "Order Mr. M——'s horse to the door." Then turning to the young

man—"This is no longer a home for you; however, you shall first have the satisfaction of facing your accuser;" and again ringing the bell, directed the servant to introduce the stranger. No culprit ever stood more agitated than M—— while these orders were given; he fixed his eyes upon the door in anxious expectation. But what were his feelings, what his agony, when Lucy herself appear'd! He would have rush'd towards her, but his Uncle caught his arm, and in a voice that made the poor girl tremble—"No, Sir; would you again coil like a snake about your victim? Would you once more sting a bosom whose only fault was loving a villain? Go, Sir; you have forfeited all pretensions to my favour—you have degraded my name—you have disgraced yourself. Go, and let me never see your face again!" This was too much for poor Lucy; she had expected a private interview with her lover, and imagined, when she quitted the house-keeper's apartment, 'twas for that purpose the folding-doors of the drawing-room were thrown open, and she found herself in the presence of the Admiral. He was habited in an immense cloak that covered his whole person, and his laced cock'd-hat upon his head; but the sentence was no sooner pronounced, than Lucy knelt before him imploring mercy. M——, at the same moment, threw himself by her side, caught her upraised hand, join'd it in his own, and offer'd his petitions with hers. The old Admiral dash'd the tears from his eyes, and overcome by the scene, grasp'd their united hands, and bless'd them. But who can express the astonishment, the gratitude of Lucy, when, throwing off his cloak and hat, he appear'd before her as her generous benefactor, protector, and guide—even old Will Block!

AN OLD SAILOR.

(Lon. Mag.)

BON MOT.—A lady being asked what was the difference between a coquette and a woman of gallantry, answered, "The same that there is between a sharper and a thief."

"Mr. Sergeant LENS has retired from the Bar." On reading the above, it appears that now the business of the Bar must go on *Volens*, as NO-LENS is requisite for the performance of it.

(Lon. Mag.)

BELZONI, THE TRAVELLER.

OUR poor friend, the enterprising

BELZONI, is dead. He fell a sacrifice to the horrid climate of Africa, and died, after a few days' illness, at Benin, on the 3d of December last. His life is before the public in his works, and requires no memoir from us. He was altogether a man of remarkable character; had raised himself to fame by his own well-directed exertions, and perished in the pursuit of those literary and and scientific labours to which he had devoted the energies of a manly body and extraordinary mind. We had a warm esteem for him, and took a heart-felt interest in his undertakings. There is now before us the last memorial which he put into our hands on leaving England, when he expressed his fixed resolution to do something memorable for African geography, or never to return: it is the medal struck to his honour by his admiring Countrymen, and presented by his native city, Padua. It has two Egyptian divinities, seated on an altar-like seat, with the inscription—OB. DONVM. PATRIA. GRATA. A. MDCCCXIX. And on the obverse—

IO BAPT. BELZONI
PATAVINO
QVI. CEPHRENIS PYRAMIDEM
APIDISQ. THEB. SEPVLCRVM
PRIMVS APERVIT
ET VRBEM. RERINICIS
NOBIAL. ET LIBYAE. MON
IMPAVIDE DETEXIT.

To this grateful tribute we shall not add any effusion of our own feelings, and regrets. Most sincerely do we mourn the event which has deprived the world of his services, and us of a personal friend.

BELZONI was on his way to Housa and Timbuctoo. Of the route to the former place the following statement was given to him by the King of Benin. It is a journey of twenty-seven days; —to Iaboo, six; thence to Eyoo, three; thence to Tappa, nine; thence to Nyfoo, four; and thence, crossing the big water, considerably above Tongara, to Housa, three. At Tongara, the big water is said to be tremendously rapid, though wide. It flows to the southward, and is thought by some to be the Niger, which disembogues itself into the Bights of Beapoor and Benin by the seven mouths called Benin, Dos Escravos, Dos Ramos, Bonny, New Calabar, Old Calabar, and Rio del Rey. Others hold that the Congo is the Niger, and that this big water is another great interior river.

Let us mention to the honour of commercial liberality, that BELZONI unsupported by any public body or government, had the sum of two hundred pounds placed at his disposal by a private individual, Mr. Briggs, of Alexandria, whose letters of credit to that amount in dollars, were sent to Messrs. Briggs & Co. at Fez, with a commission to write to his correspondent at Timbuctoo, to supply the traveller with the sum in the gold coin of the country; and as much more as he might have occasion for, if ever he happily reached the place. BELZONI, it is known altered his route in consequence of the Emperor of Morocco's interdict! and, Heaven rest his ashes! lies buried at Benin.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(Sel. Mag.)

CUSTOM OF DRAWING WATER.

GENESIS xxiv. 15, 18, 19. *Rebecca came out with her pitcher upon her shoulder.—And she let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink. And she said, I will draw water for thy camels also.*—DR. SHAW, speaking of the occupation of the Moorish women in Barbary, says, “To finish the day, at evening-time, the women go out to draw water, for

which they furnish themselves with a pitcher or goat skin, and the married women, tying their little children behind them, trudge it in this manner two or three miles to bring water.” The Persian women go in troops to draw water for the place. “I have seen,” says Mr. MORIER, “the elder ones sitting and chatting at the well, and spinning the coarse cotton of the

country, while the young girls filled the skins which contain the water, and which they all carry on their backs into the town." Mr. FORBES mentions, that in the East, women of the first distinction, like Rebecca and Rachel, draw water at the public wells, and tend their cattle; and that in some of the villages the young women carry two or three earthen jars, placed over each other, upon their head, which requiring perfect steadiness gives them an erect and stately air. He observes, however, that there is a distinction in point of rank observable in the manner in which they carry their pitchers. The higher class place them on the shoulder, as Rebecca did; the lower bear them on their head. In another part of his work he gives the following characteristic sketches of their obliging and attentive manners. "I sometimes frequented places where the natives had never seen an European, and were ignorant of every thing concerning us; there I beheld manners and customs simple as were those in the patriarchal age. There, in the very style of Re-

becca and the damsels of Mesopotamia, the Hindoo villagers treated me with that artless hospitality so delightful in the poems of Homer, and other ancient records. On a sultry day, near a Zinore village, having rode faster than my attendants, while waiting their arrival under a tamarind tree, a young woman came to the well. I asked for a little water: but, neither of us having a drinking-vessel, she hastily left me, as I imagined, to bring an earthen cup for the purpose, as I should have polluted a vessel of metal; but as Jael, when Sisera asked for water gave him milk, and brought forth butter in a lordly dish, so did this village-damsel, with more sincerity than Heber's wife, bring me a pot of milk, and a lump of butter, on the delicate leaf of the banana, the lordly dish of the Hindoos. The former I gladly accepted; on my declining the latter, she immediately made it up into two balls, and gave one to each of the oxen that drew my hackery. Butter is a luxury to these animals, and enables them to bear additional fatigue."

MARRIAGE PORTIONS.

GENESIS xxxiv. 12. "*Ask me never so much dowry and gift, and I will give according as ye shall say unto me: but give me the damsel to wife.*"—It was usual for the bridegroom to give to his bride or her father a dowry or portion of money or goods, as a kind of purchase for her person. That this was the custom among the Greeks and other ancient nations is abundantly evident from Homer and other classical writers. But the practice is still continued in some of the Asiatic countries. "The modern Arabs, who live under tents," observes DE LA ROQUE, "purchase their wives; and fathers are never more happy than when they have many daughters. This is in many cases the principal part of the riches of a house. Accordingly, when a young man would treat with a person whose daughter he is inclined to

marry, he says to him, 'Will you give me your daughter for fifty sheep? for six camels? or for a dozen cows?' If he be not rich enough to make such offers, he will propose the giving her to him for a mare or a young colt: considering in the offer the merit of the young woman, the rank of her family, and the circumstances of him that desires to marry her. When these preliminaries are agreed upon on both sides, the contract is drawn up by him who acts as *cadi*, or judge, among them."

THUNBERG alludes to the same practice as still prevailing in Japan; and observes, that the more daughters a man has and the handsomer they are, the richer he esteems himself; it being the established custom for suitors to make presents to their father-in-law before they obtain his daughter.

EASTERN LAMENTATIONS.

GENESIS i. 10. "*They mourned with a great and very sore lamentation.*"—"This," observes M. CHAR-

DIN, "is exactly the genius of the people of Asia, especially of the women. Their sentiments of joy or grief are

properly transports, and their transports are ungoverned, excessive, and outrageous. When any one returns from a long journey, or dies, his family burst into cries that may be heard twenty doors off; and this is renewed at different times and continues many days, according to the strength of the passion. Especially are these cries long in case of death, and frightful; for their mourning is downright despair and an image of hell. I was lodged, at Ispahan, near the royal square. The mistress of the next house to mine died at that time. The moment she expired, all the family, to the number of twenty-five or thirty people, set up such a furious cry that I was quite startled, and was above two hours before I could recover myself.

These cries continue a long time, then cease all at once; they begin again as suddenly at day break, and in concert. It is this suddenness which is so terrifying, together with a greater shrillness and loudness than one would easily imagine. This enraged kind of mourning continued for forty days; not equally violent, but with diminution from day to day. The longest and most violent acts were, when they washed the body, when they perfumed it, when they carried it out to be interred, at making the inventory, and when they divided the effects. You are not, however, to suppose that those who were ready to split their throats with crying out wept as much: the greater part of them did not shed a single tear through the whole tragedy."

THE HEN-PECKED AUTHOR.

(Ackerman's Repos.)

Sir,
It is my misfortune to be wedded to a shrew, by whom I am most grievously hen-pecked. "A wife," they say, "should be taken down in her wedding shoes;" but, having failed to do so, mine has become my better half in earnest, or rather, my *three-quarters*, as I call her, though not to her face. Now this is perhaps the greatest evil that could befall a poor author, and to me in particular it is so; for my three-quarters is one of those matter-of-fact persons who are very upas-trees to genius. She is so averse to my occupation, that it is only by stealth I am enabled to commit to paper the fruit of my meditations. The answer to my remonstrances against such treatment always is, "What good is to come of all this nonsense?" To attempt to reason her out of her ignorant prejudices would be downright folly. The door of her understanding seems closed against anything like argument. As well might the beggar expect relief after the door has been shut against him by the thrifty housewife, as I to be listened to when once she has given her opinion.

If I sit down to write, she is sure to find some cause for interrupting me: I am to go on some message or other; I must surrender the quill, and drop the thread of my subject, to submit my hands to serve as a spindle while she unravels some miles of cotton-twist; and at the same time have my thoughts diverted, and my patience exhausted, by a lecture on the comparative merits of brown and white soap, or some equally important topic; or I must, forsooth, prostitute my talents and waste my time in drawing out an estimate of the difference of expense between finding the maids in

tea and sugar, or giving them a guinea in lieu. It is washing week, perhaps, and I must walk out with the children, or have a legion of noisy brats quartered on me for the day; or my three-quarters wants something from the market-town, and I must drive her in the pony-chaise. All this, to an author who has his head brimful of noble ideas, which he pants to commit to paper, is purgatory itself.

Suppose, however, that it is not washing week, and that I have seen my rib—rib, do I say? surely the order of creation must, in such cases as mine, be reversed—well, suppose I have seen my wife (for that word does not imply any thing like subjection), or, if that wont do, my mistress, busily engaged in some domestic occupation, or quietly employed in scolding the maids—a job in which, being congenial to her disposition, she evinces the utmost *sang froid*, and which once begun, does not readily end—that, taking advantage of this diversion in my favour, I have seated myself snugly down to some favourite work. Well, just as I have got to an interesting passage, and my pen begins to move in unison with my rapidly conceived ideas, in bounces my three-quarters with a ponderous bundle under her arm, and, with the well-known exclamation of, "At your nonsense again, Mr. Quill!" sweeps all the noble plans which I have been cutting out for the good of the nation off the table, to make room for the calicoes which she is going to cut out for the children. Should I seek refuge from this Gothic inroad in a bed-room (for my dressing-room has long been converted into a store-room), I am quickly unknelted by some Vandal of a housemaid (for my

wife, like most scolds, is most insufferably cleanly in her house), and compelled again to break cover. It is ten to one but in a fit of rage I throw my MS. into the fire, and thus perhaps the finest scheme for the salvation of millions ends in smoke.

From your soul do not you pity me, Mr. Editor? But how will it harrow up your editorial feelings when I tell you, that, returning from town after a short absence on business of my wife's (for I am not allowed to have any of my own), and having taken that opportunity to bargain with a bookseller for the publication of a pamphlet, which, as you may suppose from the difficulties I labour under, must have cost me a world of trouble and anxiety to compose, I found that my three-quarters had got hold of the MS. and cut it up! Aye, cut it up, Mr. Editor, and before it was published (had she cut it up afterwards, it would have been but fair criticism, whether she had read it or not); and cut it up into what do you suppose? Into coverings for jam-pots! Heavens! my grand work on the liquidation of the national debt to be used as a covering for jam-pots! This was more than flesh and blood could bear. In short, it produced such a *fracas* as almost to end in a separation. It would have been well for the world had it been so; but unhappily the little property we possess came through my wife, and is so settled, that had we parted, I must have depended entirely on my brain for subsistence, and I was not then sufficiently convinced of its provisional powers to trust to its resources.

Here I would caution my friends, about to enter the marriage state, never, as they value their peace, to submit to such a settlement; or, whatever fortune a wife may bring, not to let the purse-strings out of their own hands; for as sure as ever she gets them she will turn them into reins, and then she will not only wear the breeches, but the boots and spurs also. This horrible catastrophe of the jam-pots haunts me to this day. The very sight of a sweet-

meat-pot is sufficient to throw me into fits. The sight of a hare coming into the house takes away my appetite for the day; and I would rather walk thirty miles than go near the store-room, where the sight of my mutilated pamphlet, ranged in military order on the shelves, is sufficient to throw me into a fit of the blues.

My very children, Mr. Editor, are set in array against me. The chickens, as well as the hen, have all a peck at me in turn. The baby may tear my papers with impunity, and the elder ones may pull them about, or spill the ink over my writing; while a page of "pa's nonsense" is, at any time, a trophy worthy of being exchanged for a sugar-plum.

Once, when I had smuggled a quire of foolscap into the house, it caught my wife's eye. "Ho! ho! Mr. Quill, that foolscap is to be filled by your fool's head I suppose?" This was a hard hit, and one which I did not expect from that quarter; but I thought to turn it to account, so I attacked my three-quarters on the side of her vanity, by praising her wit. But, no, it would not do; I found her impenetrable to flattery on that point. It was clear that the *bon-mot* had escaped her almost involuntarily, and that she was scarcely conscious she had said any thing out of the common way. Since this I have given up all attempts to reconcile her to my literary pursuits, which I am compelled to carry on in the old way, in holes and corners, and by sly opportunities. No wonder then if my pen, instead of displaying boldness, originality, and freedom, should partake but of the obliquity of my unfortunate situation.

If, Mr. Editor, you are desirous of my future contributions, pray give an early place to this statement, which, when she sees it in print, may perhaps produce some change of conduct in my three-quarters; for unless that be effected, I can promise you but little, and that but of indifferent quality. I am, yours, &c. &c. &c.

JEREMY QUILL.

NEW LAMP.

We have just seen one of the neatest and most convenient little inventions of the self-illuminating lamp kind which has been contrived for public use. The name of the inventor is, we understand, Mr. H. Berry. The lamp consists of a small tin box, about six inches long and three wide; it is divided longitudinally, and one of the divisions (out of which a wick rises,) is filled with oil or spirits of wine. On the other side there is an apparatus, the principal parts of which are, a sort of reel of three points, and a pulley to which a silk string of any length is attached; on pulling this, the reel makes one movement, and the first point, which is armed with a match, strikes against the wick, and instantly ignites it. A clear and bright flame is thus lighted, and will burn for eighteen hours, at a very trifling expense: threepence per week, we are assured, will keep the machine in trim.

The utility of this lamp struck us much. How convenient to the studious to have in their midnight watch only to apply to the slight silken cord, which they have laid near their pillow, for an agreeable light upon the table where their lamp was left amid books and papers? For the invalid, for all who dislike sleeping in a lighted chamber, for carriage travellers in the night, for the library and letter-sealing in summer when fires are not wanted—in short, for general use, we consider this to be a most eligible invention; and we have no doubt that it will, as soon as known, become a common article of convenience. We cannot pronounce, without experience, whether it is likely to remain long in perfect repair; but this is essential to its manufacture, and we recommend it to the care of the inventor.

Everything in London depends upon the choice of season. Irving, flung up into vogue by the extreme idleness of the time at which he was recognized among the cobwebs and grim physiognomies of the Caledonian Chapel, would have been unheard of but for the closing of Parliament, the theatres, the Law Courts, and all other places detrimental to preaching and puritanism. The "intellectual, and imaginative" world would never have hazarded the abrasion of a shinbone, or the loss of a shoe, in the crush of cross streets, but for the fatal abundance of time that afflicts it from July to November. The return of "something to do," has, therefore, extinguished the orator; and the humblest record of the wonders and absurdities of this mighty metropolis that tempts the passers by, at two-pence a number, would now disdain to allude to the performances of the Rev. E. Irving. Thurtell's affair was not less prosperous in its *tempus*. From the latter end of February, through the merry months of spring, and the merrier months of summer, Thurtell would have been tried without a whisper outside the walls of the Court, and hung with no other consideration than that which the Ordinary and the Hangman give to the family of Cut-throats. It is to be told, in vindication of the monstrous and disgusting interest that gathered round this villain and his associates, that the populace had nothing else to talk of; and in addition, that the newspapers had nothing else to publish. All was tranquil everywhere through the land. Every man, from Inverness to Scilly, was eating and drinking, walking and sleeping, *more majorum*; the old *firm* of tumult was broken up; Cobbett was splitting straw for bonnets; Hunt was roasting corn for coffee; Manchester cried not forth: and Sheffield and Birmingham were hammering away with equal patience and pleasantness; in short, the newspapers, deprived of their natural nutriment, were like mice in an exhausted receiver, they gasped, and must have, in nine instances out of ten, gasped their last, but for the sudden intelligence from Hertfordshire.

The histories a thousandfold of the frightful atrocity itself, the added histories of everything human, bestial, inanimate, that could be connected with it; the crowding down to the trial; the visages of the criminals lithographed in all directions; the shilling a-piece for a peep into Gill's-hill Cottage: the sale of the horse and gig; the sofa and the supper-table that became sacred to this insane curiosity; and lastly, the exhibition of those moveables at the suburb theatres, which exulted in dividing those reliques of the transaction; were all accountable in the same way: the prevailing famine of public subjects. Yet some of this interest was pushed within the confines of idiotism. What are we to say to the foolery that bought locks of the murderer's hair for fond remembrance, to the tender solicitations for his snuff-box and shoe-strings, or, last and greatest, to the purchase, at ten-times its worth, of the pistol, rusted with blood? This is the rabidness of a curiosity that deserves the cat-o'-nine-tails. If ever there was a murder, merciless, cold-blooded, and brutal, it was this murder—if ever there was a villain who deserved to be expunged from the earth as a disgrace and horror to his species, it was this murderer; and yet it was round this savage and sanguinary villain that those foolish affectations of sensibility were displayed. No language can be too strong for the horror of this crime, and no contempt too bitter for the miserable sympathy that attempted to turn him into a victim or a hero.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

MARRIAGES IN INDIA.

India is a mart for every thing, and has long been a receptacle for such ladies as could not find husbands at home, or whose connexions in that country are respectable. European ladies were formerly in high repute, and from the fact of being born in Europe, unconnected with accomplishments or other fascinating qualities, were sure to get husbands of some rank; men who longed after domestic happiness, would not, of course, wish to see children of a mixed breed destined to inherit their property, and carry their name to posterity. The number of

European women too was small, so that, like every other scarce article, they became highly valuable. At this time men of the highest rank in India often married women who had moved in a very humble sphere at home. However, the case is somewhat altered; European ladies have become more numerous; people are not so ready to tie the matrimonial knot on account of their Anglo descent, and many of them, at present in Calcutta, have got a very indifferent train of lovers. This change in people's inclinations may be ascribed to various causes: the most prominent among which, is this: of the numbers who came out, all could not be immaculate either in virtue or temper; and from the matrimonial unhappiness which would naturally ensue, the value of such connexions became depreciated. Persons who saw an unpleasant result, in some instances grew timid for fear of incurring a similar evil, and preferred being contented bachelors to the risk of being miserable husbands.—*Huggins's Sketches in India.*

POMPEII.

It is mentioned that some of the most recent excavations at Pompeii have been rewarded by very interesting discoveries.

MIMICRY.

There is a sort of raillery, I will not call it wit, but merriment and buffoonery, which is mimicry. The most successful mimic in the world is always the most absurd fellow, and an ape is infinitely his superior. His profession is to imitate and ridicule those natural defects and deformities, for which no man is the least accountable, and in the imitation of which he makes himself for the time as disagreeable and shocking as those he mimics.

THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

Pure elevated minds receive more pleasure from the genial warmth, the cloudless sunshine, and soft zephyrs in fine weather, than from any sensual gratification. In spite of the auxiliary bottle and seacoal fire, the masculine sex are apt to droop in a gloomy day, and no domestic amusement for the fair can so exhilarate their spirits as a walk with pleasant companions amidst

rural scenery in a bright July morn. An admirable writer confesses, "I have often, in a splenetic fit, wished myself a dormouse during the winter, and I never see one of those animals snugly wrapt in his fur, and completely happy in himself, but I contemplate him with envy beneath the dignity of a philosopher. If the art of flying were brought to perfection, the use I should make of it would be to attend the sun round the globe, and pursue the spring through every sign of the Zodiac. This love of warmth makes the heart glad at the return of Summer. How delightful is the face of nature at this season, when the earth puts forth her plants and flowers, clothed with green, and diversified with ten thousand dyes! How pleasant is it to inhale such fresh and charming odours as fill every living creature with delight!"

INFLUENCE OF SOUNDS ON THE ELEPHANT AND LION.

In the human ear the fibres of the circular tympanum radiate from its centre to its circumference, and are of equal length; but Sir E. Home has found that in the elephant, where the tympanum is oval, they are of different lengths, like the radii from the focus of an eclipse. He considers that the human ear is adapted for musical sounds by the equality of the radii, and he is of opinion that the long fibres in the tympanum of the elephant enable it to hear very minute sounds, which it is known to do. A pianoforte having been sent on purpose to Exeter Change, the higher notes hardly attracted the elephant's notice, but the low ones roused his attention. The effect of the higher notes of the pianoforte upon the great lion in Exeter Change was only to excite his attention, which was very great. He remained silent and motionless. But no sooner were the flat notes sounded, than he sprang up, attempted to break loose, lashed his tail, and seemed so furious and enraged as to frighten the female spectators. This was attended with the deepest yells, which ceased with the music. Sir E. Home has found this inequality of the fibres in neat-cattle, the horse, deer, the hare, and the cat.

IRON FOUND IN BOGOTA, IN AMERICA.

Humboldt lately communicated to the French Academy of Sciences an extract of a letter from M. Boussingault, at Santa Fé de Bogota, in which that traveller states, that he found in the Cordillera of Santa Rosa, between Timja and Bogota, many masses of very ductile native iron, some of which weighed about 30 quintals.

MAIZE GRAIN REMARKABLY RETENTIVE OF THE POWER OF GERMINATING.

It is worthy of notice, that the maize which is found in the graves of the Peruvians, who lived before the arrival of Europeans in that country, is still so fresh, that, when planted, it grows well, and yields seed.

EFFECTS OF AN EARTHQUAKE ON THE VEGETATION OF WHEAT.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that, since the great earthquake of 1687, no wheat will grow on the coast of Peru. In some places, indeed, a little is raised; but it is very unproductive. Rice, on the contrary, yields a great return. Before the earthquake, one grain of wheat yielded 200 grains.

EGGS OF INSECTS.

Divine Providence instructs the insects in a most remarkable manner to deposit their eggs, not only in safety from their numerous enemies, but also in situations where a sufficient quantity of food is on the spot to support and nourish the larva immediately on breaking the shell. The gnat, (musquito) the ephemera, the phryganea, the libellula, hover over the water all day to drop their eggs, which are hatched in the water, and continue there all the time they are in the larva form. The mass formed by the gnat resembles a little vessel set afloat by the insect; each egg is in the form of a keel, and curiously connected together. The gnat lays but one egg at a time, which she deposits in the water in a very ingenious and simple manner, she stretches her legs out and crosses them, thus forming an angle to receive and hold the first egg; a second egg is soon placed next the first; then a third, and so on, till the base is capable of supporting itself; these, as they come to maturity, sink deeper. The spawn of this insect is somewhat above an inch long, and one-eighth of an inch in di-

ameter, and tied by a little stem or stalk to some stick or stone. Sometimes they are laid in a single, and sometimes in a double spiral line; sometimes transversely. Many of the moths cover their offspring with a thick bed of hair, which they gather from their own body; while others cover them with a glutinous composition, which, when hard, protects them from moisture, rain, and cold. The gall flies, it has been observed, know how to open the nerves of the leaves, to deposit their eggs in a place which afterwards serves them for a lodging and a magazine of food. The solitary bees and wasps prepare a habitation for their little ones in the earth, placing there a proper quantity of food for them, when they proceed from the egg. The voracious spider is careful of its eggs; the wolf spider carries them on its back in a little bag of its silk.

Algiers—The country round the warlike city of Algiers is very mountainous, having snow on the tops and sides in the higher regions; but the hills and vallies are beautifully ornamented with trees, and all the flats are in high cultivation. The city stands on the point of the Mole Head; the buildings are mostly of white stone, angularly shaped; there are batteries, with heavy brass guns, all round towards the sea, and a light-house nearly as high as the Monument in London, with an immense luminary on the summit; a half-moon battery of 120 guns protects the entrance into the Mole. In the inner Mole or harbour, we can distinctly see the masts of several frigates and small cruizers. Soon after we anchored in the bay, the captain of the port came on board; he is a fine manly-looking personage, with a long bushy grey beard, an immense long red turban, long red trowsers or wrappers, and a blue coat jacket richly embroidered with gold braiding on the shoulders, backs, elbows and wrists; he wore no stockings, his slippers were of thin blue leather, with strings or buckles.—*Ext. of a letter dated 18th Apr.*

FROM THE GERMAN—*For a Catch.*

CASSINI, that uncommon man,
In vain Heaven's azure depth doth scan,

New stars in it to see:

The reason's plain—he pores, and thinks,
And pores again; but never drinks

His wine like you and me.

We know far better; we can sit
Astronomers midst wine and wit

Without or toil or trouble;

And then, when through our glass we pore.

New stars we see ne'er seen before;

And hark ye, friend, I'll tell thee more;

We see each old star double.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

Hatching Chickens—Capt. Parry's Déjeuné.

Hatching Chickens by Steam is no joke: I have seen it done, and it is doing in a room over Mr. Bullock's Mexican Exhibition. There are hundreds of eggs, not only of hens, ducks, and other domestic poultry, but of emus* and other strange birds, in the common course of incubation. The apparatus is very simple. The eggs are deposited in trays on straw, and kept at a temperature of about 101, the natural temperature being about 104. In three weeks, the usual period for hens, the chickens burst the shell, and seem as healthy and lively as when produced by the common process. Other birds and fowls follow the same rule as to time. But the most extraordinary part of this exhibition is an invention to show or demonstrate the whole progress of hatching from day to day, from the first deposition of the egg to the final development and ejection of the animal. This consists of a series of twenty-one illuminated vessels, in each of which an egg is exposed, opened, from the first to the twenty-first day, and viewed through a glass. Thus the entire operation and secret of nature is rendered palpable to the sense. You see the yolk thicken; by the third day it displays whitish annular rings; by the fifth there is a red speck and a curious formation of slight red fibres—the future heart and blood-vessels of the bird; by the eighth or ninth these assume more perfect forms, and a black speck indicates the eye, which, in a few days more, is placed in the head above the beak; all these, and all the other parts, feathers, &c. gradually form, till at last, about the nineteenth day, the remainder of the yolk is drawn into the body by the navel, and the perfect animal subsists thereon till it is enabled to burst its shell. This it effects very ingeniously. But I must often revisit this striking exhibition, which throws a wonderful light upon one of the least understood matters in the whole circle of natural science. I have only at present to add, that the first indication

of vital function takes place, as nearly as possible, about the seventy-second hour, when a quivering, like an electric spark, is observable. This is almost too minute for human sense, and vanishes momentarily: yet it seems to be the beginning of life, the incipient of the nervous system.

Captain Parry's *déjeuné* on board the *Hecla* on Tuesday, was a sight to be seen. There were assembled as many lions (independent of the Captain) as the acquaintance of the entertainers and the showery morning allowed. A steam ship, a hulk ship, and the two discovery ships, were *tied* alongside of each other as the scene of action. Flags were over head, instead of being under feet as in the street pavements; and this the ladies considered to be a great novelty. But they seemed to be infinitely more amused in rummaging the officers' and sailors' *binths* (not their being brought into existence, but the sea term for their sleeping holes,) and never was vessels more curiously inspected. There was hardly a female present who did not display great talents for a Discovery Expedition, and if their organs of appropriation were at all comparable, I am sure they might as well have remained on board the hulk, or stayed ready for the transport. The refreshment tables were spread between decks; and the early visitors, with appetites sharpened by voyaging on the Thames, cast many a longing and lingering look below, till the time arrived when the *hatchways* were thrown open, and the *chickens* were consequently attackable. Then there was a rush down a narrow stair inscribed "Way down;" and after the first mess was satisfied, they revisited the upper deck by another ladder, marked "Way up." Others succeeded them, and some danced and sang. Among the latter were Leete, Hawes, Terrail, Goodall, Paton, and Pasta; but Miss Stephens was not there, because the weather looked lowering. After a few hours spent in the most agreeable manner imaginable, every body was tired and came away.

* These require seven weeks and six days incubation.

Some of the fair sex were however so enchanted, that they expressed their willingness to go even to the North Pole; but Captain Parry (it was whispered) declined entering into any female engagements previous to sailing on *this voyage*.

Our *little* friend, Miss Chracami, is so beset with visitors, in consequence of our report, that it seems to have turned her little brain. Only think of a jilt and coquette of five pounds averted! This is literally the case, and the ingrate absolutely broke an engagement with us last Sunday. We would revenge ourselves, but as Swift says—

Who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?

Our *great* friend, the Swiss Giantess, cycled in the bills, "The beautiful Swiss," may be so to the lovers of loveliness on a large scale: more than enough for us. Her manners are wonderfully modest, considering her profession. Her beauty is of the heavy German cast; her limbs thickish or so; but she is altogether well proportioned, about 23 years old, six feet five inches high, 24 stone weight, and can lift 3 cwt. with one hand! The great King of Prussia being dead some time, she has been allowed to leave the Continent; and may be seen, by the admirers of *great* curiosities, in Piccadilly.

The Ramahs!—One would think the population of the British Metropolis had turned Turks, and this was the season of the Ramadan; for we have the Diarama, Cosmorama, Panorama, Peristrepheic-panorama, and Naturorama, all inviting the public to pay for a peep. I made my second visit to the Diorama the other day, which was clear and eligible for the purpose. This is really a charming illusion, by whatever means produced; by transparent colours, reflected lights, and the intervention of opaque or demi-opaque substances behind the pictures. The process is a triumph of art, and the curious will do well to see it before a change of scene takes place. The Valley of Sarnen, with its snow-topped mountains, its misty distances, its smiling slopes, its waters now lucent and

now clouded, its picturesque cottages, its pastoral herds, (and *not* that little trick of a flowing rill), is a beautiful subject for contemplation. It perfects the idea of Switzerland in the untravelled spectator. The other piece, the Chapel of the Trinity in Canterbury Cathedral, is a good companion to the landscape; differing in character, and being equally well executed. I have discovered by my peculiar instinct in such matters, that these pictures are not entirely plain surfaces—let who will gainsay me. In Paris, I observe, they have got a Diorama of the ruined Chapel of Holy-rod (as they call it, meaning, I suppose, St. Anthony's). It is painted by Daguerre, and exhibited under varieties of moon and lamp-light. The effect of the latter in the hands of a mourning female, and deposited on a tomb, is said to be very touching;—*La mélancolie est friande*, quoth old Montaigne, and the Parisians here confess it.

The Panorama of Pompeii, in the Strand, represents an object of *deep* interest.—I do not mean from its having been buried so long. The view is taken from an angle so high as to present Pompeii in a light in which it never can be seen. But perhaps this was unavoidable, in order to display all its features. The design and execution are alike excellent. In one minute you must fancy yourself a creature of eighteen centuries ago—you were acquainted with the elder Pliny, and mourn his recent fate. Forum, and Temple, and Basilica, and Prison, at first strike the eye; but you soon enter into the far more romantic feeling, which is excited by the commonest objects—the ancient inn with its broken cars and wine vessels: the baker's shop with its ovens and mills; the kitchen of Panza, with its stoves and paintings of victuals;—these awaken strange thoughts, and the people, the occupations, the habits, the manners, the customs, the enjoyments of other times, are rapidly conjured up by the imagination, while the sight rests on so perfect a picture of their actual existence when sudden ruin overwhelmed them. It is the best revival of ancient recollections, none denique.

The Cosmorama, in Regent-street, consists of a series of views, at which you look through powerfully magnifying glasses. There are seven well-chosen pieces belonging to Asia and Africa; and on the other, seven pertaining to Europe and America.

The Naturorama, in Bond-street, is, as its name indicates, a most particular

humbug. Never grudging a shilling so much in my life; being a little vexed at finding myself so completely imposed upon. You are allowed to look through glasses at miserable *models* of places, persons, and landscapes; while two or three nasty people sit eating onions and oranges in a corner of the room.

(New Mon.)

THE CHOICE.

FLORA had an eye of blue,
Gentle, languishing, and clear—
Lips like roses dipp'd in dew,
Vermeil cheeks, and forehead white—
Such a being of delight
Poets sometimes bring us near.

Mary had a dark full eye,
And a cheek of healthy red;
Brown her hue—good-naturedly
Her lips were ever on the smile
With expression free of guile;
None her beauty captive led.

Flora knew she had a face
Lovely as mortal ever saw;
She was vain, and every place
Where she moved, admirers came,
Praised her beauty, spread her fame,—
Made her nod a sovereign law.

Mary of herself ne'er thought—
Never dream'd of fifty lovers;
For her sober reason taught
She could be content with one,
And her wishes never run
On a troop of idle rovers.

Flora, fond of coquetry,
Pitied none who sighed before her;
Open, generous, vain, or sly—

All who bowed she welcome gave,
Proud to hail a new-made slave—
A fresh suppliant to adore her.

Mary, simple creature! thought
Such a homage insincere;
She all lovers set at nought,
But the youth who little praised,
Sighed and blushed, and slyly gazed,
If another eye was near.

Flora was a beauteous show,
Cold as marble was her heart;
Love her bosom never knew,
Passion she had never felt
When her warmest lover knelt,—
She was but a thing of art.

Mary had a bosom soft,
Beating fondness and good-nature;
She would weep and sigh as oft
She met with woe or misery—
If her lover bent his knee,
Passion burn'd in every feature.

Who to choose would hesitate—
Between love or lifeless beauty?
Need I then my choice relate!
I despise the fairest face
That no sweet emotions grace—
I to Mary pay my duty.

(Lon. Mag.)

THE ALMOND BRANCH.

From the French.

THY snowy blossoms do but rise,
Symbol of beauty's fleeting ray;
Which like them blushes, blooms and dies,
Ere smiling spring has passed away.

Neglect them, or with care around
Thy brow the infant blossoms braid,
Yet leaf by leaf they will be found
To fly, e'en as our pleasures fade.

These fleeting joys still let us prize—
Dispute them with the passing gale;
The perfume which so quickly dies,
From blooming chalices inhale.

Emblem of beauty's transient power!
The bud that opens with the morn;
Which falls before the festal hour
From laughing brows it should adorn!

Each hour proclaims th' approach of Spring—
Fair Spring, whose charms can never cloy;
Each flowret borne on Zephyr's wing
Soft whispers, "While thou canst, enjoy!"

And since they perish then for ever,
Since no return they e'er may prove;
O may the roses wither never.
Unless beneath the lips of love.

SPIRIT

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[VOL. I. N.S.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Mon. Mag.)

JOOLOAK'S SONG.

(*Vide Captain Parry's Voyage.*)

"I WOULD not leave home, for my father would
cry ;"

My friends they would mourn, and my maiden
would die :

I would not leave home, tho' of ice and of snow,—
I have joys which no stranger can relish or know :

I can gather my meal

From the walrus and seal,

Ah, why should I wander to Europe? "No, no!"

The beam of my slumbers, the spirit of sleep,

Is dear in the promise that safely I keep ;

I can traverse the isles in the gleaming of day,

And remember my friends who are voyaged away :

In my hut, by my oil,

I can rest from my toil,

Then why should I wander to Europe?—"Nay,
nay!"

My dogs they are faithful, my skins they are warm.

The lips of my maiden, how sweetly they charm !

Suns will shine in the zone of Love's beautiful dress,

And the heart with Love's eye-stars will feelings
express ;

Ah, why should I roam

From my treasures and home ?

My spirit would break were my answer, "Yes, yes!"

Islington, April 14, 1824.

J. R. PRIOR.

(Europ. Mag.)

THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

Mark yonder hag, that mutters as she goes ;
She deals in charms—can read the Book of Fate,
And tell the future with unerring skill,
One of the Gipsy tribe, whom maids consult,
When silver spoons are missing—or when Love
Beats an alarm in their timid hearts.

BENEATH yon hedge I saw them stand,
The Gipsy held the maiden's hand ;
And as its lines she paus'd to trace,
She gaz'd upon an anxious face.

I mark'd them both—the moon was high,
And pure and cloudless was the sky ;
And as I listen'd in the shade,
The Sybil thus addressed the maid.

Maiden, thou would'st have told to thee
The secret of thy destiny ;
Then on this palm now plac'd in mine,
For thee I'll read each mystic line.

'Tis a fair hand—a fairer one
These aged eyes ne'er gaz'd upon ;
But ah ! these signs too well betray,
That clouds will cross thy summer's day !

This is the line of hope—and this
Should be the mark of love and bliss.
But that it ends abruptly here—
Oh ! maiden—thou hast much to fear.

A dark ey'd man will cross thy way,
Thy guileless bosom to betray ;
And he will use his honied tongue
To win thee—beautiful and young !

Maiden—what means that hoding sigh ?
Thou hast already met his eye ;
Thy ear hath drunk his accents sweet,
Unconscious of their deep deceit.

I see 'tis so—thy cheek is pale ;
Thou dost not like to hear the tale ;
But thou his proffer'd love must spurn,
Or thine will meet a base return !

Thou hast a pure and polish'd brow,
'Tis lovely in the moonlight now ;
Thou hast an eye, beneath whose lid
The softest light of love is hid ;

So much the worse, for I can trace
Upon that pure and polish'd place,
Whose whiteness shames the feath'ry snow,
Ere yet it touches earth below,

Impassion'd thoughts—fond hopes and feelings.
A soul awake to Love's revealings ;
A heart that doted and believed !
Was ruined—wretched—and deceived !

Weep not—weep not—but steel thy soul
Against deceitful Love's controul,
His power once rooted in thy breast,
Then farewell happiness and rest.

Maiden—my skill can only see
Thus far into thy destiny ;
The rest remains conceal'd from view,
Behind yon canopy of blue.

The gipsy paus'd—the maiden sigh'd,
A heaving sigh she turn'd to hide,
Then slow and sadly bent her way
To yon low tenement of clay.

While mutt'ring words of magic power,
The Sybil sought her woody bower ;
And I to cheat the fleeting time,
Mused my sad feelings into rhyme. G. L. A.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

DOGS.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

THERE being no adage more generally established, or better founded, than that the principal conversation of shepherds meeting on the hills is either about DOGS or LASSES, I shall make each of these important topics a head, or rather a *snag*, in my Pastoral Calendar, whereon to hang a few amusing anecdotes ; the one of these forming the chief support, and the other the chief temporal delight, of the shepherd's solitary and harmless life.

Though it may appear a singular perversion of the order of nature to put the dogs before the lasses, I shall nevertheless begin with the former. I think I see how North will chuckle at this, and think to himself how this is all of the shepherd being fallen into the back ground of life, (by which epithet he is pleased to distinguish the married state,) for that he had seen the day he would hardly have given angels the preference to lasses, not to speak of a parcel of tatted towsy tykes !

I beg your pardon, sir, but utility should always take precedency of pleasure. A shepherd may be a very able, trusty, and good shepherd, without a sweetheart—better, perhaps, than with one. But what is he without his dog ? A mere post, sir—a nonentity as a shepherd—no better than one of the grey stones upon the side of his hill. A literary pedlar, such as yourself, Sir Christy, and all the thousands beside who deal in your small wares, will not believe, that a single shepherd and his dog will accomplish more in gathering a stock of sheep from a Highland farm, than twenty shepherds could do without dogs. So that you see, and it is a fact, that, without this docile little animal, the pastoral life would be a mere

blank. Without the shepherd's dog, the whole of the open mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth a sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a stock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock were capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd feel an interest in his dog ; he is indeed the fellow that earns the family's bread, of which he is himself content with the smallest morsel ; always grateful, and always ready to exert his utmost abilities in his master's interest. Neither hunger, fatigue, nor the worst of treatment, will drive him from his side ; he will follow him through fire and water, as the saying is, and through every hardship, without murmur or repining, till he literally fall down dead at his foot. If one of them is obliged to change masters, it is sometimes long before he will acknowledge the new one, or condescend to work for him with the same avidity as he did for his former lord ; but if he once acknowledge him, he continues attached to him till death ; and though naturally proud and high-spirited, in as far as relates to his master, these qualities (or rather failings) are kept so much in subordination, that he has not a will of his own. Of such a grateful, useful, and disinterested animal, I could write volumes ; and now that I have got on my hobby, I greatly suspect that all my friends at Ambrose's will hardly get me off again.

I once sent you an account of a notable dog of my own, named Sirrah, which amused a number of your readers a great deal, and put their faith in

my veracity somewhat to the test ; but in this district, where the singular qualities of the animal were known, so far from any of the anecdotes being disputed, every shepherd values himself to this day on the possession of facts far outstripping any of those recorded by you formerly. With a few of these I shall conclude this paper.

But, in the first place, I must give you some account of my own renowned Hector,* which I promised long ago. He was the son and immediate successor of the faithful old Sirrah ; and though not nearly so valuable a dog as his father, he was a far more interesting one. He had three times more humour and whim about him ; and though exceedingly docile, his bravest acts were mostly tinged with a grain of stupidity, which showed his reasoning faculty to be laughably obtuse.

I shall mention a striking instance of it. I was once at the farm of Shorthope, on Etrick head, receiving some lambs that I had bought, and was going to take to market, with some more, the next day. Owing to some accidental delay, I did not get final delivery of the lambs till it was growing late ; and being obliged to be at my own house that night, I was not a little dismayed lest I should scatter and lose my lambs, if darkness overtook me. Darkness did overtake me by the time I got half way, and no ordinary darkness for an August evening. The lambs having been weaned that day, and of the wild black-faced breed, became exceedingly unruly, and for a good while I lost hopes of mastering them. Hector managed the point, and we got them safe home ; but both he and his master were alike sore forefoughten. It had become so dark, that we were obliged to fold them with candles ; and after closing them safely up, I went home with my father and the rest to supper. When Hector's supper was set down, behold he was wanting ! and as I knew we had him at the fold, which was within call of the house, I went out, and called and whistled on him for a good while, but he did not make his appearance. I was distressed

about this ; for, having to take away the lambs next morning, I knew I could not drive them a mile without my dog, if it had been to save me the whole drove.

The next morning, as soon as it was day, I arose and inquired if Hector had come home. No ; he had not been seen. I knew not what to do ; but my father proposed that he would take out the lambs and herd them, and let them get some meat to fit them for the road ; and that I should ride with all speed to Shorthope, to see if my dog had gone back there. Accordingly, we went together to the fold, to turn out the lambs, and there was poor Hector sitting trembling in the very middle of the fold door, on the inside of the flake that closed it, with his eyes still steadfastly fixed on the lambs. He had been so hardly set with them after it grew dark, that he durst not for his life leave them, although hungry, fatigued, and cold ; for the night had turned out a deluge of rain. He had never so much as lain down, for only the small spot that he sat on was dry, and there had he kept watch the whole night. Almost any other colley would have discerned that the lambs were safe enough in the fold, but honest Hector had not been able to see through this. He even refused to take my word for it, for he durst not quit his watch, though he heard me calling both at night and morning.

Another peculiarity of his was, that he had a mortal antipathy at the family mouser, which was ingrained in his nature from his very puppyhood ; yet so perfectly absurd was he, that no impertinence on her side, and no baiting on, could ever induce him to lay his mouth on her, or injure her in the slightest degree. There was not a day, and scarcely an hour passed over, that the family did not get some amusement with these two animals. Whenever he was within doors, his whole occupation was watching and pointing the cat from morning to night. When she flitted from one place to another, so did he in a moment ; and then squatting down, he kept his point sedulously, till he was either called off, or fell asleep.

* See the Mountain Pard.

He was an exceedingly poor taker of meat, was always to press to it, and always lean ; and often he would not taste it till we were obliged to bring in the cat. The malicious looks that he cast at her from under his eyebrows on such occasions, were exceedingly ludicrous, considering his utter incapability of wronging her. Whenever he saw her, he drew near his bicker, and looked angry, but still he would not taste till she was brought to it ; and then he cocked his tail, set up his birses, and began a lapping furiously, in utter desperation. His good nature was so immoveable, that he would never refuse her a share of what he got ; he even lapped close to the one side of the dish, and left her room—but mercy as he did ply !

It will appear strange to you to hear a dog's *reasoning faculty* mentioned, as I have done ; but, I declare, I have hardly ever seen a shepherd's dog do any thing, without perceiving his reasons for it. I have often amused myself in calculating what his motives were for such and such things, and I generally found them very cogent ones. But Hector had a droll stupidity about him, and took up forms and rules of his own, for which I could never perceive any motive that was not even farther out of the way than the action itself. He had one uniform practice, and a very bad one it was ; during the time of family worship, and just three or four seconds before the conclusion of the prayer, he started to his feet, and ran barking round the apartment like a crazed beast. My father was so much amused with this, that he would never suffer me to correct him for it, and I scarcely ever saw the old man rise from the prayer without his endeavouring to suppress a smile at the extravagance of Hector. None of us ever could find out how he knew that the prayer was near done, for my father was not formal in his prayers ; but certes he did know,—of that we had nightly evidence. There never was any thing for which I was so puzzled to discover a motive as this ; but, from accident, I did discover it, and, however ludicrous it may appear, I am certain I was correct. It was much

in character with many of Hector's feats, and rather, I think, the most *outré* of any principle he ever acted on. As I said, his great daily occupation was pointing the cat. Now, when he saw us kneel all down in a circle, with our faces couched on our paws, in the same posture with himself, it struck his absurd head, that we were all engaged in pointing the cat. He lay on tenters all the time, but the acuteness of his ear enabling him, through time, to ascertain the very moment when we would all spring to our feet, he thought to himself, " I shall be first after her for you all."

He inherited his dad's unfortunate ear for music, not perhaps in so extravagant a degree, but he ever took care to exhibit it on the most untimely and ill-judged occasions. Owing to some misunderstanding between the minister of the parish and the session clerk, the precenting in church devolved on my father, who was the senior elder. Now, my father could have sung several of the old church tunes middling well, in his own family circle ; but it so happened, that, when mounted in the desk, he never could command the starting notes of any but one (St. Paul's), which were always in undue readiness at the root of his tongue, to the exclusion of every other semibreve in the whole range of sacred melody. The minister, giving out psalms four times in the course of every day's service, consequently, the congregation were treated with St. Paul's, in the morning, at great length, twice in the course of the service, and then once again at the close. Nothing but St. Paul's. And, it being of itself a monotonous tune, nothing could exceed the monotony that prevailed in the primitive church of Ettrick. Out of pure sympathy for my father alone, I was compelled to take the precentorship in hand ; and, having plenty of tunes, for a good while I came on *as well as could be expected*, as men say of their wives. But, unfortunately for me, Hector found out that I attended church every Sunday, and though I had him always closed up carefully at home, he rarely failed in making his appearance in church at some time of

the day. Whenever I saw him, a tremor came over my spirits, for I well knew what the issue would be. The moment that he heard my voice strike up the psalm, "with might and majesty," then did he fall in with such overpowering vehemence, that he and I seldom got any to join in the music but our two selves. The shepherds hid their heads, and laid them down on the backs of the seats, rowed in their plaids, and the lasses looked down to the ground and laughed till their faces grew red. I despised to stick the tune, and therefore was obliged to carry it on in spite of the obstreperous accompaniment; but I was, time after time, so completely put out of all countenance with the brute, that I was obliged to give up my office in disgust, and leave the parish once more to their old friend, St. Paul.

Hector was quite incapable of performing the same feats among sheep that his father did; but, as far as his judgment served him, he was a docile and obliging creature. He had one singular quality, of keeping true to the charge to which he was set. If we had been shearing, or sorting sheep in any way, when a division was turned out, and Hector got the word to attend to them, he would have done it pleasantly, for a whole day, without the least symptom of weariness. No noise or hurry about the fold, which brings every other dog from his business, had the least effect upon Hector, save that it made him a little troublesome on his own charge, and set him a running round and round them, turning them in at corners, out of a sort of impatience to be employed as well as his baying neighbours at the fold. Whenever old Sirrah found himself hard set in commanding wild sheep on steep ground, where they are worst to manage, he never failed, without any hint to the purpose, to throw himself wide in below them, and lay their faces to the hill, by which means he got the command of them in a minute. I never could make Hector comprehend this advantage, with all my art, although his father found it out entirely of himself. The former would turn or wear sheep no other way, but

on the hill above them; and tho' very good at it, he gave both them and himself double the trouble and fatigue.

It cannot be supposed that he could understand all that was passing in the little family circle, but he certainly comprehended a good part of it. In particular, it was very easy to discover that he rarely missed aught that was said about himself, the sheep, the cat, or of a hunt. When aught of that nature came to be discussed, Hector's attention and impatience soon became manifest. There was one winter evening, I said to my mother that I was going to Bowerhope for a fortnight, for that I had more conveniency for writing with Alexander Laidlaw, than at home; and I added, "But I will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with the rest of the dogs, singing music, or breeding some uproar."—"Na, na," quoth she, "leave Hector with me; I like aye best to have him at hame, poor fallow."

These were all the words that passed. The next morning the waters were in a great flood, and I did not go away till after breakfast; but when the time came for tying up Hector, he was wanting.—"The d——'s in that beast," said I, "I will wager that he heard what we were saying yesternight, and has gone off for Bowerhope as soon as the door was opened this morning."

"If that should really be the case, I'll think the beast no canny," said my mother.

The Yarrow was so large as to be quite impassable, so that I had to go up by St. Mary's Loch, and go across by the boat; and, on drawing near to Bowerhope, I soon perceived that matters had gone precisely as I suspected. Large as the Yarrow was, and it appeared impassable by any living creature, Hector had made his escape early in the morning, had swum the river, and was sitting, "like a drookit hen," on a knoll at the east end of the house, awaiting my arrival with great impatience. I had a great attachment to this animal, who, with a good deal of absurdity, joined all the amiable qualities of his species. He was rather of a small size, very rough and shaggy, and not far from the colour of a fox.

His son, Lion, was the very picture of his dad, had a good deal more sagacity, but also more selfishness. A history of the one, however, would only be an epitome of that of the other. Mr. William Nicholson took a fine likeness of this latter one, which that gentleman still possesses. He could not get him to sit for his picture in such a position as he wanted, till he exhibited a singularly fine picture of his, of a small dog, on the opposite side of the room. Lion took it for a real animal, and, disliking its fierce and important look exceedingly, he immediately set up his ears, and his shaggy birses, and fixing a stern eye on the picture, in manifest wrath, he would then sit for a whole day, and point his eye at it, without budging or altering his position.

It is a curious fact, in the history of these animals, that the most useless of the breed have often the greatest degree of sagacity in trifling and useless matters. An exceedingly good sheep dog attends to nothing else, but that particular branch of business to which he is bred. His whole capacity is exerted and exhausted on it, and he is of little avail in miscellaneous matters; whereas, a very indifferent cur, bred about the house, and accustomed to assist with every thing, will often put the more noble breed to disgrace, in these paltry services. If one calls out, for instance, that the cows are in the corn, or the hens in the garden, the house-colley needs no other hint, but runs and turns them out. The shepherd's dog knows not what is a stir; and, if he is called out in a hurry for such work, all that he will do is to break to the hill, and rear himself up on end, to see if no sheep are running away. A bred sheep-dog, if coming ravening from the hills, and getting into a milk-house, would most likely think of nothing else than filling his belly with the cream. Not so his uninitiated brother. He is bred at home, to far higher principles of honour. I have known such to lie night and day, among from ten to twenty pails full of milk, and never once break the cream of one of them with the tip of his tongue, nor would he suffer cat,

rat, or any other creature, to touch it. This latter sort, too, are far more acute at taking up what is said in a family. There was a farmer of this country, a Mr. Alexander Cuninghame, who had a bitch that, for the space of three or four years, in the latter part of her life, met him always at the foot of his farm, about a mile and a half from his house, on his way home. If he was half a day away, a week, or a fortnight, it was all the same; she met him at that spot, and there never was an instance seen of her going to wait his arrival there on a wrong day. If this was a fact, which I have heard averred by people who lived in the house at that time, she could only know of his coming home by hearing it mentioned in the family. The same animal would have gone and brought the cows from the hill when it grew dark, without any bidding, yet she was a very indifferent sheep-dog.

The anecdotes of these animals are all so much alike, that were I but to relate the thousandth part of those I have heard, they would often look very much like repetitions. I shall therefore only in this paper mention one or two of the most singular, which I know to be well authenticated.

There was a shepherd lad near Langholm, whose name was Scott, who possessed a bitch, famed over all the West Border for her singular tractability. He could have sent her home with one sheep, two sheep, or any given number, from any of the neighbouring farms; and in the lambing season it was his uniform practice to send her home with the kebbed ewes just as he got them.—I must let the town reader understand this. A kebbed ewe is one whose lamb dies. As soon as such is found, she is immediately brought home by the shepherd, and another lamb put to her; and this lad, on going his rounds on the hill, whenever he found a kebbed ewe, he immediately gave her in charge to his bitch to take home, which saved him from coming back that way again, and going over the same ground he had looked before. She always took them carefully home, and put them into a fold, which was close by the house,

keeping watch over them, till she was seen by some one of the family ; and then that moment she decamped, and hasted back to her master, who sometimes sent her three times home in one morning, with different charges. It was the custom of the farmer to watch her, and take the sheep in charge from her ; but this required a good deal of caution ; for as soon as she perceived that she was seen, whether the sheep were put into the fold or not, she conceived her charge at an end, and no flattery could induce her to stay and assist in folding them. There was a display of accuracy and attention in this, that I cannot say I have ever seen equalled.

The late Mr. Steel, flesher in Peebles, had a bitch that was fully equal to the one mentioned above, and that in the very same qualification too. Her feats in taking home sheep from the neighbouring farms into the flesh-market at Peebles by herself, form innumerable anecdotes in that vicinity, all similar to one another. But there is one instance related of her, that combines so much sagacity with natural affection, that I do not think the history of the animal creation furnishes such another.

Mr. Steel had such an implicit dependence on the attention of this animal to his orders, that whenever he put a lot of sheep before her, he took a pride of leaving it to herself, and either remained to take a glass with the farmer of whom he had made the purchase, or took another road, to look after bargains or other business. But one time he chanced to commit a drove to her charge at a place called Willenslee, without attending to her condition, as he ought to have done. This farm is five miles from Peebles, over wild hills, and there is no regularly defined path to it. Whether Mr. Steel remained behind, or took another road, I know not ; but on coming home late in the evening, he was astonished at hearing that his faithful animal had never made her appearance with the drove. He and his son, or servant, instantly prepared to set out by different paths in search of her ; but on their going out to the street, there was she

coming with the drove, no one missing ; and, marvellous to relate, she was carrying a young pup in her mouth ! She had been taken in travail on these hills ; and how the poor beast had contrived to manage her drove in her state of suffering, is beyond human calculation ; for her road lay through sheep the whole way. Her master's heart smote him when he saw what she had suffered and effected ; but she was nothing daunted ; and having deposited her young one in a place of safety, she again set out full speed to the hills, and brought another, and another, till she brought her whole litter, one by one ; but the last one was dead. I give this as I have heard it related by the country people ; for though I knew Mr. Walter Steel well enough, I cannot say I ever heard it from his own mouth. I never entertained any doubt, however, of the truth of the relation, and certainly it is worthy of being preserved, for the credit of that most docile and affectionate of all animals—the shepherd's dog.

The stories related of the dogs of sheep-stealers are fairly beyond all credibility. I cannot attach credit to those without believing the animals to have been devils incarnate, come to the earth for the destruction of both the souls and bodies of men. I cannot mention names, for the sake of families that still remain in the country ; but there have been sundry men executed, who belonged to this department of the realm, for that heinous crime, in my own time ; and others have absconded, just in time to save their necks. There was not one of these to whom I allude who did not acknowledge his dog to be the greatest aggressor. One young man, in particular, who was, I believe, overtaken by justice for his first offence, stated, that after he had folded the sheep by moonlight, and selected his number from the flock of a former master, he took them out, and set away with them towards Edinburgh. But before he had got them quite off the farm, his conscience smote him, as he said, (but more likely a dread of that which soon followed,) and he quitted the sheep, letting them go again to the hill. He

called his dog off them ; and mounting his pony, he rode away. At that time he said his dog was capering and playing around him, as if glad of having got free of a troublesome business ; and he regarded him no more, till, after having rode about three miles, he thought again and again that he heard something coming up behind him. Halting, at length, to ascertain what it was, in a few minutes there comes his dog with the stolen drove, driving them at a furious rate to keep up with his master. The sheep were all smoking, and hanging out their tongues, and their driver was fully as warm as they. The young man was now exceedingly troubled ; for the sheep having been brought so far from home, he dreaded there would be a pursuit, and he could not get them home again before day. Resolving, at all events, to keep his hands clear of them, he corrected his dog in great wrath, left the sheep once more, and taking his dog with him, rode off a second time. He had not ridden above a mile, till he perceived that his dog had again given him the slip ; and suspecting for what purpose, he was terribly alarmed as well as chagrined ; for the day-light approached, and he durst not make a noise calling on his dog, for fear of alarming the neighbourhood, in a place where both he and his dog were known. He resolved therefore to abandon the animal to himself, and take a road across the country which he was sure his dog did not know, and could not follow. He took that road ; but being on horseback, he could not get across the enclosed fields. He at length came to a gate, which he closed behind him, and went about half a mile farther, by a zigzag course, to a farm-house where both his sister and sweetheart lived ; and at that place he remained till after breakfast time. The people of this house were all examined on the trial, and no one had either seen sheep, or heard them mentioned, save one man, who came up to the aggressor as he was standing at the stable-door, and told him that his dog had the sheep safe enough down at the Crooked Yett, and he needed not hurry himself. He answered, that the sheep

were not his—they were young Mr. Thomson's, who had left them to his charge ; and he was in search of a man to drive them, which made him come off his road.

After this discovery, it was impossible for the poor fellow to get quit of them ; so he went down and took possession of the stolen drove once more, carried them on, and disposed of them ; and, finally, the transaction cost him his life. The dog, for the last four or five miles that he had brought the sheep, could have no other guide to the road his master had gone, but the smell of his pony's feet. I appeal to every unprejudiced person if this was not as like one of the devil's tricks as an honest colley's.

It is also well known that there was a notorious sheep-stealer in the county of Mid-Lothian, who, had it not been for the skins and sheep's-heads, would never have been condemned, as he could, with the greatest ease, have proved an *alibi* every time on which there were suspicions cherished against him. He always went by one road, calling on his acquaintances, and taking care to appear to every body by whom he was known ; while his dog went by another with the stolen sheep ; and then on the two felons meeting again, they had nothing more ado than turn the sheep into an associate's enclosure, in whose house the dog was well fed and entertained, and would have soon taken on the fat sheep on the Lothian edges to that house. This was likewise a female, a jet-black one, with a deep coat of soft hair, but smooth headed, and very strong and handsome in her make. On the disappearance of her master, she lay about the hills and the places where he had frequented ; but she never attempted to steal a drove by herself, nor yet any thing for her own hand. She was kept a while by a relation of her master's ; but never acting heartily in his service, soon came to an untimely end privately. Of this there is little doubt, although some spread the report that one evening, after uttering two or three loud howls, she had vanished !—From such dogs as these, good Lord deliver us !

ALTRIVE, Feb. 2d, 1824. H.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

SOUTH-AMERICAN AMUSEMENTS.—BULL-FIGHTS—GUASSOS—WILD HORSE HUNTING, &c.*

THE only preface we need to the following paper, is that of noticing that the author is in Lima, after its conquest by San Martin and Lord Cochrane :—

“Being desirous (says Capt. H.) of ascertaining, by every means, the real state of popular feeling, which generally develops itself at public meetings, I went to one of the bull-fights, given in honour of the new Viceroy’s installation. It took place in an immense wooden amphitheatre, capable of holding, it was said, twenty thousand people. As we had been disappointed at Valparaiso by a sham bull-fight, we hoped here to witness an exhibition worthy of the mother country. But the resemblance was not less faulty, though in the opposite extreme, for the bulls were here put to death with so many unusual circumstances of cruelty, as not only to make it unlike the proper bull-fights, but take away all pleasure in the spectacle from persons not habituated to the sight. These exhibitions have been described by so many travellers, that it is needless here to do more than advert to some circumstances peculiar to those of Lima.

“After the bull had been repeatedly speared, and tormented by darts and fire-works, and was all streaming with blood, the matador, on a signal from the Viceroy, proceeded to dispatch him. Not being however sufficiently expert, he merely sheathed his sword in the animal’s neck without effect. The bull instantly took his revenge, by tossing the matador to a great height in the air, and he fell apparently dead in the arena. The audience applauded the bull, while the attendants carried off the matador. The bull next attacked the horseman, dismounted him, ripped up the horse’s belly, and bore him to the ground, where he was not suffered to die in peace, but was raised

on his legs, and urged, by whipping and goading, to move round the ring in a state too horrible to be described, but which afforded the spectators the greatest delight. The noble bull had thus succeeded in baffling his tormentors as long as fair means were used, when a cruel device was thought of to subdue him. A large curved instrument called a Luna was thrown at him from behind, in such a way as to divide the hamstrings of the hind legs; such, however, were his strength and spirit, that he did not fall, but actually travelled along at a tolerable pace on his stumps, a most horrible sight! This was not all, for a man armed with a dagger now mounted the bull’s back, and rode about for some minutes to the infinite delight of the spectators, who were thrown into ecstasies, and laughed and clapped their hands at every stab given to the miserable animal, not to kill him, but to stimulate him to accelerate his space; at length, the poor beast, exhausted by loss of blood, fell down and died.

“The greater number of the company, although females, seemed so enchanted with the brutal scene passing under their eyes, that I looked round, in vain, for a single face that looked grave; every individual seemed quite delighted; and it was melancholy to observe a great proportion of children among the spectators, from one of whom, a little girl, only eight years old, I learned that she had already seen three bull-fights; the details of which she gave with great animation and pleasure, dwelling especially on those horrid circumstances I have described. It would shock and disgust to no purpose to give a minute account of other instances of wanton cruelty, which, however, appeared to be the principal recommendation of these exhibitions.

“The reflections which force themselves on the mind, on contemplating a whole population frequently engaged

* *Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the year 1820, 21, & 22. By Capt. Basil Hall, R. N. Author of A Voyage to Lao Choo.*

in such scenes, are of a painful nature ; for it seems impossible to conceive, that, where the taste is so thoroughly corrupted, there can be left any ground work of right feelings, upon which to raise a superstructure of principle, of knowledge, or of just sentiment."

Connected with these struggles of man against animals, we have some extraordinary details of the skill and prowess of the guassos :

"When a wild horse is to be taken, the lasso is always placed round the two hind legs, and, as the guasso rides a little on one side, the jerk pulls the entangled horse's feet laterally, so as to throw him on his side, without endangering his knees or his face. Before the horse can recover the shock, the rider dismounts, and snatching his poucho or cloak from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head ; he then forces into his mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, straps a saddle on his back, and, bestriding him, removes the poucho ; upon which the astonished horse springs upon his legs, and endeavours, by a thousand vain efforts, to disencumber himself of his new master, who sits quite composedly on his back, and, by a discipline which never fails, reduces the horse to such complete obedience, that he is soon trained to lend his speed and strength in the capture of his wild companions.

"During the recent wars in this country, the lasso was used as a weapon of great power in the hands of the guassos, who make bold and useful troops, and never fail to dismount cavalry, or to throw down the horses of those who come within their reach. There is a well-authenticated story of a party of eight or ten of these men, who had never seen a piece of artillery, till one was fired at them in the streets of Buenos Ayres ; they galloped fearlessly up to it, placed their lassos over the cannon, and, by their united strength, fairly overturned it. Another anecdote is related of them, which, though possible enough, does not rest on such good authority. A number of armed boats were sent to effect a landing at a certain point on the coast, guarded

solely by these horsemen. The party in the boats, caring little for an enemy unprovided with fire-arms, rowed confidently along the shore. The guassos, meanwhile, were watching their opportunity, and the moment the boats came sufficiently near, dashed into the water, and, throwing their lassos round the necks of the officers, fairly dragged every one of them out of their boats.

"Before breakfast to-day, we witnessed the South American method of killing cattle, a topic which, at first sight, must appear no very delicate or inviting one ; but I trust it will not prove uninteresting, or disagreeable in description.

"The cattle, as I before mentioned, had been driven into an inclosure, or corral, whence they were now let out, one by one, and killed ; but not in the manner practised in England, where, I believe, they are dragged into a house, and dispatched by blows on the forehead by a pole-axe. Here the whole took place in the open air, and resembled rather the catastrophe of a grand field sport, than a mere deliberate slaughter. On a level space of ground before the corral were ranged in a line four or five guassos on horse-back, with their lassos all ready in their hands ; and opposite to them another line of men on foot, furnished also with lassos, so as to form a wide line, extending from the gate of the corral to the distance of thirty or forty yards. When all was prepared, the leader of the guassos drew out the bars closing the entrance to the corral ; and, riding in, separated one from the drove, which he goaded till it escaped at the opening. The reluctance of the cattle to quit the corral was evident, but when, at length, forced to do so, they dashed forward with the utmost impetuosity. It is said that, in this country, even the wildest animals have an instinctive horror of the lasso ; those in a domestic state certainly have, and betray fear whenever they see it. Be this as it may, the moment they pass the gate, they spring forward at full speed, with all the appearance of terror. But were they to go ten times faster, it would avail them nothing against the irresistible lasso, which, in the midst of

dust, and a confusion seemingly inextricable, were placed by the guassos with the most perfect correctness over the parts aimed at. There cannot be conceived a more spirited, or a more picturesque scene than was now presented to us; or one which, in the hands of a bold sketcher, would have furnished a finer subject. Let the furious beast be imagined driven almost to madness by thirst, and a variety of irritations, and in the utmost terror at the multitude of lassos whirling all around him; he rushes wildly forward, his eyes flashing fire, his nostrils almost touching the ground, and his breath driving off the dust in its course:—for one short instant he is free, and full of life and strength, defying, as it were, all the world to restrain him in his headlong course; the next moment he is covered with lassos, his horns, his neck, his legs, are all encircled by these inevitable cords, hanging loose, in long festoons from the hands of the horsemen galloping in all directions, but the next instant as tight as bars of iron; and the noble animal lies prostrate on the ground, motionless and helpless. He is immediately dispatched by a man on foot, who stands ready for this purpose with a sharp knife in his hand; and as soon as the body is disentangled from the lassos, it is drawn on one side, and another is driven out of the corral, and caught in the same manner.

“On begging to know why so many lassos were thrown at once on these occasions, we learned that the first rush of the beast, when driven out of the corral, is so impetuous, that few single ones are strong enough to bear the jerk without breaking. As an experiment, a cow, in a very furious state, was let out, and directions given for only two men to attempt to stop her. The first lasso fell over her head, and drew it round, so that the horns almost touched her back, but the cord snapped without stopping her; the second was intentionally placed round the fore part of the body, but it also broke without materially checking her progress. Away went the cow, scouring over the country, followed by two fresh horsemen standing erect in their

stirrups, with their lassos flying round their heads, and their pouchos streaming out behind them; an animating and characteristic sight. The cow galloped, and the horses galloped, and such is the speed which cattle acquire when accustomed to run wild, that at first the horses had but little advantage. The ground being covered with shrubs and young trees, and full of hollow places, and sunk roads, the chase was diversified by many leaps, in which, although the poor cow did well at first, the horses, ere long, gained upon her, and the nearest guasso, perceiving that he was just within reach, let fly his lasso. The cow was at such a distance that it required the whole length of the lasso to reach her, and the noose had become so contracted by the knot slipping up, that it was barely large enough to admit the horns; had the cow been one foot more in advance, the circle would have become too small. When the rider saw the noose fixed, he stopped and turned his horse, upon which the poor cow, her head nearly wrung off, was cast to the ground with great violence. The second horseman dashed along, and on passing the cow, instead of throwing his lasso, merely stooped on one side, and laid the noose, which he had contracted to a small circle, over her horns. This done, the guassos turned their horses' heads and trotted back with their unwilling prize, not having been more than four or five minutes absent from the ground.

“There is another method of arresting the animal's progress without using the lasso, which is said to require even more skill and presence of mind than that formidable instrument itself. A horseman is stationed a little way from the entrance of the corral, armed with an instrument called a *Luna*, which consists of a steel blade about a foot long, and curved, as its name implies, in the form of a crescent, sharpened on the concave edge, and having a pole ten or twelve feet long screwed into the middle of the blunt or convex side; so that, when held horizontally, the horns of the crescent point forward. The rider carries this *luna* in his right hand, couched like a

lance, the blade being then about two feet from the ground. in advance of the horse, while the staff is kept steady by passing it under the arm. Having allowed the animal to rush past, he puts spurs to his horse, gallops after, and on coming close up, places his weapon in such a situation, that when the animal's right hind leg is thrown backwards, it shall enter the fork or crescent of the luna, and by striking against the edge, which is made as sharp as a razor, divide the tendon. The weapon is then quickly transferred to the left leg, where, in like manner, the least touch properly applied divides the other tendon. We saw this cruel feat performed by the principal guasso on our host's estate, who was described as being the best rider, and the most expert man in that part of the country. The ground was very dry and dusty, so that, by the time he overtook the bullock he was in chace of, there was such a cloud raised by the animal's feet, that we could scarcely see what was doing. The guasso contrived, however, to cut both ham-strings, but his horse becoming confused, fell over the bullock, and we were in considerable alarm lest the man should be cut in two by his own weapon, or be transixed by the beast's horns : but he never lost his self possession, and having first flung the weapon high into the air, raised both himself and horse from the ground, and rode out of the cloud unhurt, and without ever having lost his seat.

"While this more serious business was going on, a parcel of mischievous boys had perched themselves on a pile of firewood close to the corral, and being each armed in his way, with a lasso made of a small strip of hide, or of whip-cord, had the first chance to noose the animals as they rushed out. They seldom failed to throw successfully, but their tender cords broke like cobwebs. One wicked urchin, however, more bold than the rest, mounted himself on a donkey that happened to be on the spot ; and taking the lasso which belonged to it, for no description of animal that is ever mounted is without this essential equipment, and placing himself so as not to be detected by the

men, he threw it gallantly over the first bullock's neck ; but as soon as it became tight, away flew the astonished donkey and his rider : the terrified boy soon tumbled off ; but poor Neddy was dragged along the ground, till a more efficient force was made to co-operate with his unavailing resistance."

After witnessing these cruel scenes, the mind could hardly be attuned for contemplating the giant Andes. Yet Capt. H. gives at once a philosophical and poetical description of them—

"On the 26th of May we sailed from Valparaiso, and proceeded along the coast of Lima. During the greater part of this voyage the land was in sight, and we had many opportunities of seeing not only the Andes, but other interesting features of the country. The sky was sometimes covered by a low dark unbroken cloud, overshadowing the sea, and resting on the top of the high cliffs which guard the coast ; so that the Andes, and, indeed, the whole country, except the immediate shore, were then screened from our view. But at some places this lofty range of cliffs was intersected by deep gullies, called quebradas, connected with extensive vallies stretching far into the interior. At these openings we were admitted to a view of regions, which, being beyond the limits of the clouds, and therefore exposed to the full blaze of the sun, formed a brilliant contrast to the darkness and gloom in which we were involved. As we sailed past, and looked through these mysterious breaks, it seemed as if the eye penetrated into another world ; and had the darkness around us been more complete, the light beyond would have been equally resplendent with that of the full moon, to which every one was disposed to compare this most curious and surprising appearance.

"As the sun's rays were not, in this case reflected from a bright snowy surface, but from a dark-coloured sand, we are furnished, by analogy, with an answer to the difficulties sometime started, with respect to the probable dark nature of the soil composing the moon's surface."

Traditions
OF THE
Western Highlands.
No. V.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

ALLISTER CROTTACH.

IN the beginning of the 16th century, five of the Macleods, of Herries, returning from the Clyde with goods, were forced to take shelter in the island of Eigg, then and still the property of Macdonald of Claranald. A quarrel unfortunately arose between the Macleods and the natives, and one of the former lost his life. He was *Coalt*, or foster-brother to Macleod, and his death could not pass unnoticed. Satisfaction was demanded, but the terms could not be amicably adjusted, and recourse was ultimately had to the sword, as too frequently happened in those cases, when justice was deemed cowardice, and resistance of right passed for bravery.—The parties were very powerful, and not ill matched in strength and courage. They were supported on both sides by their relatives and allies. Maclean, of Duart, had long been connected by blood and marriage with the Herries family, and on this occasion he was called upon to support his friends. Maclean obeyed the call; and having ordered his vassals and followers to attend arrayed for war, he set out for Dunveggan, the residence of Macleod, accompanied by his force.

Claranald had intelligence of Maclean's intention, but he had been misinformed in regard to the time. He resolved on preventing the junction of the enemy's strength, and had determined on an expedition to the western extremity of Mull, with the view of occupying Maclean in his own country. Maclean's course was to the north; Claranald's to the south. On the point of Ardnamurchan the two fleets of Birlings, or Galleys, met. Claranald, who was celebrated for his stratagemis as well as bravery, found that his antagonist was in greater force, and he instantly adopted a very extraordinary expedient.

He lay down on the bottom of his boat, and ordered a plaid of the family tartan to be spread over his body, as would have been done if he were lying dead. The pipers played the lament of the Claranalds, and black silk

handkerchiefs were instantly suspended from the bagpipes. Maclean immediately took it for granted that this was a funeral on the passage to Iona, and the emblems bespoke the rank and clan of the deceased. All hostile feelings at once subsided, and expressions of condolence were conveyed to the mourning followers of the brave but crafty Claranald. Maclean returned to Duart, and the pretended funeral proceeded to Icolmkill, which lies at the western extremity of Mull, then the property of Maclean. The next day, Maclean was informed that Claranwald, in person, had ravaged and laid waste the district of Ross, in Mull. But Maclean's men had been disbanded, and could not be again speedily collected from the various islands which they inhabited, so that Claranald succeeded in his original intention.

The Macdonalds were however doomed to suffer severely for the rapine committed in Mull and the slaughter of Macleod's foster-brother. Soon thereafter, when Claranald was occupied in a distant island, Macleod invaded Eigg, and the inhabitants finding he was too powerful to be openly opposed in the field, unfortunately took refuge in a cave on the south side of the island. This was indeed an injudicious measure, as there were positions at their command where they would have been able to resist any force, and they paid dearly for their choice. Macleod finding the country deserted, concluded that the people had gone to the mainland, and after remaining but a short time in the island, he departed for Skye.

The people concealed in the cave had sent out a scout, at day-break, to reconnoitre, and he was espied by the Macleods, who were just sailing out of the bay. They returned, and traced the scout to the cave by the prints of his footsteps on the snow. A cousin of Claranald was within, and Macleod proposed that the two brothers who had slain his friend should be delivered up, as a preliminary to further steps. It unfortunately happened that these

bore the same connection with Macdonald which the deceased bore to Macleod, and this condition was imprudently refused.

A dreadful scene ensued. Macleod ordered all the combustible materials in the neighbourhood to be collected at the mouth of the cave, which forms a wide funnel without, but contracts into a very narrow space before it again opens to a very extensive arch within. The wind blew from the west, and Macleod prayed that it should shift to the east, if his intention was favoured by Providence. Tradition says that this impious appeal was propitious. The fire was kept up for three days, and the east wind blew the smoke into the cave. On the fourth day Macleod entered, and found that the people had

all perished by suffocation. They were 215 in number; and not many years since their skeletons were to be seen lying as they fell, there being no earth to cover or consume them.

Sometime thereafter the same Macleod was compelled by a storm to take refuge at Eigg, at night, and he pitched his tent near the shore, not daring to make himself known. The inhabitants who had removed there from the main land, soon discovered him, and made an attack on him. He ran for his boat, and in the act of entering it, one of the Macdonalds with a stick struck him a blow on the back, which broke some of the bones; and he was afterwards denominated *Allister Crotach*, or crook-backed Alexander.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, "THE LADY OF THE ROCK."

THE marriage of Lachlan Maclean, of Duart, to Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Earl of Argyle, in the 15th century, was not the first matrimonial alliance which had taken place between these two powerful families; neither was she offered as a sacrifice to quiet mutual feud, as there is no authority for saying that such had previously existed between them. Had Lady Elizabeth had a son, she would not have been the first of that illustrious house who had given a chief to the Macleans; but she was unfortunately childless, and from this proceeded the events which Holcroft and Miss Baillie have made a subject for the drama.

Maclean having no issue by the daughter of Argyle, became unfaithful to her bed, and had at least one child in adultery. He was named Patrick, and was abbot of Iona. The consequence was unhappy for both parties, and after many domestic broils, the lady attempted to administer poison to her husband in candle, which he was in the habit of taking at night. A woman who was not in the secret, happened to swallow a portion of the poisoned draught, and her sudden illness created alarm. The remaining part was given to dogs, and their speedy death confirmed the suspicion. Lady Elizabeth was put on a rock to perish by the approaching tide, but her life was saved

by four brothers of the name of Maclean, who conveyed her to the main land. They never again returned to Mull, but assumed the name of Macinlerain, under which appellation many of their descendants are still to be found in Argyle and Craidich.*

Such is the story as preserved by tradition in the Hebrides, and it is in a great measure confirmed by other evidence. The probability is, that Maclean had given orders that his wife should be immediately drowned, the capital punishment which the feudal laws directed for women of a certain rank. It seems likely that the persons who were charged with the execution of the deed, had put her on the rock, either to avoid the horror of witnessing her death, or to favour her escape, as it is evident that this rock would never have been deliberately chosen for the fatal purpose, because it is in a very public situation, and is covered by the sea at spring tides only.

It is said that Maclean concealed the fate of his wife, and that soon after her pretended decease he made a visit of condolence to his father-in-law, in whose house, it is said, he was confronted with herself in person. It is hardly credible that Maclean would have voluntarily put himself in the power of

* They take the name of Maclean generally in English.

a man whom he had so deeply injured, and conscious as he must have been that the truth was known to many; but if he did so, it appears still more strange that Argyle should not have given him cause to repent his base dissimulation. It is however unquestionably true that Maclean received no injury at that time from Argyle, his son, or any other; and it is equally certain that he was soon thereafter married to a daughter of Campbell, of Auchnanbreck, then the second family of that name, in power and splendour.

Argyle was chancellor of Scotland and justiciary of the Isles; and if Maclean had attempted to put his daughter to death without due cause, it was his duty as a parent, a magistrate, and a judge, to have brought him to trial, nor is it likely that he would have escaped condign punishment. This, however, was not done; but Maclean was afterwards murdered in his bed in Edinburgh, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, by the son of Argyle, denominated John of Lorne in the "Family Legend." It seems therefore reasonable to infer, that the conduct of Maclean to his Lady, harsh as it was, must have been considered justifiable in him as a feudal baron. John would never have forfeited his

own life to the law to avenge his sister's wrongs by the murder of Maclean, if he could have obtained his object by legal means; nor would the high-minded family of Auchnanbreck have condescended to an alliance with a man in disgrace. The opinion which the world entertained of Maclean's murder at the time, may be gathered from the following fragment of a ballad composed on that occasion, and quoted in a manuscript history of the Argyle family :

Fie, John, for shame ! ye're sair to blame,
Ye played an ugly prank o't,
To steal so wily to his bed
And prick him in his blanket.

Had ye sae thick been wi' auld Nick
Afore ye gaed to Cawdor,
Ye might return into your den,
Without Morilla Calder.

This John was the first Campbell of Calder, and the last lines allude to the extraordinary manner in which he obtained possession of that heiress and her estate.* This marriage is not mentioned in any printed account we have seen of the Argyle family, and the Lady is now denominated Helen.

* The history of this abduction of the heiress of Cawdor was narrated in a former Number of these Traditions, in the story of *Morilla Calder*.

(Blackwood's Edin. Mag.)

SPANISH AIR.*

OH ! sweet 'tis to wander beside the hush'd wave,
When the breezes in twilight their pale pinions
lave,
And Echo repeats, from the depths of her cave,
The song of the shepherd's returning !
And sweet 'tis to sit, where the vintage festoon, my
love,
Lies in, like snow-flakes, the light of the moon, my
love ;
And to the castanet
Twinkle the merry feet,
And beauty's dark eyes are burning, my love.

But sweeter the hour, when the star hides its gleam,
And the moon in the waters hath bath'd her white
beauty,
And the world and its woes are as still as a dream ;
For then, joy the midnight is winging :
Then, comes to my window the sound of thy lute,
my love,
Come tender tales, when its thrillings are mute, my
love :
Oh, never morning smil'd
On visious bright and wild,
Such as that dark hour is bringing, my love !

ITALIAN AIR.

WHEN Eve's blue star is gleaming,
When wakes the dewy breeze,
When watch-tower lights are streaming,
Along the misty seas ;—
Oh, then, my love ! sigh to me,
Thy roundelay !
The night, when thou'rt nigh to me,
Outshines the day.

* From *Croly's new Comedy*.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARDS.

MANY are the idle tourists who have babbled of country church-yards—many are the able pens which have been employed on the same subjects. *One* in particular, in the delightful olio of the "Sketch-book" has traced a picture so true to nature, so beautifully simple and pathetic, that succeeding essayists might well despair of success in attempting similar descriptions, were not the theme, in fact, inexhaustible, a source of endless variety, a volume of instructive records, whereof those marked with least incident are yet replete with interest for that human being who stands alone amongst the quiet graves, musing on the mystery of his own existence, and on the past and present state of those poor relics of mortality which every where surround him, mouldering beneath his feet—mingling with the common soil—feeding the rank church-yard vegetation—once sentient like himself with vigorous life, subject to all the tumultuous passions that agitate his own heart, pregnant with a thousand busy schemes, elevated and depressed by alternate hopes and fears—liable, in a word, to all the pains, the pleasures, and "the ills, that flesh is heir to."

The leisnrely traveller arriving at a country inn, with the intention of tarrying a day, an hour, or a yet shorter period, in the town or village, generally finds time to saunter towards the church, and even to loiter about the surrounding graves, as if his nature (solitary in the midst of the living crowd) claimed affinity, and sought communion, with the populous dust beneath his feet.

Such, at least, are the feelings with which I have often lingered in the church-yard of a strange place, and about the church itself—to which, indeed, in all places, and in all countries, the heart of the Christian pilgrim feels itself attracted as towards his very home, for there at least, though alone amongst strange people, he is no stranger: It is his father's house.

I am not sure that I heartily ap-

prove the custom, rare in this country, but frequent in many others—of planting flowers and flowering shrubs about the graves. I am quite sure that I hate all the sentimental mummery with which the far-famed burying-place of the *Pere Elysée* is garnished out. It is faithfully in keeping with Parisian taste, and perfectly in unison with French feeling; but I should wonder at the profound sympathy with which numbers of my own countrymen expatiate on that pleasure-ground of Death, if it were still possible to feel surprise at any instance of degenerate taste and perverted feeling in our travelled islanders—if it were not, too, the vulgarest thing in the world to wonder at any thing.

The custom, so general in Switzerland, and so common in our own principality of Wales, of strewing flowers over the graves of departed friends, either on the anniversaries of their deaths, or on other memorable days is touching and beautiful. Those frail blossoms scattered over the green sod, in their morning freshness, but for a little space retain their balmy odours, and their glowing tints, till the sun goes down, and the breeze of evening sighs over them, and the dews of night fall on their pale beauty, and the withered and fading wreath becomes a yet more appropriate tribute to the silent dust beneath. But rose-trees, in full bloom, and tall staring lilies, and flaunting lilacs, and pert spriggish spiraeas, are, methinks, ill in harmony with that holiness of perfect repose, which should pervade the last resting-place of mortality. Even in our own unsentimental England, I have seen two or three of these flower-pot graves. One in particular, I remember, had been planned and planted by a young disconsolate widow to the memory of her deceased partner. The tomb itself was a common square erection of freestone, covered over with a slab of black marble, on which, under the name, age, &c., of the defunct, was engraven an elaborate epitaph, commemorating his many virtues, and

pathetically intimating that, at no distant period, the vacant space remaining on the same marble would receive the name of "his inconsolable Eugenia." The tomb was hedged about by a basket-work of honeysuckles. A Persian lilac drooped over its foot, and at the head, (substituted for the elegant cypress, coy denizen of our ungenial clime,) a young poplar perked up its pyramidal form. Divers other shrubs and flowering plants completed the ring-fence, plentifully interspersed with "the fragrant weed, the Frenchman's darling," whose perfume, when I visited the spot, was wafted over the whole churchyard. It was then the full flush of summer. The garden had been planted but a month; but the lady had tended, and propped, and watered those gay strangers with her own delicate hands, ever more in the dusk of evening returning to her tender task, so that they had taken their removal kindly, and grew and flourished as carelessly round that cold marble, and in that field of graves, as they had done heretofore in their own sheltered nursery.

A year afterwards—a year almost to a day—I stood once more on that same spot, in the same month—"the leafy month of June." But—it was leafless there. The young poplar still stood sentinel in its former station, but dry, withered, and sticky, like an old broom at the mast-head of a vessel on sail. The parson's cow, and his half-score fatting wethers, had violated the sacred enclosure, and trodden down its flowery basket-work into the very soil. The plants and shrubs were nibbled down to miserable stumps, and from the sole survivor, the poor struggling lilac, a fat old waddling ewe had just cropped the last sickly flower-branch, and stood staring at me with a pathetic vacancy of countenance, the half-munched consecrated blossom dangling from her sacrilegious jaws. "And is it even so?" I half-articulated, with a sudden thrill of irrepressible emotion. "Poor widowed mourner! lovely Eugenia! Art thou already re-united to the object of thy faithful affection? And so lately! Not yet on that awaiting space of the cold marble have they

inscribed thy gentle name. And those fragile memorials! were there none to tend them for thy sake!" Such was my sentimental apostrophe; and the unwonted impulse so far incited me, that I actually pelted away the sheep from that last resting-place of faithful love, and reared against its side the trailing branches of the neglected lilac. Well satisfied with myself for the performance of this pious act, I turned from the spot in a mood of calm pleasing melancholy, that, by degrees, (while I yet lingered about the churchyard,) resolved itself into a train of poetic reverie, and I was already far advanced in a sort of elegiac tribute to the memory of that fair being, whose tender nature had sunk under the stroke "that reft her mutual heart," when the horrid interruption of a loud shrill whistle started me from my poetic vision, cruelly disarranging my beautiful combination of high-wrought, tender, pathetic feelings, which were flowing naturally into verse, as from the very fount of Helicon. Lifting my eyes toward the vulgar cause of this vulgar disturbance, the cow-boy, (for it was he "who whistled as he went, for want of thought") nodded to me his rustic apology for a bow, and passed on towards the very tomb I had just quitted, near which his milky charge, the old brindled cow, still munched on, avaricious of the last mouthful. If the clown's obstreperous mirth had before broken in on my mood of inspiration, its last delicate glow was utterly dispelled by the uncouth vociferation, and rude expletives, with which he proceeded to dislodge the persevering animal from her rich pasture-ground. Insensible alike to his remonstrances, his threats, or his tender persuasions—to his "Whoy! whoy! old girl! Whoy, Blossom! whoy, my lady!—I say, come up, do; come up, ye plauguey baste!" Blossom continued to munch and ruminate with the most imperturbable calmness—backing and sideling, away, however, as her pursuer made nearer advances, and ever and anon looking up at him with most provoking assurance, as if to calculate how many tufts she might venture to

pull before he got fairly in reach of her. And so, retrograding and manœuvring, she at last intrenched herself behind the identical tombstone beside which I had stood so late in solemn contemplation. Here—the cowboy's patience being completely exhausted—with the intention of switching old Blossom from her last stronghold, he caught up, and began tearing from the earth, that one long straggling stem of lilac which I had endeavoured to replace in somewhat of its former position. "Hold! hold!" I cried, springing forward with the vehement gesture of impassioned feeling—"Have you no respect for the ashes of the dead? Dare you thus violate with sacrilegious hands the last sad sanctuary of faithful love?" The boy stood like one petrified, stared at me for a moment, with a look of indescribable perplexity, then screwing up one corner of his mouth almost into contact with the corresponding corner of one crinkled-up eye—at the same time shoving up his old ragged hat, and scratching his curly pate; and having, as I suppose, by the help of that operation, construed my vehement address into the language of inquiry, he set himself very methodically about satisfying my curiosity on every point wherever he conceived it possible I might have interrogated him—taking his cue, with some ingenuity from the one word of my oration, which was familiar to his ear—"Dead! Ees, Squoire been dead twelve months last Whitsuntide; and thick be his'n moniment, an' madam was married last week to our measter, and thick be our cow—"

Oh, Reader!

Is it to be wondered at, that, since that adventure, I have never been disposed to look with an *un-glistening*, and even cynical eye, on those same flower-pot graves? Nay, that, at sight of them, I feel an extraordinary degree of hard-heartedness stealing over me? I cannot quit the subject without offering a word or two of well-meant advice to all disconsolate survivors—widows more especially—as to the expediency or non-expediency of indulging this flowery grief. Possibly, were I to obey the dictates of my own tastes and feelings, I should say, "Be content with a simple record—perhaps a scriptural sentence, on a plain headstone. Suffer not the inscription to become defaced and illegible, nor rank weeds to wave over it; and smooth be the turf of the green hillock! But if—to use a French phrase—*Il faut afficher ses regrets*—if there *must* be *effect*, sentimentalities, prettinesses, urns, flowers—not only a few scattered blossoms, but a regular planted border, like the garnish of a plateau;—then, let me beseech you, fair inconsolables! be cautious in your proceedings—Temper with discreet foresight (if that be possible,) the first agonizing burst of sensibility—Take the counsels of sage experience—Temporise with the as yet unascertained nature of your own feelings—Proclaim not those vègetable vows of eternal fidelity—Refrain, at least from the trowel and the spade—Dig not—plant not—For one year only—for the *first* year, at least—For one year only, I beseech you—sow annuals.

TRIO. *From Croly's new Comedy.*

(Blackwood's Mag.)

TELL us, thou glorious Star of eve!

What sees thine eye?

Wherever human hearts can heave,

Man's misery!

Life, but a lengthened chain;

Youth, weary, wild, and vain;

Age on a bed of pain,

Longing to die!

Yet there's a rest!

Where earthly agonies

Awake no sighs

In the cold breast.

Tell us, thou glorious Star of eve!

Sees not thine eye

Some spot, where hearts no longer heave,

In thine own sky?

Where all Life's wrongs are o'er,

Where anguish weeps no more,

Where injur'd Spirits soar,

Never to die!

(Eclectic Review.)

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S FRIEND, AND CLIMBING-BOY'S ALBUM.

ARRANGED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WE willingly lend our utmost aid to promote, through the medium of this interesting and affecting collection of documents, the cause which Mr. Montgomery has done himself so much honour by taking up with all his energy. The second part consists of pieces in prose and verse, furnished for the 'Climbing Boy's Album.' As the attraction of the volume will greatly depend on this part of the work, we subjoin a list of the contributors: James Montgomery, Bernard Barton, Henry Neele, Allan Cunningham, P. M. James, J. Bowring, J. H. Wiffen, John Holland, Ann Gilbert, Mrs. Holland, J. Cobbin, W. L. Bowles, &c.

The following lines would have formed no appropriate introduction to the work.

'THE CLIMBING BOY'S ALBUM.

'Gentle reader! if to thee
Mercy's dictates sacred be,
If thy breast with Pity glow,
For the meanest sufferer's woe,
Let our Album's humble page
For *their* sake thy heart engage;
For *thine own* despise us not,
While we plead the outcast's lot.
Mercy's votaries here below
Shall, hereafter, Mercy know.

'In this age of Albums, we
Fain would offer ours to thee:
If it be not fraught with lays
Worthy of a critic's praise,
If no richly tinted flowers
Decorate this tome of ours,
If it fail in rich array,
Splendid clasp or binding gay;
Turn not from our page as one
Which the feeling heart would shun.

'Beauty's Album may present
More of tasteful compliment,
Flowers, and shells, and landscapes fair,
May unite to charm thee there;
Here a cheek's vermilion dye,
There the lustre of an eye;
Here a cottage in a grove,
There a fountain or alcove;
All, in truth, that can invite
Passing glance of brief delight.
Toys like these we may not show,
For our theme is fraught with woe:

And the graver's mimic skill
Finds it—leaves it—wretched still:
Never could the painter's art
To the eye its griefs impart
Nor can artful prose or verse
Half its miseries rehearse;—
Heads that think and hearts that feel
Only can our book unseal.

'Fathers! unto you we speak;
Mothers! your support we seek;
Britons! holding freedom dear,
Abject slavery greets you here;
Home-bred slavery!—dire disgrace!
Borne by childhood's helpless race;
Friendless outcasts of our laws,
Having none to plead their cause,
Save the people, struggling few
Who solicit aid from you.

'Christians! of each sect and name,
You who feel the awful claim
Of our high and holy creed,
Suffer us with you to plead.
May we not, in truth, *command*
Your assistance, heart and hand?
Join, then, in this work of love,
For His sake who reigns above,
Nor be sympathy denied
Unto those for whom He died.'

Bernard Barton.

We know not how to characterize the song given from Blake's "Songs of Innocence." It is wild and strange like the singing of a "maid in Bedlam in the spring;" but it is the madness of genius.

'THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

'When my Mother died, I was very young,
And my Father sold me, while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, Weep! weep! weep!
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

'There's little Tom Toddy, who cried when his head,
That cur'd like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I
said,

'Hush, Tom, never mind it, for when your head's
bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white
hair."

'And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was asleeping, he had such a sight
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and
Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins so black.

' And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins, and set them all free !
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they
 run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.
' Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind ;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his Father, and never want joy.
' And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work ;
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and
 warm,
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.'

The pen of the Editor has supplied
the following touching little poem.

' A WORD WITH MYSELF.

' I know they scorn the Climbing-Boy,
 The gay, the selfish, and the proud ;
I know his villanous employ
 Is mockery with the thoughtless crowd.
' So be it ;—brand with every name
 Of burning infamy his art,
But let his *Country* bear the shame,
 And feel the iron at her heart.
' I cannot coldly pass him by,
 Strip'd, wounded, left by thieves half-dead ;
Nor see an infant Lazarus lie
 At rich men's gates, imploring bread.
' A frame as sensitive as mine,
 Limbs moulded in a kindred form,
A soul degraded, yet divine,
 Endear to me my brother-worm.

' He was my equal at his birth,
 A naked, helpless, weeping child ;
And such are born to thrones on earth,
 On such hath every mother smil'd.

' My equal he will be again,
 Down in that cold oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
 Crowd, without fellowship, the tomb.

' My equal in the judgment day,
 He shall stand up before the throne,
When every veil is rent away,
 And good and evil only known.

' And is he not mine equal now ?
 Am I less fall'n from God and truth,
Though " Wretch " be written on his brow,
 And leprosy consume his youth ?

' If holy Nature yet have laws
 Binding on man, of woman born,
In her own court I'll plead his cause,
 Arrest the doom, or share the scorn.

' Yes, let the scorn that haunts his course,
 Turn on me like a trodden snake,
And hiss and sting me with remorse,
 If I the fatherless forsake.'

J. Montgomery.

With regard to that long neglected
and injured class of infant bondsmen
for whom this volume eloquently pleads,
these English negroes, we were going to
call them, there is no possibility of re-
maining neutral. But as it is not our
wish to exhaust by our extracts the inter-
est and novelty of the work, we re-
frain from making any other citations,
but cordially recommend the volume.

(Mon. Mag.)

THE SINGING MARINER.

From the Spanish.

WHO will ever have again,
On the land or on the main,
Such a chance as happen'd to
Count Arnaldos long ago.
With his falcon in his hand,
Forth he went along the strand,
There he saw a galley gay,
Briskly bearing for the bay ;
Ask me not her name and trade,—
All the sails of silk were made :
He who steer'd the ship along
Rais'd his voice, and sung a song ;
Sung a song, whose magic force
Calm'd the breaker in its course ;
While the fishes sore amaz'd
Left their holes, and upward gaz'd ;
And the fowl came flocking fast
Round the summit of the mast ;

Still he sung to wind and wave,
" God preserve my vessel brave ;
" Guard her from the rocks that grow
'Mid the sullen deep below ;
From the gust and from the breeze,
Sweeping through Gibraltare's seas ;
" From the gulf of Venice too,
With its shoals and waters blue ;
Where the mermaid chants her hymn,
Borne upon the billow's brim."
Forward stept Arnaldos bold,
Thus he spoke, as I am told,
" Learn me, sailor, I entreat,
Yonder song that sounds so sweet."
But the sailor shook his head,
Shook it thrice, and briefly said,
" Never will I teach the strain
But to him who ploughs the main."

FLEET-STREET BIOGRAPHY.*

(Lon. Mag.)

STERNE said, he pitied the man who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find all barren; he might have extended his pity a little further, and have expressed his willingness to bestow it on him who could take his place for life in any given spot "in this varsal world," and not find ample materials for history around him. Every keeper of an apple-stall might unstore his "fruits of experience," if he chose to abandon the pippins for the pen, during a brief hour or two;—and each sweeper at a crossing might give a trifle to the world, if he did not generally know that the besom was more profitable than the book. That worthy walking advertisement of Warren, who stands hat in hand, at the bottom of Ludgate Hill, taking a constant toll from those who venerate clean shoes and black faces, could and should bequeath "the fruits of experience" to mankind. With his knowledge of, and intercourse with, his fellow creatures, he would manage a brace of quartos as big as Parry's Pole Books, or those of Westminster in the severest election days. The world passes on before him, and he, with his back against the obelisk, remains a calm looker on!—He angles in that thick and endless stream for any thing he can catch, and all fish are welcome to his beaver net!—Of course, angler like, the sport cannot be carried on without meditation,—and why, we earnestly ask, should the fruit of this meditation be lost? We have had our attention more particularly attracted to this flower, born to blush unseen—this gem, of purest ray serene!—because a neighbour of Mr. Waithman and this sable philosopher, with an industry highly honourable to him, has, in his 80th year, written about to the right and left of him, and given us a faithful and energetic history of Poppin's-court, Ludgate-hill, up as far as Blade's glass-shop, Whipham's a little above Bouverie-street, and the people and places within the rules of decency and St. Bride's parish. This is History

in its night-gown and slippers—History near-sighted, sitting by the fire and pottering over domestic intelligence with magnifying glasses. We love this unpresuming conduct in Old Memorialists! Why should kings and countries only have their Recorders?—May not the city be allowed one, and not merely for Old Bailey purposes? There are the Gibbons, the Humes, the Robertsons, for big History in its feathers and finery; but the time is come, when, as the clergyman says, "Pride shall have a fall!"—and therefore the Brasbridges arise for little History in her deshable moments. There is room in the world for tiny Miss Biffin as well as the Swiss giantess!—Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, a few doors round Bridge-street, and the forehead of Fleet-market are now written down for ever! and we only intreat that the author will go on with his good work, and do St. Dunstan's with as little delay as possible!—Wright's Shrimp and Oyster-shop, and Richardson's Hotel, and the Cock, and Mr. Utterson's fishing-tackle-shop, will become a cluster of Solomon's Temples under bright Mr. Brasbridge's hand.

But to the Fleet-street volume. Our historian thus opens his book, and we think it is in a style which should tempt the public to follow his example.

"Better late than never" is an old adage, the truth of which I hope to exemplify in the course of the following pages. It has been said that the life of any individual whatsoever, would, if fairly and impartially narrated, afford abundant materials for instruction; and I am willing to hope that mine will be found equally productive of warning to the dissipated, and of encouragement to the industrious; for whilst I honestly confess, that at one period of it I might but too justly be classed with the former, I may likewise reasonably hope, that at another I might as fairly rank with the latter.

I began business as a silversmith, towards the latter end of the year 1770, in partnership with Mr. Slade, an honest, worthy man, whose brother-in-law I became in June 1771, having the good fortune to obtain the hand of his sister, a most lovely and amiable woman, with a portion of two

* The Fruits of Experience; or Memoir of Joseph Brasbridge. Written in his 80th year. 1821.

thousand pounds. The strictest friendship subsisted between our two families, and my domestic happiness seemed to have no room for increase, excepting what might be brought by children, to whom we naturally looked forward as the seal of our felicity. But alas! when this blessing, for some years delayed, did at length arrive, it was in the form of the heaviest calamity. My dear wife was safely brought to bed on the 19th of May, 1776, and appeared to be recovering extremely well; but on the tenth day afterwards, whilst sitting in her chair, she leaned back her gentle head, and died in a moment. My poor infant was put out to nurse, but the woman who took him having at the same time a child of her own at the breast, most unjustly neglected him, and laid the foundation of a sickly habit, which deprived me of him in his ninth year, to my inexpressible sorrow.

Thus left a widower, and childless, I unhappily sought that relief in dissipation, which would have been better found in better means. Charles Bannister was one of my associates, and it will be readily believed, that no deficiency of wit or hilarity was found in parties over which he presided. "You will ruin your constitution," said a friend to him, "by sitting up in this manner at nights."—"Oh," replied he, "you do not know the nature of my constitution; I sit up at night to watch it, and keep it in repair, whilst you are sleeping carelessly in your bed."

Beginning the world under the auspices of old Charles Bannister was not very likely to help a silversmith on in trade; and we are soon put upon the scent of a bankruptcy. First, however, he introduces us to Mr. Tattersall, with whom he became acquainted as a member of the Highflyer Club at the Turf Coffee-House. Mr. Brasbridge is invited to Highflyer Hall, and thither he goes in company with "Thomas Smith, of Bridge-street, brandy-merchant," and Mr. Fozzard, "the great stable-keeper!"

At the club, Whitfield was a social soul, —the comedian, whom Goldsmith mentioned also, and at whom, therefore, fame now may be said to shoot with a double-barrelled gun! He had an unbounded attachment for the T. B. facetiously translated "*T'other Bottle*," by our biographer. Colburn too, of the Treasury, was a member, and "Bob Tetherington, as merry a fellow as ever sat in a chair," and "Dear Owen," the confectioner, who, like other wags, wrote his own songs, and sang them agreeably. The reflection of Mr. Bras-

bridge at the death of all these inestimable spirits takes the following pensive turn.

Yet so it is! we all desire long life, yet we all know that it must be held by the tenure of seeing those whom we most love drop into the grave before us. "The loss of our friends," said his late Majesty, on the death of one of his brothers, "is the fine which nature levies upon our own lengthened days." If, then, it be in the order of nature, let us submit to her decrees without repining; and if the morning of our life be gilded with hope, let not the mild beams of resignation be wanting to cheer its evening.

Lord Mansfield figures away in a page of our history.

The next time I saw Lord Mansfield was on the trial of Mrs. Rudd, an enchantress whose charms, so fatal to the unfortunate Perreans, seemed to inspire his Lordship with fresh eloquence, and the liveliest zeal in her behalf. She was, indeed, the very head of that fascinating and dangerous class of women of whom it may be said,

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face, and you forget them all.

Lord Mansfield was very desirous of long life, and, whenever he had old men to examine, he generally asked them what their habits of living had been. To this interrogatory an aged person replied, that he had never been drunk in his life. "See, gentlemen," said his Lordship, turning to the young barristers, "what temperance will do." The next, of equally venerable appearance, gave a very different account of himself, he had not gone to bed sober one night for fifty years. "See, my Lord," said the young barristers, "what a cheerful glass will do." "Well, gentlemen," replied his Lordship, "it only proves, that some sorts of timber keep better when they are wet, and others when they are dry."

Mr. Brasbridge was a great member of clubs. He haunted the Crown and Rolls, in Chancery-lane, and trumped the tricks of Ramsbottom, the brewer, and of Russell, who ruined himself by the lottery; he sat, too, at the Globe, in Fleet-street, where "Mr. P., the surgeon, was a constant man," and Archibald Hamilton, the Printer, and "Thomas Carnan, the bookseller, who brought an action against the Stationer's Company for printing almanacks, and won his cause!" And Dunstall, the comedian, famous for "I'm not such an elf," in *Love in a Village*: and Macklin, too, of whom we have the following characteristic and amusing anecdote.

The veteran Macklin, when the company were disputing on the mode of spelling the name of Shakespeare, was referred to by Billy Upton, a good-tempered fellow, with a remarkably gruff voice, the loudest tones of which he put forth as he observed, "There is a gentleman present who can set us to rights;" then turning to Macklin, he said, "Pray, Sir, is it *Shakespeare*, or *Shakzper*?" "Sir," said Macklin, "I never give any reply to a thunder-bolt."

Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, and William Woodfall, the reporter, were also Globe boys! Brasbridge smartly says, in conclusion, "The Globe was kept by deputy Thorpe, and truly it might be said that he kept it, for it did not keep him."

The following anecdote of Dr. Glover is not unamusing; it almost takes the romance out of Frankenstein.

Another of our company, whose social qualities were his ruin, was Dr. Glover; he was surgeon to a regiment in Ireland, and rendered a man, who was hung in Dublin, the doubtful favour of restoring him to life; he found it was, at any rate, no favour to himself, for the fellow was a plague to him ever afterwards, constantly begging of him, and always telling him, when the Doctor was angry with him for it, that, as his honour had brought him into the world again, he was bound to support him.

John Morgan too, was a Globe spirit, "a man universally known and esteemed," with whom we are quite unacquainted. He was, it appears, a great wit in the neighbourhood of Shoe-lane.

Morgan, was, without exception, the best companion I ever knew. One night in particular, he was so irresistibly droll, that Mr. Woodmason, the stock-broker, presented the ludicrous spectacle of a man of six feet high rolling about on the floor with his arms a-kimbo, to keep himself together, as he said, for that he was certain otherwise he should break a blood vessel, that fellow Morgan made him laugh so much. I was to Morgan what Sir Watkin Lewes was to Wilkes, when he complained that Wilkes made a butt of him; "True," said Wilkes, "still it's only a waste butt."

There was a sixpenny card club at the Queen's Arms too; at which Mr. Brasbridge and nineteen other choice spirits joked and revoked incessantly. Goodwin was one—Goodwin, the woolen-draper, who invariably exclaimed, when he came down stairs of a morning, "Good morrow, Mr. Shop. You'll take care of me, Mr. Shop, and I'll take care of you!"

The Cider Cellar too, boasted of Mr. Brasbridge's company.—In truth, he seems to have diligently attended to the signs of the times. Mr. Brasbridge speaks of our Elia, as the historian of the Cider Cellar, the only fact in the volume, we believe, which is built on a sandy foundation.

The "Free and Easy under the Rose" was another society to which I belonged. It was founded sixty years ago at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and was afterwards removed to the Horn-tavern. It was originally kept by Bates, who was never so happy as when standing behind a chair with a napkin under his arm; but arriving at the dignity of Alderman, tucking in the calipash and calipee himself, instead of handing it round to the company, soon did his business. My excellent friend Crickett, the marshal of the High Court of Admiralty, was President of this society for many years, and I was constantly in attendance as his Vice. It consisted of some thousand members, and I never heard of any one of them that ever incurred any serious punishment. Our great fault was sitting too late; in this respect, according to the principle of Franklin, that "time is money," we were indeed most unwary spendthrifts; in other instances our conduct was orderly and correct. I cannot say so much for the company that frequented the Spread Eagle, in the Strand, a house famous for the resort of young men after the theatre. Shorter, the landlord, facetiously observed, that his was a very uncommon set of customers, for what with hanging, drowning, and natural deaths, he had a change every six months.

One of our members, Mr. Hawkins, a spatterdash maker, of Chancery-lane, was remarkable for murdering the king's English. Having staid away for some days in consequence of a fit of illness, one of his friends asked him the cause of his absence; he said he had been an *individual* some time, meaning an invalid. In giving an account of the troops landing from America, after long absence and perilous service, he said they were so rejoiced, that they *prostituted* themselves on the earth; the person, to whom he was relating it, observed, that they had been *manured* to hardships; "Yes, indeed they had," said Mr. Hawkins, "and that was the reason they were so much affected." Mr. Hawkins was, nevertheless, a very good man, as well as a good spatterdash maker; and the name of Equity Hawkins, which we gave him on account of his living in Chancery-lane, might have been applied to him, with equal truth, on account of his own integrity.

The following anecdote is a warning to all lovers of monumental glory.

Mr. Darwin was one of the churchwardens of St. Mildred's. A gentleman,

who had formerly lived in the parish, and whose wife was buried in the churchyard, afterwards went into a distant country, and erected a superb mausoleum upon his estate; the first dedication of which, he wished to be to the remains of his wife. Accordingly he wrote to the churchwardens; and a proper deputation of gravediggers, with the sexton, and Mr. Darwin at their head, descended into the vaults to search for the coffin of the defunct. When they found it, however, it was in such a state that it could not be moved; they therefore contented themselves with transferring the plate, stating the name, age, and period of decease, to its next neighbour, a respectable old gentleman, who most likely little dreamed in his life-time, that his clay would finally rest beneath a superb mausoleum, and have all the honours paid to it that were intended by the owner for his departed wife. When the removal was completed, Darwin remarked, that they had had a very disagreeable job, and it would require a good dinner to get them over it, which they accordingly had.

We have not omitted a single joke of Mr. Brasbridge's yet we believe. The following is extremely *piquant*.

Darwin was very intimate with Mr. Figgins, a wax-chandler in the Poultry, who was also a member of the "Free and Easy." They almost always entered the room together, and, from the inseparable nature of their friendship, I gave them the names of Liver and Gizzard; and they were ever afterwards called the Liver and Gizzard of the Common Council.

Miss Boydell is commemorated—and the compliment to her beauty is *well-timed*.

I should be wanting in my habitual reverence for the fair sex, did I not take this opportunity of acknowledging the attractions and graces possessed by Miss Boydell at this time.

Mr. Brasbridge now "returns to his shop." He is persuaded to take stock. He finds that a young man of the name of Ashforth has abused the trust reposed in him, and, in short, ruin in due time follows. He becomes bankrupt, and Mr. Blades, the glass-man, Mr. Eley, the spoon-maker, and Mr. Hoare, of Cheapside, are appointed assignees. All the assignees are his enemies; in this Mr. Brasbridge resembles the man who always met with twelve stubborn men on a jury! The house and business in Fleet-street are sold under the commission, and Mr. Smith—luckless Mr. Smith! becomes the purchaser. Mr. Smith prints up his name with "*late Brasbridge*," (who got the name

by his club-hours!) and Brasbridge got into a neighbouring shop, and started his opposition gravy-spoons and punch-ladles.

After my name had been set up in this doubtful conjunction with Smith for about five years, his house was repainted, and I, thinking I had a right to use my own name as I pleased, begged leave to run up the painter's ladder, when he descended, and efface it with a broom. Upon this, Mr. Smith sallied forth to seize the instrument of destruction to his ingenious device. I, thinking that I had been robbed enough already, held it stoutly with one hand, and advanced the other so near Mr. Smith's face, that he ran back into his shop, and took refuge behind the counter; I conjured him by the honour of an Englishman, to come as far as the threshold; but he stuck close to his counter until he was reinforced by his journeyman and porter; and then, finding myself likely to be overpowered by numbers, I also, like a prudent general, thought fit to secure a retreat. The next day he got the name painted more conspicuously than ever, and modestly sent the painter to me with his bill for so doing. On my refusing to pay it, he summoned me to the Court of Conscience, and, in explaining the matter to the commissioners, he told them that my name stunk in the parish of St. Bride's; they remarked, that he seemed very fond of stinking fish, and advised him to go home and mend his own manners: he had accordingly the pleasure of paying the expenses attendant on the proceedings, and returned home to meditate on his impotent malice.

The following is really interesting, and ought never to have been written before, Mr. Brasbridge has written it so well.

Sir Thomas Halifax was a most excellent chief magistrate; one instance, in particular, of his impartiality and firmness, when he was Lord Mayor, I witnessed myself with respect to Dr. Dodd. The unfortunate delinquent was brought before him, and was standing in a room crowded with spectators, when Lord Chesterfield sent up his name to the Lord Mayor, and requested a private interview. Sir Thomas, with manly and becoming spirit, sent his compliments to his Lordship, and informed him, that, the business he was come upon being of a public nature, he could not possibly hear it in private, every person present having as much right as himself to be made acquainted with it. The sight of Doctor Dodd upon his knees, imploring the mercy of Lord Chesterfield, moved every one but the polished statue to whom he addressed himself; in vain he reminded him of the cares he had lavished upon his infancy, and entreated his forgiveness of a fault, which, at the very moment he committed it, he meant to make amends for;

in vain he implored him to save his character and his life by withdrawing his prosecution: this flinty-hearted young nobleman, then only just arrived at man's estate, a period of life when all the finest feelings are generally too acutely awake, and prudence and self-interest scarcely yet roused, could, unmoved, behold his old preceptor kneeling at his feet, and could coldly turn from him, leaving him to all the misery of despair and anticipated disgrace. Had the sympathy of the whole assembly been of any avail against his Lordship's cruelty, the unfortunate man would have been spared to benefit society by the edifying example of a repentant sinner, instead of being offered up as a victim to public justice, a shrine at which so many sacrifices are annually made, apparently without producing either warning or amendment. A very different spirit possessed Mr. Manby of the Temple, when Doctor Dodd was brought before him. Significantly showing the bond to the Doctor, he laid it on the table, and went and looked out of the window; but the Doctor had not the presence of mind to seize the opportunity thus afforded him of destroying it. I think in such a case I should have gone one step farther than Mr. Manby: I should have warned the Doctor *not* to put the bond into the fire, when my back was turned, as I should then have no evidence against him.

The next, a good joke, is neat but abstruse.

Col. Dillon seemed formed by nature for the command of an army. He was six feet high, singularly handsome, and combined in his manner all the spirit of a soldier with the gallantry of a courtier. One day, in helping the beautiful Marie Antoinette on horseback, he fixed his eyes intently on her green slippers; she laughingly asked him why he noticed them; "Because," said he, "they are so appropriate to the wearer, who has all the world at her feet."

In 1780, Mr. Brasbridge took up arms against the rioters. Kennet, the Lord Mayor, of course comes in for a page or two.

Mr. Kennet had begun life as a waiter, and his manners never rose above his original station. When he was summoned to be examined in the House, one of the members wittily observed, "If you ring the bell, Mr. Kennet will come of course." His excuse for his behaviour was, that being attacked both before and behind, he was seized with a fit of *temerity*, which made him not know what he was about. One evening at the Alderman's Club, he was at the whist-table; and Mr. Alderman Pugh, a dealer in soap, and an extremely good-natured man, was at his elbow, smoking his pipe. "Ring the bell, Soap-suds," said Mr. Kennet, in his coarse way. "Ring it your-

self, Bar," replied the Alderman, "you have been twice as much used to it as I have." Mr. Pugh was another of the instances of successful industry with which our metropolis abounds. He originally came to town in the humble capacity of drawer and porter at the Hoop and Bunch of Grapes, in Hatton Garden. He then went to live with Alderman Benn, to take care of his horse and cart; and for his good conduct was admitted as under clerk in the counting-house; and, being a married man, his master augmented his salary, in the sum of ten pounds, on the birth of every child. He was afterwards taken into partnership, &c.

The day of the King going to St. Paul's is a great day with the historian, and the following anecdote of the then Prince of Wales is rather drily related.

My chiefest ornament was Mrs. Aylmer, the wife of a captain in the royal navy; whose perfect beauty of features and graceful symmetry of form attracted the notice of our present beloved monarch, at that time Prince of Wales; as he looked up to the windows, and gazed on her with all the admiration which not his bitterest enemies could ever accuse him of withholding from the fair sex.

Brasbridge is a famous anecdotist.

When the Talents came into power, they turned out every body that they could, even Lord Sandwich, the Master of the Stag Hounds. The King met his Lordship in his ride soon after. "How do, how do," cried his Majesty; "so they have turned you off; it was not my fault, upon my honour, for it was as much as I could do to keep my own place."

The volume now approaches its end.

It is the consolation of growing old to talk of what we can remember when we were young. I recollect the first broad-wheeled waggon that was used in Oxfordshire, and a wondering crowd of spectators it attracted. I believe at that time there was not a post-chaise in England excepting two-wheeled ones. Lamps to carriages are also quite a modern improvement. A shepherd, who was keeping sheep, in the vicinity of a village in Oxfordshire, came running all aghast, to say, that a frightful monster with saucer eyes, and making a great blowing noise, was coming towards the village, at such a rate that he could scarcely keep before it.

We extract the following for the benefit of several of our readers; aye, and writers too, mayhap!

I must now take the privilege of an old man, to caution my young readers against falling into the practice of smoking, the idlest of all amusements, and the stupidest of all kinds of intoxication. I have heard

indeed an excuse alleged for it, by an old smoker, that it is good for the memory ; and as a proof of it, the advocate remarked, that if a man be ever so drunk, he is reminded by it to drink again.

This little book is thus concluded.

I drink nothing but table ale with my dinner, having taken the same dislike to

wine that Reynard did to the grapes, and when the cloth is taken away, my kind and worthy wife plays at cribbage with me, that I may not miss the circling glass, or

Sit like my grandsire cut in alabaster,
And creep into the jaundice
By being peevish.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Eclectic Review, June.)

A THOUGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

BY J. CONDER.

'BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high :
Yet, dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh :—

' Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain.
Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
Thy path, the trackless main—

' These speak of Thee with loud acclaim ;
They thunder forth thy praise,
The glorious honour of thy name,

The wonders of Thy ways :
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

' We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air.
The waves obey Thy dread control ;
Yet still thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is every where ?

' Oh, not in circling depth, or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veil'd from sight,
There does His Spirit rest.
O come, thou Presence Infinite,
And make thy creature blest.'

(The same.)

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY J. CONDER.

' O wondrous bird ! thy varied measure,
The very soul of pleasure,
Who but an unblest lover could
Have fancied set in minor mood ?
Who but the votary of folly
Have call'd it melancholy ?

' To me that song denotes no less
Than mirth and inborn happiness,
That dreams the peaceful night away
In living o'er the joys of day.
To me it a long tale unravels,
Of airy voyages, Persian travels,
Gay pranks in summer's fairest bowers,
And broken hearts among the flowers ;
And then of England's landscape mild,
Spring's virgin beauties undefiled,
Her violet-banks, her blue bell glades,
Her daisied meads, her greenwood shades,
The hedge-rows where the May is blooming,
With tenderest scent the air perfuming,
The stream through richest pastures wind-
ing,

And tender corn,—of these reminding,
It seems to speak of all to me
In vocal poetry.

' And but that mortal men must sleep,
Pleased I my station here could keep
The live-long night, a list'ning to thy tale.
But ever wakeful nightingale,
When dost thou suspend thy numbers,
And yield to quiet slumbers ?
The lark, beyond his usual hours,
Contending with thee from the sky,
Seems exerting all his powers,
Singing of corn, and thou of flowers—
Thou beneath, and he on high,
A fugue of wondrous melody.
Thou'lt sing him down, and he so quiet
Under the wheat, in lowly nest,
Will marvel at thy tuneful riot,
Breaking his gentle partner's rest.
But when his matin-bell he springs
At earliest dawn, untired thy skill,
While his loud orisons he sings,
He'll hear thee at thy vespers still.'

SKETCHES OF THE FIVE AMERICAN PRESIDENTS,
AND OF
THE FIVE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

From the Memoranda of a Traveller.

IT is a great mistake to suppose that the policy of the American government will not be materially influenced by the character of the next President. All nations are more or less determined in their course of dealing, at home and abroad, by the moral and intellectual character of their chief magistrates, whatever may be their title, rank, or authority. The Americans always have been so, and always will be so, whatever they may imagine to the contrary.

A bird's-eye view of the successive administrations of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Munroe, will establish this proposition in part; and, as we are justified in expecting like effects from like causes, and that what has been will be again, if the first part of the proposition be established, the latter will seem to be a legitimate inference.

I have no disposition to meddle with the domestic economy of nations; nor with what is considered the tea-table politics of any country; but it is pleasant to observe the influences of both upon the great human family, and to show ourselves wiser than our neighbours, in tracing any effect to a cause that has been perpetually overlooked by other men.

This is one of those cases. The character of the American government, from the day of its first organization, has been little else than the character of the man highest in office for the time. And yet the politicians of Europe would tell us, that it is a matter of no moment to the world, whether Mr. A, B, C, or D, is to become the next President of the United States; and the Americans, themselves, have never suspected, and never will admit, that the character of their chief executive officer is, in reality, the character of the government.

For my own part, I do not scruple to say, that I could tell under whose administration any important law had passed, or any important treaty had been entered into by the American people, on hearing it read for the first time, although the date were not men-

tioned, solely from my knowledge of the five individuals, who have been five successive Presidents.

WASHINGTON, the first President, made the government like himself, cautious, uniform, simple and substantial, without show or parade. While he presided, nothing was done for effect—every thing from principle. There was no vapouring and no chivalry about it. Whatever was done or said, was done or said with great deliberation, and profound seriousness.

Mr. ADAMS was the second President. He was quite another sort of man. He was more dictatorial, more adventurous; and, perhaps, more of a statesman. But look to the record of his administration, and you find the natural temper of the man distinctly visible in all the operations of the government, up to the very moment when he overthrew himself and his whole party by his hazardous political movements.

The cautious neutrality of Washington, which obtained for him, in the cabinet, what had already been awarded to him in the field—the title of the American Fabius—was abandoned, by Mr. Adams, for a more bold and presumptuous aspect, bearing and attitude. The quiet dignity and august plainness of the former, was put aside for something more absolute and regal. The continuance of the American government under Washington, throughout all its foreign negotiations, and domestic administration, was erect and natural, very strong, simple and grave. But, under Mr. Adams, although it appeared loftier and more imposing, and attracted more attention, it had a sort of theatrical look, and was, in reality, much less formidable.

Then came Mr. JEFFERSON. He was the third President. He was, undoubtedly, a man of more genius than either of his predecessors. His talent was finer, but not so strong. He was a scholar and a philosopher, full of theory and hypothesis. And what was the character of his administration? Was it not wholly given up to theory and

hypothesis, experiment and trial? He turned the whole of the United States into a laboratory—a workshop—a lecture-room; and kept the whole country in alarm with his demonstrations in political economy, legislation, mechanics, and government. Hence it is, that, to this day, it is difficult to determine whether his administration, on the whole, was productive of great benefit or great evil to the American people. The most extraordinary changes, transmutations, and phenomena, were continually taking place before their eyes; but they were, generally, unintelligible, so that he left the country pretty much in the situation that his fame at Montecello is at this moment—altogether transformed from its natural state—altogether different from what it was, when he took it in hand—a puzzle and a problem to the world.

To him succeeded Mr. MADISON—the fourth American President. He was altogether of a different constitution—loquacious, plausible, adroit, and subtle. Out of his administration grew the war between his country and this. It has been a question much agitated among many sensible men, and respectable politicians, whom I have known in different countries—whether Mr. Madison, whose temper was neither quarrelsome nor warlike, really wished for, and promoted, and expedited the war, or not? I have heard the same question warmly debated among his countrymen and friends. They had, probably, never seen, or had overlooked the significance of a paper in the “Federalist,” (a work produced by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Jay, and Mr. Madison, in defence of the constitution then about to be adopted by the American people)—written by Mr. Madison himself, when a young man, in which he shows, plainly and convincingly, how vast an augmentation of patronage, and, of course, *power*, the President of the United States would derive from a state of war. No man saw it so clearly at the time—no man remembered it, after the debate was over, so distinctly, and no man could have profited by it more resolutely than did Mr. Madison, when he came to be what, when he foretold the evil,

he had no more idea of being, than he has now of being an Emperor—the President of the United States, with ample power to fulfil the prophecy.

The next, and last of the American Presidents, is Mr. MUNROE, a remarkably plain, sensible man—very honest, and, but for this last message of his, which is wholly unlike any thing that he has ever written, or said, or done before, I should be inclined to think of a very prudent, cold, and phlegmatic temperament. Yet, what is his administration, but a history of the man himself—or rather a biography?

If all this be true, have we no interest in understanding the true character of the five men, out of whom the next President of the United States will be chosen? My opinion is, that we have, and that we ought to have, and therefore I shall give a sketch, first, of the President now in office, and then, of the five candidates, out of whom one will be chosen to succeed him.

Mr. Munroe, the actual President at this time, is an old-fashioned-looking man, whose manner is a compound of natural, strong simplicity, and artificial courtesy. He is very awkward, and very affable; with a countenance and address so distinguished for substantial good sense, and downright honesty—like that which we oftentimes meet with in humble life among the uneducated, that if you should encounter him accidentally, in the company of men of the world, without knowing him, you would take him for a sensible man, quite unaccustomed to such society, and altogether above the folly and affectation of imitating them. But, let some one tell you that this sensible, uneducated man, is no less a personage than the President of the United States, and you would be likely to discover something almost awful in his plainness of manner; something, before whose quiet rebuke the grandeur and beauty of courtly bearing would fall away, like affectation. Yet is it not so?—Mr. Munroe is really an awkward man; and so are most of the candidates, at this moment, “all, all awkward men.”

And yet his acquired courtesy, and a sort of farmer-like, or republican cor-

diality, which, being tempered with much gravity and reserve, induces you to think that more is meant than said, operate upon those who see him, very like that insincere, graceful, and flattering manner, which we look for in the European courtier; and have made it a common remark throughout the United States, and particularly in the city of Washington, that an unsuccessful applicant will come away better satisfied with Mr. Munroe, than a successful one will from Mr. Adams, the present Secretary of State.

I paid this gentleman, (Mr. Munroe) a visit once, on the very evening before he was to send a message to Congress. The front of his house, which is really quite a palace, was entirely dark: there were no lamps lighted, no servants in waiting, and I had to find my way as I could among the marble pillars, and over the broad marble pavement of the great hall, into the private study of the President. I was quite struck with the appearance of every thing I saw there:—the man himself—the furniture—and the conversation were all of a piece, and rather out of keeping, I thought, with the marble chimney-piece, and magnificent ceiling and carpeting. There were a couple of common candles,—tallow, I dare say, lighted upon his table, and the furniture, though costly, was very plain and substantial. In fact there was an air of rigorous economy about all the decorations of the room, except those which were furnished by the Congress: and the economy too, not of a chief magistrate, so much as of a private gentleman, who had neither the power nor the disposition to be more prodigal.

And now for the candidates. Mr. CALHOUN, the present Secretary of War (or Minister of War,) is one of the five, and the youngest among them. He has distinguished himself in Congress, by his intrepid eloquence, and, in the cabinet, by some bold and able, but hazardous undertakings. He is nearly six feet in height, walks very erect, so that his stature appears even greater than that: has very dark expressive eyes: high cheek-bones, and a square forehead, with a physiognomy

rather of the Scotch character: talks with singular rapidity and vehemence, when at all excited, and electioneers more barefacedly, and with less address, than any other of the five candidates. He is too young a man for the office, and has little or no chance of success: he is very ambitious, and fully aware of the consequences if he should fail. His adversaries say that he will jump before he comes to the still; and *must* clear the passage, or be thrown out for ever. They are probably right. But if he should be elected, and it is quite possible, though not probable that he will be, he will seek to distinguish his administration by very high-handed measures. Such a course would be natural to most ambitious young men, who find it easier to design than imitate; pleasanter to open a new path for themselves, than to follow any that another has opened; and a much finer thing to suggest a great improvement, for another to carry into execution, than to assist in consummating the plans of another, particularly in a government, which, on account of the quick rotation in office, will seldom permit any one man both to originate and consummate any great political measure.

MR. CRAWFORD, the Secretary of the Treasury, (corresponding with our Chancellor of the Exchequer,) is the second candidate. He is a tall, stately man, more than six feet high, and large in proportion. He was a school-master; and, it is said, has killed his man, a circumstance not at all against him with the Southern Americans, but very much so among the men of New England, who reprobate duelling as absolute murder. Mr. Crawford is fuller of political resources than Mr. Calhoun, and manages his cards more adroitly; but then his enemies, and those who are opposed to him, are men of a more serious temper, and a more steady determination, than those of Mr. Calhoun. Their opposition to Mr. Crawford is chiefly that of principle; and not political, so much as moral principle; while their objection to Mr. Calhoun grows chiefly out of his youth, temper, and indiscretion. The influence of Mr. Crawford's character,

should he be elected, will be chiefly felt in the domestic administration of the government: that of Mr. Calhoun, on the contrary, would be most operative upon the foreign relations of the American people.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the present Secretary of State (premier,) son of the former President Adams, and the third candidate, is one of the ablest statesmen, and most profound scholars of the age. The chief objections to him are, that he is the son of a distinguished federalist,—that he is an apostate from the federal party,—that his father was a President before him, which, in a country so very republican as that of the United States, in its horror of any thing *hereditary*, is, or ought to be, an insurmountable objection to the son, although three other Presidents, and a whole generation, have already intervened between the reign of the father, and the pretension of the son; and that he is the present Secretary of State, occupying an office from which the President has been taken so frequently, that it is come to be considered as a certain stepping-stone, and the very next one to the Presidential chair. These are formidable objections to a jealous people, whose *theory* of government is about the finest that the world ever saw; and it is quite possible that they will outweigh all other circumstances—practical virtue—and great talent—in the day of trial.

Mr. Adams has represented his country at several European courts; and it is known that his influence has been felt and acknowledged in the most unequivocal manner by that of Russia.

He is a fine belles-lettres scholar; was a lecturer on judicial and popular eloquence in Harvard university, (New England;) and has published a very valuable work, on the subject of Rhetoric and Elocution. The most unlucky and most unworthy thing that he has ever done, to my knowledge, is one that he can never be justified for having done. He consented, some years ago, to deliver the fourth of July oration at the Capitol in Washington; and in delivering it, forgot that he was no longer John Quincy Adams, an

American citizen, justly exasperated at the indignity with which the genius, and literature, and hospitality of his countrymen had been treated here, and fully justified in expressing his indignation—he forgot that he was no longer a private citizen, in whom such a thing would be justifiable—and did not recollect that he was the Secretary of State for the United States—the chief organ of the government, in whose language on such an occasion, all philippic, reproach, and recrimination, would be undignified and mischievous; a perpetual precedent for other and humbler men. I could applaud the spirit of the man—but cannot help pitying that of the politician and statesman, while so employed. As the oration of Mr. John Quincy Adams, the polite scholar and accomplished gentleman, it was pleasant to read; but as the work of a statesman,—the deliberate manifestation of sentiment, by the Secretary of State for the United States, it was undignified and indiscreet.

In a time of peace, Mr. Adams would be better calculated to advance the reputation of his country abroad, than any other of the five candidates. Literature, and literary men, would be more respectable under his administration than they ever have been; and the political negotiation of the country would continue to be, what it has been, during his occupation of the office which he now holds in the cabinet, profound, clear, and comprehensive.

Let any one imagine the effect of his presence and manner upon some foreign ambassador, (no matter from what country of Europe he may come,) who should see him for the first time as I have often seen him—The gentleman from abroad, familiar with the pomp and circumstance of royalty at home, and through all the courts of Europe, it may be, and full of strange misapprehension of republican simplicity—imagining it to be what it generally is, either rude and affected,—worn for the gratification of the mob—or the natural manner of uneducated people, who are not so much superior to, as they are ignorant of, courtly parade, yet prone to imitation nevertheless, has prepared—we will suppose,

for an introduction to the President of the United States :—a single attendant announces him.—He is ushered into the presence-chamber, without any ceremony, into a very plain room, furnished not so handsomely as it is common to see that of a respectable tradesman in England.

He sees a little man writing at a table—nearly bald, with a face quite formal and destitute of expression ; his eyes running with water ; his slippers down at heel—fingers stained with ink ; in warm weather wearing a striped seersucker coat, and white trowsers, and dirty waistcoat, spotted with ink ; his whole dress, altogether, not worth a couple of pounds ; or, in a colder season, habited in a plain blue coat, much the worse for wear, and other garments in proportion ; not so respectable as they may find in the old-clothes bag of almost any Jew in the street.—This man, whom the Ambassador mistakes for a clerk of the department, and only wonders, in looking at him, that the President should permit a man to appear before him in such dress, proves to be the President of the United States himself. The stranger is perplexed and confounded ; he hardly knows how to behave toward such a personage. But others arrive, one after the other—natives of different countries, speaking different languages.—Conversation begins. The little man awakes. His countenance is gradually illuminated—his voice changes. His eyes are lighted up with an expression of intense sagacity, earnestness, and pleasantry. Every subject is handled in succession—and every one in the language of the stranger with whom he happens to be conversing, if that stranger should betray any want of familiarity with the English language.—What are the opinions of this Ambassador here ? what does he know of the address and appearance of Mr. Adams ? Nothing. He has forgotten the first impressions ; and when he has returned to his house, it would be difficult to persuade him that the President of the United States is either dirty in his dress, little, or poorly clad.

GENERAL JACKSON is the next candidate. He is a man of a very resolute and despotic temper : so determined and persevering, that, having once undertaken a measure, he will carry it through, right or wrong ; so absolute, that he will endure neither opposition nor remonstrance. He has a powerful party in his favour : but his enemies are also very powerful, and ready to go all lengths in preventing his election. He has gone through every stage of political and active service.—He has been successively a judge, a general, a governor, and a senator. He is a man of singular energy, decision, and promptitude—a good soldier, and would have been a great captain, had he been educated in the wars of Europe. His countrymen hold him to be the greatest general in the world ; but he has never had an opportunity to show his generalship. His warfare with the Indians ; and his victory at New Orleans, though carried on with sufficient skill for the occasion, were of a nature rather to develop his talent as a brave man, than as a great general.

His countrymen give a bad reason for desiring to promote him to the Presidency. They admit the great ability of Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay in the cabinet ; but then they contend that Gen. Jackson has no rival in the field.

Granted, if they please—but what does that prove ? In case of war, General Jackson's services would be wanted in the field, not in the Presidential chair. And in a time of peace, his talents as a general would be useless. It would have been a better reason to give for his election to the war office ; and yet it would have been a bad one there. In a time of peace, the manner of General Jackson, who is a very erect, stiff, tall, military man, about six feet high, would be less likely than that of any other of the five candidates, to make a favourable impression upon foreigners. It is dignified to be sure, and conciliatory ; but then, it does not appear natural, and is far from being easy or graceful.

If General Jackson should be elected, there would be a thorough revolution in the present system of things. He would, probably, do a great deal of

good—but might do a great deal of harm, in his thorough-going, revolutionary, and absolute spirit. His officers would all resemble himself: his influence would assemble all the rash and adventurous material of the nation about him—and honest as he undoubtedly is, lead the country into many a situation of peril. A man who, after having received the fire of his adversary, where the parties were permitted to fire when they pleased, walked deliberately up to him, and shot him through the head (a story that is generally told, and generally believed in America:)—a man who ventured to reform the judgment of a court-martial, and order two men to execution, because he thought them worthy of death; a man who suspended the Habeas Corpus act, of his own free will, at New Orleans, and, I believe, actually imprisoned, or threatened to imprison, the judge for issuing a writ; a man who imprisoned, or arrested, the governor of Florida—invaded a neighbouring territory, of his own head, with an army at his back—and publicly threatened to cut off the ears of sundry senators of the United States, for having ventured to expostulate with the government, on account of his high-handed measures, however he may be fitted for a time of war, is not very well calculated, I should think, to advance the political reputation, or interests of his country, in time of peace.

The last of the candidates, Mr. CLAY, one of the American Commissioners at Ghent, and for many years Speaker of the House of Representatives, a situation of great influence and authority, is better known in Europe, than any of the others, except Mr. Adams. He is a plain-looking man, with a common face; light hair; about five feet ten; talks with great animation, and declaims with surprising fluency and boldness. He exercises a very commanding influence over a powerful party in his country; and if elected, will contribute greatly to extend the reputation of the government. He is neither so profound, nor so comprehensive, as Mr. Adams in his political views; but he is an able and honest

politician; with friends a thousand times more enthusiastic than are those of Mr. Adams; but they are neither so numerous, so thoughtful, nor so respectable.

His manner is very unpretending, and very awkward: he has a good deal of electioneering expedient—but it is easily seen through. I remember having seen him enter the city of Washington, alone, and unattended by a servant, on horseback, with his portmanteau or valise, stuffed behind the saddle, two or three days before the election of Speaker. He had been reported sick and dying for several successive weeks—and was, finally, said to be actually a dead man. And when he appeared, it was in the manner which I have described, although the issue of his election as Speaker, was generally believed to be, in one alternative, conclusive upon his chance for the Presidency; that is—if he were *not* elected Speaker, it was believed that he had no chance for the Presidency, although, if he were elected Speaker, his election to the Presidency was not by any means, certain to follow. These reports, and the republican entry, were, probably electioneering tricks: the first (for Mr. Clay had never been sick at all) was got up by his friends to try the pulse of the people; and the latter was his own.—

I have now described the five Presidents and five candidates; but I forgot to mention, that nine out of the whole ten, were either educated for the bar, or actual practitioners of the law, at some period or other of their lives. In fact, I believe, that all but Washington were originally destined for that profession, although I am not certain about Mr. Muir, Mr. Calhoun, and Mr. Crawford. The law is seldom or never studied in America, as an accomplishment; and until lately, has never entered into their plan of collegiate education. But, for nearly half a century, it has been the favourite profession of ambitious fathers, and needy young men of talent, as the only highway to political distinction, and as the most respectable and certain means of obtaining a livelihood without capital or mechanical labour. A. B.

PAUL JONES.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

I CAN add some little to your information on the subject of Paul Jones. That little is authentic; and moreover I am enabled to give you an original account (from his first, and indeed only lieutenant), of the action with the *Serapis*, the *Gazette* account of which appeared in your last number.

In the year 1801, two of the largest frigates in the world lay near each other in the Bay of Gibraltar. It was a question *which* was the largest. Some gave it that the *American* President (Commodore Dale) had it in length, and the *Portuguese* Carlotta (Commodore Duncan) in breadth. Each commander had a wish to survey the vessel of the other, and yet these gentlemen could never be brought together. There was a shyness as to who should pay the first visit. There is no more punctilious observer of etiquette than a naval commander, jealous of the honour of his flag, on a foreign station. A master of ceremonies, or a king at arms, is nothing to him at a match of precedence. The wings of a ship are the college in which he obtains this polite acquirement, and when he comes to run up his pennant we may be sure that a very professor in the courtesies flaunts upon the quarter deck. Dale was a good humoured fellow, a square strong set man, rather inclined to corpulence, jolly and hospitable. His pride in the command and discipline of his squadron, and the dignity of his diplomatic function, as the paramount of his nation in the Mediterranean, formed a very gentle bridle on his easy intercourse and open-heartedness. Now he thought that the *Portuguese* Commodore should "*cale wurst*" (Parson Trulliber has it so), as having been earliest at the station. This was mentioned to Duncan (a fine hard bitten little old seaman by the way), and he forthwith laid down his punctilio in a manner that put an end to all hopes of an intimacy, or of a friendly measurement of the two ships.—"Sir," said he, "as Commodore Duncan of the *Portuguese* navy, I would readily call first upon Commodore Dale of the *Amer-*

ican navy, but as Lieutenant Duncan of the British navy, I cannot call upon a gentleman who served under the pirate Paul Jones."

This awoke my curiosity, and the next time I was in company with Commodore Dale, he, perceiving that my conversation led that way, readily met me in it. He had been with Jones in the *Ranger*, as well as in the *Bon Homme Richard*. What follows is from his recital.

Paul Jones *wanted* (as the Bowstreet runners say) Lord Selkirk, to try upon him the experiment practising on President Laurens in the Tower: and if Laurens had suffered, Lord Selkirk, or any other great man they could get hold of, would have been put to death. Lord Selkirk was only preferred as being considered by his supposed residence to be the readiest for capture.—Jones was surprised and displeased at the family plate being brought on board, but the returning it would have been too serious a displeasure to his crew. It was sold by public auction at Cadiz, bought in by Jones, and sent back, as we have known.

Commodore Dale thus related the action with the *Serapis*. The "*Bon Homme Richard*" was an old East Indiaman, bought and fitted out at a French port, and so christened out of compliment to Franklin, then in Paris, one of whose instructive tales is conveyed under such a title. Having originally no ports in her lower deck, six were broken out (three on a side) and fitted with six French eleven-pounder guns. On the upper deck she had twenty-four or twenty-six of smaller calibre. She had a numerous crew, to which were added some recruits of the Irish Brigade commanded by a lieutenant—now a general officer in the British service. Fontenoy was one instance, and this action was another, of the gallantry of these unfortunate gentlemen, whom an invincible hereditary feeling had driven into the service of the French monarch. When the last of their protectors was dethroned, honour brought them gladly over to

the standard of their country. In this vessel with the Alliance American frigate of 36 guns (a fine regular ship of war), and the Pallas French frigate of 32, Paul Jones started on a marauding expedition, only differing from that of Whitehaven, as being on a larger scale. It was his intention to amerce our north eastern ports in heavy pecuniary ransoms, or to destroy the shipping and buildings as far as could be affected. He had intelligence, or believed so, of the exact number of troops stationed in these different places. Leith was the first great object. Entering the Firth they seized upon a Scotch fishing boat. The owner was refractory, but they terrified him into the office of Pilot. The wind became adverse; they reached Inchkeith, but could not weather it, and had to stand out again. Making the land next to visit Whitby and Hull, they fell in with a large convoy, which dispersed while the ships of war (Serapis 44, Capt. Pearson, and Percy 20 guns, Capt. Piercy) which protected it, stood right out to engage them. The determination was mutual; there was a deal of hailing from the Serapis to the really *strange* ship which approached her. They closed, and the Bon Homme, by Jones's order, was made fast to the Serapis. While these were thus closely engaged, the Alliance worked round the two ships, pouring in raking broadsides, which Paul Jones finding equally injurious to his own ship, as intended for the Serapis, put an end to by ordering the Alliance off, and she lay by during the rest of the action, while the Pallas was engaged with the British sloop of war. The cannonade was to the advantage of the Serapis, and gradually silenced the fire of the Bon Homme. The latter wished and expected once to be boarded, the British boarders were about to enter, but returned deterred at the superior number lying waiting for them, and purposely concealed as far as might be under the gangway. Lieutenant Dale, on going below, found two of the three guns on the fighting side silenced, and the crew of the other vying with the crew of a British gun opposite which should fire first. The British were quickest, and

that gun was knocked over also. He returned slightly wounded and much fatigued to the upper deck, and was seated on the windlass, when the explosion which blew up the upper deck of the Serapis all aft from the main hatchway, gave the victory to the Bon Homme. For this success they were indebted to the officers and party of their marines. Seated out on the yard, grenades were handed along, dropped by the officer into the hatchway of the Serapis, and at last caught to some ammunition.

Paul Jones, crippled and afflicted with the gout, was seated during the affair in a chair on the quarter deck. Dale boarded the Serapis with a few men. As he made his way aft he saw a solitary person leaning on the taffrail in a melancholy posture, his face resting on his hands. It was Capt. Pearson. He said to Dale, "The ship has struck." While hurrying him on, an officer came from below and observed to Capt. Pearson, that the ship alongside was going down. "We have got three guns clear, Sir, and they will soon send her to the devil." The Captain replied, "It's too late, Sir, call the men off, the ship has struck." "*I'll go below, Sir, and call them off immediately;*" and he was about to descend, when Dale interfering said, "*No, Sir, if you please, you'll come on board with me.*" Dale told me, that if he had let that officer go below, he feared that he would have sunk them, as the Bon Homme was old, settling in the water, and in fact went to the bottom that night.

Paul Jones was, in Commodore Dale's opinion, a very skilful enterprising officer, but harsh and overbearing in disposition.

He was afterwards, as your correspondent in the last number has related, taken into the service of the Empress of Russia, and was to have had an important command against the Turks. Greig, however, and the other British officers in her service, memorialized against it. They would neither associate nor serve with him, and, if she had not got rid of him, would have left her fleets.

Wherever Paul Jones was born, I

have understood, from what I thought him, that quarrelling with a fellow ap-
 good authority, that he was apprentice prentice, he took an opportunity to
 in a coal vessel, in the employ of Mr. anoint the lad's head with a tar brush,
 Wilson at Whitehaven. It is told of and then set it on fire.

THE SENSE OF GOD.

WHATEVER social ills may press us round,
 Thou, sense of God, exalting and profound,
 'Tis thou to earth's sad children break'st the shock ;
 Thou meet'st the poet on his lonely rock,
 Reveal'st *Jehovah* to his ardent gaze,
 And tunest his lips to confidence and praise.
 Grand thought of God ! to which, midst pleasures vain,
 Our human weakness conscious turns again ;
 These are the blessings thou to man hast given,
 And thus Religion links the earth to heaven.
 Who shall disown thee ?—God withdrawn, a veil
 Shrouds the dim earth and yon bright heavens turn pale :
 Laws—morals—virtue—prone to dust are hurld,
 An aimless system and an orphan world !

THE POTATOE.

I am now going to offer some remarks on what is likely to be generally uppermost in the mind of an Irishman, as affording subsistence, not only to men, women, and children, but also to all those live appendages, pigs, dogs, horses, cattle, and poultry—the potatoe. If you should happen to be disposed to conjectural anticipation, you will perhaps think that I mean to propose, what national gratitude ought to have done long since, the erection of a statue to Sir Walter Raleigh, by whom the potatoe was first brought to this country, and presented to a nobleman, right worthy of being the dispenser of natural benefits, Richard, the first Earl of Cork. But no, I have no such intention. I question whether any important advantage was in the contemplation of the donor ; and moreover, I doubt whether the culture would have been recommended by either of those great men, had they been able to predict the future and remote consequences of the gift. The great Earl of Cork, (as he is commonly called,) the munificent founder of many towns, as well as of an illustrious race, to whom the county of Cork has never ceased to owe those obligations which the rare union of virtue and ability so happily enables their possessor to bestow, certainly contemplated a different sort of subsistence than potatoe diet for his numerous tenantry. Could his lordship have foreseen that they would become almost the only food of the people ; that they would supplant the use of bread, abolish the arts of culinary preparation, and by the extreme facility of providing a mere bellyful, promote idleness and vagabondism, and multiply an ever-growing propagation of paupers, he would, I will venture to affirm, have been the very last man to advise or encourage the culture of potatoes. But let me not be considered as meaning to depreciate so extraordinary and valuable a root. I only lament the excessive use, or rather abuse, of one of the most useful vegetable gifts which the bounteous hand of the Almighty Creator has conferred upon mankind. Used as they are in the sister island, as an auxiliary to better food, their worth is inestimable ; but constituting, as they do here, almost the sole food of the lower orders, the effect is as I have stated ; and though the blame be not attributable to the article itself, yet is not the consequent wretchedness of its consumers the less deplorable. They are objectionable in another respect, as being only a supply for the current year ; so that the superabundance of a favourable season will constitute nothing to the relief of a deficient. Hence the superfluity of subsistence among a potatoe-fed people in any given year, is but a superfluity waste, which does not afford the smallest security against a famine on the

ensuing. Every other species of staple food can be held over; and, therefore, for this, as well as other reasons, it should be one of the prime objects of all those, whose ability and wishes to

promote the interests of the people go hand in hand, to ameliorate their style of living, and render them somewhat less dependent upon the fluctuating comforts of the potatoe system.

NANCY DAWSON.

A bird-catcher, wishing to increase his stock of bull-finches, took out his caged bird and his limed twigs, and placed them in such situation of hedge or gooseberry bush, as he judged favourable to success in the anxious sport of bird catching. It so happened that his own bird was a bird of education; such as is usually termed a *pip*ing bullfinch.—In the first instance a few accidentally thrown out natural notes, or calls, had attracted three or four of his kindred feather, who had now taken their stations not far distant from the

cage.—There they stood, eyeing Bully in his citadel, with doubt and curiosity. And now, they were beginning to move inch by inch, hop by hop, toward him, and to the fatal twigs: again they became stationary, and attentive. It was in this eager and suspended moment, that the piping bullfinch suddenly struck up the old country dance of *Nancy Dawson*.—Away flew every astounded bullfinch as fast as wings could move, in such alarm and confusion as bullfinches could feel, and they only can venture to describe.

FRENCH BOMBAST.

Sterne exemplifies the French tendency to conversational bombast of expression by the asseveration of his barber; who protested to him, that “the curls of his wig would stand though he *plunged them in the ocean*.” As if, quietly observes the sentimentalist, I should pull on my boots and post to the shores of the Atlantic, for the

purpose of trying the experiment! An English hair-dresser would have contented himself with suggesting a dip in a bucket. This habit of exaggeration in their common-life language has been adduced to account for their characteristic meagreness of diction in verse: as if having exhausted their force of expression, they had nothing left.

NEW DRAMA—BY J. HOWARD PAYNE.

At Covent Garden, May 27, a sportive drama, in three acts, and entitled “Charles the Second, or the Merry Monarch,” was produced at this theatre with entire success. Miss M. Tree played archly and sweetly; and in two songs, as well as a duet with Duruset, did justice to some of the most beautiful words we have lately heard introduced for theatrical music, which we subjoin:

SONG.

O! not when other eyes may read
My heart upon my cheek—
Oh, not when other ears can hear,
Dare I of love to speak:
But when the stars rise from the sea,
Oh, then I think of thee, dear love!
Oh, then I think of thee.

When o'er the olives of the dell
The silent moonlight falls,
And upon the rose the dew
Hangs scented coronals,
And buds close on the chesnut-tree,—
Oh, then I think of thee, dear love!
Oh, then I think of thee.

DUET.

LOVE, one day, essayed to gain
Entrance into Beauty's bower;
Many a toil and many a chain
Guarded round the precious flower.
But Love laid aside his bow,
Veiled his wing, hid his dart,
Entered more than Beauty's bower,
Entered also Beauty's heart.
Hence was the sweet lesson learnt—
Fond hearts never should despair;
Kept with truth, and led by hope,
What is there Love may not dare?

RECITATIVE.

Thrice beautiful!—alas! that here
Should ever come a frown or tear;
But not beneath the gilded dome
Hath happiness its only home.

AIR.

Not in the pictured halls,
Not amid marble walls,
Will young Love dwell;
Love's home's the heart alone—
That heart, too, all his own,
Else, Love, farewell.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

THE SICILIAN DWARF.

I AM sure my readers will be very glad to hear that I have accommodated matters with my fair friend, Miss Crachami. Feeling for the mortification under which I must be labouring, in consequence of her jilting me, she had even the condescension to visit me in person. My delight and gratitude, of course, may be understood by persons of fine sensibilities, like my own. I can only say I can say no more. Well, we had a pleasant chat together; and I found my little lady, like all other ladies, much more agreeable in private than in public. She was lively and interesting; sat upon a small tea-caddy with infinite grace, and listened to music with evident pleasure, beating time with her tiny foot, and waving her head just as any boarding-school Miss in her upper teens, and conscious of the beauty of her movements, would do. Being desirous of proposing certain delicate measures, I took great pains to make a favourable impression on her heart, and had the happiness to succeed: the consequence of which is, that besides retaining a ring (see below) as the proof of her affection, I



am enabled to mention, without betraying confidence, or impugning the female character, what those measures actually were. First, then, I found that the real height of Miss Crachami is nineteen inches and a half; her weight five pounds; the length of her foot (Cinderella was a nobody!) three inches and one-eighth; and the length of her fore-finger (she would not give me the wedding one) one inch and seven-eighths!!! Having thus gone my lengths, I was allowed to go my rounds; and they follow: Round the head, twelve inches three-eighths;—round the waist, eleven inches and a quarter; round the neck, (only think of taking such a creature round the neck!) five inches and three-eighths; round the ankle, three inches and a quarter; and round the wrist, two inches and seven-sixteenths!!

These are, bona fide, the measure-

ments of this most extraordinary human Being, and the type annexed is the size of her fore-finger ring. Among the other means taken to ascertain the extent of her faculties and feelings, I presented a common waxen doll, about a head taller than herself: her scream of rapture was extremely curious, and she hugged and stroked the image with far greater delight than seemed to be afforded her by any other thing. One of the small waxen dolls, about five inches long, was rejected with strong marks of disdain; though, in relative proportion, exactly what ought to have pleased her as a plaything. But the larger one was a playfellow, a companion, a sister. Weak diluted wine and biscuit she relished much, and patted her stomach, saying "good, good," as children are sometimes taught to do. For a couple of hours her attention was unrelaxed, and she was observant and animated throughout. She walked a few paces, and expressed many various feelings, of like and dislike, both to persons and things, of impatience, enjoyment, mirth—the latter prevailing. Upon the whole, I became more perfectly convinced that this *Dwarf* is certainly the *greatest* wonder of the kind that ever existed. [See *Ath.* p.229.287.

LONDON.

One of the very worst forms in which London presents itself, even to a Londoner, is that of the inn, hotel, xenodochion, khan, or caravansera, to which, (if he have no household gods of his own,) he must repair on his arrival. What then must a Frenchman, or a native of Southern Europe, think of a similar reception?—The soi-disant coffee-room, stalled off like a stable, with its two or three miserable candles, its sanded floor, its phalanx of empty decanters, and wine-glasses full of tooth-picks and wafers, its solitude and its silence! To such a place was I obliged to betake myself, after a first and a long absence, which had cancelled abundance of national prejudices, and impaired the power of accommodating to the habits I was about to resume. The newspapers, those polyglott versions of the infinitely diversified events, accidents, crimes, punishments, and contingencies of an enor-

mous metropolis, for a single day, were the only resource. But their interest was lost to me, and after listening a-while to the ticking of the dial, and making many a fretful glance at the coffee-house system of Naples, Venice, and Paris, I abruptly summoned the chambermaid, and followed her to the *cell* to which she had destined me for the night. One advantage, indeed, there was in this ambitious apartment, that if a fire should take place in the better frequented floors of this immense barrack, "ourselves" and the pigeons would probably be the longest survivors.

KNOCKERS.

It was in London that I began to attend to the harmony and expressiveness of the various *knockings* or *pulsations* of which a street-door is susceptible. I shall say a word or two on this subject, as there are no knockers across the Channel.—"Quamquam animus meminisse horret—incipiam."—These instruments, like mortars, are made of bronze or cast iron; and as they are of various calibres, they can, of course, *project sound* to various distances. A discharge of this kind in Grosvenor-square, when the wind is favourable, will frequently *startle the deer* in the Park, ruffle the water of the Serpentine, & vibrate in the alcoves of Kensington.

I also conceive that there is already room, even in the present imperfect "state of the science," for distinguishing the different kinds of performance on this instrument, by an adequate nomenclature.

I would divide *knocks*, for the present, into, 1. Hesitating or submissive. These are usually performed by thin pale-looking persons with folded papers in their hands.—"Could I speak for a moment to the lady?" 2. Importunate or expostulating, performed by tradesmen.—"Did you tell Mr. A. I called twice last week? When will he be at home?" 3. Confident or friendly.—"Well, John, is your master at home?" 4. Alarming or fashionable. These are *preceded* by the short sharp stop of a carriage, generally of the barouche kind, and are *followed* by the sound of many feet in kid slippers on the staircase. Of

single knocks I say nothing—*ex uno disce omnes*—there is no eloquence in *them*. The postman and the tax-gatherer's knock of office, expresses the impatience of authority very intelligibly; and the knock domestic, *your own knock*, makes everybody *I hope* glad, and stirs up the spaniel from the hearth-rug. I have not leisure to notice the interesting association of bell and knockers into one *compound instrument* of considerably increased power, but at some future time I may probably favour the world with a small volume, entitled, "*Tuptologia*" (*Keraunologia* would be better still,) with plates of the various kinds of knockers, and directions for their use. In fashionable streets, (sit obiter dictum,) the knockers ought to be of silver, the only objection to which is, that (*notwithstanding* the marvellous effects of education) they would *occasionally* be stolen.

MISCELLANEOUS COMFORTS.

In order to complete the little sketch that I proposed to give of the impressions which a return to London makes upon the *senses*. I now add a few miscellaneous remarks.

The climate and atmosphere of London is not only extremely salutary and contributive to the longevity of *blind men*, and other mendicants, but it is astonishingly favourable to that of *fish*, which, however deprived of their natural element, remain *alive* for a very considerable time. Cod, soles, and flounders, in London, are always "*alive*!" and living sprats are vend-
ed in myriads! The tenacity of life of some of these animals is so obstinate, that there is reason to believe they continue to live for several days together. It might be interesting to mark the tail of a particular individual, in order to learn how long he continues in this state of disagreeable existence. Salmon and herring, I observe, are only announced as being fresh, that is, *recently dead*. I looked out of my window one day on a basket of lobsters, which the proprietor declared to be *alive*; a peculiar species, I presume, for they were of that fine coral colour which this animal usually assumes when *boiled*.

In the early spring, among many little elegant local customs, this is one: That as you take a morning walk in the green park, you meet several young women, who extend a bunch of *matches* to the immediate vicinity of your nose, with as much confidence as if they were primroses. These flowers of *Brimstone* are the first vernal productions of the Flora Londinensis; they are not presented *quite* in so winning a way as the violets, that are thrown at you in the palais royal; but I have no doubt that the bouquet, on the whole, is a wholesome one, and very probably useful as a prophylactic. To persons of classical mind, this offering of matches, "*Sulfura cum tedis*," will suggest the *Lustrations* of the ancients; though to others, of an irritable fibre, or uneasy conscience, I should be apprehensive that it might excite disagreeable reflections. Vide Giovanni, scene *last*.

Often, too, when you are most in a hurry, you will attend the passage of the same procession (a train of coal waggons, six in number, with six horses each!) in long diagonal from the end of the Haymarket, to Marybone Street, cutting off parties of light and heavy armed, impetuously facing each other. *These* at Weeks's museum, and *Those* at Eggs' the gun-makers—I have seen a great many manœuvres practised on those occasions, but the coal waggons have always the best of it.

Such are the *Trivial* hinderances to the pedestrian in London. On such an ample theme it is difficult to desist; but *troppo e troppo*; I shall just run over the heads of my notes, and have done.—Walk into the city more pleasant than formerly—pavements wider—houses down—more coming—(multa *occidere cadentque*) whole of city more healthy than formerly—ruddy nursery-maids (id genus omne *interesting*) and fine children—young cockneys grow taller—College of Physicians, removal of—how connected with foregoing remarks—*cause or consequence?*—interesting question, but *delicate*—*Bakers* great admirers of the fine arts, stand at print shops—position of their *Bascket* on those occasions—thrown on the back like the *clypeus* of a hero in re-

pose—advantage to passers by from that attitude—especially with black coats—Lamp-lighters—alarm occasioned by their *thuribulum*—benevolent provision for cats and dogs—barrows containing ditto on the pavement—provocative of appetite—Jews ready to strip you to the skin, or clothe you at any price—or cram your pockets with open pen-knives and oranges (bad neighbours) on your own terms. White horse cellar, *elevation* of young women (struggling in vain, to go to Fulham,) to Hammersmith or Brentford.

NEW WORKS IN MAY.

The Witch-Finder, a Romance, by the author of "The Lollards," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s.—Ourika, a Tale, from the French of the Duchess de Duras, 12mo. 3s.—Idwal, a Poem, with Notes, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Rushton's Poems, 8vo. 6s.—Boxiana, vol. iv. 8vo. 18s. Mornings at Bow-street, 8vo. 10s. 6d.; proofs, 15s.—Beckford's Biographical Memoirs of extraordinary Painters, 12mo. 5s. Lanfear's Letters to Young Ladies, f. cap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Westall's Illustrations of Southey's Roderick, prints, 10s. 6d.; proofs, 18s.; India proofs, 1l. 4s.—Vignettes of Derbyshire, post 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Coddington's Optics, 8vo. 8s.—Life of Gilbert Earl, Esq. post 8vo. 8s.—Moore's Life of the Rev. John Wesley, vol. i. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Mill's History of Mexico, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Mementos of a Tour through France, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.—Steel's Notes on the War in Spain, crown 8vo. 9s.—Kerr's Voyages, vol. xviii. 8vo. 14s. Boyle's Advice to Settlers in Tropical Climates, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Wilkinson's Tours to the British Mountains, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Corboux on the National Debt, 4to. 12s.—Faber's Difficulties of Infidelity, 8vo. 7s.—Benson's Sermons, Part ii. 8vo. 6s.—Wade's Observations on Fever, 8vo. 4s.—Ventouillac's French Classics, vol. v. and vi. containing Charles XII. 8s.—Gilchrist's Etymologic Interpreter, Part i. 8vo. 8s.—Dictionary of Quotations, Part ii. (blank verse,) 12mo. 7s.

MR. BELZONI.

Died, at Gato, near Benin in Africa, on the 3d of December, Mr G. Belzoni, so well known for his Egyptian Tombs. He was so far on his way into the interior, endeavouring to reach Houssa, when a dysentery put an end to his valuable life. He was buried at Gato the day after his decease, and a board with the following inscription was placed over his grave.

"Here lie the remains of
G. BELZONI,

Who was attacked with dysentery at Benin (on his way to Houssa and Timbuctoo,) On the 26th of November, and died at this place

December 3, 1823.

The gentlemen who placed this inscription over the grave of this intrepid and enterprising traveller, hope that every European visiting this spot will cause the ground to be cleared, and the fence round the grave repaired, if necessary."

Mr. Belzoni had been landed by Captain Filmore, R. N. at Benin; (whose polite attention to Mr. Belzoni, and to the interests of science, forms such a contrast to the treatment of Mr. Belzoni in another quarter by English agents.) Captain Filmore exerted himself assiduously in assisting the intrepid traveller, and discharged a man from his vessel who was a native of Houssa, that he might accompany Mr. B. on his route. The following extract of a letter contains most of the late particulars respecting this enterprising and scientific individual. It is dated from British Acera, January 7.

"On the night of the 24th of November, he, Mr. Belzoni, left us with Mr. Houtson for Gato. On parting with us, he seemed a little agitated, particularly when the crew (of the brig which brought him,) to each of whom he had made a present, gave him three loud cheers on leaving the vessel. 'God bless you, my fine fellows, and send you a happy sight of your country and friends!' was his answer. On the 3d of December I received a letter from Mr. Houtson, requesting me to come to Benin, as Mr. B. was lying dangerously ill, and, in case of death, wishing a second person to be present. I was prevented going, not only by business, but a severe fever, which had then hold of me. On the 5th, I had a second letter from Mr. H. with the particulars of Mr. B.'s end, and one from himself, almost illegible, dated Dec. 2, requesting me to assist in the disposal of his effects, and to remit the proceeds home to his agents, Messrs. Briggs, Brothers, and Co. America-square, London, together with a beautiful amethyst ring he wore, which he seemed particularly anxious should be delivered to his wife, with the assurance he died in the fullest affection for her, as he found himself too weak to write his last wishes and adieus.

"At the time of Mr. Belzoni's death, Mr. Houtson had every thing arranged with the King of Benin for his departure,

and, had his health continued, there is no doubt he would have succeeded. Mr. Belzoni passed at Benin as an inhabitant, or rather native of the interior, who had come to England when a youth, and was now trying to return to his country. The King and Emegrands (or nobles) gave credit to this, Mr. Belzoni being in a Moorish dress, with his beard nearly a foot in length. There was, however, some little jealousy amongst them, which was removed by a present or two well applied; and the King of Benin's messenger was to accompany Mr. Belzoni with the King's cane, and as many men as were considered necessary for a guard and baggage carriers. The King's name is respected as far as Houssa, and he has a messenger, or ambassador, stationary there. On Mr. Belzoni's arrival at Houssa, he was to leave his guard there, and proceed to Timbuctoo, the King not guaranteeing his safety farther than Houssa, and Timbuctoo not being known at Benin. On his return to Houssa he would make the necessary preparations for going down the Niger, and despatch his messenger and guard back with letters to his agents and to Mr. John Houston; the messenger to be rewarded according to the account the letters gave of his behaviour, and the King to receive a valuable stated present. This was the plan, and I think it would have proved fortunate had Mr. B. lived. Mr. B. began to waver in his opinion of the Niger being a branch of the Nile, after having seen one or two of these rivers in the bight of Benin."

Mr. Belzoni was a native of Padua, and had known England many years. He first visited Egypt with a view of erecting hydraulic engines for the Pacha, to assist in irrigating the country. In stature he was about six feet and a half, and possessed of great bodily strength. His manners and deportment were marked by great suavity and mildness, and he had a genuine love for science in all its branches. He was brave, ardent, and persevering in pursuit of his objects; and his decease at the moment of a strong hope of success must be deeply felt by all who estimate the true interests of science and the light of discovery at their due value.

(New Mon.)

FORGET ME NOT.

Addressed to a young Lady, who, on the Author handing her into a carriage, held out at the window a Nosegay which he had presented to her, in which *Myosotis Scorpioides*, or *Forget me Not*, made a principal figure.

I CULL'D each floweret for my fair,
The wild thyme and the heather bell,
And round them twined a tendril rare :—
She said the posy pleased her well,
But of the flowers that deck the field
Or grace the garden of the cot,
Though others richer perfumes yield.
The sweetest is "Forget me not."

We roam'd the mead, we climb'd the hill,
We rambl'd o'er the breckan braer,
The trees that crown'd the mossy rill
They screen'd us from the glare of day.
She said she loved the sylvan bower,
Was charm'd with every rural spot;
And, when arriv'd the parting hour,
Her last words were, "Forget me not."

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 9.]

BOSTON, AUGUST 2, 1824.

[VOL. I. N.S.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(New Mon.)

THE MESSENGER BIRD.

[Some of the Brazilians pay great veneration to a certain bird that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world.]

THOU art come from the Spirits' land, thou bird !
Thou art come from the Spirits' land !
Through the dark pine-grove let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band !

We know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of that distant shore,
And we know that the friends we have lost are
there,—
They are there—and they weep no more.

And we know they have quench'd their fever's thirst
From the Fountain of Youth ere now,
For *there* must the stream in its gladness burst,
Which none may find below !

And we know that they will not be lured to earth
From the land of deathless flowers,
By the feast, or dance, or song of mirth,
Though their hearts were once with ours.

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,
And bent with us the bow,
And heard the tales of our Fathers' days,
Which are told to others now !

Then tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain !
Can those who have loved forget ?
We call, and they answer not again—
Do they love—do they love us yet ?

Doth the warrior think of his brother *there*,
And the father, of his child ?
And the chief, of those that were wont to share
His wanderings o'er the wild ?

We call them far through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave or hill ;—
We know, thou bird ! that their land is bright,
But say, do they love there still ?

(Lon. Mag.)

THE PIRATE'S SONG,

1.
O LADY, come to the Indies with me,
And reign and rule on the sunny sea ;
My ship's a palace, my deck's a throne—
And all shall be thine the sun shines on.

2.
A gallant ship and a boundless sea,
A piping wind and the foe on our lee,
My pennon streaming so gay from the mast,
My cannon flashing all bright and fast.

3.
The Bourbon lilies wax wan as I sail,
America's stars I strike them pale ;
Let kings rule earth by a right divine,
Thou shalt be queen of the fathomless brine.

4.
Thy shining locks are worth Java's isle,
Can the spices of Saba buy thy smile ?
The glories of sea, and the grandeur of land,
All shall be thine for the wave of thy hand

THE ECONOMY OF THE EYES.

WHO stands so much in need of an *Economy of the Eyes** as the writer of "Sights of Books?" Dr. Kitchiner, thou shalt be our Magnus Apollo; and surely hadst thou lived in ancient times, statues, at least, would have been decreed to thee by a grateful world, as the true son of that divinity—inheriting from him a special presidency over the various arts of Medicine, of Music, and of Song; teaching us how to live and to prolong life; to enjoy the delights of harmony and verse; and now, last of all, to make the best use of thy mighty parent's beams.

But setting aside the demigodship, which modern ideas do not authorize, we can equally admire the worthy author as a man. The impress of benevolence and kindly feelings is so strong on every thing he publishes, that it is impossible to mistake his character. There the humorist too appears; and the humorist so good natured, so utterly without gall, that we smile and laugh at his pleasantries without a fear that they will cause one moment's uneasiness, far less give serious pain to a single human being. Thus, the Precepts for the Sight are as worthy of the writer as his "Cook's Oracle;" and we may justly say that, after having contributed to the gratification of those senses which depend upon the organs of Mouth and Ears, it is but following up the same generous design, that he advises us how to taste and continue those pleasures which are addressed to the Eyes.

But, to speak seriously; with an amusing degree of quaintness, this is a very useful little book. It is the result of long experience, which is much better than ingenious theory for improving and preserving short sight. Spectacles, opera glasses, telescopes, &c. are severally discussed, and excellent remarks offered upon each: and as one fact in such cases is worth a whole page of criticism, we will merely state that the opera glasses made on the Doctor's plan are the best we ever tried in a

theatre. They render the objects distinct, show them in their real proportions and relative positions, and (above all) do not girdle them with prismatic colours, which is done by nine tenths of the instruments commonly made.

The contents of the volume before us are so miscellaneous, that we should find it impossible, were we to try, to give any thing like an epitome of it: besides, as it is already in almost every body's hands, the task would be unnecessary. We shall, however, make the Doctor illuminate his own good work; and leave the rest to the good sense of the public.

"I do not think (says he) it is my Business—I am sure it is not my Pleasure, to register the various pretended improvements in Spectacles which have from time to time been proposed to the Public,—such as the Sympathetic Pebbles—which 'as the Sight alters, they will alter also to the Sight, by which one pair will last the wearer for Life,' &c. &c. &c.!!! This would be irksome to the Writer, and useless to the Reader. - - -

"When persons who have long patronized One Eye, and slighted the Other, take to Spectacles, they will (generally) require Glasses of a different focus for each Eye.

"When You go to an Optician's to choose Spectacles, the first thing to attend to, is to look at a Book with each eye alternately,—and carefully ascertain, if You see equally well, with both Eyes, with the same Glass, at exactly the same distance. - - -

"After a certain Age, the relative sharpness of the sight of the Eyes, varies as much as does the quickness of the Ears—the Senses of *Hearing*,—and of *Seeing*, begin to fail about the same time;—there are few people past 40 who cannot hear better with One Ear, than they can with the Other.

"The Eye least used, soon becomes weak, and in the course of a little time almost useless.—The fact, is so little known, that I have frequently heard persons who up to the age of 40 have worked their Right Eye—and finding

* "The Economy of the Eyes: Precepts for the Improvement and Preservation of the Sight." By W. Kitchiner, M. D. &c. 12mo. London 1824.

it begin to fail, say, they must begin to teach their Left Eye to See—however, as I told them, they found on trial, that the Eye which had been Idle, was much more impaired than that which had been active.

"By ceaseless action all that is, subsists."

Cowper.

"Spectacles are always preferable, because both Eyes by being kept in action, are kept in health—Vision is brighter and easier, and the labour of each Eye is considerably lessened. - - -

"*Forcing the Eyes to Work at Night*, even for a few moments after they are tired,—will often put them out of humour for the whole of the following Day, and is of all Eye-spoiling Acts the most mischievous ;—want of Mercy in this respect, *has prematurely ruined the Eyes of Thousands!*

"Several Young Ladies, of only about 25 years of Age, have complained to me that they could not work without Spectacles of 30 Inches focus—who I found, on inquiry, very justly attributed this premature failure of their Sight to having been obliged frequently to sit up at Needle-work half the Night during the time they were with Dress-makers."

[Ah, dear Doctor, beware! These "young ladies—dress-makers," are dangerous patients to look into the eyes of and be consulted by: remember my Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.]

"Nothing can be more detrimental to the organ of sight than the clumsy practice of holding a glass by squeezing the *orbicularis muscle*,—this cannot be done without distorting, and distressing, and much injuring the mechanism of the Eye. - - -

"Green, or any Coloured Glasses, veil objects with a gloomy obscurity, and can never be recommended, except to those who have to travel over a white sand, or are much exposed to any bright glare,—which cannot be otherwise moderated. - - -

"Some more nice than wise folks, among other ridiculous refinements have recommended thin *Green-Gauze*, or *Crape*, instead of Green Glass—under the pretence, that while it moderates the light, that it still admits the Air, and is, therefore, cooler to the Eyes.

"*All coloured Glasses* increase the labour of the Eyes, and soon bring them into such an irritable state as unfits them for the ordinary purposes of Life :—there is scarcely an external or internal Sense, but may be brought by extreme indulgence, to such a degree of morbid delicacy and acuteness, as to render those organs which nature intended as sources of gratification—the frequent sources of Disappointment and Pain."

These miscellaneous observations, taken almost casually from opening the pages, will show that, with a peculiarity of style and manner, there is much sound sense in the author's remarks, and much information to be obtained from them. He proves clearly that indulgence in glasses too convex is very injurious to the sight: but we do not agree with him that silver-mounted spectacles are preferable to the light and close-fitting steel.

We have more than once hinted at the Doctor's good humour and quaintness; and it would be injustice not to exemplify these qualities, which we shall, however, do very briefly. Thus, talking of glasses which magnify too much, he says—

"Whenever your Tongue cries out for more dainties, than your Stomach has previously plainly told you is agreeable to it—to settle all the difference of their demands to their mutual satisfaction, you have nothing to do, but to—put on your Spectacles, and you may set to at *Calipash* and *Calipsee* with impunity; for, they will make 'A LITTLE LARK' look like

'A LARGE FOWL,'

and 'A PENNY-ROLL' as big as

'A QUARTERN LOAF!!!'

"Some Philosophers have said, that *Pain* is only imaginary,—we may as justly believe the same of *Hunger*; and if a Gentleman who eats only an Ounce of Mutton, imagines, by the aid of these magnifiers, that he has eaten a Pound—his Hunger, ought to be as fully satisfied.

"MEM. The Addition to your Optician's Bill—will soon be overpaid by the subtraction from your Butcher's and Baker's - - -

"A part of the paraphernalia of an Optician's counter, is a Book* of rather a small print, (about the size of the Note at the foot of this Page)—which is presented to those who come to choose Spectacles." - - -

The Doctor's recommendations for the study of Astronomy are equally entertaining.

"If a Planet comes to the Meridian at Midnight, at 9 or 10 o'Clock lie down in a quiet darkened room, and rest your eye by getting a nap previously. A little Horizontal Refreshment, you will find a proper and renovating preparative for such Contemplation."

After which, with a Beauclerc telescope, you may see "the stars as stark neat as ever Nature presented them to be seen."

The Doctor also tells us of a curious new glass, by which you can see persons without directing your eyes towards them: this he calls a *circum-spector*, (it is also a circumventer) and describes—

"The *CIRCUMPECTOR*, or '*Diagonal Eye-glass*,' is a convenient assistant to a Portrait Painter, who wishes to catch a likeness unobserved, and which is perhaps the only way of obtaining the true natural expression of a Countenance—and is also an invaluable Oracle for a fair Lady to refer to, to adjust the irresistible artillery of her Eyes and Smiles."

But, agreeable as the author's company is, we must bid him good by, which we shall do by repeating two of the facetious anecdotes with which he enlivens his ocular philosophy.

"In the city of Leyden, in Holland, a young woman lost her sight from a cataract: the operation of couching was successfully performed upon her eyes, and she recovered the use of them; but it appeared that the Visual Organ (as is usual in such cases) was not completely restored to its primitive condition. Some very singular and unaccountable anomalies in her Vision presented themselves, which not a little puzzled the curious in Physiology and Optics.

"It was ascertained that her Eye was able to define a certain class of very minute objects with abundant accuracy, such as the Eye of a needle, for example, which she could thread as well as ever; but on presenting her with a Book, it was evident that she could not distinguish a single letter, but complained that she could see nothing but a heap of odd marks.

"These facts, no less strange than true, naturally excited an intense interest among the Medical Professors and Students; every one was anxious to distinguish himself by affording a satisfactory elucidation of these inexplicable phenomena.

"A hundred theories were framed—every one more ingenious than the other. The Professors Von Kracbranner and Puzzledorf, favoured their pupils with most excellent lectures on the subject, with which they were greatly edified. However, none of the disputants succeeded in establishing a Theory which met with universal approbation. Many of the vulgar still chose to think that all the said Theories might be liable to the old objection (however satisfactory and plausible they might appear,) viz.—'That they were not True.'

"Matters were in this state, when a mischievous rogue of an Irish student, who took a singular delight in ridiculing every thing learned and philosophical, contrived to insinuate himself into the confidence of a younger brother of the patient's by a present of an extra portion of Double-gilt Gingerbread, which so entirely won the Youngster's heart, that he confessed (though with some difficulty) that to the best of his belief, his Sister '*Sarah had never learned to read*,' but unwilling to acknowledge her ignorance, had made him and all the Family—promise not to tell."

"Whatever Glasses you use—take care to '*keep them perfectly clean*:' this is as important, as the choice of the Figure or the Colour of them.

"Every time you wipe your Spectacles you scratch them a little, and 'many a little makes a mickle'—therefore, when you have done using them, put them away carefully in their case, to prevent other people abusing them—as a Naughty Boy did his Grand Pa's

* "The Author will be sadly disappointed if in future this Work is not the Volume chosen for that purpose."

Spectacles—who took the Glasses out and when the old Gentleman put them on—finding that he could not see, exclaimed, ‘Marcy me, I’ve lost my Sight!’—but thinking the impediment to Vision might be the dirtiness of the Glasses—took them off to wipe them—when not feeling them, he, still more frightened, cried out, ‘Why what’s

come now, why I’ve lost my Feeling too!’ ”

To conclude ; he must be short-sighted indeed who does not perceive the many merits of this little production ; and of all the Economies ever practised, it will be one of the least profitable not to become possessed of *The Economy of the Eygs*.

MARY CHIDDELL,

“ THE MAID OF THE INN.”

(Extracted from Blackwood’s Magazine.)

—A Good cold collation, backed by a foaming jug of ale, stood before us. We invited the old gunner to join in this part, (and that not the worst part,) of the day’s journey. A girl of the public-house waited on us, and as she did not froth the veteran’s glass of stingo with the dexterity of a true tapster, it drew forth from him a rueful reproach as soon as she was out of hearing, couched in these terms:—“Ah! now, that girl can’t even give one a draught of ale as she should. How it makes one miss poor Mary!” Poor Mary I had known ; she was the daughter of the master of the house, and had been dead, by a lamentable accident, about a year or more. As a book, originally belonging to one of my brothers, had, in some sort, contributed to the catastrophe, I drew nearer the old man’s knee, and heard with more heed what his kind old heart had to say in praise of her. I think her name was Mary Chiddell. What made my young feelings more especially alive when her fate was deplored, was this :—A highly respectable officer, who was intimate with my father’s family, was called in to garrison at Hurst Castle, and as there were no comfortable apartments for him in the fortress, he lodged at the little inn. Naturally enough he borrowed some books of us to amuse himself with in this dreary state of half-exile. This “Mary the Maid of the Inn,” of course, waited on him to keep his room in order—she was at this time engaged to a young carpenter living at Keyhaven, who, no wonder, spent all his spare time and holidays down at

Hurst, and their marriage was soon looked forward to.

One Sunday afternoon, it was proposed that herself, her lover, and her brother, should take a sail in a boat up to Yarmouth ; and (without leave) she took one of the officer’s borrowed books, in order to while away the long afternoon of their voyage—a petty liberty, which she perhaps considered herself half entitled to use, being so great a favourite with their guest for her neatness, readiness, industry, and eternal good humour ; but it was destined to be her destruction—she never came back. It was fine summer weather, with a very fresh breeze. The lover was to manage the sail ; and as I am no proficient in nautical terms, I can only blunderingly relate the disaster according to my conceptions of it. The lover sat with one arm round Mary’s waist, and read on the same page of the book with her ; he held in the other hand the *sheet* or rope which regulated the sail, and did not fasten it to its proper place. In assisting to turn over a leaf, he let the rope fly loose—a squall came on at that very instant—the boat upset, and out of the three, the brother only, (from whom these particulars were heard) was saved by regaining the overturned boat, as it floated bottom upwards ; and the corse of the hapless young woman was discovered some days after, a great way off, upon the mud. Can it be wondered at, that, as a boy, I crept closer to the old mourner, and heard, with a full heart, the dismal story, which I knew so well before ? But, as

I have said, it made more than an ordinary appeal to my sympathy; for I thought myself somewhat involved in it by the circumstance of the book.—Indeed the volume, young as I was, was a thing not above my comprehension, for it was one of a miscellany, called the Pocket Magazine. I had read in the identical one so lost; and the gap in the set at home did then bring, and has often since brought, that fatal turning of the leaf full upon my imagination. Upon what a brittle thread does our existence hang! The warm pulses of youth, and love, and beauty, of high and undoubting hope, and of passionate but innocent transport, were all stopt without a warning! Here sat two young creatures, this moment in fond belief that their course of life was as fair before them as the sunny path upon the waves, over which their boat was dancing—the next moment, “the rush of water was upon their

souls!” Little bosoms heaved with sighs at the recital, and little eyes swam with tears in that inn-parlour—but the tears of childhood are proverbial for their rapid evaporation; and, with reference to the present circumstance, I might allegorize this pretty stanza which fixes the time of year, in a little poem of my acquaintance—

“It was the pleasant season yet,
When stones at cottage doors
Dry quickly, while the roads are wet,
After the silver showers.”

Let the *shining stones* be the smooth cheeks of the child, and the *roads* the channelled features of the aged—and here were some of us youngsters in the *pleasant seasons yet*, in which the *silver showers* of sympathy *dry quickly*, while the transition refused to take place so easily beneath the wrinkled eyelids of our old guide, which still were *wet*, and for a time he was not so light-hearted as before.

TO NEWTON'S STUDY.*

THOU lonely relic of a name
Emblazon'd on the roll of fame
In an immortal line :
Wert thou the consecrated place
(Some ten feet square thy cabin'd space)
Of one almost divine ?

Was it within thy narrow room
Where Newton's wisdom pierced the gloom
That Science had conceal'd ?
Was it within thy narrow cell
He sat and broke the secret spell
That gravitation veil'd ?—

Where, while corporeally at rest,
The labouring genius in his breast
Begot prophetic thought ;
Or, leaving its cribb'd mansion here,
Sprang upward to some nobler sphere,
With inspiration fraught—

Or round the eternal heavens career'd,
Nor the sun's burning influence fear'd,
Nor bearded comets pale :
But o'er the orbits where they fly
On lightning pennons through the sky,
Steer'd his triumphant sail !

What stately halls can rival thee
In thy unobtrusive dignity,
Temple of thought sublime !
Thy inmate scann'd within thy wall
A thousand worlds, and there his call
Subdued both space and time.

The palace owns more glittering things,
Lords, courtiers, parasites, and kings,
The visible alone,
And not the best that earth can boast—
While thou hast held th' invisible host
Round a great spirit's throne.

Not Pharaoh's massy pyramids,
Not Angelo's dome in radiance hid
Of heaven's refulgence wide,
Can outshine thee in worth and note,
Where Newton reason'd, thought, and wrote,
Of vision, time, and tide.

Whate'er his name might consecrate,
Is safer from the rage of fate
Than pyramid or dome,
Though one may shrine a monarch's clay,
In t'other popes and prelates sway,
The plagues of ruin'd Rome.

The humblest spot where science grew,
Whence knowledge, born of genius, threw
Its glory on the mind,
Like thine is e'er a sacred site,
Circled around with holy light,
A Pharos to mankind.

Yet still, what passengers gone by
Cast not on thee the uplifted eye,
Nor noted if they saw :
Of London's million souls but few
Mark thee as I for ever do,
With reverence and awe.

In Italy thou would'st be known—
As Petrarch's house at Arquà shown,
Or as Voltaire's in France :—
Here the 'Change walls move more than thine
Where knavery, traffic, gold combine
To lead the sordid dance.

Yet do these sober walls to me
For ever speak thy dignity,
Philosophy refined !
And tell me of what mighty worth
In intellect on this low earth
Was Newton's wondrous mind.—*N. Monthly.*

* Still to be seen on the roof of his house in St. Martin's-street, nearly in the same state as he left it.

(Lon. Mag.)

OLD LETTERS.

I KNOW of nothing more calculated to bring back the nearly-faded dreams of youth—the almost obliterated scenes and passions of our boyhood—and to recall the brightest and best associations of those days—

When the young blood ran riot in the veins,
And boyhood made us sanguine—

nothing that more easily conjures up the alternate joys and sorrows of maturer years—the fluctuating visions that have floated before the restless imagination in times gone by, and the breathing forms and inanimate objects that wound themselves around our hearts, and became almost necessary to our existence, than the perusal of old letters. They are the memorials of attachment—the records of affection—the speaking-trumpets through which those whom we esteem hail us from afar. They seem hallowed by the brother's grasp, the sister's kiss, the father's blessing, and the mother's love. When we look on them, the friends whom dreary seas and distant leagues divide from us are again in our presence. We see their cordial looks, and hear their gladdening voices once more. The paper has a tongue in every character it contains—a language in its very silentness. They speak to the souls of men like a voice from the grave, and are the links of that chain which connects with the hearts and sympathies of the living an evergreen remembrance of the dead. I have one at this moment before me, which, although time has in a degree softened the regret that I felt at the loss of him who penned it, I dare scarcely look upon it. It calls back too forcibly to my remembrance its noble-minded author—the treasured friend of my earliest and happiest days, the sharer of my puerile but innocent joys. I think of him as he then was—the free—the spirited—the gay—the welcome guest in every circle where kind feeling had its weight, or frankness and honesty
 nce; and, in an instant,
comes the thought of what he now is;

and pale and ghastly images of death are hovering round me. I see him, whom I loved, and prized, and honoured, shrunk into poor and wasting ashes. I mark a stranger closing his powerless lids—a stranger following him to the grave—and I cannot trust myself again to open his last letter. It was written but a short time before he fell a victim to the yellow fever in the West Indies, and told me, in the affecting language of Moore, that

Far beyond the western sea
Was one whose heart remember'd me.

On hearing of his death, I wrote some stanzas which I have preserved—not out of any pride in the verses themselves, but as a token of esteem for him to whom they were addressed, and as a true transcript of my feelings at the time they were composed. I make no apology for inserting them here. Those who have never loved, nor lost a friend, will be backward in perusing them—those who *have*, will recur to their own feelings and not withhold their sympathy.

STANZAS.

1.

Farewell ! Farewell ! for thee arise,
The bitter thoughts that pass not o'er ;
And friendship's tears and friendship's sighs
Can never reach thee more.
For thou art fled, and all are vain
To call thee to this earth again.

2.

And thou hast died where strangers' feet
Alone towards thy grave could bend ;
And that last duty, sad but sweet,
Has not been destined for thy friend :
He was not near to calm thy smart,
And press thee to his bleeding heart.

3.

He was not near, in that dark hour
When reason fled her ruin'd shrine,
To soothe with pity's gentle power,
And mingle his faint sighs with thine :
And pour the parting tear to thee,
As pledge of his fidelity.

4.

He was not near, when thou wert boroe
By others to thy parent earth,
To think of former days, and mourn
In silence o'er departed worth :

And seek thy cold and cheerless bed,
And breathe a blessing for the dead.

5.

Destroying death ! thou hast one link
That bound me in this world's frail chain ;
And now I stand on life's rough brink,
Like one whose heart is cleft in twain ;
Save that at times a thought will steal
To tell me that it still can feel.

6.

Oh ! what delights,—what pleasant hours,
In which all joys were wont to blend,
Have faded now, and all hope's flowers
Have wither'd with my friend.
Thou feel'st no pain within the tomb,
But they alone who weep thy doom.

7.

Long wilt thou be the cherish'd theme
Of all their fondness—all their praise—
In daily thought and nightly dream—
In crowded halls and lonely ways ;
And they will bellow every scene
Where thou in joyous youth hast been.

8.

Theirs is the grief that cannot die,
And in their hearts will be the strife
That must remain with memory—
Uncancell'd from the book of life.
Their breasts will be the mournful urns
Where sorrow's incense ever burns.

But there are other letters whose perusal makes us feel as if receding from the winter of the present to the spring-time of the past. These are from friends whom we have long known, and whose society we still enjoy. There is a charm in contrasting the sentiments of their youth with those of a ripper age : or rather, in tracing the course of their ideas and following them up to their full developement ;—for it is seldom that the feelings we entertain in the early part of our lives entirely change—they merely expand, as the grown tree proceeds from the shoot, or the flower from the bud. We love to turn from the formalities and cold politeness of the world to the “ Dear Tom,” or “ Dear Dick,” at the head of such letters. There is something touching about it ;—something that awakens a friendly warmth in the heart. It is shaking the hand by proxy—a vicarious “ good morrow.”—I have a whole packet of such letters from my friend G———, and there is scarcely a dash or a comma in them that is not characteristic of the man. Every word bears the impress of freedom—the true *currente calamo* stamp.

He is the most convivial of letter-writers—the heartiest of epistlers. Then there is N——— who always seems to bear in mind that it is “ better to be brief than tedious,” for it must indeed be an important subject that would elicit from him more than three lines, nor has his rib a wit more of the *cacoethes scribendi* about her.*

But there are letters differing in character from all that I have yet mentioned—fragments saved from the wreck of early love—reliques of spirit-buoying hopes—remembrancers of joy.—They perchance remind us that that love has set in tears—that those hopes were cruelly blighted—that our joy is fled forever. When we look on them we seem to feel that—

—No time

Can ransom us from sorrow.

We fancy ourselves the adopted of misery—Care's long inheritors. The bloom has gone off from our lives. For my own part, I have but one written token of her whom I loved in my youth. It is one of consolation, and yet of sorrow, for I received it on the evening after we had parted forever.—If the reader will listen to the “ story of my love,” he will not feel surprised that the sight of this letter should even now fill me with emotions which I cannot and would not control.

It was on a beautiful July evening that I wandered from the small but romantic village of R—— in the south of France. I turned from the high road, and struck into a retired and sheltered path. As I strolled onwards, the

* I have more than once suspected them to be the hero and the heroine of an anecdote, which I remember somewhere to have read, of a gentleman who by mere chance strolled into a coffee-house, where he met with a captain of his acquaintance, on the point of sailing for New York, and from whom he received an invitation to accompany him. This he accepted—taking care however to inform his wife of it, which he did in these terms :

Dear wife,

I am going to America.

Yours, truly.

Her answer was not at all inferior either in laconism or tenderness :

Dear Husband,

A pleasant voyage.

Yours, &c.

last faint streak of twilight disappeared, and the shadows from the trees threw an air of gloom over the face of the scene, which gave it double interest in my eyes. After roaming for some time, I at length reached the extremity of the path, and beheld—not a bower, nor temple, with shrine of flowers, to which the winds pay homage—not the cot of humble industry, with its wood-bined front, and cheerful hearth, and smiling faces, which my busy imagination had pictured, but a solitary mound of earth, strewed with a few sweet flowers. At one end, was the fragment of a simple cross, and at the other a wild rose-tree, bearing neither flower, nor blossom, nor bud, nor leaf. It was, as I afterwards heard, the grave of a young soldier, who had borne bravely and honourably the dangers and the toils of many battles—but the faithlessness of the maiden he loved subdued the spirit that never bowed before. He died broken-hearted, and left none to weep for him, save an aged mother, whose palsied hands had gathered the scattered flowers that I saw on his grave. They were the first—the last—she ever placed there, for she died whilst strewing them. The rose-tree was supposed by the peasantry of the place to have been secretly planted by the maiden who deserted him, as it never bloomed, although many flowers near it were in all the pride of freshness and beauty. How could the roses bloom upon his grave, when planted by her hand who had blighted the rose of hope in his heart—that heart which proved how well it loved by dying when she smote it? On a sudden the moon, that fair and noiseless spirit who haunts the sky at night, rose in her beauty. The winds gave a last sigh to the flowers, and died upon them.—The birds had gone to their rests—the grasshopper—

Chirped one good-night carol more.

and all was silent—silent as the grave near which I stood. I seated myself beside the broken cross, and gazed with mingled sensations on the scene around me and the moon which silvered it, when the voice of the nightingale and another still sweeter, roused me

from my reverie. Henriette stood before me, without my having heard—

The music of her footsteps on my spirit.

Henriette had the kindest heart and the finest eyes of any girl I ever knew. Her voice stole o'er the mind like a spirit of Hope. The most simple word became music when she uttered it;

'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken.

and a smile ever lingered round her lip, as if enamoured of its ruby haunt. She was, indeed, a joyous-hearted creature, and seldom sighed—or if she did, it was for my sorrows, and not her own. We wandered homeward; I scarcely felt her arm within my own, except at times when the shadow from some lofty tree or passing cloud alarmed her, and then she drew nearer to my side.—Once, indeed, her lips came so close to mine that I could not choose but press them. A kiss was not thought so great an offence in France as in England—thus she was not *very* angry: but I remarked that she did not shrink from the shadows as before.

We reached her father's residence, which was situated at the extremity of the village of R—, and I could not help noticing that Henriette appeared paler than usual, and that her hand trembled as she took the glass of Burgundy, which I presented to her. We had hitherto lived as brother and sister, guilelessly and happily together; but the kiss of that night had betrayed the state of my heart. She grew not less kind, but less familiar towards me: and I cannot say that it grieved me, for in my situation it was a sin to love her. I was a poor boy, and had neither father nor mother, nor a single relative to whom I could confide my puny cares. I had been left almost alone in the world, and the world seemed unkind to me: but, no! no! there were some few hearts that loved me the better for my misfortunes; and strove to soothe my wounded spirit with sweet words, and smiles, and hopes of happier days. I inherited a small but sufficient patrimony from my father, who appointed Mr. C—, a merchant, then residing in London, my guardian. He was a

strictly honourable, but severe and money-getting man; and this at times caused him to be harsh to the sensitive child, whose disposition so widely differed from his own. For even in my tenderest years I was subject to fits of despondence, especially when I saw other children of my own age passing their summer-days (for with them the whole year seemed summer!) beneath the smiles and happy eyes of their parents. He might have weaned me from my wayward melancholy, but chose the wrong means. A kind word from his lips was all that was required; but that he never gave. It happened that M. de P——, a French gentleman, from whom he had some years before received many friendly services, during a short stay in France, arrived with his only daughter in London, and took up his residence at the house of Mr. C——. I was then nearly eleven years of age. M. de P—— conceived an interest for me, and offered to take me to France. My guardian was not sorry to be quit of me, and instantly accepted the offer; yet at parting (although he had never before shown any affection towards me) I think he was moved, for he stretched out his hand to me, and my tears fell upon it, as I kissed it. He seemed confused—perhaps I might say, abashed. He was, doubtless, surprised why I could grieve at leaving him; but at that moment all his stern treatment and unkindness were obliterated from my mind, and I remembered only the good that he had done me. In such feelings the child is richer than the man. The knowledge of the world which we obtain in maturer years but too frequently stifles, if it does not entirely subdue, them; and in proportion as it calls to life the dormant energies of the understanding, deadens the kindlier sentiments and purer virtues of the heart.

We arrived in France. Henriette, the daughter of M. de P—— was about two years my elder, and beautiful

As a young rose-bud opening slowly,
Kiss'd by the breath of May.

She was of the liveliest disposition in the world; and, by degrees, her sweet smile taught me cheerfulness. We played together—we learnt together—

we wept together. Our sports, and studies, and tears, were in communion. As I advanced in years I felt how dangerous her presence became, yet had not the power to fly from it. M. de P—— was wealthy, and his daughter the sole heiress to his fortune. I scorned to wrong my benefactor by beguiling away the affections of his lovely and innocent child, for I knew that all his hopes were centered in her;—and I could not, if a world had been my recompence, have destroyed them. I once hinted my wish of going to my guardian, but he would not listen to it. I was thus compelled to hear the too fascinating voice, and meet the glances of the beautiful dark eyes of Henriette. I had attained my eighteenth year when M. de P—— retired to his chateau near the village of R——, where we had resided but two days when I took the evening ramble to which I have alluded. From that time we were less together, for she read my feelings—and if she did not love, I am sure she pitied me. A few months afterwards the young Count de B—— came on a visit. He saw and loved Henriette. If any living being deserved her, it was the Count de B——, for he had not only inherited the title of nobility, but also every qualification of the head and heart that is calculated to adorn it; yet I thought—but this perhaps was vanity—that she received his addresses more for her father's sake than her own.

* * * * *

On the morning that she was to leave the chateau to accompany her father and the Count to Paris, I was confined to my room by indisposition. A gentle tap at the door told me that Henriette was come to bid me adieu—and for ever. I trembled, and the pulses of my heart seemed to pause.—She entered. The paleness of my cheeks seemed to startle her—"I am afraid you are not well, Charles," she uttered feebly—and took my hand.—Her voice, which once so enlivened me, now almost broke my heart. I sank back in my chair, and covered my eyes with my hand. "Charles, (she added), I come on a mournful errand—we must part—perhaps for ever—and"—she burst into tears; but sud-

denly, as if recollecting herself, turned away to conceal them : then, assuming a more composed air, she continued :—“ I know and admire your feelings, and were I allowed to follow my own, I— but it is a sin to think of it *now*. No !” added she, with more firmness, “ we *must* part ! Forget that you ever knew Henriette. But no ! no ! I do not ask that. Think of her sometimes—but think of her as of a sister—a sister that has always loved you, Charles. Seek among your own countrywomen one, who will make your days, and weeks, and years, pass as a dream of faery.—Farewell ! my father (she was too kind to say her lover) awaits me.” She pressed her lips for the last time against my burning forehead, and rushed out of the chamber. I sat for a moment without the power to speak or even to think. My sense of feeling, as well as happiness, had fled with Henriette.

Struck to the heart, and motionless with grief,
An unobservant reckless man, I sate
And heard not—spake not—thought not of my woes.

On a sudden the sound of carriage wheels aroused me from my stupor. I was too weak to walk, but contrived to crawl on my hands and knees to the window, which overlooked the street, and supported myself by clinging to

the cornice work at the side. Henriette advanced to the carriage—one foot was already on the step—she turned, and, as if involuntarily, looked towards the window of my apartment—but, on seeing me, hurried tremblingly into the coach—and our eyes never met again. M. de P—— and the Count de B—— followed—the door was closed—the postilion drove off—and Henriette was lost to me for ever. I followed the carriage with my eyes, until it became a speck on the horizon, and at length totally disappeared.

The few remaining energies which that moment of trial had called into play, now forsook me, and I sank down in a state of utter helplessness and exhaustion, both of body and mind.

Henriette,

Ea sola voluptas solamenque mali,

was dead to me, and I was again in the world, wretched, friendless, and alone.

The letter, which I received from her on the day subsequent to her departure, is to me alternately a source of pleasure and pain. In my happier moments it makes me melancholy—in sorrow it is a comfort. I have preserved it for many years, and, come what will, it shall go down to the grave with me.

(London Mag. June.)

THE MILL.

HOW sweet it is in summer to shake off drowsy sleep,
And to stroll along, the fields among, as day begins to peep ;
Before the sun has yet begun to rear his golden head,
While the hedges yet and the flowers are wet with the dew that night has shed ;
And while around the verdant ground all nature's voice is still,
Save the current strong that rolls along to turn the neighbouring mill.

Oh ! then my hasty steps to some eminence I bend,
Where, far beneath, the spacious leath, and groves and fields extend ;
There I inhale the balmy gale, and watch the eastern skies,
To behold from far, in his golden car, the glorious sun arise ;
Till on every side the clouds divide, and high above the hill
He darts his beams, and gilds the streams, that turn the neighbouring mill.

Before his piercing glance all the vapours fade away,
And the meadows green distinct are seen beneath his glowing ray ;
The birds forsake the leafy brake, and echoing far around,
O'er hills and plains, their lively strains, and mingled notes resound ;
O'er the verdant mead the flocks are spread ; and gaily whistling shrill,
To their daily care the swains repair within the neighbouring mill.

(Sel. Mag.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PENINSULA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SKETCHES IN INDIA.'

PERHAPS there are few works of a lighter kind, which are written so as to please the imagination and interest the feelings, will be considered as more entertaining, and, upon the whole, less injurious to our higher faculties and pursuits, than the volume now before us.

Some years had transpired, before the animated describer of the scenes which he had witnessed during the arduous and glorious campaigns in Portugal and Spain, from June 1809, to July 1813, gave his entertaining narrative to the public. He was but a youth of nineteen, when he first joined the army in Portugal; who had "burst half educated from the study, and carried with him to the camp little but the imperfect though fond recollections of his earlier pursuits."

The time which has since elapsed has probably considerably improved his mind; and had he published immediately on his release from the confinement of a prison, we can scarcely suppose that we should have had so many judicious reflections as those which now not unfrequently adorn his pages. There is also an air of truth and naïvete throughout the whole relation which conveys an irresistible impression that the author relates both what he saw and what he felt at the time. Indeed, were we asked what was his peculiar skill, we should say, that it consists in the art which he possesses of making his reader a partaker with him in all that he describes: that art which chiefly adorns the poems of Crabbe, and which so eminently attracts us in all the compositions, both prose and verse, of Cowper. He excels also in his description of scenery, and in a lively terse way of relating anecdotes.

Our intention is chiefly to let our young soldier speak for himself, and to follow him in his desultory narrative; by selecting those passages which seem most worthy of attention, either for their interest or their usefulness. Plan and arrangement we shall in vain look for in a work which professes to be no-

thing more than a narrative of those daily occurrences which left a strong and lively impression upon the author's mind. But the preface is so short and so perfectly in harmony with the work itself, that we consider it as a sufficient introduction to the volume before us.

"The following pages have occupied and amused the leisure of my winter evenings, in a dull uninteresting garrison on home service. I relate what I saw, thought, and felt, as a man, a traveller, and a soldier, during five interesting years. The style of a soldier can need no apology: it is beneath the notice of a scholar and the critic. We pass our lives in conversing with mankind; they in conversing with books. We only observe and draw hasty conclusions; they observe, compare, and study. Ours is a life of action; theirs of repose. We write to amuse; they to instruct."

On his arrival at Lisbon, July 1809, he found the British troops encamped in the Prince's Park.

"In an old ruined house, the only building in or near the encampment, the mess of my regiment still held its social sittings; and here, round a rudely constructed table of casks and planks, seated on portman-teaus, stones, or knapsacks, we enjoyed our evening far more than we had often done at a board better provided, and in the most commodious mess-room. The conversation no longer ran in the same dull, unvarying strain, on scenes of expensive folly and fatiguing amusement; the dignity of our profession, which will naturally in such scenes glide from our view, again rose before us, arrayed in its best and brightest colours."

The earliest employment of the leisure of our young traveller, was of course to view the novel scene to which his profession had brought him. In his first survey, the beggars which he saw indolently lying in large groups around the gateways of the palaces, and only imploring charity by an outstretched hand, led to the following explanation of a conduct, which at first appeared so extraordinary to an Englishman, who had been accustomed to the opportunity of a British mendicant.—

"In the southern countries of Europe openly professing the Roman Catholic Religion, the giving of alms is considered an imperative duty; and, according to their means, all persons supply the wants of the necessitous. From the gates of the con-

vents, from the kitchen of the wealthy, food is daily distributed to a certain number of mendicants; and there is no person, however humble his condition, if it be above want, who does not give *something in charity every day of his life!*"

On the mode in which this kindness is exerted, or the tenet of the Romish Church, "the merit of good works," from which it most probably takes its rise, it is not our intention to enlarge; we cannot, however, refrain from expressing the wish, that the example of our Popish brethren were more implicitly followed among ourselves. How would the cause of philanthropy prosper, if every Protestant, or even every serious Protestant, considered it as an imperious duty, that no day should pass by, in which he had not at least endeavoured for the glory of his Saviour, to do some act of kindness to his fellow-creatures, in addition to the constant routine of daily family duties: and that not merely by giving an alms, which, unaccompanied by attention and care must be regarded as the lowest, and generally the worst kind of benevolence; but by some real endeavour to promote the good of others, by whatever kind of assistance might lie in his power.

In the course of his rambles, our author was kindly received in one of the Portuguese convents; and the feelings with which he states their reception, disgrace neither the head nor the heart of our young warrior.

"This was the first convent I had ever seen; nor could I find it in my heart to apply to its inmates the contemptuous epithets with which they are too often branded.—While I regret that any government or religion should condemn so many of its members to a life of cheerless celibacy and useless devotion, I am far from despising or even blaming the unhappy victims of ecclesiastical policy and pride; for, believe me, the discipline of the wealthiest orders is sufficiently austere to shut out all those enjoyments of life, which are so generally and so highly prized; and there are few, if any of us, who rail at monks, who could consent, even from a sense of duty, to lead the insipid and wearisome lives of these unhappy men."

The following reflection upon the constant open churches in the Roman Catholic countries, is very pleasing, as it bespeaks a feeling sense of devotion, highly honourable to the writer.

"In the hour of affliction, distress, or terror, hither they come; and here, protected and assisted by the holiness and solemnity of the place, they repose their sorrows and their fears in the bosom of their God.—Oh! there are, I believe, moments in the life of every man, when to fly to a consecrated temple, and to throw himself at the foot of the altar, unsummoned by any bell for prayers, but urged solely by the tone of his mind, and the overflowing of his heart, must be felt as a pure and holy pleasure."

We must not omit to mention the great and laudable attention our young officer paid to the acquisition of the Portuguese and Spanish languages.—He speaks of his grammar as being the best company possible when confined to the lines of the encampment. He suffered no peasant, muleteer, &c. to pass his tent without speaking to them; and by this practice he soon became able to understand the natives, and to be understood himself. He justly remarks that—

"The pride of a man of any intellect receives a severe wound when he is first thrown into a circle of foreigners, whose conversation he cannot understand."—"To a military man some knowledge of the language of the country which is the theatre of war is indispensable; and if it should not, as is frequently the case, prove an introduction to notice, it cannot fail of being a continued source of pleasure and advantage."

These judicious remarks may be extended to the younger student at home, who may bitterly lament, in after life, the culpable neglect of the advantages placed within his reach, and still more the habits of idleness which he has acquired, and which form the strongest of barriers to the retracing of his steps, or the recovery of his lost ground. Indeed, through the whole of the way in which we accompany our interesting soldier in his travels, we may easily perceive that this fault does not lie at his door; he must have well profited by his previous education, to have acted and thought as he did at the age of nineteen; no idle youth from the school-room could possibly have resembled him.

On the eventual good resulting in the Peninsula from all the devastating tyranny of Buonaparte, our author makes the following encouraging remarks.—

"Ecclesiastical government, monastic pride, and the withering tyranny of the priesthood have shrunk before it; and though I hear it daily asserted that the priests in the Peninsula again exercise their baleful influence over the liberty and happiness of the people, still I am convinced that the authority of the Church in Spain and Portugal has received a blow from the effects of which it can never perfectly recover. The seeds of a new and better order of things have been sown; and though weeds may for a time obstruct their growth, that speculative and daring hand which clears the encumbered soil, will reap an abundant and healthy harvest."

As a specimen of his graphic powers we may quote his description of the town and environs of Cintra.

"The scenery, as you approach this town is truly enchanting. The rich and variegated wood which clothes the side of the mountain rising above Cintra, the sunny brown, or rather the golden tinge of the massy sward towards the crest of it, and the bare, grey, rude-shaped rock, which crowns its lofty summit, form a picture such as only the pencil of a master or the pen of a poet could attempt to sketch with fidelity. The town itself, though considerably elevated, lies far below the mountain, and all around is beauty, shade, and repose. The white and furrowed bark, and the fantastic form and growth of the pale cork tree, the low dark olive, the green leaf and golden fruit of the orange, the trelliced vine, and the wild geranium, all here combine to deck the face of nature with charms, which to the eye of a northern visitor have new and irresistible attractions. We soon left our inn, and, mounted on asses, with two sprightly boys for our guides, set forth to visit the convent, which is built nearly at the top of the Cintra mountain. You lounge at your ease in any posture, on a large pack-saddle covered with a green cloth;—and it is really surprising to see with how much safety and activity these animals carry you up paths, rocky, uneven, and dangerously steep. A monk received us at the gate of the convent, and conducted us all over it; it is a very perfect complete thing; but the sight of it is, for singularity and boldness, unrivalled. It is secluded, utterly secluded, from the world; yet here the eyes may range over the vast Atlantic, far as the strength of mortal vision permits, or may rest on lovely vales and dark-bosomed glens far beneath. The ear, too, may catch, on the one side, the hoarse voice of the rising storm, or may listen, on the other, to those pleasing and sweet sounds which speak of rural occupations and of rural happiness."

"If a man at the age of fifty stood alone in the world, without wife, relative, or friend, to such a spot as this might he retire for life. When death carries off our little store of affection, by laying its icy hand on the hearts where that treasure was hoarded,

whither can we go for comfort? The sad bosom and the rayless eye are ill calculated to inspire new loves or attract new friendship. O! I can imagine many cases, where the calm of a retired monastery would afford consolation to the wounded spirit.—Would that cloisters were only filled with such children of misfortune!"

If a more mature or rigid judgment may refuse unqualified assent to these concluding sentiments, we cannot but be pleased with the sensibility which gave rise to them; though to use the language of a well-known Christian philanthropist, it is far more interesting "to see how happy those may be, who habitually prefer the happiness of another to their own—to see real love, like a flower blooming amidst ruins, surviving the vigor of the body and all those attractions upon which it is thought to depend."

Towards the end of July, the army began its march from Portugal into Spain. The account of their route is given in a lively, interesting manner.

"I shall never forget my sensations on marching through the streets of Lisbon: these were filled with people: the windows crowded with faces wearing the kindest and most animated looks; loud, long, and continued *vivas* were poured forth on every side; shawls, handkerchiefs, and hands, were waving from every balcony; and the women threw flowers and garlands on our heads."

"The troops were embarked upon the Tagus, to be transported some miles by the aid of that river. The northern bank from Lisbon to Villa Franca (about six leagues) presents a continued succession of rural beauties: convents, chapels, and quintas, gardens and vineyards, wood and verdure, cattle, and groups of villagers, all blended in bright and gay confusion, arrest the eye and address the heart. Here you saw, in their cool and shaded cloisters, small parties of monks, in the dark and picturesque dress of their orders, observing us as we passed along; there, some happy family, parents, children, and servants, would hurry to their garden-terrace on the water's edge, and salute us with smiles and *vivas*, while a little further in the back-ground, you might discern some solitary nun, who, from the high and grated casement of her convent, looked out upon the strange and brilliant show, and hastily withdrew."

After describing the great individual kindness he received from the owners of the houses where he was billeted in the towns, he says,—

"In these early marches, the villa, the monastery, and the cottage, were thrown open at the approach of our troops: the

best apartments, the neatest cells, the humble but only beds, were all resigned to the march-worn officers and men, with undisguised cheerfulness. It is with pain I am compelled to confess, that the manners of my strange but well-meaning countrymen, soon wrought a change in the kind dispositions of the people.—When they saw many assume as a right all which they had accorded from politeness, and receive their respectful attentions and cordial services, as expressions of homage due to the courage, wealth, and power of the British nation—when the simplicity of their manners, their frugality, the spareness of their diet, the peculiarities of their dress, and their religious prejudices, were made the subjects of derision and ridicule—when they witnessed scenes of brutal intoxication, and were occasionally exposed to vulgar insult from uneducated and overbearing Englishmen:—when, I say, all this occurred, they began to examine our individual titles to their esteem; and the spirit which we had awakened in them, manifested itself in various acts of neglect, rudeness, and even resentment. The English are admired not only in Portugal, but over all Europe, as a free, an enlightened, and a brave people, but they cannot make themselves beloved; they are not content with being great, they must be thought so and told so. They will not bend with good humour to the customs of other nations, nor will they condescend to sooth (flatter they never do) the harmless self-love of friendly foreigners. No; wherever they march or travel, they bear with them a haughty air of conscious superiority; and expect that their customs, habits, and opinions, should supersede, or at least suspend, those of all the countries through which they pass.”

When the army could no longer avail itself of the assistance of the Tagus, it pursued its way, on account of the heat, in night marches. At one place our soldier arrived “just as the early matin-bell was summoning the inhabitants to prayers. The attendance on public worship throughout Spain and Portugal is extremely regular, and no occupation or manner of life is suffered to interfere with this sacred duty. ‘To mass go the muleteers before they load their train; and from the door of the chapel, the peasants sally forth to their daily labours.’—Surely every reflecting mind and feeling heart must strongly wish that such a people could be emancipated from the shackles of formal superstition, and yet retain their devotional habits.

Their way sometimes led by the banks of the Tagus. One of these marches our author thus describes.—

“A clear bright silver moon lighted our silent path; not a lamp burning in any of the cottages; not a human voice to be heard; not a sound, save the dull tread of our weary men, and the gentle tone in which the waters told their ceaseless flow. The moonbeams which played upon the bright arms of our gallant soldiers, shone also on the glistening nets of the peaceful fisherman, which hung spread upon the rocks near his deserted bark. All within these humble dwellings was repose, and their happy inmates slumbered sweetly, unconscious that the tide of war (harmless and friendly indeed to them, yet bearing on its waves not only youth, ambition, and courage, but perhaps even ferocity and crime) rolled, in the dead of night, past the vine-clad walls of their defenceless cots.

“It is a pleasing sight to see a column arrive at its halting ground. The camp is generally marked out, if circumstances allow of it, on the edge of some wood, and near a river or stream. The troops are halted in open columns, arms piled, picquets and guards paraded and posted, and in two minutes all appear at home. Some fetch large stones to form fire-places; other hurry off with canteens and kettles for water; while the wood resounds with the blows of the bill-hook. Dispersed under the more distant trees, you see the officers: some dressing; some arranging a few boughs to shelter them by night; others kindling their own fires; while the most active are seen returning from the village laden with bread, or from some flock of goats feeding near us with a supply of new milk. How often, under some spreading cork-stree, which offered shade, shelter, and fuel, have I taken up my lodging for the night; and here, or by some gurgling stream, my bosom fanned by whatever air was stirring, made my careless toilet; and sat down with men I both liked and esteemed, to a coarse, but wholesome meal, seasoned by hunger and cheerfulness. The rude simplicity of this life I found most pleasing. An enthusiastic admirer of nature, I was glad to move and dwell amidst her grandest scenes, remote from cities, and unconnected with what is called society. Her mountains, her forests, and sometimes her bare and bladeless plains, yielded me a passing home; her rivers, streams, and springs, cooled my brow and allayed my thirst. The inconvenience of one camp taught me to enjoy the next; and I learned, (a strange lesson for the thoughtless,) that wood and water, shade and grass, were luxuries. I saw the sun set every evening; I saw him rise again each morning in all his majesty; and I felt that my very existence was a blessing.—Strange, indeed, to observe how soon men delicately brought up can inure themselves to any thing. Wrapped in a blanket or a cloak, the head reclining on a stone or a knapsack, covered by the dews of night, or drenched perhaps by the thunder-shower, sleeps many a youth, to whom the carpeted

chamber, the curtained couch, and the bed of down, have been from youth familiar."

Speaking of a mean looking Spanish village at which they halted, and which was formed by a collection of mud cottages, he says—

"We were however, very agreeably surprised on entering it. The dwelling of the Spanish peasant is very clean, and, owing to the extreme thickness of the walls and the smallness of the windows, delightfully cool. I got a comfortable little room, with a good bed, two or three of the little low chairs, and the small low table of the country. The poorer Spaniards sit very low, and their food is spread on a table still lower, a custom very ancient and very inconvenient. I however thought myself in high luck to be lord of this little sanctum, and generally retired to rest too much fatigued to find fault with my thick, hard mattress, and my coarse, tho' white, sheets.

"The life of the Spanish villager is simple, and not without its pleasures. He rises early, and after mass goes forth to labour. A bit of dry bread, and a few grapes, or a slice of the water melon, supply his breakfast: a plain dish of vegetables, generally a sort of bean boiled with the smallest morsel of bacon to flavor it, forms the dinner; and their drink is water, or the weak common wine of the country. They invariably, whether in their houses or in their fields, take their siesta after dinner, and proceed again to labour in the cool of the evening. In the front of their cottages you may almost always see low benches of stone: on these, after supper, they seat themselves to smoke their segars; and here, surrounded by their families, they frequently remain till a late hour, enjoying the refreshing air of night, and all the luxury of that calm and lovely season, so grateful and reviving in their warm climate.

"How often have I stood apart and gazed on these happy groups! how often have I listened to their pleasing ditties, the pauses and cadences of which they mark so feelingly yet so simply with the light guitar!

"Oftentimes too, when the moon shines brightly, their youth will meet together, and by that soft light, dance to the cheerful sound of the merry castanets, the rude but sprightly fandango, or the more graceful bolero of their country.

"Some of their customs in husbandry are very ancient; among others, the treading out of their corn with cattle, instead of threshing it. This is all done in the open air, where the grain is afterwards spread to dry and harden; oxen or mares are used for this purpose, and you may see five or six at a time trotting round in a circle upon the outspread wheat in the straw."

After a diligent survey of the Roman and Moorish ruins still to be found at Merida, he wandered from his com-

panions, and fell into a train of thought, "at once," he says, "solemn and delightful."—

"Here, on this very spot, had the Roman eagle been displayed in the day of its pride and glory: here Roman knights and soldiers, men born perhaps on the banks of the Tiber, and educated in imperial Rome, whose familiar language was that in which a Cicero wrote and a Virgil sung, and who had served and fought in Greece and Asia, laid down their helm and their cuirass, and claimed their hardly earned reward.

"Over the same plain had the rude and unlettered Goths moved as conquerors, till, in turn, the haughty and glittering crescent rose o'er their drooping banner, and countless Moors, known by their snowy turbans and silken vests, borne on the fleet couriers of Africa, and brandishing their curved scabions in all the insolence of triumph, rode shouting to those walls which an Augustus had built, and over which a Trajan had held sway.

"There is something infinitely affecting in having such scenes forced upon our imagination by the presence of monuments, which, though crumbling before the ceaseless and consuming power of time, have yet survived for so many centuries the perishable hands of the mortals who raised them."

A remark which our author makes in this part of his journal, among many others which are scattered throughout the work, tends to exhibit war in its true colours; and that not merely as it respects the vanquished, but even the conquerors.

"As we passed out of the town, (Merida,) we saw several officers, men and horses of the heavy brigade of British cavalry stationed there. The cattle were in wretched condition, and the men looked sickly.—Both officers and privates were very ill-dressed; and their brown and shapeless hats had a most unmilitary appearance.—Whoever had seen these regiments in England, in pale fallow-looking men, and skeleton horses, would hardly have recognized the third Dragoon Guards and fourth Dragoons, two corps enjoying, and deservedly, a well-earned name. Thus, oftentimes, on actual service, vanishes all that brilliancy which has won the heart and fixed the choice of so many a youth, and which appeared so gay and attractive on crowded esplanades at home."

In the return from Merida the party lost their way, and fell in with a party of Spanish shepherds, whose appearance is thus described.—

"After wandering for some time, we descried a fire on the plain at a considerable distance, and made towards it. Three shep-

herds were standing near and restraining, with difficulty, two enormous wolf-dogs, whom our approach had alarmed and irritated.—The shepherds of these immense plains wear an upper dress of sheepskin, with the woolly side outwards, which covers the breast and back, and protects the thighs. These are made of white or black skin, as may be ; two of the present party

had white, the other black ; two of them were armed with long Spanish guns, for the protection of their flocks, and the other had the ancient crook. Their dogs were of a dun or mouse colour, smooth haired, partaking in the form of their heads, both of the bull and the mastiff, and both taller and every way larger, than any I ever saw in England."

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

Traditions of the Western Highlands.

No. VI.

ALLAN NA SOHP.

THIS notable person was the youngest son of Lachlan Maclean, of Duart, and was born about the beginning of the sixteenth century. He distinguished himself for courage and activity at an early age ; and as his father had made no provision for him, he resolved to avail himself of the means then too often resorted to in that country by soldiers of fortune for acquiring an independency, that is, seizing on the property of the most defenceless.

A gentleman of his own name and family, who was possessed of a considerable estate in Mull, was then very far advanced in life, and Allan paid him a visit. The young adventurer had not been received with all the courtesy that he expected, but of this he took no notice at the time. He consulted the old man as to the most advisable way of improving his fortune ;—and the advice he received was indeed very discreditable to the giver.—His neighbour Mac Quarie, of Ulva, was then old, and had no children ;—the other advised Allan to put him to death and seize on his property. It seems that Allan had once been treated by Mac Quarie with great kindness when he stood much in need of it, and he declared his abhorrence of this base counsel. But he was not satisfied alone with expressing these sentiments,—he retaliated on his ungenerous host his own perfidious advice ; despatched him, and took possession of his lands. It were well if he had been satisfied with this usurpation, but that was by no means the case ; he afterwards became a very troublesome man, and the greatest freebooter of that age and country. He was well known over

the west of Scotland and the north of Ireland under the appellation of Allan na Sohþ, (*or* the Wisp,) which he obtained from the frequent use he made of straw in setting fire to houses and barnyards in his marauding expeditions.

He was a man of considerable ability and of much address. Notwithstanding his numerous acts of violence, he contrived means to acquire very extensive landed estates, and procured charters or gifts of non-entries of more than one of them from the reigning princes. In some of these, which we have seen, dated 1539, he is designated " of Gigha and Tarbert."

His favourite residence was the castle of Tarbert, still standing on the shore of the bay of that name, which cuts deep into the isthmus that connects the great peninsula of Kintyre with Knapdale, in Argyleshire. This was a station indeed admirably adapted to his purpose, for in an October night, with moonlight, he would make a descent on the fertile district of lower Cowal, or the island of Bute and the adjacent islands to the east, and return to his stronghold before day-light. Or he could extend his depredations to Hay, on the west, with the same advantages. Ireland was also very convenient to him. He had, besides, the command of the communication between the two seas, which for open boats was then, and still in some degree continues to be carried on, by dragging them across the narrow neck of Tarbert, a distance not more than four hundred yards. There is no doubt that Allan made good use of this favourable situation.

He even directed his course to the vicinity of Rothsay, (the capital of

Bute, and a royal residence,) for the purpose of carrying away cattle ; and the sheriff of the island having had intelligence of his arrival, he collected some men for the purpose of protecting the property of the people. It was in October, the time selected for such purposes, and the women and children followed the Bute men at some distance. Several shots were fired, and the women found some dead bodies among the corn. They supposed them to be those of the plunderers, and they were very liberal in praise of the sheriff's warlike exploits ; but unfortunately, on procuring light, they turned out to be the bodies of their friends.—Some of Allan's party lay concealed, and heard the remarks, which are still repeated in Mull in ridicule of the corrupt dialect spoken in Bute, and the disappointment of the poor women.

He extended his depredations sometimes to a much greater distance ; and we find that Abercromby, in his *Martial Achievements of the Scots*, states that a hero who is there styled "Allan Maclean the robber," in company with another person, of whom we have given an account under the designation of Murdoch Gair, had made an irruption into the lands of the Colquhouns, and others on the banks of Lochlomond, where they are stated to have done much mischief "with their reef and sorners." Murdoch is there surnamed Gibson, because in the provincial dialect of that district of Dumbartonshire, the word *Gair*, which signifies short, active, and snug, is converted into the word *Gibboch*, and this Abercromby very naturally conceived to mean Gibson. Allan and his associates had very easy access to Lochlomond, by dragging their boats across the low isthmus from Arokar to the Lake, and they could attack any part of the country around that beautiful and extensive sheet of water at pleasure. Tradition says that these two powerful marauders left sad memorials of their visit on this expedition, and that they deprived of their ears more than one laird. It is worthy of remark that Haco, king of Norway, in his expedition to Scotland in 1263, sent a division of his forces by this route to ravage the same country.

Maclean, of Coll, had often been known to express high disapprobation of the conduct of Allan na Sohph ; and Allan, who frequently resided on his estate in Mull, was determined to have his revenge. Coll was very studious, and was in the habit of retiring frequently in the evenings to walk in a solitary place near the sea, for contemplation. Allan had information of this, and took his measures accordingly. He very easily got the laird into his hands, and having bound him with a rope, he conveyed him to his boat.—He set sail for the south, and it may be conceived that the prisoner did not feel much at ease in the power of such a man. Coll was a poet, and he made the best use he could of his talents.—Under circumstances certainly not favourable to the Muses, he made a shift to compose Allan na Sohph's March, which is still preserved. He sung it with the best grace his situation would permit ; and the stern heart of the marauder was not proof against the charms of music and verse united. He released the captive laird, and after advising him to speak of him with more respect thereafter, he returned to the island of Coll, and landed his prisoner in safety where he had found him.

When Allan advanced in years he was not so often employed in acquiring booty, and some of his followers were by no means pleased with the change in his habits. One day at dinner one of his associates had some trouble in picking a rib of beef, and he remarked that times were indeed altered when Allan's house was so scantily supplied with that article. The landlord heard the remark, and was determined to show that his vigour had not decreased. He ordered all his people to attend him, and proceeded to the river Clyde, where he penetrated as far as Erskine ferry, near Renfrew. He carried off cattle, and levied contributions to a large amount, and returned home in triumph. This was the richest *creach* or *hershship* he had ever made ; and it was afterwards denominated *Creach an Aisne*, after the rib, from which it originated.

Allan na Sohph died in peace at an old age ; and having made the best

compromise in his power with the holy Church for as speedy an escape from purgatory as circumstances would admit, he was buried with his ancestors in the sacred cemetery of St. Oran, in Iona. He left one son, but he was not permitted to become so celebrated as his father. He was accused of having conspired against his chief, and was put to death for that crime at an early age, and without children. His estate of Torloisk reverted to his chief, as superior. Allan had a daughter, who was married to the son of his friend Murdoch Gair, of Lockbuy.

The late General Allan Maclean,

who was so much distinguished for the gallant defence of Quebec when it was attacked by Arnold, was in the Gaelic language denominated Allan na Sobh, and has, with singular absurdity, been already confounded by some with the former.

The General's father possessed the same estate, and resided in the same place, but there was no other connexion between them; and the appellation was fancifully bestowed on him when a boy, in consequence of his name, and the courage and activity he showed. But in other respects no two characters were more unlike.

THE DREAM OF BORRERAY.

IN the 15th century, Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, invaded the island of Mull with a large force; and Maclean, the chief of that clan, being taken by surprise, was not prepared to resist his powerful enemy in the field. He therefore retired, and took up a very strong position near a place called Leckalee, on the western side of Benmore, the loftiest mountain of that mountainous island. The Lord of the Isles encamped by the sea-side, below the men of Mull.

Maclean, of Borreray, was a vassal of Macdonald, and attended his superior on this expedition with all his people. He was a man of great prudence, and stood very high in the esteem of his Lord, who was accustomed to consult him on all important occasions.—Every attempt to compromise the feud having failed, the Lord of the Isles announced his resolution to attack the Macleans on the following morning.—His men were brave and numerous, but the advantage of the ground which his enemies occupied, gave them every chance of success; and there could be no doubt that the Macdonalds must suffer severe loss, whatever the ultimate result might be.

Situated as Borreray was, it did not become him directly to oppose the attack; but availing himself of the credulity and superstition so prevalent in that age, he adopted a more effectual means of preventing the destruction of his mutual friends, and it deserves to be recorded to his honour.

On the morning of the intended

battle, Borreray was summoned to council at a very early hour, and he appeared extremely dejected. Macdonald observed this, and remarking that it must naturally be distressing to his feelings to be engaged against his own clan, he kindly entreated that Borreray should take charge of a body of men intended for a reserve. The other thanked the Lord of the Isles, but declined the favour; and assured his superior that though he felt much reluctance to spill the blood of his clansmen, that was by no means the chief cause of his sorrow. The Lord of the Isles requested to know what other cause he could have, and Maclean appeared very averse from disclosing it; but he at last informed Macdonald that he had a dream the preceding night, which gave him great alarm. In his sleep he had been visited by a supernatural being which chanted to him some verses, which may be translated as follows:

"Thou dark and dismal Leckalee,
The fatal fights befall on thee;
The race of Gillean shall prevail,—
The stranger's strength this day shall fail.
The lofty, towering Gardnyhu
Shall yield the eagles plenteous food;
Ere swords to their black sheaths return,
The Red Knight's blood shall stain the burn."

These words are much more expressive in the original Gaelic. When Borreray had told this story and recited these lines in the presence of the leaders of the Macdonalds, they all declared their determination not to attack the enemy. Thus Maclean of Borreray, with great satisfaction, effected his judicious and humane purpose; and the Lord of the Isles left Mull without bloodshed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Lon. Mag.)

SPANISH ROMANCES.

There are sublime lessons of morality in some of the old Spanish poets—they seem to march along in all the pomp and pageantry of funereal state. They speak as with an oracular voice. Their discourse is of that death over which they triumph, and which they make the servant of their verse, and the minister of their wisdom. The grave is almost as often the record of man's pride as the witness of his humiliation. He has his revenge on mortality by raising pillars and piles—whether of sculpture or of song—more durable than the poor tenement that mortality has laid in ruins. Death sweeps away the woe-worn creature of years, who in return builds up his monument, which lasts for centuries—deaf to the storm, and reckless of vicissitude. There is a fine flow of solemn truths in Jorge Manrique's Glosa on his departed friend. These are extracts.

AWAKE, AWAKE, MY SLEEPING SOUL.

Awake, awake, my sleeping soul,
Rouse from thy dreams of hope and fear :
And think, and see
How soon life's busy moments roll,
How soon the hour of death draws near !
How silently !
How swiftly hurrying joy glides by !
And nought but sorrow's shade remains
Of vanish'd bliss !
Yet sweeter is the memory
Of other moments' griefs and pains
Than joys in this.

Our lives are rivers flowing on
To that interminable sea,
The mighty grave :
There go—as there have ever gone,
All pomp, and pride, and royalty,
Which nought can save.
There roll the mountain's rapid streams,
There rolls the little gentle rill,
There mingle all—
Lost in that ocean-tide which seems
To swallow—though unsated still—
The great—the small.

O could we but adorn the face,
The corporal face, with skillful art,
And beauty rare !
As we might clothe with glorious grace,
And angel charms, our brighter part,
And all that's fair—
O what industrious, busy will,
What passion and what ardour we
Should bring, to deck
The sensual captive with our skill,
While the bright soul of liberty
Might go to wreck !

O mark of what delusive worth
The fleeting things for which we sigh !
Satisfied never ;
For, in this vain deceitful earth,
We lose them ev'n before we die,
Yes ! lose for ever ;
And time destroys them in its way,
Vicissitude and accident,
And busy change ;
All bear the seeds of self-decay,
And o'er the heights most eminent,
The tempests range.

The dazzling dreams, the luscious sweets,
Which round life's gloomy passage dwell,
Are convent walls,
Where pilgrim oft with pilgrim meets,
And hastens to death's gloomy cell,
And then he falls.
We reck not,—but with breathless speed
We hasten o'er the travel'd track
As driven by fate—
Then stop—Death calls—"Take heed, take heed,"
And then we fain would hurry back,
But 'tis too late.

We read of mighty monarchs driven
From highest pomp to low distress
In ancient days ;
Their sceptres and their glories riven,
Their strength reduced to helplessness,
And dimm'd their praise.

Death treats all mortal things the same ;
And pope and prelate, king and count,
Alike be shocks.
He heeds no rank, respects no name,
Calls seer or shepherd on the mount,
Or senseless flocks.

The Trojans are in darkness laid,
And all they thought and all they did,
Their losses—gains—
The Roman history's veil'd in shade,
That tower'd as towers a pyramid—
But nought remains.
Why should we seek the vain display
Of distant ages, treasured not
In memory's bold,—
When the events of yesterday
Are vanish'd all—are all forgot
As deeds of old ?

The battle to be fought,—though hard,
Is far less dreadful than it seems,—
Come on ! Come on !
For thou wilt gain a rich reward
In that bright memory which streams
From victories won.—
There is a life which virtue lives
In men's deep hearts enshrin'd, though this
Is passing too ;
Yet the long-living fame, that gives
An earthly heav'n to worth,—is bliss
And glory true.

This is the second life,—the best
Was never gain'd in mortal strife,
Nor mundane joy,
Nor in the scenes of ease and rest,
Nor 'midst the murderous sins of life,
Which life destroy ;
But in devotion's sainted cell,
Where monks and hermits pass their time
In prayers and woes ;
And by bold warriors, who repel,
'Midst dangers, toils, and deeds sublime,
The Moorish foes.

Let's waste no words, for calm and still
I wait—obey ; no idle speech
Submission needs ;
For that, which is my Maker's will,
Shall be my will,—whate'er it teach,
Where'er it leads.
I'm ready now to die.—I give
My soul to heaven resignedly—
To death's great change :
For to desire and long to live,
When God decrees that we shall die,
Were folly strange.

Thou who didst bend thee from above,
And take a mean and worthless name,
O sovereign grace !
Thou who didst clothe thee in thy love
With the low weeds of human shame,
To save our race :
Thou who didst bear the stripes abhorr'd,
And give thy sacred name to bear
All mortal pain !
Not for my merit—heavenly Lord !
But for thy mercies—hear me—hear !
And pardon then !

Yet if ever the staid and sober brow of religion was adorned with garlands of flowers—if ever she was led by cheerfulness into the daily walks of the world—if ever she was courted by the smiles of poetry and of natural joy—it was in Spain. True, she had a terrible aspect, and a scourge of vipers for those she hated; but on the simple, untutored, obedient spirits that followed in her gorgeous train, she breathed nothing but peace, and beauty, and blessedness. Their devotion had none of the high abstractions of philosophy, neither had it any of philosophy's doubts and feats. They believed and felt—they felt and believed. Their creed intermingled itself with their social affections—their devotion was fed by every-day objects—over which their *romanceros* threw the lustre of poetical imagery, and which their priests enlisted in the service of religion.

WHILE TO BETHLEM WE ARE GOING.

While to Bethlem we are going,
Tell me, Blas, to cheer the road,
Tell me why this lovely infant
Quitted his divine abode?
“From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

Wherefore from his throne exalted,
Came he on his earth to dwell—
All his pomp an humble manger,
All his court a narrow cell?
“From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

Why did he, the Lord eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be,
He who fashion'd for his glory
Boundless immortality?
“From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

Well, then! let us haste to Bethlem,
Thither let us haste and rest:
For of all heaven's gifts the sweetest
Sure is peace—the sweetest, best.

The pastoral romances too are generally the very portraiture of genuine sentiment—undefaced by the decorations and delusions of artificial society. Their charms are not extraneous. They are varied; they are pure and passionate. They have nothing of the mysticism of civilization, nor of the adorning of deceit.

THE MAIDEN IS DISQUIETED.

The maiden is disquieted,
Who shall break on her footsteps' tread?

She is wandering o'er the mountain there,
Her flocks around her be;
She is fair as the brightest flowers are fair,
But troubled like the sea.
The maiden is disquieted,
Who shall break on her footsteps' tread?

NAY! SHEPHERD, NAY! THOU ART UNWARY.

Nay! shepherd, nay! thou art unwary—
Thy flocks are wandering far away:
Alas! I know it well—'tis Mary
Who leads my troubled thoughts astray.

Look, shepherd! look—how far they rove!
Why so forgetful—call them yet—
—O! he who is forgot by love
Will soon, too soon, all else forget—
Come leave those thoughts so dark and dreary,
And with your browsing flocks be gay.
—Ah no! 'tis vain, 'tis vain,—for Mary
Leads all my troubled thoughts astray.

'Tis love then, shepherd! O depart,
And drive away the cheating boy.
—Alas! he's seated in my heart,
And rules it with tumultuous joy.
Nay! shepherd, wake thee, dare not tarry,
For thou art in a thorny way.

—Ah no! 'tis vain, 'tis vain,—for Mary
Leads all my troubled thoughts astray.

Throw off this yoke, young shepherd, be
Joyous and mirthsome as before.
—O what are mirth and joy to me,
They on my woes no balm can pour.—
Thou didst refuse to dance, didst tarry
When laughing maidens were at play.—
I know I did—Alas! 'tis Mary
That leads my troubled thoughts astray.

Then tell thy love—perchance 'tis hid,
And send a missive scribbled o'er.—
Alas! my friend—I did, I did,—
Which ere the maid had read, she tore.—
Then hang the maid—the foul fiend carry
A pestilence through all her flocks.—
O no, forbear! Nor threaten Mary
With sorrow's frowns, nor misery's shocks.

The following is very illustrative of Spanish manners and Spanish feelings.

THE GOOD OLD COUNT IN SADNESS STRAY'D.

The good old Count in sadness stray'd
Backwards—forwards pensively;
He bent his head—he said his prayers
Upon his beads of ebony;
And sad and gloomy were his thoughts,
And all his words, of misery:
O! daughter fair—to woman grown,
Say who shall come to marry thee;
For I am poor—though thou art fair,
No dower of riches thine shall be.—

Be silent, father mine! I pray,
For what avails a dower to me?—
A virtuous child is more than wealth;
O! fear not,—fear not poverty:
There are whose children ban their bliss,
Who call on death to set them free;
And they defame their lineage,
Which shall not be defamed by me;
For if no husband should be mine,
I'll seek a convent's purity.

But these romances must be brought to a close. They must mingle no longer with other gems and flowers, but be transplanted to a garden of their own. That's melancholy!—they quit the sweet society among which they have been proud to linger,—friends and companions—and they go to solitude, perhaps to oblivion. Be it not so!

It is hard to tear oneself away from delightful recollections and busy thoughts. Yet in the progress of these desultory things, the heart has been often wounded when it has been dragged to that "renowned, romantic land" where they had their origin. Gloom soon cast shadows around it, and those shadows grew darker and darker. Meanwhile they with whom every remembrance of sympathy and affection was associated, have been torn up, like loathsome weeds, from the soil *they* blessed—and *we* loved. Of the dearest, and the purest, some have perished; and their memory, embalmed in burning and undying hate, to be poured out hereafter on the bare heads of tyrants, lives in the heart of heart;—some wear cruel chains which may perhaps rust ere they fall—and some wander like the ghosts which can find no habitation on earth, nor an entrance to the grave—desolate—broken;—and some most perfidiously—their figures pursue me, and ten times a day I hurl—Nay! stop thy indignation—they *were*—

I had forgotten—that I ought to forget. Yet a romance or two!—they will still a spirit that is sadly troubled.

A THOUSAND, THOUSAND TIMES I SEEK.

A thousand, thousand times I seek
My lovely maid;
But I am silent still, afraid
That if I speak
The maid might frown, and then my heart would
break.

I've oft resolved to tell her all,
But dare not—what a woe 'twould be
From doubtful favour's smiles, to fall
To the harsh frown of certainty.
Her grace—her music cheers me now;
The dimpled roses on her cheek,
But fear restrains my tongue, for how,

How should I speak,
When, if she frown'd, my troubled heart would
break?

No! rather I'll conceal my story
In my full heart's most sacred cell:
For though I feel a doubtful glory,
I 'scape the certainty of hell.
I lose—'tis true—the bliss of heaven—
I own my courage is but weak;
That weakness may be well forgiven,
For should she speak
In words ungentle, O! my heart would break.

Vicente Espinel.

INES SENT A KISS TO ME.

Ines sent a kiss to me
While we danced upon the green;
Let that kiss a blessing be,
And conceal no woes unseen.

How I dared I know not how,
While we danced I gently said,
Smiling, "Give me, lovely maid,
Give me one sweet kiss"—when, lo!
Gathering blushes robed her brow;
And with love and fear afraid,
Thus she spoke—"I'll send the kiss
In a calmer day of bliss.

Then I cried—denr maid! what day
Can be half so sweet as this?

Throw not hopes and joys away;
Send, O! send the promised kiss—
Can so bright a gift be mine,
Bought without a pang of pain?
'Tis perchance a ray divine,
Darker night to bring again.

Could I dwell on such a thought,
I of very joy should die;
Nought of earth's enjoyments, nought
Could be like that ecstasy.
I will pay her interest meet,
When her lips shall breathe on me;
And for every kiss so sweet,
Give her many more than three.

Gregorio Silvestro.

THAT'S A LIE,—THAT'S A LIE !

Riches will serve for titles too—

That's true—that's true !

And they love most who oftenest sigh—

That's a lie,—that's a lie !

That crowns give virtue—power gives wit,

That follies well on proud ones sit ;

That poor men's slips deserve a halter,

While honours crown the *great* defaulter ;

That 'nointed kings no wrong can do,

No right, such worms as I and you—

That's true—that's true !

To say a dull and sleepy warden

Can guard a many-portal'd garden ;

That woes which darken many a day,

One moment's smile can charm away ;

To say you think that Celia's eye

Speaks aught but trick and treachery—

That's a lie—that's a lie !

They must be gagg'd who go to court,

And bless, besides, the gagger for't ;

That rank-less must be scourged, and thank

The scourgers when they're men of rank ;

The humble, poor man's form and hue

Deserve both shame and suffering too—

That's true—that's true !

But wond'rous favours to be done,

And glorious prizes to be won ;

And downy pillows for our head,

And thornless roses for our bed ;

In monarchs' words—to trust and try,

And risk your honour on the die—

That's a lie—that's a lie.

That he who in the courts of law

Defends his person, or estate,

Should have a privilege to draw

Upon the mighty river Plate ;*

And, spite of all that he can do,

He will be pluck'd and laugh'd at too—

That's true—that's true !

To sow of pure and honest seeds,

And gather nought but waste and weeds ;

And to pretend our care and toil

Had well prepared the ungrateful soil ;

And then on righteous heaven to cry,

As 'twere unjust—and ask it why ?

That's a lie—that's a lie.

Gongora.

* Rio de la Plata—Silver River.

CHEMICAL ESSAYS. NO. V.

(Sel. Mag.)

AMMONIA—SULPHUR—PHOSPHORUS, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE COMPOUNDS.

NITROGEN and hydrogen also unite, and form a very extraordinary compound. It is called AMMONIA, or the volatile *alkali*. To explain this, we must first give some account of that class of bodies called alkalis. They are such as unite readily with all acids, neutralize or impair their activity, and form with them a compound termed a salt. As acids change all vegetable blues red, so alkalis change them green. A very easy example of this kind may be given. Let the operator colour with violets, or any other blue flower, some common white paper, and dip this, when coloured, into a solution of vinegar and water : it will immediately change to red. Let him then dip it into a solution of soda ; and the red will be converted into green. The test generally employed by chemists for detecting acids, is paper dipped in a solution of litmus : this is a blue vegetable extract, and forms so delicate a test, that it will show the presence of one hundredth part of sulphuric acid.

Ammonia is a gas of a very pungent smell, and possessing all the marks of

the alkalis to which we have just alluded. Water absorbs it readily, taking up four hundred and sixty times its own bulk with ease. It was formerly called spirits of hartshorn, because it was obtained from the shavings of this last-mentioned substance. The easiest method of procuring ammonia for the examination of the student, is by heating, in a small glass retort, two parts of dry quicklime, and one of muriate of ammonia. It must be collected over mercury, as water absorbs it rapidly. Ammonia combines with the acids, and forms salts mostly soluble in water, and which give out the smell of ammonia when mixed with pure potash or lime.

One of the most important of these is muriate of ammonia, the same salt which was anciently called *sal ammoniac*. It was obtained by burning camel's dung.

SULPHUR, the next body in our list, is a very brittle substance of a light yellow colour, with very little taste, or, when cold, of smell. When heated, it exhales

very peculiar and suffocating fumes.— It is a mineral, and is found crystallized. If a roll of sulphur be taken and suddenly grasped in a warm hand, it crackles, and frequently falls to pieces from its unequal expansion, as it is a very bad conductor of caloric. Sulphur in masses is got from Sicily; in rolls it is chemically obtained in England from sulphuret of copper.—

It unites with oxygen, forming two compounds, to the latter of which we have already not unfrequently alluded—this is sulphuric acid. The first proportion it unites in, forms *sulphurous acid gas*. This is formed whenever sulphur is burned in common air. It is obtained more plentifully by burning sulphur in a closed vessel filled with oxygen: it should be collected over mercury, as water absorbs it very rapidly. Sulphurous acid gas destroys all colours; but when diluted with water it reddens vegetable blues. On the principle that this gas destroys colours, depends the common plan of removing the stain of Ink, by wetting the place with common water, and burning a match underneath it. The gas rises, and is absorbed by the water, and the colour is thus destroyed.—This gas is unrespirable, being exceedingly deleterious even if largely diluted with atmospheric air. It is chiefly used for whitening cotton goods and silks. It is also sometimes employed to check the vinous fermentation.

We will now consider the next compound of oxygen and sulphur, viz. *sulphuric acid*. It was formerly obtained by the distillation of green vitriol or sulphate of iron; it is now procured by burning about eight parts of sulphur and one of nitre in leaden rooms containing water, which absorbs the gas, and it is then concentrated by distillation. The principle of the formation of sulphuric acid by the combustion of sulphur and nitre may be thus explained. The sulphur, by burning in contact with atmospheric air, forms sulphurous acid. The nitre gives rise to the production of nitric oxide, which, with the oxygen of the air, gives rise to nitrous acid gas. When these gases, (i. e. sulphurous and nitrous acids) are perfectly dry, they do not act upon

one another, but, moisture being present in small quantity, they form a white solid, which is instantly decomposed when put into water: the nitrous acid reverts to the state of nitric oxide, having transferred one additional proportion of oxygen to the sulphurous acid, and, with water, producing the sulphuric acid; while the nitrous oxide plays the same part as before.

Sulphuric acid is acrid and caustic, and produces a very sour liquid. It rapidly chars and even destroys wood, metals, or animal fibres, &c. indeed, all animal and vegetable substances. Its colour, when it is pure, is almost transparent, and of nearly the same subsistence as oil. The sulphuric acid of commerce, known by the name of oil of vitriol, is seldom perfectly pure;—lead, lime, and potash, are not unfrequently found in it.

The uses of sulphuric acid are various and numerous, as well in arts as in chemistry. It is an important article of commerce. The makers of many of the other acids, bleachers, brass-founders, gilders, dyers, paper-makers, all employ it. Some of its salts are very useful, but these we shall notice hereafter.

Sulphur and hydrogen unite, and form a singular gas, called by most chemists sulphuretted hydrogen. It is peculiarly fetid: is inflammable, and deposits sulphur in burning. Water may be strongly impregnated with it, and in this case it is a very delicate test for metals, which it precipitates in different colours. Sulphuretted hydrogen is by some chemists considered as an acid, and is termed hydrosulphuric acid.

Our next body is PHOSPHORUS. It may be obtained by distilling concrete phosphoric acid with charcoal at a red heat; the tube of the retort in which it is distilled should be immersed an inch or more in a basin of water. When the retort becomes red hot, the phosphorus passes over, and looks somewhat like wax. In this state it is impure; but it may be purified by melting it under hot water, and squeezing it through chamois leather.

But, before we proceed, we must caution the young experimentalist to beware how he meddles with this dangerous body; indeed, we would recom-

mend him to have nothing to do with it. If a small piece of it gets under the nail, and there ignites, it produces a very great, and not unfrequently a dangerous wound. The great violence of its burning, and the low temperature at which it inflames, renders it very dangerous with regard to houses and other goods. At a temperature of about 100° , phosphorus takes fire, and burns with intense brilliancy. It oxidizes slowly when exposed to the action of the atmosphere, and appears in the dark to be burning in a sort of slow and imperfect combustion, which does not give out heat or flame perceptible to the sight in daylight. A very common experiment with phosphorus, is to write certain letters on the wall : these shine in the dark, and have rather a curious appearance ; but it is very dangerous, as the phosphorus not unfrequently inflames with friction.

Phosphorus and oxygen form several compounds. First, oxide of phosphorus. This is that white crust which is seen on the surface of phosphorus which is kept under water. It is this which gives the white appearance to the common phosphorus, as in its simple state it very much resembles a light flesh colour. This oxide of phosphorus is very inflammable but less fusible than phosphorus itself. It is employed in making phosphorus fire-boxes.

Phosphorus and oxygen unite so as to form three acids. The hydrophosphorus, the phosphorus, and the phosphoric acids. The two former are not very important either in themselves or their salts. Phosphoric acid is chiefly used in its concrete state for the production of phosphorus. The method of doing this has been given above. Phosphoric acid may be prepared in the following manner, though, as it is rather a difficult process, we would not advise very young chemists to attempt it.

“ On twenty pounds of calcined bone, finely powdered, pour twenty quarts of water and eight pounds of sulphuric acid, diluted with an equal weight of water. Let these materials be stirred together, and simmered for about six hours. Let the whole be

then put into a conical bag of linen to separate the clear liquor, and wash the residue till the water ceases to taste acid. Evaporate the strained liquor, and when reduced to about half its bulk, let it cool. A white sediment will form, which must be allowed to subside, and the clear solution must be decanted, and boiled to dryness in a glass vessel. A white mass will remain, which may be infused in a platinum crucible, and poured out into a clean copper dish : phosphoric acid, with a little phosphate and sulphate of lime, is the result.”

The rationale of this method consists in this : bones when burned are almost entirely phosphate of lime. This, when mixed with sulphuric acid and heated, is decomposed. The water only assists the action of the acid. Sulphate of lime is formed, which is thrown away ; while phosphoric acid and phosphate of lime remain. Should any operator try to form this acid, he must take great care not to inhale any of the vapours which arise from the mixtures thus made.

Phosphoric acid and ammonia unite and form a salt, (phosphate of ammonia,) very common in the animal world.

If phosphorus be exposed to the action of chlorine, it takes fire, and burns with a yellow flame, forming a compound which was long supposed to be phosphoric acid, but which is now shown to be a *perchloride* of phosphorus. Phosphorus and iodine can be made to combine ; the compound is of a reddish colour, and decomposes water.

Phosphorus unites also with hydrogen, a body in the second class. It is a gas which is commonly called phosphuretted hydrogen. This gas has a very disagreeable odour, and inflames as soon as it comes in contact with the atmosphere. The operator may procure a small piece of phosphuret of lime, and throw it into water, a pail for instance ; bubbles of air will rise, which inflame as soon as they reach the surface : this is phosphuretted hydrogen. We would recommend the young chemist to try the last experiment in the open air, as otherwise the smell would be very disagreeable. This gas

may be proved in the following manner. Put about a quarter of an ounce of phosphorus into a small glass retort of the capacity of four ounces, then fill the retort with a strong solution of caustic potash, and apply the heat of a lamp, & collect as before described over water.

Phosphuretted hydrogen loses its power of inflaming, on its union with the atmosphere, and when it has been kept long over water. If the bubbles be suffered to rise into a jar of oxygen, the combustion is very vivid, producing a brilliant white flame; if transmitted

into chlorine, it produces a beautiful blue flame.

Before we quit the subject of phosphorus, let me again caution the inexperienced chemist from experimenting upon it. The burns which it produces, and the destruction of houses which has often ensued, should make the pupil contented to read of the experiments which may be performed with this substance, if he has not the opportunity of seeing them exhibited by more expert hands.

(New Mon.)

A DREAM. BY T. CAMPBELL.

WELL may sleep present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream.—
Half our daylight faith's a fable;
Sleep disports with shadows too,
Seeming in their turn as stable
As the world we wake to view.
Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
Give my thoughts a clearer print
Of assured reality,
Than was left by Phantasy
Stamp'd and colour'd on my sprite
In a dream of yesternight.

In a bark, methought, lone steering,
I was cast on Ocean's strife,
This, 'twas whisper'd in my hearing,
Meant the sea of life.
Sad regrets from past existence
Came, like gales of chilling breath;
Shadow'd in the forward distance
Lay the land of death.
Now seeming more, now less remote,
On that dim-seen shore, methought,
I beheld two hands a space
Slow unshroud a spectre's face;
And my flesh's hair upstood,—
'Twas mine own similitude.

But my soul reviv'd at seeing
Ocean, like an emerald spark,
Kindle, while an air-dropt being
Smiling steer'd my bark.
Heaven-like—yet he look'd as human
As supernal beauty can,
More compassionate than woman,
Lordly more than man.
And as some sweet clarion's breath
Stirs the soldier's scorn of death—
So his accents bade me brook
The spectre's eyes of icy look,
Till it shut them—turn'd its head,
Like a beaten foe, and fled.

"Types not this," I said, "fair Spirit!
That my death-hour is not come?
Say, what days shall I inherit?
Tell my soul their sum."
"No," he said, "yon phantom's aspect,
Trust me, would appal thee worse,
Held in clearly measured prospect:—
Ask not for a curse!
Make not, for I overhear
Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
As thy mortal ear could catch
The close-brought tickings of a watch—
Make not the untold request
That's now revolving in thy breast.

"'Tis to live again, remeasuring
Youth's years, like a scene rehearsed,
In thy second life-time treasuring
Knowledge from the first.
Hast thou felt, pour self-deceiver!
Life's career so void of pain,
As to wish its fitful fever
New begun again?
Could experience, ten times thine,
Pain from Being disentwine—
Threads by fate together spun?
Could thy flight heaven's lightning shun?
No, nor could thy foresight's glance
'Scape the myriad shafts of chance.

"Would'st thou bear again Love's trouble—
Friendship's death-dissever'd ties;
Toil to grasp or miss the bubble
Of Ambition's prize?
Say thy life's new-guided action
Flow'd from Virtue's fairest springs—
Still would Envy and Detraction
Double not their stings?
Worth itself is but a charter
To be mankind's distinguish'd martyr.¹⁾
—I caught the moral, and cried, Ifail
Spirit! let us onward sail,
Envy'ing, fearing, hating none,
Guardian Spirit, steer me on!"

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(Blackwood's Edin. Mag.)

ON CHURCHYARDS. NO. II.

IN parts of Warwickshire, and some of the adjacent counties, more especially in the churches of the larger towns, the frightful fashion of black tombstones is almost universal. Black tombstones, tall and slim, and lettered in gold, looking, for all the world, like bolt upright coffin lids. I marvel the worthy natives do not go a step farther in their tasteful system, and coat their churches over with the same lugubrious hue, exempting only the brass weathercocks, and the gilded figures on the clock faces. The whole scene would unquestionably be far more in keeping, and even sublime in stupendous ugliness. Some village burial grounds have, however, escaped this barbarous adornment, and in Warwickshire particularly, and within the circuit of a few miles round Warwick itself, are very many small picturesque hamlet churches, each surrounded by its lowly flock of green graves, and grey head-stones; the churchyards, for the most part, separated only by a sunk fence or a slight railing from the little sheltered grass-plot of a small neat rectory, the casements of which generally front the long east window of the church. I like this proximity of the pastor's dwelling to his Master's house; nay, of the abode of the living to the sanctuary of the dead. It seems to me to remove in part the great barrier of separation between the two worlds. The end of life, it is true, lies before us. The end of *this* life, with all its hosts of vanities and perturbations;—but immediately from thence, we step upon the threshold of the holy place, before the gates of which no commissioned angel stands with a flaming sword, barring our entrance to the tree of life. It would seem to me that thus abiding, as it were, under the very shadows of the sacred walls, and within sight of man's last earthly resting-place, I should feel, as in a charmed circle, more secure from the power of evil influences, than if exposed to their assaults, on the great open desert of the busy world. Therefore, I like this proximity so frequent-

ly observable in the little hamlets I have described. In one or two instances, indeed, I perceived that attempts had been made to exclude the view of the church and churchyard from the rectory windows, by planting a few clumps of evergreens, that looked as unmeaningly stuck there, as heart could wish. Miserable taste that! “but let it pass,” as the *Courier* said lately of one of your finest poetical articles, Mr. North.

I never saw a more perfect picture of beautiful repose, than presented itself to me in one of my evening walks last summer. One of the few evening walks it was possible to enjoy during the nominal reign of that freezing, dripping summer.

I came abruptly (in my evening walk, you know) upon a small church, and burial ground, and rectory, all combined and embowered within a space that the eye could take in at one glance, and a pleasant glance it was!

The east window of the church was lighted up with red and glowing refulgence—not with the gorgeous hues of artificial colouring, but with the bright banners of the setting sun; and strongly defined shadows, and mouldings of golden light, marked out the rude tracery of the low ivied tower and the heavy stone-work of the deep narrow windows, and the projections of the low massy buttresses, irregularly applied in defiance of all architectural preportion, as they had become necessary to the support of the ancient edifice. And here and there on the broken slanting of the buttresses, and on their projecting ledges, might be seen patches of green and yellow moss, so exquisitely bright, that methought the jewellery with which Aladdin enchased the windows of his enchanted palace, was dull and colourless, compared with the vegetable emeralds and topazes, where-with “Nature's own sweet and cunning hand” had blazoned that old church. And the low head-stones also—some half sunk into the churchyard mould—many carved out into cherubims, with their trumpeters’

cheeks and expanded wings, or with the awful emblems of death's-heads, cross-bones, and hour-glasses ! The low head-stones, with their rustic scrolls, "that teach us to live and die," those also were edged and tinted with the golden gleam, and it stretched in long floods of amber light athwart the soft green turf, kissing the nameless hillocks ; and, on one little grave in particular, (it must have been that of an infant,) methought the departing glory lingered with peculiar brightness. Oh ! it was a beautiful churchyard. A stream of running water intersected it almost close to the church wall. It was clear as crystal, running over grey pebbles, with a sound that chimed harmoniously in with the general character of the scene, low, soothing, monotonous, dying away into a liquid whisper, as the rivolet shrank into a shallow and still shallower channel, matted with moss and water plants, and closely overhung by the low underwood of an adjoining coppice, within whose leafy labyrinth it stole at last silently away. It was an unusual and a lovely thing to see the grave-stones, and the green hillocks, with the very wild flowers (daisies and buttercups) growing on them, reflected in the little rill as it wound among them—the reversed objects, and glancing colours, shifting, blending, and trembling in the broken ripple. *That* and the voice of the water ! It was "Life in Death." One *felt* that the sleepers below were but gathered for a while into their quiet chambers. Nay, their very sleep was not voiceless. On the edges of the graves—on the moist margin of the stream, grew many tufts of the beautiful "Forget me not." Never, sure, was such appropriate station for that meek eloquent flower !

Such was the churchyard, from which, at about ten yards distance from the church, a slight low railing, with a latch wicket, divided off a patch of the loveliest green sward, (yet but a continuation of the churchyard turf,) backed with tall elm, and luxuriant evergreens, amongst which peeped modestly out the little neat rectory. It was constructed of the

same rough grey stone with the church. —Long, low, with far projecting eaves, and casement windows facing that large east window of the church, still flaming with the reflecting splendour of the setting sun. His orb was sinking to rest behind the grove, half embowering the small dwelling, which, therefore, stood in the perfect quietness of its own shadow, the dark green masses of the jasmine clustering round its porch and windows, scarcely revealing (but by their exquisite odour) the pure white blossoms that starred "its lovely gloom."

But their fragrance floated on the gentle breath of evening, mingled with the perfume of mignonette, and the long-fingered marvels of Peru, (the pale daughters of twilight,) and innumerable sweet flowers blooming in their beds of rich black mould, close under the lattice windows. These were all flung wide, (for the evening was still and sultry,) and one opening down to the ground, showed the interior of a very small parlour, plainly and modestly furnished, but panelled all round with well-filled book-cases. A lady's harp stood in one corner, and in another two fine globes and an orrery.—Some small flower-baskets, filled with roses, were dispersed about the room ; and at a table near the window sat a gentleman writing, (or rather leaning over a writing desk, with a pen in his hand,) for his eyes were directed towards the gravel walk before the window, where a lady, (an elegant looking woman, whose plain white robe and dark uncovered hair well became the sweet matronly expression of her face and figure,) was anxiously stretching out her encouraging arms to her little daughter, who came laughing and tottering towards her on the soft green turf, her tiny feet, as they essayed their first independent steps, in the eventful walk of life, twisting and turning with graceful awkwardness, and unsteady pressure, under the disproportionate weight of her fair fat person. It was a sweet, heart-thrilling sound, the joyous, crowing laugh of that little creature, when with one last, bold, mighty effort, she reached the maternal arms, and was caught up to the maternal bo-

som, and half devoured with kisses, in an ecstasy of unspeakable love. As if provoked to emulous loudness, by that mirthful outcry, and impatient to mingle its clear notes with that young innocent voice, a blackbird, embowered in a tall neighbouring bay-tree, poured out forthwith such a flood of full, rich melody, as stilled the baby's laugh, and for a moment arrested its observant ear.—But for a *moment*.—The kindred natures burst out into full chorus;—the baby clapped her hands, and laughed aloud, and, after her fashion, mocked the unseen songstress. The bird redoubled her tuneful efforts—and still the baby laughed, and still the bird rejoined—and both together raised such a melodious din, that the echoes of the old church rang again; and never since the contest of the nightingale with her human rival, was heard such an emulous conflict of musical skill. I could have laughed, for company, from my unseen lurking-place, within the dark shadow of the church-buttresses. It was altogether such a scene as I shall never forget—one from which I could hardly tear myself away.—Nay I did not.—I stood motionless as a statue, in my dark, grey niche, till the objects before me became indistinct in twilight—till the last slanting sun-beams had withdrawn from the highest panes of the church-window—till the blackbird's song was hushed, and the baby's voice was still—and the mother and her nursling had retreated into their quiet dwelling—and the evening taper gleaned through the fallen white curtain, and still open window. But yet before that curtain fell, another act of the beautiful pantomime had passed in review before me. The mother, with her infant in her arms, had seated herself in a low chair within the little parlour. She untied the frock-strings—drew off that, and the second upper garments—dexterously, and at intervals, as the restless frolics of the still unwearied babe afforded opportunity; and then it was in its little coat and stay, the fat white shoulders shrugged up in antic merriment, far above the slackened shoulder-straps. Thus the mother's hand slipped off one soft red shoe, and, having done so,

her lips were pressed almost, as it seemed, involuntarily, to the little naked foot she still held. The other, as if in proud love of liberty, had spurned off to a distance the fellow shoe, and now the darling, disarrayed for its innocent slumbers, was hushed and quieted. But not yet to rest: the night dress was still to be put on—and the little crib was not there—not yet to rest—but to the mighty duty already required of young christians. And in a moment it was hushed—and in a moment the small hands were pressed together between the mother's hands, and the sweet serious eyes were raised and fixed upon the mother's eyes, (there beamed, as yet, the infant's heaven,) and one saw that it was lisping out its unconscious prayer—unconscious, not surely unaccepted. A kiss from the maternal lips was the token of God's approval; and then she rose, and gathering up the scattered garments in the same clasp with the half-naked babe, she held it smiling to its father, and one saw in the expression of his face, as he upraised it after having imprinted a kiss on that of his child—one saw in it all the holy fervour of a father's blessing.

Then the mother withdrew with her little one—and then the curtain fell, and, still I lingered—for after the interval of a few minutes, sweet sounds arrested my departing footsteps—a few notes of the harp, a low prelude stole sweetly out—a voice still sweeter, mingling its tones with a simple quiet accompaniment, swelled out gradually into a strain of sacred harmony, and the words of the evening hymn came wafted towards the house of prayer. Then all was still in the cottage, and the deepening shadows brought to my mind more forcibly the lateness of the hour, and warned me to turn my face homewards. So I moved a few steps, and yet again I lingered, lingered still; for the moon was rising, and the stars were shining out in the clear cloudless heaven, and the bright reflection of one, danced and glittered like a liquid fire fly, on the ripple of the stream, just when it glided into a darker deeper pool, beneath a little rustic foot-bridge, which led from the church-

yard into a shady green lane, communicating with the neighbouring hamlet.

On that bridge I stopt a minute longer, and yet another and another minute, for I listened to the voice of the running water ; and methought it was yet more mellifluous, more soothing, more eloquent, at that still shadowy hour, when only that little star looked down upon it, with its tremulous beam, than when it danced and glittered in the warm glow of sunshine. There are hearts like that stream, and they will understand the metaphor.

The unutterable things I felt and heard in that mysterious music !—every sense became absorbed in that of hearing ; and so spell-bound, I might have staid on that very spot till midnight, nay, till the stars paled before the morning beam, if the deep, solemn sound of the old church-clock had not broken in on my dream of profound abstraction, and startled me away with half incredulous surprise, as its iron tongue proclaimed, stroke upon stroke, the tenth hour of the night. A.

(Lon. Mag.)

CUPID'S REVENGE.*

LISTEN, ladies, listen ;

Listen while I say,

How Cupid was in prison,

And peril t'other day :

All ye who jeer and scoff him

Will joy to hear it of him !

Some damsels, proud, delighted,

Had caught him unespied ;

And by their strength united,

His hands behind him tied :

His wings of down and feather

They twisted both together.

His bitter grief I'm fearful

Can never be express'd,

Nor how his blue eyes tearful

Rain'd down his ivory breast.

To nought can I resemble

What I to think of tremble.

These fair but foul *murderesses*

Then stript his beamy wings,

And cropt his golden tresses

That flow'd in wanton rings.

He could not choose but languish,

While writhing in such anguish.

They to an oak-tree took him,

Its sinewy arms that spread,

And there they all forsook him,

To hang till he was dead.

Ah was not this inhuman ?

Yet still 'twas done by woman !

* *Translated from Benedetto Menzini.*

This life were mere vexation,

Had love indeed been slain ;

The soul of our creation !

The antidote of pain !

Air, sea, earth, *sans* his presence,

Would lose their chiefest pleasance.

But his immortal mother

His suffering chanc'd to see ;

First this band then the other,

She cut and set him free.

He vengeance vow'd, and kept it ;

And thousands since have wept it.

For being no forgiver,

With gold and leaden darts

He fill'd his rattling quiver,

And pierc'd with gold the hearts

Of lovers young, who never

Could hope, yet lov'd for ever.

With leaden shaft, not forceless,

'Gainst happy lover's state

He aim'd with hand remorseless,

And turn'd their love to hate.

Their love long cherish'd, blasting

With hatred everlasting.

Ye fair ones, who so often

At Cupid's power have laugh'd,

Your scornful pride now soften

Beware his vengeful shaft !

His quiver bright and burnish'd

With love or hate is furnish'd.

TO MY FRIEND.

OH, I will not allow those sad bodings of sorrow

To press on my mind, and destroy the repose

That now hallows each feeling that rests in my bosom,

And shines on these hours that so rapidly close.

No, each smile that beams from thee

Sinks deep in my heart ;

And the love that springs for thee

Shall never depart.

A.E.X.

PAUL JONES.

An old correspondent sends us the following note to correct the account, given in our last, of Paul Jones's birth-place.

"I thank you, and Mr. ———, for the communication respecting Paul Jones. Mr. ——— seems to have followed the popular story of Paul's early years; for I am well aware that he is generally described as the son of Lord Selkirk's gardener. And truly a mistake of some twenty miles of barren coast is, after all, no very important matter, unless to the natives, who, God help them, only produce, perhaps once in seven centuries, a man whom the world thinks worthy of remembrance, and may be unwilling to be deprived of him in the haste of biography. You may inform Mr. ——— that Paul was born at Arbingland, in the parish of Kirkbean; and that so far from dying in wretchedness, his sisters, of whom he left two, obtained considerable property by the event. I have often heard of his opulence, and never of his poverty—though I do not mean to say, that the wily Caledonian was not capable of pretending extreme poverty, in order to cheat those very liberal gentlemen, the French Convention, out of his burial money, to enrich his friends in Scotland."

PLAGIARISMS.

There is a difficulty in saying what are plagiarisms; and, as a first step to clear it away, let us lay down what plagiarisms are. Darwin's idea of them requires correction: "Where the sentiment and the expression are both borrowed, there can be no doubt;—single words, on the contrary, taken from other authors cannot convict a writer of plagiarism; they are lawful game, wild by nature, the property of all who can capture them;—and, perhaps, a few common flowers of speech may be gathered, as we pass over our neighbour's enclosure, without stigmatising us with the name of thieves;—but we must not therefore plunder his cultivated fruits." Here is the mischief of metaphor when a man is defining. As to single words, they are

dictionary matter, and of course all that can be borrowed is their position and application, which may constitute plagiarism as much as any thing else. If, by *common* flowers of speech, it is meant that there is no individual *usus rerum*, they are, therefore, incapable of being stolen; if common means vulgar, they are not worth stealing. However we may now class the flowers of the botanic garden (once supposed perennial), Darwin would not have been well pleased to have seen them transplanted into another man's waste:—therefore, so long as the proprietor and the thief give the value to the article, which their respective relations to it imply, there is no distinction to be made between flowers and fruits.

New thoughts and new modes of expression are literary property; and culpable plagiarism is the conscious and unavowed appropriation, without improvement of them.

The fault of plagiarism is in the non-avowal of the fact, and in that only.

The mischief of plagiarism falls upon the plagiarist, and upon none beside.

1st. Of the mischief—for by that must the fault be judged, in so far as it is separable from its motive. If a man's ideas are not known to the world, he cannot be injured in the useless possession of them: if they are known to the world, to him, as their author, will the world surely attribute them, with whomsoever else they may be found. There is, therefore, no cause for the indignation which many authors have felt at being robbed, unless we suppose it purely moral indignation. The only way in which the theft can injure the owner is, by making his rival richer, which he may think equivalent to making himself poorer; but, when men are sufficiently on a level to be rivals for fame, they are both too well known in their works not to have their rights and claims properly adjusted. Lord Byron has borrowed the most beautiful passage Coleridge ever wrote; and in point of genius, though by no means in regard to the employment and productions of genius, these men may be considered as two great poetical rivals.—

Mr. Coleridge has not suffered by this, and the plagiarism has availed nothing to Lord Byron, because it is obvious and unqualified ; and therefore by every reader acquainted with poetry, it is appropriated to its author. Mr. Coleridge's original is in *Christabel*.

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above :
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain :
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain :
They parted ne'er to meet again,—
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

The copy is in *Childe Harold*,
Canto 3.

Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mingling depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted,
ed, &c.

There is no harm in this, as we have said—nor any good got by it : but we must allow there are less artless manners of plagiarizing, which are as far as advancing one competitor equals impeding the other, more injurious to the plundered. A man's assistance may be had without taking the work of his hands whole, and leaving it as *he* left it ; and it is the plagiarist by halves whom there is a difficulty in convicting. According to the definition there must be a negation of improvement to constitute culpability ; for the cause of poetry requires, that every man should be allowed to start from his predecessor's ground, provided he over-stretches his goal ;—and thus far no one has a right to complain ; for it is to be presumed each took the same advantage which he affords. In this, as in other cases, if a general law be observed, all men's opportunities will measure alike ; and the law ought to be laid down upon the principle of what makes for the cause of poetry. Principles may be understood, (which is the main matter) yet their application to particular cases remains for casuists to determine. We shall look into a few cases present-

ly.—Thus we have shown, 1st. That the only way in which plagiarism can injure the plagiarized is, by benefitting the plagiarist, he being a rival. 2d. That, occurring between rivals, it is innocent when obvious,—whence it follows, that to be culpable it must be for the worst or for the better. 3dly. That with improvement there is no right of complaint against the plagiarist. Now, 4thly. Without improvement what can it profit him ?—And (by the first) if there is no profit there is no injury.

2d. Of the fault. Since the mischief falls entirely upon the plagiarist, the fault lies in the motive, and not in the effect of the act. There may be many motives for plagiarism, some of them praise-worthy ; but for withholding the avowal of it there can be only one motive, and that disingenuous ;—the wish to obtain credit upon false pretences.

Having stated the general principles which relate to the subject, we come now to particular manners of plagiarism. We have said, generally, that it is innocent where there is an improvement ; but this must depend upon the degree of improvement ; if it outweighs the merit of the original passage, an author would cheat himself by saying he had his idea from another (for a reader will not take the trouble to examine a detail of the case, and allot each his portion of merit) ; if, on the contrary, the merit of the improvement is slight in proportion to that of the original, he who conceals his original *commits* plagiarism. It is highly expedient, that a man of great genius *should* plagiarize ;—that he should regenerate the thoughts of his inferiors, giving them the cast of his own mind in order that they may put on immortality after their new birth : but in so doing he should, for his own sake, conform to the above rule of avowal.—Thus the treasures of poetry would descend from hand to hand, improved by every succession. Isolated ideas, originating with men of scanty imagination, would not be merged by the barrenness of their works, like the Arabian rivulets in the sand, but bring their tribute to some great stream, quæ-

labitur et labetur, &c. deriving permanency and affording strength.

Of the modes of plagiarism the most common and easy is the amplifying and adorning some metaphor, which has been left by the author in its bold and naked beauty: the least common process is the reverse of this—reducing an ornate or diffuse metaphorical description into its own elements. These are the dressing and stripping modes of plagiarism. The first sometimes spoils, the latter often improves upon the original.

ANTEDILUVIAN TOAD.

A miner employed with others in sinking a new coal pit, near Haughton-le-Spring, a few days ago, found a living toad in the middle of a solid block of stone, at the depth of between twenty-five and twenty-six fathoms from the surface of the earth. The reptile was brought up, and four days afterwards killed and examined. It was found to have nostrils, but no mouth: in other respects it resembles the common toad.

ENVY.

Beware of envy as much as possibly thou canst, that by it thou be not brought to dislike of any man, to speak in derogation of him, to prefer thyself before him, to molest and vex him, and to be also thyself vexed, if he be preferred before thee, with his virtue, with his honour, with his commendation, or with his spiritual profit. To overcome this temptation be more courteous and lowly unto him, my daughter, than to another, speak nothing of him thyself, nor hear him spoken of in his absence; neither let any thing proceed from thee in word, deed, or show, that may seem to savour of envy, or to spring from that venomous root.—*Howard's Letters.*

SNAKES.

Professor Luigi Metoxa, of Rome, has published an account of some singular experiments made by him on snakes. Among others he endeavoured to ascertain the truth of the assertions of the ancients respecting the predilection of snakes for music and dancing. In the month of July, 1822, about noon, he put into a large box a

number of different kinds of snakes, all quite lively, with the exception of some vipers, which were enclosed in a separate box. As soon as they heard the harmonious tones of an organ, all the non-venomous serpents became agitated in an extraordinary manner;—they attached themselves to the sides of the box, and made every effort to escape. The *elaphis* and the *coluber Esculapii* turned towards the instrument. The vipers for their part exhibited no symptoms of sensibility.—This experiment has been frequently repeated, and always with the same results.

JOANNA BAILLIE AND MR. BEDDOES.

How the bloom should gather on those two celebrated authors' cheeks, to find a *woman* and a *boy* instructing their skillless manhood in the vernacular language of the British Muse! Joanna Baillie and young Beddoes, a female extern and a freshman, teaching Byron and Barry Cornwall, after a regular graduation in the college of English Minstrels, their own poetical mother-tongue, the very elements of their native poetical dialect, which they have either forgotten, or corrupted with a base intermixture of foreign principles. I am no panegyrist of ladies' poetry; I am very far indeed from being a cavalier in the cause of female genius; in fact, generally speaking, I despise the one and I dispute the other; but in the case of Miss Baillie, justice fortunately coincides with gallantry, and I may assert her praises without the imputation of gratuitous knight-errantry. This lady denies her sex almost irrefragably in the following passage (De Monfort's soliloquy before he murders Rezenvelt):

How hollow groans the earth beneath my tread!
Is there an echo here? Methinks it sounds
As though some heavy footstep follow'd me.
I will advance no farther.
Deep settled shadows rest across the path,
And thickly-tangled boughs o'er-hang this spot.
O that a tenfold gloom did cover it!
That midst the murky darkness I might strike.
As in the wild confusion of a dream,
Things horrid, bloody, terrible, do pass
As though they pass'd not; nor impress the mind
With the fix'd clearness of reality.
What sound is that? It is the screech-owl's cry.
Foul bird of night! What spirit guides thee here?

Art thou instinctive drawn to scenes of horror ?
I've heard of this.

How those fall'n leaves do rustle on the path,
With whispering noise, as tho' the earth around me
Did utter secret things !

The distant river, too, bears to mine ear
A distant wailing. O mysterious night !
Thou art not silent, many tongues hast thou.
A distant gathering blast sounds through the wood,
And dark clouds fleetly hasten o'er the sky :
O that a storm would rise, a raging storm ;
Amidst the roar of warring elements
I'd lift my hand and strike : but this pale light,
The calm distinctness of each stilly thing,
Is terrible. *De Monfort, A. 4, Sc. 1.*

The fair authoress has put off the woman here with the happiest success. She has apostatized very creditably from the principles of maudlin composition which regulate she-poets in general. I do not mean to say that Miss Baillie could write a tragedy ; and I am very sure that she is not Shakespeare either in or out of " petticoats ;" but that her play of *DE MONFORT* would do honour to either sex, is my blunt opinion. In the above extract, two particulars may be remarked.—First : that the language is formed on the true model of English blank verse, each line ending with a pause and a sounding close ; thereby avoiding the protracted feebleness of prose-poetry, which often winds down the page through several lines, without the decasyllabic recurrence of pauses and closes. Second : that the imagery, if not exactly suited to dramatic effect (being perhaps more *romantic* than tragic), is at least not that of still life or nature asleep, as most of our modern tragic imagery is ; and that the sentiments, if they do not press on each other with sufficient rapidity and impetuosity, are nevertheless agitating and impassioned in their nature, not languid and soul-smoothing, after the manner of *Evadne* or *Mirandola*,—they are provocatives, not sedatives, of the mind. Nay, it would not be very difficult to detect many of the images and sentiments of *Macbeth* in the passage just quoted ;—the beginning and concluding lines immediately suggest these as their respective prototypes :

Thou sure and firm-set earth
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabouts—
And

Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell !
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes.

But as to the particular of metre :—it may be said that our authoress preceded the epoch of prose-poetry.

However : here is *Minor Beddoes*, born in the very zenith of this mock-sun of poetry, whilst it is culminating in the mid-heaven of our literary hemisphere, shining in watery splendour, the gaze and gape of our foolish-faced fat-headed nation : here is *Minor Beddoes*, I say, born amidst the very rage and triumph of the Byronian heresy,—nay, in a preface more remarkable for good-nature than good-sense, eulogizing some of the prose-poets,—yet what does *Minor Beddoes* ? Why, writing a tragedy himself, with a judgment far different from that exhibited in his panegyrical preface, he totally rejects, and therefore tacitly condemns and abjures the use of prose-poetry. But it was not the boy's judgment which led him to this ; it was his undepraved ear and his native energy of mind, teaching him to *respue* this effeminate style of versification. The *Bride's Tragedy* transcends, in the quality of its rhythm and metrical harmony, the *Doge of Venice* and *Mirandola* ; just as much as it does *Fazio*, and the other dramas which conform to the rules of genuine English heroic verse, in the energy of its language, the power of its sentiments, and the boldness of its imagery—that is, incalculably. The impassioned sublimity of this speech of *Hesperus* (after he has murdered *Floribel*), is a nearer approach to the vein of our dramatic school of tragedy, than I can recognize in either the rhetoric or poetic :—

Scene—*A Suicide's Grave.*

Hail, shrine of blood, in double shadows veiled,
Where the Tartarian blossoms shed their poison
And load the air with wicked impulses ;
Hail, leafless shade, hallowed to sacrilege,
Altar of death. Where is thy deity ?
With him I come to covenant, and thou,
Dark power, that sittest in the chair of night,
Searching the clouds for tempests with thy brand,
Proxy of Hades ; list and be my witness,
And bid your phantoms all, (the while I speak
What if they but repeat in sleeping ears,
Will strike the hearer dead, and mad his soul ;)
Spread wide and black and thick their cloudy wings
Lest the appalled sky do pale to day.

Eternal people of the lower world,
 Ye citizens of Hades' capital,
 That by the river of remorseful tears
 Sit and despair for ever ;
 Ye negro brothers of the deadly winds,
 Ye elder souls of night, ye mighty sins,
 Sceptred damnations, how may man invoke
 Your darling glories ? Teach my eager soul
 Fit language for your ears. Ye that have power
 O'er births and swoons and deaths, the soul's at-
 tendants,

(Wont to convey her from her human home
 Beyond existence, to the past and future,
 To lead her through the starry-blossomed meads
 Where the young hours of morning by the lark
 With earthly airs are nourished, through the groves
 Of silent gloom, beneath whose breathless shades
 The thousand children of Calamity
 Play murderously with men's hearts :) Oh pause !
 Your universal occupations leave !
 Lay down awhile the infant miseries,
 That to the empty and untenanted clay
 Ye carry from the country of the unborn ;
 And grant the summoned soul one moment more
 To linger on the threshold of its flesh ;
 For I would task you.

Bride's Tragedy, Act 2, Sc. 6.

DETECTION OF GUILT.

Upon the continent of Germany, where the houses are very large, and the Israelites, from various restrictions, obliged to herd together, it once so happened that a robbery was committed in a dwelling of this description, the discovery of which, as not uncommon with the Jewish people, was not referred to a *Magistrate*, but to a *Rabbi*, whose wisdom and supposed knowledge of the cabalistical art had excited a very high opinion of his judgment among all his fellow-citizens. As there were twelve persons, at least, who resided in the house from whence the valuables referred to had been stolen, it was required by the Rabbi, time and place being appointed, that they should attend at his house, undergo the ordeal he proposed, and abide by his decision, whatever that decision might be.

The persons among whom it was rightly judged the offender must be found, attended accordingly ; when, after prayers being said, and various portions of scripture selected and read by the Rabbi, and after he had proposed that the lights should be put out, and the whole company be left in complete darkness, this being agreed to, each of the persons implicated were previously furnished with a piece of straw, and particularly desired to see that they were all of one length. This part of the ceremony being adjusted, and the lights extinguished, solemn admonitions, and scriptural repetitions of passages on the enormity of theft and an accusing conscience, were again delivered by the Rabbi, who, in the course of his admonition, took occasion to inform his audience, that notwithstanding the straws delivered to them were exactly of a length, when they were received, the piece of straw

then in possession of the thief, would, upon introducing the light, be found, at least, four inches longer than any of the rest !

After another solemn interval, the lights were introduced, and the straw of each person measured according to agreement ;—when, strange to tell, one person's piece was found to be nearly four inches shorter than the rest ! This man the Rabbi fixed upon as the thief, and threatening unless he confessed, to deliver him over without delay to the *civil power* ; but this was unnecessary, the robber owned the theft, and restored the property, and the wisdom of the Rabbi was exalted above all precedent among those who heard of this new instance of his knowledge of the human character, and its depraved propensities.

ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN AS ARTISANS, &c.

The scarcity of female employments has always been in England a subject of lamentation. On the Continent it is otherwise : there the women perform all the duties of shopkeepers and bookkeepers ; and, in all thriving mercantile establishments, the daughters are as useful and as fully engaged as the sons. Hence, though there are enough of idle men in France and the Low Countries, there are few idle women.

In England female employments are more circumscribed ; and we find men in the shops of linendrapers, haberdashers, hosiers, grocers, booksellers, &c. all the occupations in which, on the Continent, are filled by women. In truth, the English custom, in this respect, is a constant theme of their remark and astonishment. It is enquired what becomes of our women ; and it excites no surprise that the degraded part of the sex are ten times more numerous in England than in any other country.

Surely this subject merits special notice ; and, amid all our institutions and reformations, it seems to be one, in regard to which, much good might be done, and much happiness substituted for extensive and indescribable miseries.

It must be unnecessary to enlarge on the cares created in families by the dependence of girls, and the want of suitable employments ; while to describe the complicated sufferings of the abandoned and deserted part of that sex, so interesting in a state of virtue, would fill hundreds of pathetic volumes, and afford everlasting themes for the tragic muse. Even the situation of the virtuous old maid is one of merited sympathy,—outliving at once the attractions of her sex, and all the connexions of her youth ; she exists unprotected, and dies contemned and often contemned.

In truth, though woman is said in England to be a Queen, yet it is only in loveliness and in powers of fascination, not in condition. Subordinate in power and authority to her husband, dependent on his resources of mind and industry, and bound down to his fortunes and misfortunes,—

those who prosper and obtain happiness are comparatively few in number ! But, in seeking a companion for life, on whom their prosperity depends, all the usages of society operate against the sex. They are restrained from making overtures, and must wait to be sought. If they have a preference, they must practice self-denial ; and, if they refuse offers made, they are charged with pride. In short, not one woman in fifty (bound even as the sex are to the fortunes of their husbands,) marries the man of her choice ; while the man chosen is forbidden, by our laws of decorum, from knowing that he is a favoured object. It would be impossible to legislate on such subjects ; but it would be useful to consider them,—to examine them as we would topics in philosophy—and reason upon them as very important to half, and the best half, of our species. The object, however, of this paper is to point out some means of rendering the sex more independent ; and, by giving them employment, to render them, in that important respect, more happy.

The first plan that offers grows out of the peculiar constitution of women, and suggests that, to a considerable extent, they might be their own physicians. Delicacy forbids women from freely communicating with male doctors ; and it is well known that thousands of valuable lives are constantly lost from reserves in this respect.—If a college, for educating females in the knowledge of physiology, anatomy, and materia medica, were instituted, 10,000 of the strongest-minded of the sex might derive independence from advising and prescribing in female disorders, and particularly in regard to diseases of children.

Another 5000 might subsist as accoucheurs.

50,000 shops, now served by men, ought to afford employment for 100,000 women.

The employments of 50,000 men, now employed as tailors, staymakers, shoemakers, &c might be advantageously filled by women.

There is no employment better fitted for the sedentary habits of women than that of compositors in printing-offices and these would employ another 5000.

Bookbinding in all its branches might also be performed by women.

Watch and clockmaking is also admirably adapted to the sex, and might employ 5000.

We have many female engravers and workers in various arts, and these might be increased another 5000.

As accountants and bookkeepers, they are on the Continent unrivalled, and in Britain these employments might occupy 10,000.

Thus I have pointed out with little energy of invention, means of employing nearly 200,000 of the sex ; but, if attention were drawn to the subject by a society for the purpose, and the object were specially promoted, I have no doubt it might be extended to 300,000 ; the sex, in consequence, be raised in social utility, importance, independence, and happiness ; and the 100,000

now living in degradation might be reduced to 10,000.

It is usual to treat this subject jestingly and sneeringly, and hence nothing is done. But, in making these observations, I am serious and in earnest. At present great evils exist, and much unhappiness prevails. Is it not our duty to endeavour to remove them ? Can it be done, if it is not attempted ? And can it be attempted, if not considered with a solemnity and sobriety befitting its great importance ?

I have always considered women, in regard to virtue and social qualities, as the best portion of the human race ; yet the laws of custom have rendered all their fine endowments unavailing, and made them slaves, dependants, and subordinates. There seems no good or just reason why they should not be allowed to play the entire part in society for which nature has fitted them ; at least, let us inquire on the subject, and be governed in our policy by the ascertained result. *Monthly Mag. June.*

THE HUMAN LUNGS.

The *structure and function of the lungs in human subjects*, has long been a chief study of Dr. Majendie, of Paris, and by very numerous dissections of this organ, in its ordinary and also in its phthisically diseased state, he has ascertained, that the tissues or cellular coats of the lungs are almost entirely composed of the minute branchings of blood vessels, of the pulmonary arteries and veins, anastomosing or connecting with each other. That the cells of the lungs diminish in number, but increase in size with considerable regularity, from childhood to old age, the increased size being greatest, where a cough has attended the individual. That on the whole, aged people consume much less oxygen, and consequently have less animal heat, and are less able to resist cold, than the young.—Dr. Majendie has found, that the beginning of phthisis, or consumption, is owing to the small parieties of the pulmonary blood-vessels secreting a greyish yellow matter, in one or more of the cells of the lungs ;—this, in some cases, is moveable, and the patient coughs it up, and recovers ; but much too frequently it increases, adheres to the small vessels, gradually obliterates them, and the whole lobe at length becomes tuberculous, or formed of this greyish yellow matter. Considering thus the commencement of consumption as only an alteration in the habitual secretion of the vascular tissue of the lungs, Dr. M. employs sedatives, and particularly the hydro-cyanic acid, in the two first stages of the disease, with the happiest effect.

TO AN OLD COQUETTE.*

'Tis not thy years that frighten me away,
But that thy youngest brother's hair is gray !

Gryphius.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

POMPEII.

PANORAMAS are among the happiest contrivances for saving time and expense in this age of contrivances.—What cost a couple of hundred pounds and half a year half a century ago, now costs a shilling and a quarter of an hour. Throwing out of the old account the innumerable miseries of travel, the insolence of public functionaries, the roguery of innkeepers, the visitations of banditti, charged to the muzzle with sabre, pistol, and scapulary, and the rascality of the custom-house officers, who plunder, passport in hand; the indescribable *desagremens* of Italian cookery, and the insufferable annoyances of that epitome of abomination, an Italian bed.

Now the affair is settled in a summary manner. The mountain or the sea, the classic vale or the ancient city, is transported to us on the wings of the wind. And their location here is curious. We have seen Vesuvius in full roar and torrent, within a hundred yards of a hackney-coach stand, with all its cattle, human and bestial, unmoved by the phenomenon. Constantinople, with its bearded and turbaned multitudes, quietly pitched beside a Christian thoroughfare, and offering neither persecution nor proselytism.—Switzerland, with its lakes covered with sunset, and mountains capped and robed in storms; the adored of sentimentalists, and the refuge of miry metaphysics; the *Demisolde* of all nations, and German geology—stuck in a corner of a corner in London, and forgotten in the tempting vicinage of a cook-shop;—and now Pompeii, reposing in its slumbers of two thousand years, in the very buzz of the Strand. There is no exaggeration in talking of those things as really existing. *Berkley* was a metaphysician; and therefore his word goes for nothing but waste of brains, time, and printing-ink; but if we have not the waters of the lake of Geneva, and the bricks and mortar of the little Greek town, tangibly by our hands, we have them tangible by the eye—the fullest impression that could be purchased, by our being parched, pummelled, plundered, starved, and stenchd, for 1200 miles, east and by

south, could not be fuller than the work of Messrs Parker's and Burford's brushes. The scene is absolutely alive, vivid, and true; we feel all but the breeze, and hear all but the dashing of the wave. Travellers recognize the spot where they plucked grapes, picked up fragments of tiles, and fell sick of the *miasmata*; the draughtsman would swear to the very stone on which he stretched himself into an ague; the man of half-pay, the identical *casa* in which he was fleeced into a perfect knowledge that roguery abroad was as expensive as taxation at home.

All the world knows the story of Pompeii; that it was a little Greek town of tolerable commerce in its early day; that the sea, which once washed its walls, subsequently left it in the midst of one of those delicious plains made by nature for the dissolution of all industry in the Italian dweller, and for the commonplaces of poetry in all the northern abusers of the pen; that it was ravaged by every barbarian, who in turn was called a conqueror on the Italian soil, and was successively the pillage of Carthaginian and of Roman; until at last the Augustan age saw its little circuit quieted into the centre of a colony, and man, finding nothing more to rob, attempted to rob no more.

When man had ceased his molestation, nature commenced hers; and this unfortunate little city was, by a curious fate, to be at once extinguished and preserved, to perish from the face of the Roman empire, and to live when Rome was a nest of monks and mummies, and her empire torn into fragments for Turk, Russian, Austrian, Prussian, and the whole host of barbarian names that were once as the dust of their feet. In the year of the Christian era 63, an earthquake showed the city on what tenure her lease was held. Whole streets were thrown down, and the evidences of hasty repair are still to be detected.

From this period, occasional warnings were given in slight shocks; until, in the year 79, Vesuvius poured out all his old accumulation of terrors at once, and on the clearing away of the cloud of fire and ashes which covered Campania for four days, Pompeii, with

all its multitude, was gone. The Romans seem to have been as fond of villas as if every soul of them had made fortunes in Cheapside, and the whole southern coast was covered with the summer palaces of those lords of the world. Vesuvius is now a formidable foundation for a house whose inhabitants may not wish to be sucked into a furnace ten thousand fathoms deep ; or roasted *sub aere aperto* ; but it was then asleep, and had never flung up spark or stone from time immemorial. To those who look upon it now in its terrors, grim, blasted, and lifting up its sooty forehead among the piles of perpetual smoke that are to be enlightened only by its bursts of fire, the very throne of Pluto and Vulcan together, no force of fancy may picture what it was when the Roman built his palaces and pavilions on its side. A pyramid three thousand feet high, painted over with garden, forest, vineyard, and orchard, ripening under the southern sun, zoned with colonades, and turrets, and golden roofs, and marble porticos, with the eternal azure of the Campanian sky for its canopy, and the Mediterranean at its feet, glittering in the colours of sunrise, noon, and evening, like an infinite Turkey carpet let down from the steps of a throne,—all this was turned into cinders, lava, and hot-water, on, (if we can trust to chronology,) the first day of November, anno Domini 79, in the first year of the emperor Titus. The whole story is told in the younger Pliny's letters ; or, if the illustrations of one who thought himself born for a describer, *Dio Cassius*, be sought, it will be found that this eruption was worthy of the work it had to do, and was a handsome recompense for the long slumber of the volcano. The Continent, throughout its whole southern range, probably felt this vigorous awakening. Rome was covered with the ashes, of which Northern Africa, Egypt, and Asia Minor, had their share ; the sun was turned into blood and darkness, and the people thought that the destruction of the world was come. At the close of the eruption, Vesuvius stood forth the naked giant that he is at this hour—the palaces and the gardens were all dust and air—the sky

was stained with that cloud which still sits like a crown of wrath upon his brow—the plain at his foot, where Herculaneum and Pompeii spread their circuses and temples, like children's toys, was covered over with sand, charcoal, and smoke ; and the whole was left for a mighty moral against the danger of trusting to the sleep of a volcano.

All was then at an end with the cities below ; the population were burnt, and had no more need of houses. The Roman nobles had no passion for combustion, and kept aloof ; the winds and rain, robbers, and the *malaria*, were the sole tenants of the land ; and in this way rolled fifteen hundred years over the bones of the vintners, sailors, and snug citizens of the Vesuvian cities. But their time was to come ;—and their beds were to be perforated by French and Neapolitan pick-axes, and to be visited by English feet, and sketched and written about, and lithographed, till all the world wished that they had never been disturbed. The first discoveries were accidental, for no Neapolitan ever struck a spade into the ground that he could help, nor harboured a voluntary idea but of macaroni, intrigue, monkery, or the gaming-table. The spade struck upon a key, which, of course, belonged to a door, the door had an inscription, and the names of the buried cities were brought to light, to the boundless perplexity of the learned, the merciless curiosity of the blue-stockings of the seventeenth century, and all others to come, and the thankless, reckless, and ridiculous profit of that whole race of rascality, the guides, cicerones, abbes, and antiquarians.

But Italian vigour is of all things the most easily exhausted, where it has not the lash or the bribe to feed its waste, and the cities slumbered for twenty years more, till, in 1711, a duke, who was digging for marbles to urn into mortar, found a *Hercules*, and a whole heap of fractured beauties, a row of Greek columns, and a little temple.—Again, the cities slumbered, till, in 1738, a King of Naples, on whom light may the earth rest, commenced digging, and streets, temples, theatres opened out to the sun, to be at rest no more.

So few details of the original catas-

trophe are to be found in historians, that we can scarcely estimate the actual human suffering, which is, after all, almost the only thing to be considered as a misfortune. It is probable that the population of, at least, Pompeii had time to make their escape. A pedlar's pack would contain all the valuables left in Pompeii; and the people who had time thus to clear their premises, must have been singularly fond of hazard if they staid lingering within the reach of the eruption. But some melancholy evidences remain that all were not so successful. In one of the last excavations made by the French, four female skeletons were found lying together, with their ornaments, bracelets, and rings, and with their little hoard of coins in gold and silver. They had probably been suffocated by the sulphureous vapour. In a wine-cellar, known by its jars ranged round the wall, a male skeleton, supposed to be that of the master, by his seal-ring, was found as if he had perished in the attempt at forcing the door. In another a male skeleton was found with an axe in his hand, beside a door which he was breaking open. In a prison, the skeletons of men chained to the wall were found. If it were not like affection to regret agony that has passed away so long, it might be conceived as a palliation of that agony, that it was probably the work of a minute, that the vapour of the eruption extinguished life at once, and that these unfortunates perished, not because they were left behind in the general flight, but were left behind because they had perished.

A large portion of Pompeii is now uncovered. This was an easy operation, for its covering was ashes, themselves covered by vegetable soil, and that again covered by verdure and vineyards. Herculaneum reserves its development for another generation; its cover is *lava*, solid as rock; and that again covered with two villages and a royal palace; and the whole under the protection of a still surer guard, Neapolitan stupidity, poverty, and indolence. The Panorama gives a striking coup-d'œil of the two great excavations of Pompeii. The Forum, the narrow streets, the little Greek houses, with

their remnants of ornamental painting, their corridors, and their tessellated floors, are seen, as they might have been seen the day before the eruption. The surrounding landscape has the grandeur that the eye looks for in a volcanic country. Wild hills, fragments of old lavas, richly broken shores, and in the centre the most picturesque and sublime of all volcanoes, Vesuvius, throwing up its eternal volumes of smoke to the heavens.

—
MS. LETTER FROM SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

Translation of a Letter of great poetical beauty, from the celebrated Scipio :

“Do I implore the God's protection to thee, my Celonica?—Does the Sun warm all on this earth? All but Scipio, for thou art the sun to his mind. I pray thou art well.

“The day is past, and I am weary : a mournful day for the Carthaginians. The valleys of Numidia are sown, thick as the grains of Egypt, with the mortal remnants of brave men : The warriors' features are fixed in death's eternal quiet. Carthage has fallen under the world's masters. Our legions are the rocks of Rome : They have battled as they always did and always will—to conquer ! Carthage is their own, and the wild frenzy of human folly now rushes through her palaces, her mansions, her dwellings ! Carthage, thy day of splendour recedes into the West ! I rest under the folds of my tent, whilst the dim night waves slowly. My body is quiescent, but my mind is with thee. The vigour of the day, glorious to our Rome, subsides with the present hour. Languor, sinks upon me, and the visions of the mind pass on. Thy eyes watch over me, blessed treasures, which first brought tenderness on earth, concentrated as they are with the power of all Persia's pearls. The curls of thy wandering hair stray upon my broad breast, and the wings of the dove rest upon the rock.

“The Gods are with me, so shall I ere long be with thee. Thou, my heart's own, must abide the course of war. Flutter not thyself with fear : Live for thy Roman, who knows it not.
SCIPIO.”

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

To Mr. Bowring's extensive knowledge of living languages and poetical vein, the British public is already indebted for some very pleasing contributions to the stock of polite literature; and by the present volume, he has increased the obligation. It has always been notorious to literary men, that the writers of Holland (with the exception of a few great names) are less familiar in this country than the writers of more distant nations, authors of less valuable works, and in tongues with less affinity to our own. Mr. Bowring's publication will, we trust, partly remove this anomaly, and by making English readers better acquainted with the poetry of their Dutch neighbours, show them that even in that land of fogs and flatness the Muses have had worthy votaries, and Parnassus a local site.

Our first is from the justly admired Joost van den Vondel:

KONSTANTIJTJE 'T ZALIGH KIJNTJE.

INFANT fairest—beauty rarest—
Who repairest from above;
Whose sweet smiling, woe beguiling,
Lights us with a heavenly love.
Mother! mourn not—I return not—
Wherefore learn not to be blest?
Heaven's my home now, where I roam now—
I an angel, and at rest.
Why distress thee? Still I bless thee—
Still caress thee, though I'm fled:
Cheer life's dulness—pour heaven's fulness
Of bright glory on thy head.
Leave behind thee thoughts that bind thee—
Dreams that blind thee in their glare:
Look before thee, round thee, o'er thee—
Heaven invites thee—I am there!

The following, from Huijgens is peculiarly characteristic, and Dutch:

MAER DE VROEGH-TIJD IS VERLOOPEN.

SWIFTLY is the morn-tide fleeting,
On my willing muse I'll call,
For the sun is now retreating
To his golden southern hall:
Morning's crowds are all departed
From the thickly-peopled street;
All the city's walks deserted,
Shady solitudes to greet.

But by thee I'll not be driven,
Fiercely shining lamp on high—
Measurer of our days from heaven—
Year-disposer—glorious eye;

Mist-absorber—spring returner—
Day-prolonger—summer's mate;

Beast-annoyer—visage-burner—

Fair one's spoiler—maiden's hate;

Cloud disperser—darkness-breaker—

Moon-surpriser—starlight thief;

Torch-conductor—shadow-maker—

Rogue discoverer—eyes' relief;

Linen bleacher—noiseless stroller—

All observer—gilding all;

Dust disturber—planet roller—

Traveller's friend, and day-break's call;—

Let thy flashes be directed

To the waste, from me aloof;

I am from their heat protected

By my sheltering linden-roof.

When thy Dog-star, first appearing,

Casts around his scorching eye,

Here, no more his anger fearing,

Him I call, and him defy.

Yes! let all the mists, exhaling

From the marshes, meet and blend;

Let them all, at once assailing,

In one giant mass descend.

Still at rest, and uncomplaining,

Nor of aught that falls afraid,

Cool in heat, and when 'tis raining

Dry beneath my linden-shade.

Sun and flocks have homeward wended,

Wrapt in shade is every bough;

Dews and darkness have descended,

Maiden's charms are equal now.

Equal are all cheeks in flushes,

Eyes alike in beauty share;

Equal is each lip in blushes,

Every mouth is just as fair.

NEW WORKS.

Carter's Specimen's of Gothic Architecture, 4 vols 16mo. £2. 2s.—Family Picture Gallery, 4 vols 12mo. 2l. 2s.—Howlett's Metrical Chronology, 4to. 15s.—Dibdin's Sea Songs, imp. 8vo. 1l. 12s.—The Brides of Florence, and other Poems, by Randolph Fitz-Eustace, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Castle Baynard, or the days of John, a Romance, 8vo. 8s.—Past Events, an Historical Novel, 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s.—Leake's Tour in Asia Minor, 8vo. 18s.—The Code of Napoleon, by a Barrister, royal 8vo. 1l. 1s.—Pringle's Account of the English Settlers in Albany, South Africa, 12mo. 4s.—Benecke on the Principles of Indemnity in Marine Insurance, 8vo. 1l. 1s.—Sandwith's Introduction to Anatomy and Physiology, 12mo. 9s.—Plumbe on the Diseases of the Skin, 8vo. 14s.—Montague on Pleading in Equity, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 1l. 18s.—Mortimer's Lectures on the Holy Spirit, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Address on the Nature and Design of the Lord's Supper, foolscap 8vo. 6s.—Ready's System of Ethics, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

FRAGMENT.

Sweet o'er me comes the morning's earliest breath;
Sweet in my ear the joyous song of birds;
Sweet is the hour when daylight dies away
Shrouded beneath the purpling shades of even;
Sweet is the evening's balmy rest to me,
When stars light gloriously the vault of heaven—
But sweeter far thy care and love
That draws with silken bands my heart to thee.

A. E.

SPIRIT

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(Lon. Mag.)

GORDON OF BRACKLEY.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLAD.

1.

DOWN Dee-side came Inveraye
Whistling and playing,
And called loud at Brackley gate
Ere the day dawning :
"Come Gordon of Brackley,
Proud Gordon, come down ;
There's a sword at your threshold
Mair sharp than your own.

2.

"Arise, now, gay Gordon,"
His lady 'gan cry,
"Look here is bold Inveraye
Driving your kye."
"How can I go, lady,
And win thom agen?
I have but ae sword,
And rude Inveraye ten."

3.

"Arise up, my maidens,
With roke and with fan ;
How bless'd would I been
Had I married a man !
Arise up, my maidens,
Take spear and take sword—
Go milk the ewes, Gordon,
And I shall be lord."

4.

The Gordon sprung up
With his helm on his head,
Laid his hand on his sword,
And his thigh on his steed ;
And he stoop'd low and said,
As he kiss'd his young dame,
"There's a Gordon rides out
That will never ride hame."

5.

There rode with fierce Inveraye
Thirty and three ;
But wi' Brackley were none,
Save his brother and he ;
Two gallanter Gordons
Did never blade draw,
Against swords four and thirty,
Woe is me what is twa.

6.

Wi' swords and wi' daggers
They rush'd on him rude ;
The twa bonnie Gordons
Lie bathed in their blude.
Frac the source of the Dee,
To the mouth of the Spey,
The Gordons mourn for him,
And curse Inveraye.

7.

O ! were ye at Brackley ?
And what saw ye there ?
Was his young widow weeping
And tearing her hair ?
I look'd in at Brackley,
I look'd in, and, O !
There was mirth, there was feasting,
But nothing of woe.

8.

As a rose bloom'd the lady,
And blythe as a bride ;
As a bridegroom, bold Inveraye
Smiled by her side ;
O ! she feasted him there
As she ne'er feasted lord,
While the blood of her husband
Was moist on his sword.

9.

In her chamber she kept him
Till morning grew gray,
Through the dark woods of Brackley
She show'd him the way :
"Yon wild hill," she said,
"Where the sun's shining on,
Is the hill of Glentannar,
Now kiss and begone."

10.

There is grief in the cottage,
There's mirth in the ha',
For the good gallant Gordon
That's dead and awa ;
To the bush comes the bad,
And the flower to the plain.
But the good and the brave
They come never again.

ON NUTRITION, RESPIRATION, AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

THE body is nourished by the following process. The food, when taken into the mouth, is first masticated and mixed with the saliva, (a fluid secreted from the blood by glands situated under the angles of the jaw, under the tongue, &c. called the salivary glands,) and is then thrown over the windpipe into a muscular bag called the pharynx. This action of swallowing, or deglutition, is a very complex action, requiring the use of the tongue and a number of other muscles situated about the throat. The pharynx is the beginning of a large canal, called the œsophagus, or gullet, down which the masticated food passes into the stomach. In the stomach the process of digestion takes place, which is a kind of solution of all the parts of our food capable of being dissolved by a liquid called the gastric juice, which is prepared by the coats of the stomach, or small glands situated in its inner surface. Soon after the food passes out of the lower orifice of the stomach, it mixes with two fluids—the bile, from the liver and gall-bladder, and the pancreatic juice, from a gland called the pancreas, or sweetbread. These fluids further assimilate, and animalize the aliment, and perfect digestion. After this, an infinite number of absorbent vessels, called lacteals, (which are spread on the coats of all the intestines, or bowels,) begin to suck up and absorb all the nutritious part of the aliment, now called chyle, and convey it into the veins, where it mixes with the blood. The dregs of the food from which the chyle is absorbed, pass on through the intestines, and are then cast out as useless.

The blood, although in this manner replenished with the chyle, is not fit for the nourishment of the body, until it has undergone a very important change in its passage through the lungs. This leads us to two of the principal functions of the animal body—respiration, and the circulation of the blood.

These functions are performed by the heart and lungs; organs which are seated in and fill that cavity in the body

called the thorax, or chest, which is under the ribs.

The *heart* is composed of four strong muscular cavities, or bags. Two of these cavities receive the blood from the veins, and are called auricles; and the other two expel it into the arteries, and are called the ventricles of the heart. The *lungs* are an assemblage of blood-vessels and air vessels.—The trunk of the air-vessels is the trachea, or wind-pipe, which ramifies into innumerable branches, and ends in small cells, which are filled with air every time we draw in our breath. The principal blood-vessels of the lungs are the pulmonary artery and vein, which also ramify into innumerable branches; the minuter branches of which spread upon the air-cells, and come in contact with the air taken in by the breath. It has been noticed, that the blood is not fit for the nutrition of the body till it has passed through the lungs and undergone an important change necessary for animal life. We therefore find, that the lungs themselves are not nourished by the blood which passes through them by the pulmonary vessels, but by other vessels appropriated for their nourishment, called the bronchial artery and vein.

After the digestion of our food, we have shown that the chyle taken up by the absorbent vessels is carried into the veins, by which it is brought to the right auricle of the heart: from thence it passes into the right ventricle; the blood, distending the ventricle, instantly stimulates it to a contraction, or systole. This throws the blood into the pulmonary artery, in which it circulates through every part of the lungs, from the extreme branches of the pulmonary artery, till it is taken up by the extreme branches of the pulmonary vein, by which it soon falls into the left auricle of the heart, and from thence into the left ventricle.

The chyle having now with the blood passed through the lungs, and being completely animalized and fit for the nutrition of the body, is thrown by the contraction of the left ventricle into a

large artery called the aorta, which distributes its branches to every part of the body for its nourishment, from the extreme branches of veins ; by which it falls back into larger and larger veins, till it arrives at the right auricle of the heart again, where all the veins terminate.

It has never yet been known what is the important change which the blood undergoes in its passage through the lungs. We know that when it enters the lungs by the pulmonary artery, it is of a dark livid or blue colour ; and when it comes back by the pulmonary vein, it is of a much more bright and florid colour. Modern chemistry also tells us, that the lungs absorb oxygen

from the air, and convey it to the blood ; and by this process, a quantity of latent heat is conveyed into the system, which is the principal cause of animal heat.

In describing these two important functions—respiration, and the circulation of the blood, we have said nothing of the beautiful mechanism by which, as the minute anatomy of these organs shows us, these effects are produced in the most wonderful manner. In this, as well as in every other part of our frame, we cannot help admiring the wisdom of the great Architect, and exclaim with the Psalmist, “We are *‘fearfully and wonderfully made.’*”

(Blackwood's Mag.)

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA, FROM THE SPANISH.

“Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down ;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's lordly blowing,
And banners bright from lattice light are waving everywhere,
And the tall tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air ;
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down,
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.

“Arise, arise, Xarifa, I see Andalla's face,
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace,
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquiver
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely never.
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow of azure mix'd with white,
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night ;
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down ;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.

“What aileth thee, Xarifa, what makes thine eyes look down ?
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town ?
I've heard you say on many a day, and sure you said the truth,
Andalla rides without a peer, among all Grenada's youth.
Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow ;
Then rise, oh rise, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down ;
Unseen here, through the lattice, you may gaze with all the town.”—

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the town ;—
But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,
And though her needle press'd the silk, no flower Xarifa wove !
One bonny rose-bud she had traced, before the noise drew nigh—
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow dropping from her eye.
“No—no,” she sighs—“bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town.”—

“Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your cushion down ?
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing town ?
Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people cry.—
He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why sit ye still—oh why ?”
——“At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate ; in him shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was my lover ;
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing town.”—

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PENINSULA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SKETCHES IN INDIA.'

THE autumnal season in Estramadura is proverbially unhealthy, and numbers of the inhabitants die annually of the alarming fever in what our author terms "the dreaded month of September."—

"The unwholesome vapours which arise from the beds of the many stagnant pools scattered over the surface of these plains, and always dried up by the summer heats, are said to produce this evil. Be this as it may, towards the end of September this insidious and resistless enemy found his way into our tranquil quarters, crowded our hospitals with sick, and filled the chapel-vaults with victims, over whom we gloomily mourned. We would have resigned them in the field of battle perhaps with a sigh, yet not without some feelings of consolation; but here, to see the cheek blanched, and the arm unnerved by disease, was a constant source of affliction and despondency. There is nothing about which Englishmen are so generally incredulous, or to which they appear so indifferent, as any report touching the danger of a season or a climate, and the approach of sickness or mortality; for that very reason, when once an alarming disease appears among them, they are overcome with surprise, they lose all elasticity of spirit, hope forsakes them, and they sink unresistingly to the grave.—This does not proceed altogether from weakness of character: on the bed of sickness the English soldier thinks more seriously of death and his accountability hereafter than perhaps any other, if we except the Protestant soldiers of the north of Europe."

This is a pleasing testimony to Protestantism, and may stand in contrast with the presumptuous confidence of salvation which our author states as so generally entertained on the bed of death by the members of the Roman and Greek church; a presumption founded on the superstitious observances of their forms, and the empty dependence upon the absolution of a priest.

Our young officer was attacked with the prevailing fever to which he has alluded above, and was so debilitated in consequence that he was ordered to Lisbon for the recovery of his health.—An incident which he met with on his road is too pleasing and too honourable to the Peninsula to be omitted.—

"You may frequently travel from one town to another without passing a village, a country house, a cottage, or indeed a human being.

If you are benighted, and the weather be fine, you must betake yourself to the first tree; if it be stormy, and you have no baggage or conveniences for encamping, you must wander on. Luckily, however, for us, we espied a light at some distance from the road, and made towards it. It proceeded from a solitary cottage; and a woman, who answered to our knocks, expressed her willingness to receive us. Wretched as was her appearance, I never saw more cordial, more fearless hospitality: she heaped up her little fire, killed and stewed for us two out of the few chickens she had, spread for us two straw mattresses near the earth, and regarded us the while with looks of the most benevolent pleasure. Seated on a rude bench of cork near this cottage fire, I thankfully partook of the repast she prepared;—and, while the thunder burst in peals the most loud and awful over our heads, and the pouring rain beat rudely on her humble dwelling, with a heartfelt sensation of gratitude I composed myself to rest. Comfort is ever comparative, and after all, if his wishes be moderate, how little does man require! Sick, hungry, and exhausted, I wanted shelter, food, and repose; I enjoyed all these blessings; the storm raged without, but not a rain-drop fell on me. I never passed a night in more sweet or refreshing slumbers. Yet where, let me ask, was the hotel in England which in the caprice of sickness would have satisfied all my wants and wishes? When we rose in the morning to depart, our good hostess was resolute in refusing any remuneration, though the wretched appearance of her hovel, and the rags on her children, bespoke the extremity of poverty. 'No,' said she, 'the saints guided you to my threshold, and I thank them. My husband, too, was journeying yesterday; perhaps last night, amid the thunder storm, he also knocked at some Christian's door, and found shelter.' We caught one of the children outside, and forced some dollars into its little hands.—I shall never forget that night or that speech."

The description of a Posada, or public-house, furnishes a complete contrast to the cottage scene.—

"A Posada is in size and appearance not much unlike an English barn. It is very simply divided. Below is stabling for fifty or sixty mules, or more; and at the furthest extremity, without any partition between it and the space allotted to the animals, is the kitchen. Above is a large loft, with one or two corners boarded off, dignified with the name of chambers, and furnished with dirty mattresses, and iron lamps. The stable was filled with mules, the kitchen with muleteers, and the loft with vermin. Yet here, for want of better accom-

modations, we were compelled to pass the night : I need hardly add, it was a sleepless one. People of any rank or condition in life, both in Spain and Portugal, when necessitated to make journeys, always lodge in private houses, to which they gain admittance either by regular billets, recommendations, or by hiring chambers for the night."

"The life of the muleteer is very hardy. He is exposed to all weathers, for he is ever on the road. Each individual has the charge of three or four mules ; and the labour of loading and unloading them daily, and foraging for them, is not trifling. The food of the muleteer is coarse ; a large dish of thick peas, boiled with a morsel of pork ; a sausage, or some dry salt fish fried in strong oil, are his most common and favourite dishes. He drinks more than the Spanish peasant, and generally carries a large leathern bottle or bag filled with wine. He never undresses at night, but sleeps either in the stable with his mules, or on the floor of the kitchen ; indeed, in the summer, more generally in the open air.—In all places, a pack-saddle is his pillow, and a mule cloth his coverlet. He is an honest, good-tempered, cheerful creature, and you almost always hear him singing on the road. A train of mules is seldom less than fifty ; but it is not uncommon to meet two or three trains, or more, travelling the same road, and laden with the same merchandize.—Each train has its captain or leader, who is invariably a trust-worthy man of the best character."

In March he rejoined the army.—

"Alas ! when I came again to stand on the parade, for how many a face did my eye inquire in vain !—In the space of four short months my regiment had buried nearly three hundred men, all in the prime of life and vigour of manhood."

Dreadful as is the aggregate of slaughter returned from a field of battle, it is probably but a small proportion of the waste of life occasioned by war.

Fond of scenery, retirement, and observation, whenever the army halted he explored on foot the adjacent country.—

"In one of my walks I arrived at a small romantic chapel, such a one as you often find in the Peninsula, a league or more from any human habitation. In the shade near the door, I observed a small basket, apparently filled only with the most beautiful flowers ; when stooping, I beheld a lovely infant about a year old ; it was dressed prettily and tastefully ; though pale, I thought it slept : it was, however, cold and lifeless.—I kissed its delicate fair face, and thought, not without a sigh, on its parents. A voice startled me, and turning, I beheld a decent looking peasant woman, with an old

man, and two or three children from ten to fifteen years of age.—'Are you the mother of this babe ?' 'Yes, Senor.' 'I pity you from my heart.' 'How so, Senor ?—To have borne and buried a Christian without sin, I look on as a blessing.'—I gazed earnestly on the woman. Was this insensibility ? or was it enthusiastic reverence for, and pious resignation to, the will of God ?—I decided for the latter ; for I saw her bend over her child with an expression of countenance rapturously affectionate.—'Your child,' said I, 'my good woman, is perhaps ere now, a cherub in heaven.' 'Senor, you cannot be a heretic !' 'No, I am a Christian of another sect.' 'Ah ! you must be a Christian : I thought so ; but the Priest said you English were all heretics !'"

The British army was now entering into action, and the interesting details before us, now lead us, from observations on the peasantry and the manners of the country, to the horrors of war.

The whole army encamped upon the Sierra de Buzaco. No sooner had the regiment piled its arms than our young soldier walked to the verge of the mountain in the hope to obtain a view of the enemy's forces.

"Little however was I prepared for the magnificent scene which burst upon my astonished sight. Far as the eye could stretch, the glittering steel and clouds of dust raised by cavalry and artillery, proclaimed the march of a countless army ; while immediately below me, at the feet of those precipitous heights on which I stood, their picquets were already posted : thousands of them were already halted in their bivouacks, and column, too, after column, arriving in quick succession, reposed upon the ground allotted to them, and swelled the black and enormous masses. The numbers of the enemy were, at the lowest calculation, 75,000, and this host formed in three distinct and heavy columns : while to the rear of their left, at a more considerable distance, you might see a large encampment of their cavalry ; and the whole country behind them seemed covered with their train, their ambulance, and their commissariat. This then was a French army : here lay before me, the men, who had once, for nearly two years, kept the whole coast of England in alarm ; who had conquered Italy, overrun Austria, shouted victory on the plains of Austerlitz, and humbled, in one day, the power, the pride, and the martial renown of Prussia, on the field of Jena. To-morrow I may for the first time hear the din of battle, behold the work of slaughter, share the honours of a well-fought field, or be numbered with the slain. I returned slowly to the line. Though we had neither baggage nor fires, we lay down rolled in our cloaks, and, with the stony surface of the mountain for our bed, and the sky for our

canopy, slept or thought away the night.—Two hours before the break of day the line was under arms ; but the two hours glided away rapidly and silently. At last, just as the day dawned, a few distant shots were heard on our left, and were soon followed by discharge of cannon, and the quick, heavy, and continued roll of musketry. The first wounded man I ever beheld in the field, was carried past me. He was a fine young Englishman, and lay helplessly in a blanket, with both his legs shattered by cannon shot. He looked pale, and big drops of perspiration stood on his manly forehead, but he spoke not, his agony appeared unutterable. About this time Lord Wellington with a numerous staff galloped up, and delivered his orders to General Hill.—I distinctly overheard him. ‘If they attempt this point again, Hill, you will give them a volley, and charge bayonets ; but don’t let your people follow them too far down the hill.’ I was particularly struck with the style of this order, so decided, so manly ; and breathing *no doubt* as to the repulse of any attack, it confirmed confidence. Lord Wellington’s simplicity of manner in the delivery of orders, and in command, is quite that of an able man. He has nothing of the truncheon about him ; nothing full-mouthed, important, or fussy : his orders on the field are all short, quick, and clear, and to the purpose. The French, however, never moved us through the day—in the course of it our men went down to a small brook, which flowed between the opposing armies, for water ; and French and English soldiers might be seen drinking out of the same narrow stream, and even leaning over to shake hands with each other. One private of my own regiment actually exchanged forage caps with a soldier of the enemy, as a token of regard and good will.—Such courtesies, if they do not disguise, at least soften, the horrid features of war ; and it is thus we learn to reconcile our minds to scenes of blood and carnage.”

The enemy, however, instead of recommencing the attack, retreated, and left the fame of the most able generalship to the prudent measures and able guidance of Lord Wellington.

The British commander feeling himself compelled for the safety of Portugal to abandon Spain, the order was given for the army to retreat into their lines near Lisbon.

“I feel that no powers of description can convey to the minds of my readers the afflicting scenes, the cheerless desolation, we daily witnessed on our march from the Mondego to the lines. Wherever we moved, the mandate which enjoined the wretched inhabitants to forsake their homes, and to remove and destroy their little property, had gone before us. The villages were deserted ; the churches empty ; the

mountain cottages stood open and untenanted ; the mills in the valley, but yesterday so busy, were motionless and silent.—We bivouacked near Thomar.—It had counted, a few days before, a population of nearly four thousand ; the morning we entered it a few hundreds only remained, and these were fearfully hurrying their departure. There is a remarkably fine convent in this town. I had no occasion to ask for admission ; I followed a group of noisy muleteers, who had chosen it for their night’s lodging, and whose mules were already drinking out of the marble fountain, or trampling over the neat garden, round which ran some high-arched, and echoing cloisters, yesterday responsive only to the pacing of some thoughtful monk, now resounding with the boisterous laughter and coarse jests of rude merry muleteers. In the kitchen some lay servants of the convent yet lingered ; and the table in the refectory was covered with the crumbs of the last meal which the banished fathers had that morning partaken of. The church, however, large, magnificent, and gloomy, still inspired reverence and awe ; and the muleteers who walked thither with me sunk into silence and crossed themselves, as they knelt before the high altar, round which the lamps, trimmed by some pious hand, were yet burning. The streets had an air of loneliness, quite oppressive to the heart ; no one stood on the thresholds ; no face looked from the casements ; not a voice was to be heard. The flanks of our line of march from this place were literally covered with the flying population of the country.—In Portugal there are at no time many facilities for travelling, and these few the exigences of the army had greatly diminished. Rich, indeed, were those who still retained a cabriolet, and mules for its service. Those who had bullock cars, asses, or any mode of transporting their families and property, looked contented and grateful ; for respectable men and delicate women, of the second class, might on every side be seen walking slowly and painfully on foot, encumbered with heavy burdens of clothes, bedding, and food.”

“Immediately below the town, [Lisbon,] the bank of the river was crowded by fugitives, waiting to be transported across, and the most affecting groups of families sat weeping on the ground. I well remember a serious, thoughtful-looking man, of about fifty, seated on a horse, and carrying before him a very aged mother, who had been bed-ridden for many years, and who lay upon his arm so helplessly, and with an aspect so pale and withered, that you might have thought the grave had yielded up its dead. Here monks, gentlemen, peasants, and mendicants, were all crowded together ; the silent nun and the complaining damsel, sat side by side. There was a strange, yet natural familiarity among them ; *natural*, for it was the offspring of misery. How soon can the arrows of misfortune level the paltry distinctions of this world ! Here

vanity was stifled, rank forgotten: all was agitation, anxiety, and alarm. This melancholy picture was forcibly contrasted by the gay and careless security of our soldiery. For what, let me ask, does the soldier suffer, compared to the wretched inhabitant, whose country is made the theatre of war?"

The French army not thinking it prudent to attack the well-chosen and well-fortified lines of the British troops, which so skilfully defended Lisbon, was at length obliged in its turn to retreat, and was followed into Spain by the united forces of the English and Portuguese. We cannot but admire the amiable spirit of our young soldier, ever studious to record all that is good of others, whether it is found in a foreigner, or even in an enemy. In a skirmish a young French officer was taken prisoner. A flag of truce brought him some baggage and money.—

"The trumpeter, who accompanied the flag, was a *vieux moustache*, of about forty, with the cheverons of twenty years' service on his arm. This man rode up to the young officer, and cordially grasping his hand, put into it a purse of money, and rode off. The purse, I found, had been made up among the privates of the *compagnie d'élite*, who had charged the old trumpeter with its delivery."

An animated description is given of the Battle of Albuera: we shall not follow him through either the disposition of the troop, or the details of the actions, but select those passages which seem best calculated to convey some idea of what takes place on the field of action.

Speaking of one of the British brigades which was engaged on this occasion, our author observes—

"I saw it at three in the afternoon:—a captain commanded the brigade; the fifty-seventh and forty-eighth regiments were commanded by lieutenants, and the junior captain of the twenty-ninth regiment was the senior effective officer of his corps. Not one of these six regiments (which formed the brigade) lost a man by the sabre or the lance; they were never driven, never thrown into confusion; they fought in line, sustaining and replying to a heavy fire, and often charging; and when the enemy at length fled, the standards of these heroic battalion slew in proud, though mournful triumph, in the centre of their weakened but victorious lines."

"I remember well, as we moved down in column, shot and shell flew over and

through it in quick succession; we sustained little injury from either, but a captain of the twenty-ninth had been dreadfully lacerated by a ball, and lay directly in our path. We passed close to him, and he knew us all; and the heart-rending tone in which he called to us for water, or to kill him, I shall never forget. He lay alone, and we were in motion, and could give him no succour.—When we arrived near the discomfited and retiring Spaniards, a very noble looking young Spanish officer rode up to me, and begged me with a sort of proud and brave anxiety, to explain to the English, that his countrymen were ordered to retire, but were not flying."

"The coolest and bravest soldier, if he be in the heat of it can make no calculation of time during an engagement. Interested and animated, he marks not the flight of hours."

Our author's own regiment was now brought forward to the scene of action.—

"To describe my feelings throughout this wild scene with fidelity would be impossible: at intervals, a shriek or groan told that men were falling around me; but it was not always that the tumult of the contest suffered me to catch these sounds. A constant falling to the centre of the line, and the gradual diminution of our front, more truly bespoke the havoc of death. As we moved, though slowly, yet ever a little in advance, our own killed and wounded lay behind us; but we arrived among those of the enemy, and those of the Spaniards who had fallen in the first onset: we trod among the dead and dying, all reckless of them. But how shall I picture the *British soldier* going into action? He is neither heated by brandy, stimulated by the hope of plunder, nor inflamed by the deadly feelings of revenge; he does not even indulge in expressions of animosity against his foes; he moves forward confident of victory, never dreams of the possibility of defeat, and braves death, with all the accompanying horrors of laceration and torture, with the most cheerful intrepidity. Enough of joy and triumph. The roar of the battle is hushed; the hurry of action is over; let us walk over the corpse-encumbered field.—Behold thousands of slain, thousands of wounded writhing with anguish, and groaning with agony and despair. Move a little this way; here lie four officers of the French hundredth, all corpses. Why, that boy cannot have numbered eighteen years.—Here fought the third brigade; here the fusiliers: how thick these heroes lie! most of the bodies are already stripped; rank is no longer distinguished.—Here charged the Polish lancers; not long ago, the trampling of horses, the cry, the prayer, the death-stroke, all mingled their wild sounds on this spot; it is now, but for a few fitful and stifled groans, as silent as the grave.—Who are these, that

catch every moment at our coats, and cling to our feet in such an humble attitude? The wounded soldiers of the enemy, who are imploring British protection from the exasperated and revengeful Spaniards. What a proud compliment to our country!"

"Some readers will call this scene romantic, others disgusting: no matter; it is faithful; and it would be well for kings, politicians, and generals, if while they talk of victories with exultation, and of defeats with philosophical indifference, they would allow their fancies to wander to the theatre of war, and the field of carnage."

"I again went down to that part of the field which was covered with the slain;—they lay ghastly and unburied: here and there, indeed, you might remark a loose made grave, where some officers or soldiers had been to perform an act of private friendship. I was much struck with one affecting though simple proof of the attachment of our Peninsular allies: the hands of vast numbers of the British corpses had been clasped together in the attitude of prayer, and placed by the Spaniards in the manner they superstitiously imagine it important to lay out their dead."

"It was a strange thing to see, in the crowded wards of the hospitals, English and French soldiers lying helplessly side by side, or here and there performing little kind offices for each other with a willing and cheerful air. Their wants and thoughts they communicated to each other in phrases of Spanish."

"In the French column one of the regiments was numbered 34; in the British column also the 34th regiment led the pursuit, and got quite mixed with the enemy. Several of the French officers as they tendered their swords, embraced the officers of the English 34th, saying—'Ah! Messieurs, nous sommes des frères, nous sommes du trente-quatrième régiment tous deux.'—'Vous êtes des braves.'—'Les Anglais se battent toujours avec loyauté, et traitent bien leurs prisonniers.'—'Ah! Messieurs, la fortune de la guerre est bien capricieuse.' Under any circumstances, however unfortunate, this people will find some method of disarming wrath, courting favour, and softening their fate:—they have spirits, too, wonderfully elastic, and have the readiest ingenuity in framing excuses for any disaster or disgrace which may befall them. I was on duty over the prisoners a few days after this affair: at the close of the day's march, a chapel was allotted to them for the night; and to have seen them take possession of it, one really would have thought that they were still marching free and in arms: they entered it, singing 'Grenadiers, ici; grenadiers, ici;—voltigeurs là là; voltigeurs là là;' and ran tumultuously, the grenadiers to the altar, and the voltigeurs to the gallery. In ten minutes all were at home; some playing cards, some singing, some dancing: here a man was performing punch behind a great coat with infinite drollery; there again, quieter men were

occupied in repairing their clothes or shoes; while in one part of the chapel, a self-elected orator was addressing the group on their late capture, in such terms as, 'Messieurs, vous n'êtes pas déshonorés.—On nous a trompé, cet espion, cet Espagnol, nous a vendu.'—'Et comment! qui vous a dit cela?' said a rough voice.—'Monsieur,' replied my orator, 'vous me permettez de savoir. Je suis de Paris même, et je connois la guerre.' This speech was highly approved; for several vociferated—'Ah! oui, il a raison, nous avons été vendus par ce vilain espion.' 'Nous aurions battu les Anglais dans une affaire rangée, mais certainement,' said my little Parisian; and just then, the rations making their appearance, they all hurried to the door, and singing some song, the chorus of which was 'Bonne soup, bonne soup,' they eagerly took their meat, and set about preparing it."

"I should lose sight, however, of the French military character, if I omitted to notice that several of the sergeants and old soldiers, who were decorated, and wore the *cheverons* of service, appeared exceedingly sulky, and vented their anger in a sort of muttering, smothered swearing. Those who have seen a ferocious Frenchman utter from between his closed teeth his favourite oath, will agree that there are few things more savage and offensive."

One can hardly read the above description of the French prisoners, without being reminded of Voltaire's satire upon his countrymen, when he said they were compounded of the monkey and the tiger.

At this juncture our young traveller was recalled, to his great regret, to England. In his journey from the army to Lisbon he met with a scene in a peasant's cottage, in which he had taken refuge for the night, which he has described with his usual felicity in these kinds of narrations.—

"The family consisted of a venerable old peasant, his daughter, (a woman of about thirty-four,) and her five children; the eldest a most beautiful girl of sixteen, and the youngest a fine black-eyed boy of eight. The husband of this woman was absent on a journey; the old peasant was not within; and, when we first entered, the mother and her children were at supper;—they pressed us to partake of it; we declined, but procured from them some fine rich goat's milk; and boiling it up with bread of Indian corn, made an excellent meal. It was late when the old man came in from his labour; he expressed great delight at our having rested in his cot, as he said there was no house within two leagues of that spot, the night dark and stormy, and the road bad and dangerous. A small wooden bowl of vegetable soup was brought him for his supper; he crossed himself,

and said a short grace ; but my astonishment was not a little excited by observing that, during the whole time he was eating his frugal meal, the family stood up, and with their hands closed and lifted up, and their eyes raised towards the crucifix, prayed, not with extravagant fervour, nor as if it were a tame, unmeaning form, but with much natural feeling, and seemed to invoke blessings on the head of this the respected elder of the cottage. The old man, too, however habitual it might be, appeared deeply impressed with the ceremony, and took his food with a sort of quiet, solemn thankfulness. When we lay down for the night, all the children knelt at the feet of their grandfather, and received his blessing, sealed by him with a kiss upon their young foreheads. I slept with a sort of sweet and superstitious confidence under this roof ; so much and so pleasingly had I been affected by the simplicity of manners among its poor contented inmates."

The attachment which this amiable officer had conceived for the Peninsula, made the remarks which he heard at home very painful to him, and gave rise to the following animated eulogium of Spanish valour.—

"No! the efforts of the Spaniards to deliver themselves from the yoke of France must never be forgotten ; and no man of generosity or of candour would willingly cast a shade over their heroic exertions.— They had no government, no ministers, no generals ; yet under all these disadvantages they ever remained true to the cause ; and it is to their partial and continual struggles against the French detachments scattered over the face of their country, that we are indebted for our ultimate success.— Had not the force of the enemy been so constantly employed, and their communications so often menaced by the active hatred of the Spanish people, it is vain to suppose that even the ability and genius of a Wellington, or the discipline and intrepidity of a British army, (which however excellent in composition was numerically feeble,) could have long resisted the combination of eight marshals of France, and the efforts of 200,000 soldiers."

Upon his return to the Continent, as he traversed Portugal and part of Spain to rejoin the army, he thus feelingly describes the scene.—

"Not a town or a village had I passed from Lisbon, but affecting traces of the invasion of this smiling country were every where to be seen. Cottages all roofless and untenanted ; the unpruned vine, growing in rank luxuriance over their ruined walls ;—neglected gardens ; the shells of fine houses, half destroyed by fire ; convents and churches, too solid to be demolished,

standing open and neglected, with the ornamental wood or stone work which once adorned them broken down and defaced ; all proclaimed silently, but forcibly, that I was travelling through a country which had been the theatre of war, and exposed to the ravages of contending armies. Such scenes make the Briton, while he sighs over the miseries of the peaceful citizens, and laborious peasants, whose towns and villages have been thus visited by violence and rapine, offer up many a grateful prayer for the secure and heaven-defended position of his happier countrymen."

Lord Wellington, from the want of co-operation in the Spanish forces, was again obliged to fall back upon Portugal, and wait for another campaign to crown him with those laurels which he had already so well deserved, but which are rarely bestowed excepting in the case of success. In this retreat our troops suffered severely.—

"On our march we were deluged with rain ; the roads were deep and miry, and we had repeatedly to ford rivers and streams some of which were breast high. In our bivouacking, the ground was soaked, no dry wood to be had, and our fires, if any, were smoky and cheerless. In addition to this, we were miserably provided, having neither bread, biscuit, nor flour.* Lean bullocks, which travelled with us, were daily slaughtered, as we halted ; and putting your miserable ration on a stick, or on the point of your sword, you broiled it on wood ashes and ate it greedily, half smoked, and half raw, with knife, fork, or any conveniences ; the whole of our baggage having of course preceded us."

The following spring, our army, commanded by their noble general, entered upon its last and triumphant march through Spain. As we have already given many similar extracts to our readers, we will not detain them in this route ; but only remark, that in the quick progress which the troops now made through the very heart of the country, our intelligent, observant traveller lost no opportunity of acquiring information, and deriving useful knowledge from every thing around him.—

* "Such was the scarcity of bread, that a paymaster who lost our column, and was wandering for two days on another road, overtook a Spanish peasant journeying with his wife and children ; and seeing a loaf of bread, he begged to purchase it, but the man refused to sell it. Faint and almost wild with hunger, he pulled out a doubloon, and offered it as the price of the loaf, but the man still declined, saying pithily, 'My little ones cannot eat gold.'—What a lesson for the pampered citizen who thinks here is nothing gold cannot buy!"

At Vittoria a splendid victory was gained over the French, and he was left on guard.—

“The streets of the town,” he remarks, “were all bustle and confusion : here cars, filled indiscriminately with French, English, and Portuguese, wounded, were conveying their groaning brethren to the convents allotted for their hospitals. The ground, for nearly a square league, was covered with the wreck of carriages, cars, chests, and baggage ; and here and there whole fields were literally white with thickly scattered papers. In their search for money, the soldiers had ransacked every thing, and strewn out papers, returns, and official documents, that had been for years, perhaps, accumulating. You saw the finest military books and maps trod under foot, and utterly spoilt by the rain.”

It would be perhaps difficult to select a more painful anecdote connected with the battle of Vittoria than the following.—

“A paymaster had two sons, lieutenants in the corps in which he served. He was a widower, and had no relation beside these youths ; they lived in his tent, were his pride and delight. The civil staff of a regiment usually remain with the baggage when the troops engage, and join them with it afterwards. In the evening, when this paymaster came up, an officer met him.—‘My boys,’ said the old man, ‘how are they ? *Have they done their duty ?*’ ‘They have behaved most nobly, but you have lost ———’ ‘Which of them ?’ ‘Alas ! both ; they are numbered with the dead.’”

It is to the honour of our gallant soldiery, that the bookseller in Vittoria, who had a good assortment of classic and French authors, declared that he had sold more books to the British in a fortnight, than he had for two years to the French constantly passing through the city.

Throughout the work before us we have seen the Spanish character drawn in the most favourable colours. Whether the following description of the Guerillas will be thought to confirm this is questionable. There seems in them that national taint of proud ferocious cruelty which so disgraced the Spaniards in America and in the Netherlands.—

“In a village three leagues from Pampejuna I met with a very fine man, a native of Arragon, and a Guerilla. He was wounded in the leg, and of course, for a time, incapable of service. The circumstances of his situation, the fate of his fa-

mily, and his language, will explain the nature both of the formation and the feelings of these guerilla corps better, perhaps, than a far more detailed account of it. I asked him where he lived, and under whom he served ? ‘Senor,’ said he, ‘I have no home, no relations, nothing save my country and my sword. My father was led out, and shot in the market-place of my native village ; our cottage was burned, my mother died of grief, and my wife, who had been ruined by the enemy, fled to me, then a volunteer with Palifox, and died in my arms, in a hospital in Saragossa. I serve under no particular chief. I am too miserable, I feel too revengeful, to support the restraint of discipline, and the delay of manœuvre. I go on any enterprise I hear off ; if I am poor, on foot ; if chance, or plunder, have made me rich, on horseback : I follow the boldest leader ; but I have sworn never to dress a vine or plough the field till the enemy are driven out of Spain.’—I have often heard these Guerillas spoken of as irregular and lawless banditti, who only fought for and subsisted on plunder. It is true they did subsist on plunder, but it was the plunder of their enemies. They were not paid, and could not live without support. Feelings, deadly feelings of revenge, drove them to exchange the plough and the pruning-hook for the sword and the lance ; and as their free and haughty spirit rejected the idea of serving in the ranks as soldiers, in no way could they give up their time to war but by plundering where they conquered.”

In the midst of our animating career of victory, when the heart of every soldier must have beat high at the idea of entering France with his triumphant commander and army, our author was destined to experience one of those individual reverses of fortune, which so often occasions private sorrow in the midst of public joy. Upon one of the mountainous heights on which his detachment was posted to defend the pass, they were surprised by a superior force of the enemy, and our young officer was taken prisoner. But he discovers the same candour in the recollection of this painful scene, as in his other relations. He tells us, that he owed his life to the care of a French officer, who exclaimed—“*Un Français sait respecter les braves,*” and embraced.—He has entered into no further account of his adventures.—Here he leaves us, and we too will quit, though not without regret, the lively, interesting relator, with whom we have travelled through so many pleasant pages, with almost the last anecdote he has given us.—His most intimate and valued friend was

also brought in a prisoner from another part of the field. This meeting overcame him ; and he shed tears.—“*Regardez donc,*” said a vulgar looking French officer, who was observing us, “*Regardez donc comme ils sont des*

enfants ces Anglais, ils pleurent.” “*Ah ! mon ami,*” said his companion, “*vous ne connoissez pas les Anglais ; ces ne sont pas les larmes de l’enfance qu’ils versent.*”

(Lon. Mag.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF RICHARD ALLEN.

Thou know’st, that we two went to school together.—*Shakspeare.*

1.

WIIAT ! School-fellow, art gone ?—It nigh
Staggers my heart that *Thou* should’st die,—
Life seem’d in the eterne !

Oh Dick ! if death could quiet *thee*,—
Man may confess the mastery,
And mutely wait his turn !

2.

Dead ! Gallant Dick !—Companion boon
Of my wild Thursday afternoon !
No longer we shall thread
The hedges where the linnets build,
Nor have our pockets marble fill’d ;—
I’m married : thou art dead !

3.

Let me remember thee awhile !
Thy restless eye and constant smile,
Thy shape so blythe and slim ;—
It is my comfort now, and joy,
I knew thee nothing but the boy,—
The veriest soul of whim !

4.

What !—is that light and shining hair
I’ the grave ?—Those arms, free as the air,
Straighten’d by thy cold side ?—
And can those feet that ran with mine
But yesterday,—Those feet of thine,—
In wasting sloth abide ?

5.

Thou wert the blithest lad, that ever
Haunted a wood, or fish’d a river,
Or from the neighbour’s wall

Filch’d the gold apricot, to eat
In darkness, as a pillow treat,—
Or “ urged the flying ball !”

6.

Supreme at taw ! at prisoner’s base
The gallant greyhound of the chase !
Matchless at hoop !—and quick,
Quick as a squirrel at a tree
And where’s the trout could fleetier be
Through the wave, than thou, dear Dick ?

7.

But all is over !—we no more
Shall, arm in arm, the fields explore !
Or o’er the self-same book,
Sit through a holiday, and cou
The life of that lone Robinson
Who to desert Islands took !

8.

The grass is o’er thee !—Kinecups now
Hang their gold bells above thy brow ?—
And sweet will be thy sleep :
In a country church-yard thou art laid ;—
And the trees, beneath which thou hast play’d,
Will their summer singing keep !

9.

Well—thou art dead !—and it is best
That thou should’st go all Youth to rest !
Age waits to prey on joy :
Earth, when it took thee, never gaye,
Dear Dick, to the remorseless grave,
Such an untamed boy !

Edward Ward, Jun.

(Gentleman’s Magazine, May.)

TO LORD BYRON.

On reading his “*Stanza on the Silver Foot of a Skull mounted as a Cup for Wine.*”

BY THOMAS MOORE.

WHY hast thou bound around, with silver trim,
This once gay peopled palace of the soul ?
Look on it now ! deserted, bleached, and grim,
Is *this*, thou feverish man, thy festal bowl ?

Is *this* the cup whercin thou seek’st the balm,
Each brighter chalice to thy lips denies ?

Is *this* the oblivious bowl whose floods becalm,
The worm that will not sleep and never dies ?

Woe to the lip to which this cup is held !
The lip that’s pallid with every purer draught ;
For which alone the rifled grave can yield
A goblet worthy to be deeply quaffed.

Strip, then, this glittering mockery from the skull,
Restore the relic to its tomb again ;
And seek a healing balm within the bowl,
The blessed bowl that never flowed in vain.

THE SON AND HEIR.

I do not wish to mention how the following pages came into my possession. I scarcely know to whose history they relate : but have at times imagined to that of an Earl of A——, whose story bore some resemblance to the circumstances here mentioned. These papers, few as they are, seem evidently imperfect, and were, I should think, hastily and carelessly written. I have inquired in vain after those which are wanting, for the conclusion is certainly abrupt and unsatisfactory.

Cyril.

*August the 1st, A. D. ****.*

I DO heartily thank my God, that I have at last determined to write down in detail many circumstances connected with the event which has made my life on earth a state of shame and misery. I am a less wretched creature than I have been ; but there is no rest for my wounded spirit, till it shall please the blessed God to take me from this world. I dare to hope that death will take with my poor mortal body, the load of guilt and anguish which now lieth heavy on my spirit. I found not this hope in myself ; I knew not of it, till I read of one who washeth with his blood the guilty conscience ; who with his searching spirit visits the loathsome chambers of the heart ; and although his light showeth there since long forgotten, or all unobserved till then, each one bearing a visible form and substance ; yet there is a peace that the world knoweth not, which cometh often where that purest light had shined long. Do I dream ? or hath not this light, this sacred peace, come into my sad heart ? the light and peace are but one spirit, but the nature of that spirit is such, that, till it hath purged from the sight its dull and mortal mists, the soul seeth nothing but its dazzling brightness. Then gradually doth the light take unto itself a form, even that dove-like form which descended visibly on the head of the meekest and holiest son of man.

What I am about to write, I wish to be seen ; I would make my story a warning to others. I would wish my crime to be known, my memory to be execrated in this world, if by means of my example the remorse which I feel might be spared to another ; if the remembrance of my guilt might cool the boiling blood, and stop the mad fury, of some individual whose disposition may resemble mine.

My youth was passed in the thoughtless and extravagant gaiety of the French court. My temper was always violent ; and I returned home one morning, long after midnight, frantic with rage at some imaginary insult which I had received. My servant endeavoured to speak to me as I entered the house, but I repulsed him violently, and rushed up to my room. I locked the door, and sat down instantly to write a challenge. My hand trembled so much that it would not hold the pen : I started up and paced the room : the pen was again in my hand, when I heard a low voice speaking earnestly at the door entreating to be admitted.—The voice was that of my father's old and favourite servant. I opened the door to him. The old man looked upon me with a sorrowful countenance, and I hastily demanded the reason of his appearance. He stared at me with surprise, but spoke not : he walked to the table where I had sat down, and took from it a letter which in my rage I had not noticed. It announced to me the dangerous illness of my father ; it was written by my mother, and intreatingly besought me instantly to return to them—Before dawn I was far from Paris. My father's residence was in the north of England. I arrived here only in time to follow the corse of my beloved father to the grave.

Immediately on my return from the funeral, my mother sent to me, requesting my attendance in her own apartment. Traces of a deep seated grief were fresh upon her fine countenance, but she received me with calm seriousness. Love for her living child had struggled with her sorrow for the dead ; and she had chosen that hour to rouse me from the follies, from the sins of my past life. My mother was always a superior woman. I felt, as I listened to her, the real dignity of a

Christian matron's character. She won me by the truth, the affection, the gentleness of her words. She spoke plainly of my degrading conduct, but she did not upbraid me. She set before me the new duties which I was called upon to perform. She said, "I know you will not trifle with those duties. You are not your own, my son; you must not live to yourself; you profess the name of Christian, you can hold no higher profession. God hath said to each of us, 'My son, give me thine heart.' Have you given your heart and its desires to God? Can you be that pitiful creature—a half-Christian? I have spoken thus, because I know that if you have clear ideas of your first duties, and do strive to perform them, then will your relative duties be no longer lightly regarded. Oh my son, God knows what I feel in speaking to you thus in my heaviest hour of affliction, and I can only speak as a feeble and perplexed woman. I know not how to counsel you, but I do beseech you, to think for yourself, and to pray earnestly to God for his wisdom and guidance." Before I left my mother's presence, she spoke to me also on my master passion, anger, mad ungovernable rage. She told me that even in the early years of my childhood, she had trembled at my anger,—she confessed that she had dreaded to hear while I was absent, that it had plunged me into some horrid crime.—She knew not how just her fears had been; for had not my father's death recalled me to England, I should probably have been the murderer of that thoughtless stripling who had unknowingly provoked me, and whom I was about to challenge to fight on the morning I left Versailles.

My mother did not speak to me in vain. I determined to turn at once from my former ways, to regulate my conduct by the high and holy principles of the religion I professed, and to reside on my own estate in habits of manly and domestic simplicity.

About three years after I had succeeded to the titles and possessions of my forefathers, I became the husband of the Lady Jane N——e, and I thought myself truly happy. Two

years had passed away, and every day endeared my sweet wife to my heart, but I was not quite happy. We had no child; I had but one wish; one blessing seemed alone denied—the birth of a son. My thoughts, in all their wanderings, reverted to one hope—the birth of a son—an heir to the name, the rank, the estates of my family. When I knelt before God, I forgot to pray that he would teach me what to pray for; I did not intreat that his wisdom would direct me how to use what his goodness gave. No, I prayed as for my life, I prayed without ceasing, but I chose the blessing.—I prayed for a son—my prayers were at last granted, a son was born unto us—a beautiful healthy boy. I thought myself perfectly happy. My delight was more than ever to live in the pleasant retirement of my own house, so that year after year passed away, and only settled me down more entirely in the habits of domestic life. My boy grew up to be a tall and healthy lad; his intellect was far beyond his years; and I loved to make him my companion, as much from the charming freshness of his thoughts, as from the warmth of my attachment towards the child. I learned to wonder at the satisfaction I once felt in mere worldly society, as I studied the character of my son. He was not without the faults which all children possess, which are rooted deep in human nature; but in all his faults, in all his deceits, and what child is not taught deceit by his own heart? there was a charming awkwardness, an absence of all worldly trick, which appeared then very new to me. I used all my efforts to prevent vice from becoming habitual to him; I strove to teach him the government of himself, by referring not only every action, but every thought, to one high and holy principle of thinking and acting to God; and I strove to build up consistent habits on the foundation of holy principle. I was so anxious about my son that I did not dare to treat his faults with a foolish indulgence. I taught him to know that I could punish, and that I would be obeyed; yet he lived with me, I think, in all confidence of speech and action.

and seemed never so happy as when he sat at my feet, and asked me, in the eagerness of his happy fancies, more questions than I could, in truth, answer.—I cannot go on speaking thus of those joyous times which are gone forever—I will turn to a darker subject—to myself.—While I gave up my time, my thoughts, my soul's best energies to my child, I neglected myself, the improvement of my own heart and its disposition. This may seem strange and improbable to some. It may be imagined that the habits of strict virtue which I taught to my son would, in the teaching, have been learnt by myself; and that, in the search after sound wisdom for him, I must have turned up as it were many treasures needed by myself. It would be so in most instances perchance; it was not so in mine.—The glory of God had not been my first wish when I prayed for a son. I had imposed upon myself in thinking that I acted in the education of my child upon that sacred principle. It was honour among men that I looked for. I had sought to make my son every thing that was excellent, but I had not sought to make *myself* fit for the work I undertook. My own natural faults had been suffered by me to grow almost unchecked, while I had been watchful over the heart of my child. Above all, the natural infirmity of my character—anger, violent outrageous anger, was at times the master, the tyrant of my soul. Too frequently had I corrected my child for the fault which he inherited from me; but how have I done so? when passionately angry myself, I had punished my boy for want of temper. Could it be expected that Maurice would profit by my instruction, when my example too often belied my words? But I will pass on at once to my guilt.

The Countess, my mother, had given to Maurice a beautiful Arabian horse. I loved to encourage the boy in all manly exercises. While a mere child he rode with a grace which I have seldom seen surpassed by the best horsemen. How nobly would he bear himself, as side by side on our fleet horses, we flew over the open country! Often, often do I behold in memory his clear

sparkling eyes glancing with intelligence; his fair brow contracted with that slight and peculiar frown, which gives assurance that the mind shares in the smile of the lips. Often do I see before me the pure glow flooding over his cheek, the waves of bright hair floating away from his shoulders, as he galloped full in the face of the fine free wind.

My boy loved his Araby courser, as all noble spirited boys love a favourite horse. He loved to dress, and to feed, and to caress the beautiful creature;—and Selim knew his small gentle hand, and would arch his sleek and shining neck when the boy drew nigh, and turn his dark lustrous eye with a look like that of pleased recognition on him, when his master spoke.

My child was about eleven years old at the time I must now speak of. He usually passed many hours of the morning in the library with me. It was on the 17th of June, a lovely spring morning, Maurice had been very restless and inattentive to his books. The sunbeams dazzled his eyes, and the fresh wind fluttered among the pages before him. The boy removed his books, and sat down at a table far from the open window. I turned round an hour after from a volume which had abstracted all my thoughts. The weather was very hot, and the poor child had fallen fast asleep. He started up at once when I spoke. I asked him if he could say his lesson? He replied, "Yes," and brought the book instantly; but he scarcely knew a word, and he seemed careless, and even indifferent. I blamed him, and he replied petulantly. I had given back the book to him, when a servant entered, and told me that a person was waiting my presence below. I desired the boy, somewhat with an angry tone, not to stir from the room till I returned, and then to let me hear him say his lesson perfectly. He promised to obey me.—There is a small closet opening from the library; the window of this closet overlooks the stable. Probably the dear child obeyed me in learning perfectly his lesson; but I was detained long; and he went to the closet in which I had allowed him to keep the books belonging to

himself. A bow and arrows which I had lately given him were there; perhaps the boy could not resist looking on them; they were lying on the floor when I entered afterwards. From that closet Maurice heard the sound of a whip—he heard quick and brutal strokes falling heavily. Springing up, he ran to the window; beneath he saw one of the grooms beating, with savage cruelty, his beautiful and favourite little courser. The animal seemed almost maddened with the blows; and the child called out loudly to bid the man desist. At first the groom scarcely heeded him, and then smiling coldly at the indignant boy, told him that the beating was necessary, and that so young a gentleman could not understand how a horse should be managed. In vain did my child command the brutal fellow to stop. The man pretended not to hear him, and led the spirited creature farther away from beneath the window. Instantly the boy rushed from the room, and in a few moments was in the yard below. I entered the library shortly after my son left it. The person who had detained me brought news which had much disconcerted, nay displeased me. I was in a very ill humour when I returned to the room where I had left Maurice; I looked vainly for him, and was very angry to perceive that my request had been disobeyed; the closet door was open; I sought him there. While I wondered at his absence, I heard his voice loud in anger. For some moments I gazed from the windows in silence. Beneath stood the boy, holding with one hand the reins of his courser, who trembled all over, his fine coat and slender legs reeking and streaming with sweat: in his other hand there was a horsewhip, with which the enraged boy was lashing the brutal groom. In a voice of loud anger, I called out. The child looked up; and the man who had before stood with his arms folded, and a smile of calm insolence on his face, now spoke with pretended mildness, more provoking to the child, but which then convinced me that Maurice was in fault. He spoke, but I silenced him, and commanded him to come up to me in-

stantly. He came instantly, and stood before me yet panting with emotion, his face all flushed, and his eyes sparkling with passion. Again he would have spoken, but I would not hear.—“Tell me, sir,” I cried; “answer me one question; are you right or wrong?” “Right,” the boy replied proudly.—He argued with me—my fury burst out—Alas, I knew not what I did!—but I snatched the whip from his hand—I raised the heavy handle,—I meant not to strike *where* I did. The blow fell with horrid force on his fair head. There was iron on the handle, and my child, my only son, dropt lifeless at my feet. Ere he fell, I was deadly cold, and the murderous weapon had dropt away from my hand. Stiffened with horror, I stood over him speechless, and rooted awhile to the spot. At last the yells of my despair brought others to me—the wretched groom was the first who came.—I saw no more, but fell in a fit beside my lifeless child.

When I woke up to a sense of what passed around me, I saw the sweet countenance of my wife bent over me with an expression of the most anxious tenderness. She was wiping away the tears from her eyes, and a faint smile broke into her face as she perceived my returning sense.

I caught hold of her arm with a strong grasp, and lifted up my head;—but my eyes looked for the body of my child—it was not there. “Where is it?” I cried; “Where is the body of my murdered boy?” When I spoke the word “murdered,” my wife shrieked—I was rushing out—she stopped me, and said, “He is not dead—he is alive.” My heart melted within me, and tears rained from my eyes. My wife led me to the chamber where they had laid my child. He was alive, if such a state could be called life. Still his eyelids were closed; still his cheeks, even his lips, were of a ghastly whiteness; still his limbs were cold and motionless. They had undressed him, and my mother sat in silent grief beside his bed. When I came near, she uncovered his fair chest, and placed my hand over his heart; I felt a thick and languid beating there, but the pulse of his wrists and temples was scarcely

perceptible. My mother spoke to me. "We have examined the poor child," she said, "but we find no wound, no bruise, no marks of violence. Whence is this dreadful stupor? No one can answer me." "I can answer you," I said; "no one can answer but myself. I am the murderer of the child. In my hellish rage I struck his blessed head."—I did not see the face of my wife or my mother—as I spoke I hung my head; but I felt my wife's hand drop from me: I heard my mother's low heart-breaking groan. I looked up, and saw my wife. She stood before me like a marble figure, rather than a creature of life; yet her eyes were fixed on me, and her soul seemed to look out in their gaze.—"Oh my husband," she cried out at length, "I see plainly in your face what you suffer. Blessed God, have mercy, have mercy on him! he suffers more than we all. His punishment is greater than he can bear!" She flung her arms around my neck: she strove to press me nearer to her bosom; but I would have withdrawn myself from her embrace. "Oh, do not shame me thus," I cried: "remember, you *must* remember, that you are a mother." "I cannot forget that I am a wife, my husband," she replied, weeping. "No, no, I feel for you, and I must feel *with* you in every sorrow. How do I feel with you now in this overwhelming affliction." My mother had fallen on her knees when I confessed my guilt; my wife drew me towards her; and rising up, she looked me in the face. "Henry," she said, in a faint deep voice, "I have been praying for you, for us all. My son, look not thus from me." As she was speaking, the surgeon of my household, who had been absent when they first sent for him, entered the chamber. My kind mother turned from me, and went at once with him to the bedside of the child. I perceived her intention to prevent my encountering the surgeon. She should have concealed for awhile, her son's disgrace; but I felt my horrid guilt too deeply to care about shame. Yet I could not choose but groan within me, to perceive the good man's stare, his revolting shudder, while I described minutely the particu-

lars of my conduct towards my poor boy. I stood beside him as he examined the head of my child. I saw him cut away the rich curls, and he pointed out to me a slight swelling beneath them; but in vain did he strive to recover the lifeless form: his efforts were, as those of my wife and mother had been, totally without success. For five days I sat by the bedside of my son, who remained, at first, still in that death-like stupor, but gradually a faint life-like animation stole over him; so gradually, indeed, that he opened not his eyes till the evening of the fourth day, and even then he knew us not, and noticed nothing. Oh, few can imagine what my feelings were!—How my first faint hopes lived, and died, and lived again, as the beating of his heart became more full and strong; as he first moved the small hand, which I held in mine, and at last stretched out his limbs. After he had unclosed his eyes, he breathed with the soft and regular respiration of a healthy person, and then slept for many hours. It was about noon on the fifth day that he woke from that sleep. The sun had shone so full into the room, that I partly closed the shutters to shade his face. Some rays of sunshine pierced through the crevices of the shutter, and played upon the coverlid of his bed. My child's face was turned towards me, and I watched eagerly for the first gleam of expression. He looked up, and then around him without moving his head. My heart grew sick within me, as I beheld the smile which played over his face. He perceived the dancing sunbeam, and put his fingers softly into the streak of light, and took them away, and smiled again. I spoke to him, and took his hand in my own; but he had lost all memory of me, and saw nothing in *my* face to make him smile. He looked down on my trembling hand, and played with my fingers; and when he saw the ring which I wore, he played with that, while the same idiot smile came back to his vacant countenance.

My mother now led me from the room. I no longer refused to go. I felt that it was fit that I should "commune with my own hear, and in my

chamber, and 'be still.'—They judged rightly in leaving me to perfect solitude. The calm of my misery was a change like happiness to me. A deadness of every faculty, of all thought and feeling, fell on me like repose.—When Jane came to me, I had no thought to perceive her presence. She took my hand tenderly within hers, and sat down beside me on the floor. She lifted up my head from the boards, and supported it on her knees. I believe she spoke to me many times without my replying. At last I heard her, and rose up at her entreaties. "You are ill, your hands are burning, my beloved," she said. "Go to bed, I beseech you. You need rest." I did as she told me. She thought I slept that night, but the lids seemed tightened and drawn back from my burning eyeballs. All the next day I lay in the same hot and motionless state, I cannot call it repose.

For days I did not rise. I allowed myself to sink under the weight of my despair. I began to give up every idea of exertion.

My mother, one morning, came to my chamber. She sat down by my bedside, and spoke to me. I did not, could not, care to notice her who spoke to me. My mother rose, and walked round to the other side of the bed, towards which my head was turned.—There she stood, and spoke again solemnly. "Henry," she said, "I command you to rise. Dare you to disobey your mother? No more of this unmanly weakness. I must not speak in vain, I have not needed to command before. My son, be yourself. Think of all the claims which this life has upon you; or rather, think of the first high claim of Heaven, and let that teach you to think of other duties, and to perform them! Search your own heart. Probe it deeply. Shrink not. Know your real situation in all its bearings. Changed as it is, face it like a man; and seek the grace of God to support you. I speak the plain truth to you. Your child is an idiot. You must answer to God for your crime.—You will be execrated by mankind, for your hand struck the mind's life from

him. These are harsh words, but you can bear them better than your own confused and agonizing thoughts. Rise up and meet your trial.—Tell me simply, that you obey me. I will believe you, for you never yet have broken your word to me." I replied immediately, rising up and saying, "I do promise to obey you. Within this hour I will meet you, determined to know my duties, and to perform them by the help of God." Oh! with what a look did my noble mother regard me, as I spoke. "God strengthen you, and bless you," she said; "I cannot now trust myself to say more." Her voice was feeble and trembling now, her lip quivered, and a bright flush spread over her thin pale cheek: she bent down over me, and kissed my forehead, and then departed.

Within an hour from the time when my mother left me, I went forth from my chamber with a firm step, determined again to enter upon the performance of my long-neglected duties. I had descended the last step of the grand staircase, when I heard a laugh in the hall beyond. I knew there was but one who could *then* laugh so wildly; and too well I knew the sound of the voice which broke out in tones of wild merriment ere the laugh ceased. For some moments my resolution forsook me. I caught hold of the balustrade to support my trembling limbs, and repressed with a violent effort the groans which I felt bursting from my heart—I recovered myself, and walked into the hall. In the western oriel window, which is opposite the doors by which I entered, sat my revered mother: she lifted up her face from the large volume which lay on her knees, as my steps sounded near: she smiled upon me, and looked down again without speaking. I passed on, but stopped again to gaze on those who now met my sight. In the centre of the hall stood my wife, leaning her cheek on her hand. She gazed upon her son with a smile, but the tears all the while trickled down her face. Maurice was at her feet, the floor around him strewed over with playthings, the toys of his infancy, which he had for years thrown

aside, but had discovered that very morning, and he turned from one to the other as if he saw them for the first time, and looked upon them all as treasures. An expression of rapturous silliness played over the boy's features, but, alas ! though nothing but a fearful childishness was on his face, all the childlike bloom and roundness of that face were gone. The boy now looked indeed older by many years. The smile on his thin lips seemed to struggle vainly with languor and heaviness, his eyelids were half closed, his cheeks and lips were colourless, his whole form wasted away. My wife came to me, and embraced me ; but Maurice noticed me not for many minutes. He looked up at me then, and, rising from the ground, walked towards me. I dreaded that my mournful appearance would affright him, and I stood breathless with my fears. He surveyed me from head to foot, and came close to me, and looked up with pleased curiosity in my face, and then whistled as he walked back to his toys, whistled so loudly, that the shrill sound seemed to pierce through my brains.

August the 15th.

This day I have passed some hours with my poor boy. He is changed indeed. All his manliness of character is gone : he has become timid and feeble as a delicate girl. He shrinks from all exertion, he dislikes bodily exercise.—The weather was so delightful this morning that I took Maurice out into the park ; he gazed round upon the sky, and the trees, and the grass, as if he had never looked upon them before. The boy wandered on with me beyond the boundaries of the park into the forest ; he made me sit down with him on the bank of a narrow brook, and there he amused himself with plucking the little flowers that grew about in the grass, and throwing them into the water. As we sat there, I heard afar off the sounds of huntsmen ; soon after a young stag came bounding over the hill before us, and crossed the stream within twenty yards of the spot where we sat. The whole heart of the boy would at once have leapt within him to follow in the boldest daring of the chase ; but now he lifted up his

head, and stared at the stag with a look of vacant astonishment. The whole hunt, with the full rush and cry of its noisy sport, came near. Up sprang the boy all panting, and ghastly with terror. " Make haste, make haste," he cried out, as I rose ; " take me away ;" he threw his arms round me, and I felt the violent beating of his heart as he clung to me. I would have hurried him away ; but as the dogs and the huntsmen came up close to us, the boy lost all power of moving. I felt him hang heavily on me, and raising his face from my shoulder, I saw that he had fainted. I took him in my arms, and carried him along the banks of the stream, till we were far from all sight and sound of the chase ; and then I laid him on the grass, and bathed his face and hands with water — He recovered slowly, and lay for some minutes leaning his head upon my bosom, and weeping quietly ; his tears relieved him, and he fell asleep—I raised him again in my arms, and carried him still asleep to his chamber.

August the 19th.

My poor injured child loves me. I cannot tell why, but for the last few days he has seemed happier with me than with any other person. He will even leave his mother to follow me.—I feel as if my life were bound up in him ; and yet to look on him is to me a penance, at times almost too dreadful to be borne. How he did sit and smile to-day among the books, for whose knowledge his fine ardent mind once thirsted. They are nothing to him now—he had been before amusing himself by watching the swallows that were flying and tittering about the windows ; when, taking up a book, I tried to read. Maurice left the window, and sat down on the low seat where he had been used to learn his lessons.—He placed a book on the desk before him, and pretended to read ; he looked up, and our eyes met. Again he bent his head over the volume : I had a faint hope that he was really reading ; and, passing softly across the room, I looked over his shoulder. The pages were turned upside down before him, and he smiled on me with his new, his idiot smile : he smiled so long, that I

almost felt as if he wished to give a meaning to his look, and mock the anguish which wrung my heart.

August the 20th.

I had ordered the Arabian horse to be turned out, and this morning I took Maurice to the meadow where Selim was grazing. The little courser raised up its head as we approached, and, recognizing its master, came towards us. Maurice had not noticed the horse before, but then he retreated fearfully, walking backwards. The sagacious animal still advanced, and, turning quickly, the boy fled from him; but the sportive creature still followed, cantering swiftly after him—Maurice shrieked loudly like a terrified girl.—Groaning with the heaviness of my grief, I drove away the once favourite horse of my poor idiot boy.

Sunday, August the 30th.

I have just returned from divine service in the chapel attached to my house. While the chaplain was reading the psalms, Maurice walked softly down the aisle and entered my pew.—He stood before me with his eyes fixed on my face. Whenever I raised my eyes, I met that fixed and vacant gaze. My heart melted within me, and I felt tears rush into my eyes—his sweet but vacant look must often be present with me—it seemed to appeal to me, it seemed to ask for my prayers. Sinner as I am, I dared to think so.—It must be to all an affecting sight to see an idiot in the house of God. It must be a rebuke to hardened hearts, to hearts too cold and careless to worship there,

it must be a rebuke to know that one heart is not *unwilling*, but *unable* to pray. Bitterly I felt this as I looked upon my child. He stood before me a rebuke to all the coldness and carelessness which had ever mingled with my prayers. His vacant features seemed to say, “You have a mind whose powers are not confused—you have a heart to feel, to pray, to praise, and to bless God. The means of grace are daily given to you.” Oh! God, my child stood before me as a more awful rebuke, as a rebuke sent from Thee. Did not his vacant look say also, “Look upon the wreck which your dreadful passions have made?—Think upon what *I was*? Think upon what *I am*?” With a broken heart I listened to the words of life; for while I listened, my poor idiot child leaned upon me, and seemed to listen too—When I bowed my head at the name of Jesus, the poor boy bowed his.—They all knelt down; but just then, I was lost in the thoughtfulness of my despair: my son clasped my hand, and when I looked round I perceived that we alone were standing in the midst of the congregation. He looked me earnestly in the face, and kneeling down, he tried to pull me to kneel beside him. He seemed to invite me to pray for him; I did fall on my knees to pray for him, and for myself; and I rose up, hoping that for my Saviour’s sake, my prayers were heard, and trusting that our Heavenly Father feedeth my helpless child with spiritual food that we know not of—

(La Belle Mag.)

THE TRYSTIN TREE.

WHEN winds are still, and silent eve
Comes, ’ring slowly o’er the lea;
O then, dear maid, thy cottage leave,
And meet me at the trystin tree:
For ’neath its shade, in times gone by,
Have lovers breath’d their hopes and fears:
Its leaves have trembled in their sigh,
Its roots have fed upon their tears.
And fear not, though the star of night
In envy should forget to shine;
Perchance the wand’ring glow-worm’s light
May lead thee to these arms of mine:

But, if no light from earth or sky,
To guide a lover’s path you see;
Then use the lustre of thine eye,
And bright as noon the eve will be,
When thou art there, far, far away
Shall each unruly passion flee;
And Tiviot’s stream will ling’ring stay
To hear my vows of love to thee:
The winds are still, and silent eve
Comes stealing slowly o’er the lea,
O now, dear maid, thy cottage leave,
And meet me at the trystin tree.

REDGAUNTLET. A TALE OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

BY THE "AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY."

THE day for criticising the productions of this great and fertile author has gone by, except when perhaps he may mistake his powers upon a subject, and fall short of his own high standard. As this however has not happened in the present instance, we are happily absolved from that sort of official task which is no less disagreeable to reviewers than to writers. This Tale is not unworthy of the author of Waverley.

Redgauntlet is the name the author has chosen to give to an old Scottish family, whose head was a supporter of the Rebellion of 1745; and for this lost *his head* at Carlisle, as many others did for love of the name of Stuart. The story is laid somewhere about 1765 to 76, when the Pretender was supposed to be framing fresh plots in this country to regain his grandfather's crown; indeed his personal presence in Great Britain about that time is now matter of history. In order to form his story, the author has brought upon the stage a greater diversity of character than in any of his later productions, and has connected the general course of his tale with historical allusions and recollections. The early part of the narrative gives one of the best "auld world stories" which his pen has produced; indeed, it constitutes the germ, as it were, of the fabric he is about to raise. This diablerie, if it may be so termed, is introduced by a blind fiddler named Wandering Willie, who is drawn in the author's best manner after Wilkie. The next, and perhaps the most delightful character in the Novel, is a poor *daft* body named Peter Peebles, long well known in the Parliament House (*Anglice* the Westminster Hall of Edinburgh,) as an unsuccessful litigant in a suit which turned poor Peter's brain; and since David Gellatly, the author has not painted any bewildered brain in such charming relief. These are two of the low characters; another of the same class is Nanty Ewart, the skipper of a smuggling cutter, who is done to the life,

coarsish a little, but a picture of the true cabinet cut. The great character of the piece, and the most powerfully sustained, is Mr. Herries, of Birrenswork. He is the great plotter, the prime mover of every thing; but it would be acting unkindly to our readers to anticipate the story more in describing him, than to give them the motto to Redgauntlet:

Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

Were we to say to which of its predecessors we should compare Redgauntlet, our judgment would fix on Guy Mannering. The story possesses nearly the same degree of *interest* for those who may read fictitious narratives chiefly for that quality;* and its many characters are equally well drawn throughout, true to nature, and affecting in their various bearings the progress and development of the story.—The winding up is indeed admirably dramatic in this respect:—The blind fiddler; the crazy litigant, Peter Peebles; the passive quaker, Geddes;—the reckless smuggler, Nanty; Redgauntlet's base follower, Nixon; and the imp, Benjie; being all employed in bringing about the catastrophe in a manner so skilful, that the upper agents, including Charles Stuart, Redgauntlet and his other adherents, and every principal personage who figures in the tale, are borne along by the force of the circumstances they produce, and are placed by them in situations which utterly control their own determinations and actions.

But Redgauntlet farther engrafts a beauty unknown even to the popular novel to which we have compared it—we allude to the masterly way in which the history of the times and the fiction are made to chime in with and help each other. In this respect it is hardly inferior to Waverley itself. And the

* It is in our regard for such of our readers that we have sedulously avoided any analysis of the story in this Review; generally, we find a good course in noticing works of the same class.—*Ed.*

conclusion—the conclusion is what it ought to be ; at once grand, simple and affecting. There is no labour there, unless it may have been to conceal labour, and extort the surest tribute to talent of a tear without appearing to have wrought for more than a tender shade of feeling.

The author has tried a curious experiment, by making his first volume epistolary, and the last two narrative ; but it is in the force and contrast of his dramatis personæ, however exhibited, that the great merit of this publication consists. The fine sketch of Prince Charles and the object of his wrecking attachment ; the stalwart Redgauntlet, with his constancy of purpose and enthusiasm ; the friendship and nicely drawn distinctions between Darsie Latimer and Alan Fairford ; the old-school lawyer Fairford, so different from Peter Pleydell ; the new and capital whole-length of Peter Peebles ; the minstrel, Willie, also dissimilarly-similar to Ochiltree ; the sober Quaker and

the drunken Skipper ; the hypocrite receiver Trumbull, and his opposed jovial fellow, Crackenthorpe ; the rufian attendant, Nixon, and his infant ape, Benjie ; and, in short, all the individuals drawn are not only excellent in themselves, but in excellent keeping with regard to the general effect and to each other. It may be observed that we have not mentioned any of the females : in fact, none of them are very prominent. Green Mantle, the heroine, is not the most prepossessing lady that could be imagined ; and the rest are no more than mere necessary parts of the household furniture—though they vary, from the Fiddler's wife to the Popish sisters, Miss Arthurets ; and include a fair Quakeress, and a buxom Fisherman's wife.

We have done. After this, the scene made classical by Redgauntlet will still more strongly recall the old saying, or Union proverb—

When Skiddaw has a cap,
Criffel wots full weel of that.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(Sel. Mag.)

EXPOSED STATE OF THE JEWS, AS PREDICTED BY MOSES.

DEUT. xxviii. 65, 66. "*And among these nations shalt thou find no ease ; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life.*"

"A gentleman who for some years was British consul at Tripoli, mentioned some circumstances which set in a striking light the state of fear and degradation in which the Jews there live. The life of a man seems to be valued there no more than the life of a moth. If the bey has a fear or jealousy of any man, he sends some one to put a pistol to his head and shoot him. If it happens to be a Christian, remonstrance is made by the consul to his nation. The bey is quite ready to

give satisfaction : he sends some one to shoot the agent of his cruelty ; and then, with an air of great regret, asks the consul if he is satisfied ? if not, he is ready to give him still further satisfaction. But if the object of his wrath be a Jew, no one would think of demanding satisfaction for his death.—This people feel the curse in full, that among the nations where they are scattered they should find no ease, and have none assurance of their life. They are known by their being compelled to wear a particular dress ; and the Moors exercise the privilege of free ingress at any time into their houses."

Jowett's Christian Researches.

SAMSON DESTROYING THE HOUSE OF THE PHILISTINES.

JUDGES xvi. 30. "*And Samson bowed himself with all his might ;—and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein : so the dead which he slew at his death*

were more than they which he slew in his life."

Some persons have asserted that no building sufficiently capacious to receive so great a number of people

could be constructed so as to rest chiefly upon two pillars. But this is a mistake : for PLINY mentions two theatres built by C. Curio, (who was killed in the civil wars, on Cæsar's side,) which were made of wood, and so extensive as, according to his mode of writing, to hold all the Roman people. They were contrived with such art that each of them depended upon one hinge. This caused Pliny to censure the madness of the people who would venture into a place for their pleasure, where they sat on such an uncertain and unstable seat : for if that hinge had given way, there had been a great-

er slaughter than at the battle of Canne.—This surely removes every thing like difficulty from the Scriptural account alluded to above.

Sir Christopher Wren, whose opinion upon such a subject will be considered as important, feels no hesitation in admitting the fact, and even gives us the form of a building which might be so constructed as to rest entirely upon two pillars. He then concludes with the following remark. “ Now, if Samson, by his miraculous strength, pressing upon one of these pillars, moved it from its basis, the whole roof must of necessity fall.”

THE SMOOTH STONES SELECTED BY DAVID FROM THE BROOK ELAH.

I. SAMUEL, xvii. 40. “ *And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook.*”

“ The chapel belonging to the convent is built over that part of the house where John Baptist is said to have been born : and the village itself stands on the mountain occupied by the Israelites when the Philistines from the neighbouring mountains to the westward defeated the armies of the living God. The

brook between them is that of Elah, whence David chose the five smooth stones with one of which he slew Goliath. It is remarkable that many smooth stones are to be found in the brook to this day, brought probably from a distance by the winter-floods, though those we observed over the surrounding mountains are of an entirely different quality.”

Field Officer's Diary.

Traditions of the Western Highlands.

No. VII.

SAINT COLUMBA.

SOON after Saint Columba established his residence in Iona, tradition says that he paid a visit to a great seminary of druids, then in the vicinity, at a place now called Camusnan Ceul, or Bay of Cells, in the district of Ardnamurchan. Several remains of Druidical circles are still to be seen there, and on that Bay and the neighbourhood many places are still named after their rites and ceremonies ; such as *Ardintibert*, the Mount of Sacrifice, and others. The fame of the Saint had been for sometime well known to the people, and his intention of instructing them in the doctrines of Christianity was announced to them. The ancient priesthood made every exertion to dissuade the inhabitants from hearing the powerful eloquence of Columba displayed, and in this they were seconded

by the principal man then in that country, whose name was Donald, the son of Connal.

The Saint had no sooner made his appearance, however, than he was surrounded with a vast multitude, anxious to hear so celebrated a preacher ; and after the sermon was ended, many persons expressed a desire to be baptized, in spite of the remonstrances of the Druids. Columba had made choice of an eminence centrally situated for performing worship ; but there was no water near the spot, and the son of Connal threatened with punishment any who should dare to procure it for his purpose. The Saint stood with his back leaning on a rock ; after a short prayer, he struck the rock with his foot, and a stream of water issued forth in great abundance. The miracle had a powerful effect on the minds

of his hearers, and many became converts to the new religion. This fountain is still distinguished by the name of Columba, and is considered of superior efficacy in the cure of diseases.—When the Catholic form of worship prevailed in that country, it was greatly resorted to, and old persons yet remember to have seen offerings left at the fountain, in gratitude for benefits received from the benignant influence of the Saint's blessing on its water.—At length, it is said, that a daughter of Donald the son of Connal expressed a wish to be baptized, and the father restrained her by violence. He also, with the aid of the druids, forced Columba to take refuge in his boat, and the holy man departed for Iona, after warning the inhospitable Caledonian to prepare for another world, as his life would soon terminate.

The Saint was at sea during the whole night, which was stormy; and when approaching the shores of his own sacred island the following morning, a vast number of ravens were observed flying over the sea, chasing another of extraordinary large size. The croaking of the ravens awoke the Saint, who had been sleeping; and he instantly exclaimed that the son of Connal had just expired, which was afterwards ascertained to be true.

A very large Christian establishment appears to have been afterwards formed in the Bay of Cells; and the remains of a chapel dedicated to Saint Kieran, are still to be seen there. It is the favourite place of interment among the Catholics at this day. Indeed, Columba and many of his successors seem to have adopted the policy of engrafting their institutions on those which had formerly existed in the country. Of this there are innumerable instances, at least we observe the ruins of both still visible in many places; even in Iona we find the burying ground of the Druids known at the present day. This practice may have had advantages at the time, but it must have been ultimately productive of many corruptions; and, in a great measure, accounts for the many superstitions and absurd customs which prevailed among that people to a very recent period, and which are not yet en-

tirely extinct. In a very ancient family in that country, two round balls of coarse glass have been carefully preserved from time immemorial, and to these have been ascribed many virtues; among others, the cure of any extraordinary disease among cattle. The balls were immersed in cold water for three days and nights, and that water was afterwards sprinkled over all the cattle; this was expected to cure those affected, and to prevent the disease in the rest. From the names and appearance of these balls, there is no doubt that they had been symbols used by the Archdruids.

Within a short distance of the Bay of Cells there is a cave very remarkable in its appearance, and still more so from the purposes to which it has been appropriated. Saint Columba, on one of his many voyages among the Hebrides, was benighted on this rocky coast, and the mariners were alarmed for their own safety. The Saint assured them that neither he nor his crew would ever be drowned. They unexpectedly discovered a light at no great distance, and to that they directed their course. Columba's boat consisted of a frame of osiers, which was covered with hides of leather, and it was received into a very narrow creek close to this cave.—After returning thanks for their escape, the Saint and his people had great difficulty in climbing up to the cave, which is elevated considerably above sea.—They at length got sight of the fire which first had attracted their attention. Several persons sat around it, and their appearance was not much calculated to please the holy man. Their aspects were very fierce, and they had on the fire some flesh roasting over the coals. The Saint gave them his benediction; and he was invited to sit down among them and to share their hurried repast, with which he gladly complied. They were freebooters who lived by plunder and robbery; and this Columba soon discovered. He advised them to forsake that course, and to be converted to his doctrines, to which they all assented, and in the morning they accompanied the Saint on his voyage homeward. This circumstance created a high veneration for the cave

among the disciples and successors of Columba, and that veneration still continues in some degree. In one side of it there was a cleft of the rock, where lay the water with which the freebooters had been baptized; and this was afterwards formed by art into a basin, which is supplied with water by drops from the roof of the cave. It is alleged never to be empty or to overflow, and the most salubrious qualities are ascribed to it. To obtain the benefit of it, however, the votaries must undergo a very severe ordeal. They must be in the cave before day-light, and they are to be stript naked; they stand on the spot where the Saint first landed from his boat, and nine waves must dash

over their heads; they must afterwards pass through nine openings in the walls of the cave; and, lastly, they must swallow nine mouthfuls out of the holy basin. After invoking the aid of the Saint, the votaries are then clothed, and within three weeks they are to be relieved by death or by recovery. Offerings are left in a certain place appropriated for that purpose; and these are sometimes of considerable value, nor are they ever abstracted. Strangers are always informed, that a young man, who had wantonly taken away some of these not many years since, had broken his leg before he got home, and this affords the property of the Saint ample protection.

(Lon. Mag.)

ON GHOSTS.

I look for ghosts—but none will force
 Their way to me; 'tis falsely said
 That there was ever intercourse
 Between the living and the dead.—*Wordsworth.*

WHAT a different earth do we inhabit from that on which our forefathers dwelt! The antediluvian world, strode over by mammoths, preyed upon by the megatherion, and peopled by the offspring of the Sons of God, is a better type of the earth of Homer, Herodotus, and Plato, than the hedged-in cornfields and measured hills of the present day. The globe was then encircled by a wall which paled in the bodies of men, whilst their feathered thoughts soared over the boundary; it had a brink, and in the deep profound which it overhung, men's imaginations, eagle-winged, dived and flew, and brought home strange tales to their believing auditors. Deep caverns harboured giants; cloud-like birds cast their shadows upon the plains; while far out at sea lay islands of bliss, the fair paradise of Atlantis or El Dorado sparkling with untold jewels. Where are they now? The Fortunate Isles have lost the glory that spread a halo round them; for who deems himself nearer to the golden age, because he touches at the Canaries on his voyage to India? Our only riddle is the rise of the Niger; the in-

terior of New Holland, our only terra incognita; and our sole mare incognita, the north-west passage. But these are tame wonders, lions in leash; we do not invest Mungo Park, or the Captain of the Hecla, with divine attributes; no one fancies that the waters of the unknown river bubble up from hell's fountains, no strange and weird power is supposed to guide the ice-berg, nor do we fable that a stray pick-pocket from Botany Bay has found the gardens of the Hesperides within the circuit of the Blue Mountains. What have we left to dream about? The clouds are no longer the charioted servants of the sun, nor does he any more bathe his glowing brow in the bath of Thetis; the rainbow has ceased to be the messenger of the gods, and thunder is no longer their awful voice, warning man of that which is to come. We have the sun which has been weighed and measured, but not understood; we have the assemblage of the planets, the congregation of the stars, and the yet unshackled ministration of the winds:—such is the list of our ignorance.

Nor is the empire of the imagination

less bounded in its own proper creations, than in those which were bestowed on it by the poor blind eyes of our ancestors. What has become of enchantresses with their palaces of crystal and dungeons of palpable darkness? What of fairies and their wands? What of witches and their familiars? and, last, what of ghosts, with beckoning hands and fleeting shapes, which quelled the soldier's brave heart, and made the murderer disclose to the astonished noon the veiled work of midnight? These which were realities to our forefathers, in our wiser age—

— Characterless are grated
To dusty nothing.

Yet is it true that we do not believe in ghosts? There used to be several traditionary tales repeated, with their authorities, enough to stagger us when we consigned them to that place where that is which “is as though it had never been.” But these are gone out of fashion. Brutus's dream has become a deception of his over-heated brain, Lord Lytton's vision is called a cheat; and one by one these inhabitants of deserted houses, moonlight glades, misty mountain tops, and midnight church-yards, have been ejected from their immemorial seats, and small thrill is felt when the dead majesty of Denmark blanches the cheek and unsettles the reason of his philosophic son.

But do none of us believe in ghosts? If this question be read at noon-day, when—

Every little corner, nook, and hole,
Is penetrated with the insolent light—

at such a time derision is seated on the features of my reader. But let it be twelve at night in a lone house; take up, I beseech you, the story of the Bleeding Nun; or of the Statue, to which the bridegroom gave the wedding ring, and she came in the dead of night to claim him, tall, white, and cold; or of the Grandsire, who with shadowy form and breathless lips stood over the couch and kissed the foreheads of his sleeping grand-children, and thus doomed them to their fated death; and let all these details be assisted by solitude, flapping curtains,

rushing wind, a long and dusky passage, an half open door—O, then truly, another answer may be given, and many will request leave to sleep upon it, before they decide whether there be such a thing as a ghost in the world, or out of the world, if that phraseology be more spiritual. What is the meaning of this feeling?

For my own part, I never saw a ghost except once in a dream. I feared it in my sleep; I awoke trembling, and lights and the speech of others could hardly dissipate my fear. Some years ago I lost a friend, and a few months afterwards visited the house where I had last seen him. It was deserted, and though in the midst of a city, its vast halls and spacious apartments occasioned the same sense of loneliness as if it had been situated on an uninhabited heath. I walked through the vacant chambers by twilight, and none save I awakened the echoes of their pavement. The far mountains (visible from the upper windows) had lost their tinge of sunset;—the tranquil atmosphere grew leaden coloured as the golden stars appeared in the firmament; no wind ruffled the shrunk-up river which crawled lazily through the deepest channel of its wide and empty bed; the chimes of the Ave Maria had ceased, and the bell hung moveless in the open belfry: beauty invested a reposing world, and awe was inspired by beauty only. I walked through the rooms filled with sensations of the most poignant grief. He had been there; his living frame had been caged by those walls, his breath had mingled with that atmosphere, his step had been on those stones, I thought:—the earth is a tomb, the gaudy sky a vault, we but walking corpses. The wind rising in the east rushed through the open casements, making them shake;—methought, I heard, I felt—I know not what—but I trembled. To have seen him but for a moment. I would have knelt until the stones had been worn by the impress, so I told myself, and so I knew a moment after, but then I trembled, awe-struck and fearful. Wherefore? There is something beyond us of which we are ignorant. The sun drawing up the va-

porous air makes a void, and the wind rushes in to fill it,—thus beyond our soul's ken there is an empty space ;—and our hopes and fears, in gentle gales or terrific whirlwinds, occupy the vacuum ; and if it does no more, it bestows on the feeling heart a belief that influences do exist to watch and guard us, though they be impalpable to the coarser faculties.

I have heard that when Coleridge was asked if he believed in ghosts,—he replied that he had seen too many to put any trust in their reality ; and the person of the most lively imagination that I ever knew echoed this reply.—But these were not real ghosts (pardon, unbelievers, my mode of speech) that they saw ; they were shadows, phantoms unreal ; that while they appalled the senses, yet carried no other feeling to the mind of others than delusion, and were viewed as we might view an optical deception which we see to be true with our eyes, and know to be false with our understandings. I speak of other shapes. The returning bride who claims the fidelity of her betrothed ; the murdered man who shakes to remorse the murderer's heart ; ghosts that lift the curtains at the foot of your bed as the clock chimes one : who rise all pale and ghastly from the churchyard and haunt their ancient abodes ; who, spoken to, reply ; and whose cold unearthly touch makes the hair stand stark upon the head ; the true old-fashioned, foretelling, flitting, gliding ghost,—who has seen such a one ?

I have known two persons who at broad daylight have owned that they believed in ghosts, for that they had seen one. One of these was an Englishman, and the other an Italian.—The former had lost a friend he dearly loved, who for awhile appeared to him nightly, gently stroking his cheek, and spreading a serene calm over his mind. He did not fear the appearance, altho' he was somewhat awe-stricken as each night it glided into his chamber, and,

Ponsi del letto in su la sponda manca.

This visitation continued for several weeks, when by some accident he altered his residence, and then he saw it no more. Such a tale may easily be explained away ;—but several years

had passed, and he, a man of strong and virile intellect, said that “ he had seen a ghost.”

The Italian was a noble, a soldier, and by no means addicted to superstition : he had served in Napoleon's armies from early youth, and had been rewarded, and he unhesitatingly, and with deep belief, recounted his story.

This Chevalier, a young, and (some-what a miraculous incident) a gallant Italian, was engaged in a duel with a brother officer, and wounded him in the arm. The subject of the duel was frivolous ; and distressed therefore at its consequences he attended on his youthful adversary during his consequent illness, so that when the latter recovered they became firm and dear friends. They were quartered together at Milan, where the youth fell desperately in love with the wife of a musician, who disdained his passion, so that it preyed on his spirits and his health ; he absented himself from all amusements, avoided all his brother officers, and his only consolation was to pour his love-sick complaints into the ear of the Chevalier, who strove in vain to inspire him either with indifference towards the fair disdainer, or to inculcate lessons of fortitude and heroism. As a last resource he urged him to ask leave of absence ; and to seek, either in change of scene, or the amusement of hunting, some diversion to his passion. One evening the youth came to the Chevalier, and said, “ Well, I have asked leave of absence, and am to have it early to-morrow morning, so lend me your fowling-piece and cartridges, for I shall go to hunt for a fortnight.” The Chevalier gave him what he asked ; among the shot were a few bullets. “ I will take these also,” said the youth, “ to secure myself against the attack of any wolf, for I mean to bury myself in the woods.”

Although he had obtained that for which he came, the youth still lingered. He talked of the cruelty of his lady, lamented that she would not even permit him a hopeless attendance, but that she inexorably banished him from her sight, “ so that,” said he, “ I have no hope but in oblivion.” At length he rose to depart. He took the Cheva-

lier's hand and said, "You will see her tomorrow, you will speak to her, and hear her speak; tell her, I intreat you, that our conversation to-night has been concerning her, and that her name was the last that I spoke." "Yes, yes," cried the Chevalier, "I will say any thing you please; but you must not talk of her any more, you must forget her." The youth embraced his friend with warmth, but the latter saw nothing more in it than the effects of his affection, combined with his melancholy at absenting himself from his mistress, whose name, joined to a tender farewell, was the last sound that he uttered.

When the Chevalier was on guard that night, he heard the report of a gun. He was at first troubled and agitated by it, but afterwards thought no more about it, and when relieved from guard went to bed, although he passed a restless, sleepless night. Early in the morning some one knocked at his door. It was a soldier, who said that he had got the young officer's leave of absence, and had taken it to his house; a servant had admitted him, and he had gone up stairs, but the room door of the officer was locked, and no one answered to his knocking, but something oozed through from under the door that looked like blood. The Chevalier, agitated and frightened at this account, hurried to his friend's house, burst open the door, and found him stretched on the ground—he had blown out his brains, and the body lay a headless trunk, cold, and stiff.

The shock and grief which the Chevalier experienced in consequence of this catastrophe produced a fever which lasted for some days. When he got well, he obtained leave of absence, and went into the country to divert his mind. One evening at moonlight, he was returning home from a walk, and passed through a lane with a hedge on both sides, so high that he could not see over them. The night was balmy;—the bushes gleamed with fireflies, brighter than the stars which the moon had veiled with her silver light. Suddenly he heard a rustling near him, and the figure of his friend issued from the hedge, and stood before him, mutilated as he had seen him after his death.—This figure he saw several times, al-

ways in the same place. It was impalpable to the touch, motionless, except in its advance, and made no sign when it was addressed. Once the Chevalier took a friend with him to the spot.—The same rustling was heard, the same shadow stepped forth, his companion fled in horror, but the Chevalier staid, vainly endeavouring to discover what called his friend from his quiet tomb, and if any act of his might give repose to the restless shade.

Such are my two stories, and I record them the more willingly, since they occurred to men, and to individuals distinguished the one for courage and the other for sagacity. I will conclude my "modern instances," with a story told by M. G. Lewis, not probably so authentic as these, but perhaps more amusing. I relate it as nearly as possible in his own words.

"A gentleman journeying towards the house of a friend, who lived on the skirts of an extensive forest, in the east of Germany, lost his way. He wandered for some time among the trees, when he saw a light at a distance. On approaching it he was surprised to observe that it proceeded from the interior of a ruined monastery. Before he knocked at the gate he thought it proper to look through the window.—He saw a number of cats assembled round a small grave, four of whom were at that moment letting down a coffin with a crown upon it. The gentleman startled at this unusual sight, and, imagining that he had arrived at the retreats of fiends or witches, mounted his horse and rode away with the utmost precipitation. He arrived at his friend's house at a late hour, who sat up waiting for him. On his arrival his friend questioned him as to the cause of the traces of agitation visible in his face. He began to recount his adventures after much hesitation, knowing that it was scarcely possible that his friend should give faith to his relation. No sooner had he mentioned the coffin with the crown upon it, than his friend's cat, who seemed to have been lying asleep before the fire, leaped up, crying out, 'Then I am king of the cats;'—and then scrambled up the chimney, and was never seen more."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(Blackwood's Edin. Mag.)

HIS LANDLADY. A FRAGMENT.

*** **W**HEN at college himself he had been a little gay, and remembering the consequences of his own follies, was anxious that I should pay some attention to Edmund.

"I know your habits," said he; "but what I mean by attention is not that sort of hospitable kindness, which is apt to bring on the very evil I wish to guard against; in a ward, I entreat for him the attention of an observant eye—the eye of a censor—as well as the occasional advice of a friend."

Heaven knows how ill qualified I am by nature for any office of severity, especially towards the aberrations of young men. Among the pleasantest recollections of my youth, are many things that old age now told me were very naughty, while it makes me sigh that I shall never perform them again.

But how could I refuse such a request?—I had not heard of Lumley for more than forty years, and to be so affectionately reminded of the follies we had committed together—Follies!—what vile translations are made by old age—and these same follies, the very thing which, by the alchymy of old companionship, had enriched me with virtues, that made him anxious I should superintend the education—rather let me say, the follies! of his only son.

Accordingly next morning, immediately after breakfast, I went to Mrs. Lesley's lodgings. She lived in a fourth flat in George's Street, but I was so buoyant with the hope of seeing a renewed, and, as I was led to believe, an improved version of Lumley, that I felt neither gout nor age in ascending. On reaching the door, however, I was rather startled to observe, not that it was newly painted, one of the common lures of the season, but that the brass-plate with the name was new, and seemingly fresh from the engraver.

I halted on the stairhead, and looking at the plate before ringing the bell, said to myself, "I do not like this—a new comer—inexperienced—short commons, garnished with tales of better days, won't do—" and with a slight degree of fervency, the natural excitement of the ideas which the brass had

conjured up, I somewhat testily touched the bell.

It was too long I thought of being answered; and I caught myself saying "slatternly wench," as I again laid my finger on the spring.

While the bell was sounding the second summons, the door was opened, not as I expected, by a sooty besmeared drab, with dishevelled locks, and a hearth brush in her hand, looking from behind the door, as if she expected a thief, but by a little girl of some six or seven years old—the loveliest creature I have ever seen, dressed with the most perfect simplicity, and her ringlets clustering all over her head, in curls as small, pretty, and natural, as the wool buds of the fleece of the lamb.

"Is Mr. Edward Lumley at home, my dear?" said I, patting her instinctively on the head with, I know not wherefore, a sentiment of pity, as my eye accidentally fell again on the ugly new brass-plate with her mother's name.

"I don't know, but please to walk into the parlour, and I will inquire," was the answer, delivered with an engaging, modest, self-possession, and with an English accent, that seemed, if I may say so, appropriately in unison with the beauty and gentleness of the lovely fairy's air and appearance.

I accordingly followed her into the parlour, which I saw was newly furnished. The carpet was new—the chairs were new, but the tables were evidently second hand, so was the grate and its appurtenances, even to the hearth-rug. Every thing was perfectly suitable to the style of the room, except a few ornaments on the mantle-piece, consisting of neat toys, made of paper, ingeniously painted. They had more the character of ornaments for the mosaic tables of a boudoir, than for the chimney-shelf of a boarding house parlour; an old squat spoutless china tea-pot, with a cup or two, odiously reminding one of senna, would have been more appropriate; but I thought of the pretty creature that had gone to inquire for young Lumley, and I said to myself, thinking no more of his comforts, but only of the family, "They are begin-

ners, and will learn before the winter is over to dispense with these gew-gaws." At that moment a cold fit came upon me; I thought of the blooming child, and I looked again at those tasteful ornaments.

"I hope in God," said I, "that she has no sister capable of making and painting such things—This house will never do, if Edmund has much of his father in him."

While I was thus relapsing into the peevish humour in which I had first touched the bell, the parlour door was opened by a tall and elegant gentlewoman, in the weeds of a widow. It was Mrs. Lesley; she was about five-and-thirty, probably not so old; but no one, seeing her, for the first time, would ever have thought of her age, there was so much of an ever-green spirit in the liveliness of her look, and the beautiful intelligence of her eye—what she said about Edmund I do not recollect, nor do I believe that I heard it, so much was I entranced by the appearance of *such* a lady in a condition so humble.

I imagine that she saw my embarrassment, for she requested me to be seated, and again said something about her boarder, adding, with an apparent equanimity that was exceedingly touching, "He has gone to bring a friend here, who arrived from Westmoreland last night; for as yet I have got but himself."

"Is it possible?" said I, not well knowing what I said.

"I am sorry it is true," replied she with a smile; but there was a despondency in the tone that ill accorded with the gaiety of the look, and she added seriously, "I must, however, try a little longer. If Mr. Lumley brings his friend, perhaps his friend may bring another. It is in this way I expect to succeed, for I have no friends to recommend me."

"Good heavens! madam," exclaimed I, no longer able to suppress the emotion with which I was affected, "how is it that you are in this condition?—how have you come here, and without friends?—Who are you?—what are you?"

The latter questions were imperti-

nent certainly, but the feeling which dictated them, lent, I presume, so fitting an accent to their earnestness, that they neither gave offence, nor implied any thing derogatory to the elegant and unfortunate widow to whom they were addressed.

"I am not surprised at your wonder," said she, "for I do sometimes think myself that I am not very properly at home here. But what can a friendless woman do? without fortune, and with children that——"

She could say no more—the tears rushed into her eyes—and emotion stifled what she would have added.

After a brief pause, I mustered confidence enough to address her again.—"I entreat your pardon, madam, and I hope you will not think me impertinent for saying, that your appearance, and the business in which you have embarked, are so sadly at variance, that I should account myself wanting in the performance of a grave duty, if I did not ask for some explanation."

"It is natural you should," said she, wiping the tear from her cheek; "and two words will satisfy you—'pride and poverty.' Pride has brought me to Edinburgh, because I am here unknown, and poverty has induced me to try this mode of"—her voice struggled, but she soon subdued the emotion, and added, "for my children. I have four—two boys older, and one girl younger, than my little house-maid."

"House-maid!" said I, almost with the alarm of consternation.

She smiled again, but it was such a smile that tears were inadequate to express the sadness of heart which it betokened. "It is even so," said she. "for, until I obtain another boarder, I cannot venture to engage a regular servant. The little money which I raised by the sale of my trinkets is all I have, and the purchase of these few necessities, (glancing her eye round the room,) has made, I assure you, no small inroad on it."

"Heavens! madam,—and if you do not get boarders, and it run out, what is to become of you?" was my silly exclamation, being by this time quite beside myself.

She looked at me for some time.—

She evidently struggled with a terrible feeling ; but she conquered it, and said, with a common, easy, conversational tone, which her eye, however, made sublimely awful, "You should not ask such a question at one in my circumstances."

The bell, at this juncture, was rung, and in a minute or so afterwards young Lumley entered, with disappointment and grief so visible in his countenance, that I felt as if my own heart was absolutely perishing away.

* * * * *

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Eclectic Review. July.)

HOME.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

WHERE burns the lov'd hearth brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possess'd?
Where is the smile of sadness,
Of meek-eyed Patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness
Which Mirth's bright cheek adorn?—
Pleasure is mark'd by fleetness,
To those who ever roam;
While grief itself has sweetness
At Home! dear Home!

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief:
There eyes in all their splendour,
Are vocal to the heart,
And glances gay or tender
Fresh eloquence impart:
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O! do not widely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At Home! dear Home!

Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than aught below?
Would'st thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples built for prayer;
For Home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there:
The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roam;
If worshipless her altar
At Home! dear Home!

Love over it presideth,
With meek and watchful awe,
Its daily service guideth,
And shows its perfect law;
If there thy faith shall fail thee,
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayers avail thee
With kneeling crowds around?
Go! leave thy gift unoffer'd,
Beneath Religion's dome,
And be her first-fruits proffer'd
At Home! dear Home!

(New Mon. Mag.)

TROUBADOUR SONGS.

1.

THE warrior cross'd the ocean's foam,
For the stormy fields of war;
The maid was left in a smiling home,
And a sunny land afar.
His voice was heard where javelin-shower
Pour'd on the steel-clad line;
Her step was midst the summer-flowers,
Her seat beneath the vine.
His shield was cleft, his lance was riven,
And the red blood stain'd his crest;

While she—the gentlest wind of Heaven
Might scarcely fan her breast.

Yet a thousand arrows pass'd him by,
And again he cross'd the seas;
But she had died, as roses die,
That perish with a breeze!

As roses die, when the blast is come,
For all things bright and fair;—
There was Death within the smiling home,
How had death found her *there*?

2.

They rear'd no trophy o'er his grave,
They bade no requiem flow;
What left they there, to tell the brave
That a warrior sleeps below?

A shiver'd spear, a cloven shield,
A helm with its white plume torn,

And a blood-stain'd turf on the fatal field,
Where a chief to his rest was borne!

He lies not where his fathers sleep,
But who hath a tomb more proud?
For the Syrian wilds his record keep,
And a banner is his shroud!

MR. BOWDICH, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

THAT the world which we inhabit at present is not worth enjoying, unless it lead to a better and a holier habitation, requires no argument to prove. We live here for a moment, and there is an end to us, so far, at least, as regards temporal or material existence. If then, the termination of this life be the term of all our hopes and expectations, what are these hopes and expectations worth? From the highest to the lowest circle of society, pleasure and pain seem to be equally divided; and if so, why cling to a planet which is not worth enjoying, or rather where enjoyment is more than recompensed by its attendant pains. If we be mere mortals, if there be nothing ethereal, nothing celestial, nothing immortal about us, what advantage do we possess over the irrational brute; nay, over that clod of earth whose nutriment sustains us, and to which, in this case, we owe, if not our origin, at least the short span of our existence? What avail those sublime emotions, those aspirings after immortality, those feelings and sympathies which raise us, or, at least, seem to raise us, above inanimate existence? Is there a God? If there be, why give us these eternal cravings after a better, a happier, a sublimer, a holier, a more angelic, a more celestial state? But why say *more angelic*, *more celestial*? The comparison has unwittingly escaped us; for here there is nothing angelic, nothing celestial — There is a something within us, it is true, that aspires after immortality, something that perceives the imperfections, the weaknesses, the worthlessness of our present state, and that leads us to hope that we are only the ruins of a sublimer and more ethereal order of beings to which our own conduct may once more restore us; but if we be deceived, if the span of earthly be the span of human existence, if the little virtues which we possess be intended for no better purpose than that of preventing us from destroying each other, and extinguishing our race upon earth, why, then, let earth and its enjoyments pass away, and let us, who are the mere bubbles of its creation, re-

turn as soon as possible to our original nothingness. Let us not be ambitious of that life which an elephant enjoys longer than we do; but let us court that eternal silence which equally cancels our virtues and our crimes, and which makes no distinction between the moral and the impious man.

These reflections have been suggested by the death of Mr. Bowdich, a young man of great ambition, and of great virtue. All the anticipations of the former are vanished; let us hope, and we do hope, that all the fruits of the latter remain, and that, though the ardent spirit of adventure which marked the leading features of his character—a spirit that prompted him to measures, which, if successful, would tend to promote the immediate interests of his own country, and, perhaps, remotely those of Europe—a spirit which forsook him not even in his last illness, and the restless energies of which are thought to have accelerated his untimely fate,—let us hope, we say, that though this spirit existed without accomplishing the objects for which it seemed to have been given, it is not, however, without its reward in that undiscovered clime whence no traveller returns.

Mr. Bowdich was born in June, 1793, at Bristol. His father was a respectable manufacturer, and at one time a wool-merchant. He received the elements of his education at the grammar school of that city, whence he was sent to Corsham, in Wiltshire, and placed at a classical seminary of great reputation. After leaving Corsham, he became attached to one of the halls, though we are not certain that he was regularly matriculated.

He entered into the matrimonial state at a very early period, and, having taken a share in his father's business, enjoyed, in the amiable object of his affections, and partner of his cares, all the happiness which that state is calculated to impart. His mind, however, wanted that exercise which it required, and accordingly prompted him to enter into a more ample field, where it might display those energies of which

it felt itself conscious. Having a near relative who filled an important situation on the gold coast, he obtained an appointment as writer in the service of the African Company. He arrived at Cape Coast Castle in 1816, and was shortly afterwards joined by his wife, who took a part in his scientific labours. It having been resolved to send an embassy to the interior kingdom of Ashantee, Mr. Bowdich sought permission to lead or accompany it; and he was accordingly appointed to the perilous enterprise, and happily succeeded in accomplishing all the objects of the mission. On this occasion Mr. Bowdich displayed the greatest prudence; but his intrepidity always kept pace with his caution and reserve.

On his return to England to solicit the means of extending his researches, he published a quarto account of his mission, and received a marked and flattering attention from the most eminent literary and scientific characters. His high spirit and patriotic zeal led him to expose those abuses in our African settlements that led to the suppression of the African company by government. But his own services were left unrewarded, and the employment arising from his successful exertions were given to another. We are told that he afterwards repaired to Paris, with the view of perfecting his knowledge in the physical sciences, by the means with which that city abounds. His reception there was as generous as it was flattering: Humboldt, Cuvier, Biot, Denon, in short, all the *savans*, bestowed on him the most distinguished attention; a public *éloge*

was pronounced on him at a meeting of the Four Academies of the Institute, and an advantageous appointment offered by the French government. Too much an Englishman, however, to accept this offer, Mr. Bowdich continued in Paris a considerable time, endeavoring to obtain, by his own industry, the means of pursuing the object of his fond ambition; and having at length effected the necessary arrangements, he took his departure from Europe, accompanied by his wife and two children, hoping, by further achievements in the field of science, to establish a stronger claim upon society at large.

The first intelligence received of Mr. Bowdich is, that he has died a martyr in the cause to which he has dedicated himself, leaving an accomplished and amiable widow with three children totally unprovided for. Our limits will not allow us to do justice to Mr. Bowdich's talents and acquirements: they were, however, of a very high order.—He was a profound classic and linguist, an excellent mathematician, well versed in most of the physical sciences, in ancient and modern history, and in polite literature.

Mr. Bowdich was a member of many of the learned societies of this country and the Continent; and, besides the very interesting account of his mission to Ashantee, was the author of several scientific works. In the death of such an individual, combining, as he did, so many valuable qualifications for a traveller, the cause of science has sustained a loss not easily to be repaired.

(New Mon.)

THE LAST ROSE.

THE Rose of the summer is gone,
The fairest and loveliest one,
Of mortals an emblem how true!
While the leaves yet are lying
All under the tree where it grew,
As if sweetest in dying,
Their odour would waft not away
With the sigh that is breathed in decay.

Alas, if the brightest of eye
And the warmest of heart are to die,
If all we love truest and best,
Whom in absence we cherish.

Shall go to the home of their rest:
Like those roses that perish,
Their memory will cast a perfume
O'er the silence and night of the tomb.

Lamented through many a year,
If time e'er can hallow the tear
That fond recollection will give
For those we adore so,
Shall their virtue direct us to live,
And cease to deplore so;
For they know neither sorrow nor pain
In the land where we soon meet again.

ADVISERS.

(New Monthly, July.)

THERE is a family named Partington, that has lately commenced its residence in Upper Harley-street. It consists of a father, a mother, two sons, and two daughters. The father is a sturdy, red-face, good sort of man, and the mother is a slender, sallow, good sort of woman. John, the elder son, is with his father in the wine and spirit line, in America-square: Charles, the younger son, is in the law: the two girls expect to be married. There is at present a great deal of *Advice* stirring about London, and the Partingtons have given and received more than their due proportion of it. It has often astonished me why so much of that commodity has been, and continues to be given: nobody thanks you for it:—indeed, nine people out of ten tell you, in pretty plain terms, to keep your advice to yourself—yet still we continue to give it. Never was benevolence more gratuitous than ours!

Hardly was old Partington well settled in Upper Harley-street, in a most commodious situation, inasmuch as it commanded a corner view of the outside of the Diorama, with a peep at the little statue of the late Duke of Kent at the top of Portland-place, when he received a visit from his crony Mr. Chapman, of Devonshire-square, Bishopsgate-street, who called to give him some advice as to his recent proceedings. Mr. Chapman commenced his harangue in one of the accustomed forms: "Now, Mr. Partington, I am sure you have too much good sense to be offended at what I am about to say:" Mr. Partington, assured him, in answer, that he had a great deal too much good sense; whereupon the adviser, in reply, began to descant upon the extreme folly of Mr. Partington, in quitting his city residence to sojourn in Upper Harley-street. The adviser reminded the advisee of those happy days when, Bedlam being then standing upon London Wall, they used to walk up and down Moorfields in front of the iron gates of that edifice, for half an hour before dinner to get an appetite. A needless ceremony, but persisted in notwithstanding. Mr. Partington owned, with down-

cast eyes, that such had been their practice; but alleged in his defence, that nobody lived in the city at present,—“even Bedlam has deserted it,” exclaimed he, with a sigh. “True,” answered the adviser, “and if you had removed your quarters to St. George’s Fields, I should not have so much wondered; but what the deuce could draw you up to Upper Harley-street? Why, now, there was last Thursday, you gave us a dinner; the party consisted of Tom Jackson, Chatfield, Shuttleworth, Newman, and myself. Jackson lives in Watling-st Chatfield in Crutched Friars, Shuttleworth in Barbican, Newman in Sise-lane, and I in Devonshire-square. We came, as you may remember, in a hackney-coach together, and we talked you and your family over all the way, from Cheapside to the corner of Cavendish-square. We each of us agreed to give you some good advice with respect to coming back again to the city: but, somehow, when it came to the push, nobody was bold enough to begin. Let me now advise you as a friend: if you have not yet signed and sealed, declare off, and come back again. We have dined with you once in the way of friendship; but, my dear Jonathan, when you could have us all to dinner in a ring fence, within one hundred yards of the Royal Exchange, what could put it into your head to drag us four miles off, to cut your mutton in Marybone parish?” Mr. Chapman now retired, and Mr. Partington took his advice as children take physic, by canting it out of the window the moment the apothecary’s back is turned. The lease was executed that very morning, and Mr. Partington, notwithstanding a strong internal aversion to the hot chalky dusty corner of the Portland-road, became tenant of the house in Upper Harley-street for twenty-one years, from Christmas day then last past.—Men in the spirit line are not to be advised with impunity.

Whilst this affair was transacting in the small back apartment behind the dining-room (the only one in the whole house which a married man can call his own, and even this is apt to be invaded by hats, canes, and umbrellas

out of number), advice was going on at a great rate in the front drawing-room up stairs. Mrs. Chambers was full tilt at Mrs. Partington, advising her how to manage her family. "My dear Mem, (for to this diminutive is our French madame humbled since the Revolution)—my dear Mem," said this matronly Mentor, "only conceive that you should never have heard of Doctor Level. I've got three of my girls down under his hands, and I hope to get Julia down the moment she comes from school."—"Down! Mrs. Chambers, I don't quite understand you."—"No! only conceive how odd! By down, I mean down flat upon their backs upon their sofas. Dr. Level says it's the only way to bring up girls straight. All depends upon the spine: nerves, bile, tooth-ache, asthma, and every thing of that kind: all springs from the spine."—"Well! but, Mrs. Chambers, is not horse exercise a better thing? my girls ride in St. James's Park now and then, with their brother Charles as a make-weight. I can assure you, several young men of very considerable property ride there; and, according to my calculation, men are more apt to fall in love on horseback than on foot."—"Horseback! only conceive how dreadful! Doctor Level won't hear of it: he says girls should be kept quiet—quite quiet: now you know Anna is short and rather thick in her figure: the poor girl burst into tears on reading that Lord Byron hated a dumpy woman: I was quite in despair about her: only conceive! no more figure than my thumb! I spoke to Doctor Level about it, and he said, 'It's no matter, she must have *long gaiters*.'"

—"Long gaiters, Mrs. Chambers! a very pretty appurtenance to a grenadier, but surely for a diminutive young lady—"—"Oh, Mem, I beg your pardon; it's the best thing in the world: let me advise you as a friend to try the long gaiters.* I'll venture to say, that in six years he would make little Crachami as long as the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. How he manages it I don't know: but there are two long straps that keep down the shoulders and flatten the ankles; then he turns a

sort of screw, under the sofa, which sets the straps in motion, and pulls out the body just for all the world, as if he were rolling out paste for a gooseberry-pie crust. Well, my dear Mem, would you believe it? we have already gained two inches; and Doctor Level promises me, if I keep Anna quite quiet for three years and seven months, she may get up quite a genteel figure—Jemima and Lucy are rather better figures: I hope to have them up and about in a twelvemonth."—"Poor girls, don't they find it very dull?"—"Oh no; I left them this morning with 'Irving's Four Orations,' and 'Southey's History of the Brazils.' Plenty of amusement, that's my maxim! Let me advise you as a friend to follow my example." Mrs. Chambers was qualified to give all this advice from living in Lower Grosvenor-street, which gave her much more knowledge of the world, (especially on a fine Sunday) than could be possessed by an inhabitant of Upper Harley-street. Mrs. Partington, for the same reason, was bound to take it in seeming thankfulness. Most fortunate was it for the two Misses Partington, that their mamma was 'advised as a friend.' But for those soul-revolting expressions, Mrs. Partington might have been induced to call in Doctor Level to bind her daughters' back bones over to their good behaviour: and the two Misses Partington, in lieu of cantering under the back-wall of Marlborough House, and kicking up as much dust as a couple of countesses, might, at this present writing, have been flat on their backs, in the back drawing room in Upper Harley-street, like a couple of Patiences on a monument, smiling at a whitewashed ceiling!

The trunk of the family-tree of the Partingtons is not the only part of that venerable fabric destined to be assailed by advice. The branches have suffered considerably by the same tempest. John Partington, the eldest son, is suspected of entertaining a *penchant* for Fanny Smith, a figurante at the Coburg Theatre. The affair has been long whispered in the family, and his aunt Isabella has lately thought it her duty to give him a little advice. "Nephew John," said aunt Isabella, "sit down by

* Qu. Elongaters? Editor.

the fire, but don't put your feet upon that hearth-rug. Is not it pretty? I bought it of Mrs. Fry, who bought it of an interesting young woman in Newgate. John, you know I have your good at heart." John fidgeted, and looked wistfully at his hat, which he had left unluckily out of reach. Mrs. Isabella, after the above stock prelude, poured forth her cornucopia of advice; which she assured him she should not have given, if she had not been sure of his having too much good sense to feel offended at what she was about to say. She begged to hint to him in confidence, that his goings on were no secret: she pointed to Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," a series of delicate engravings that adorned the walls of her boudoir: she then took down a volume of Bell's "British Theatre," which she opened at George Barnwell, and assured him that it was every word true: she proved to his conviction that virtue was a good thing and vice a bad one: and concluded by intimating, that figurantes were, like tetotums, to be looked at, but not touched. John Partington promised amendment; and on the very day following, drove Fanny Smith in his Stanhope to Epsom races, in a white satin pelisse and a Leghorn hat with an undulating brim. In so doing, John Partington, I fear, acted too hastily.—He should first have consulted his biographical dictionary, wherein he might surely have found many instances of men who had given up a young mistress, because desired so to do by an old aunt. No such case occurs to me, off hand, but many are doubtless to be met with in the books.

But of all advisers, commend me to Charles Partington, the youngest son; who, as I before mentioned, is bred to the law. To be sure the young man has suffered advice in his time, about giving up Lord Byron, and striking to his Term Reports, but that is no reason

for his inflicting it so unmercifully upon others. Charles always advises his two sisters whom to dance with, and where to buy their white kid gloves and Albums. Charles Partington's last advice is scattered upon his cousin Emily Green, who was courted by Captain Taper. Charles advised her by no means to think of him, and then trotted all over London in quest of proofs. These did not extend beyond showing the lover to be a swindler, a drunkard, and a debauchee; but they seemed to answer every purpose. Emily cried; and, possessed by her adviser of all the Captain's frailties in a focus, said she was now quite happy: she could never sufficiently thank her cousin Charles for the good advice he had given her: she begged he would take charge of a whole packet of love-letters and deliver them to the Captain, receiving hers in exchange. Charles snatched up the deposit, and ran across the Park to Arabella-row, Piccadilly, as hard as he could lay leg to the ground. He found the Captain at home, and, after giving him a world of good advice with respect to paying his debts, and leaving off wine and women, laid his budget of epistles upon the table. The Captain, with sorrowful solemnity, gave up Emily's letters in return; and as a parting request, urged Charles Partington to deliver a final leavetaking letter to Emily. Charles (with a sagacity which hereafter must make him a Master in Chancery, at least) complied with the lover's request; and on his return, advised Emily as a friend not to read it. Emily said she would not, but told him he might as well leave it on the table.—Charles did leave it on the table. (A Master in Chancery? phoo! he will be a Master of the Rolls!) and, in a week, the Morning Post told the world that Captain Taper and Emily Green were man and wife.

MR. LOWRY.

We lament to notice in the newspapers, the death of Mr. Lowry, the celebrated engraver: a man of as rare talents and solid endowments as any with whom it is ever our lot to meet.

MR. WATT.

A liberal subscription has been entered upon, for a Monument to the late James Watt. We are sorry to see it announced for the inside of a church, instead of a conspicuous public situation.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

(*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*)

THE Merman, or Mermaid, (for it seems the sex of this nondescript is not precisely known) commanded my early visit to Piccadilly. There, indeed, I saw, as one Shakespeare says, "a fish; he [or she] smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor John. A strange fish"—and it might well be added from the same author, who seems to have written something applicable to all times, past, present and future, "in England now, but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian, with his fins like arms." Thus it has been, is, and probably will be to the end of the chapter of human curiosity. The present monster, to the upper parts, as far as the breast, of an animal resembling the order *Quadrupedia* (class *Mammalia*) has the lower extremities of a fish. The arms are covered with a sort of scale or reticuled skin, and the fingers are without webs. It is in a very dry condition, which renders critical examination impossible; and therefore its authenticity rests on the assurances of its owners, and the affidavit of an Indian servant who swears that he has seen a similar creature alive, and on shore for three days. I must leave it for naturalists to decide upon the credit due to this testimony. It is obvious that a hundred such exhibitions might be manufactured in a warm climate in any given year, by dexterously conjoining the upper parts of the *Ourang-outang* (or other ape or monkey) with the tail of a fish. The sun, rapidly drying such a *composite* animal, would not only make it look as if of ancient state, but also prevent an easy detection of the means taken to form it; while, by the insertion of teeth, the addition or taking away of skin, hair, &c. &c. the whole imposture would be rendered complete. The grand difficulty is to reconcile the functions of a warm-blooded creature, possessing all the great organs required for breathing the air, and living, as man does, on the earth, with the idea of existing in the water like a fish. Till this can be demonstrated as within the verge of possibility, I, for one, must withhold my belief in the being of Mermen and Merwomen. In fact I consider this to be a made-up thing. The situation of the eyes decides it; for if such a creature were to live, its sight must always be directed downwards, while its existence would require an upright position. It seems to be a fish tail, an ape body, and the head formed of the jaws of the wolf-fish, the skull of an ape and the fur of a fox.

THE SICILIAN DWARF.

Marlborough-street.—Yesterday two foreign gentlemen came to this office, and made an application to F. A. Roe, Esq. the Presiding Magistrate, for his advice or assistance how to act under the following singular circumstances.

Mr. Lewis Fogle, one of the gentlemen in question, who stated himself to be a Sicilian by birth, said, that he was father of the extraordinary child, called the Sicilian Dwarf, that has lately been exhibited in London, and whose sudden and melancholy death has thrown himself and his wife, the child's mother, into the greatest grief. Mr. Fogle said, that he has for a considerable time past resided in the city of Dublin, where he holds a professional situation in the musical department in the Theatre Royal; and, until a short time ago, this child resided with himself and his wife in that capital; but, having there become acquainted with a member of the medical profession, a Dr. Gilligan, that gentleman represented the climate of that country as too cold for the child's constitution, which was then beginning to be rather impaired, and recommended the immediate removal of the child to England, as a more congenial air, and, if that change did not produce the desired effect, ultimately to remove her to the Continent; and the doctor professed to take such a peculiar interest in the health and welfare of the child, that he offered his services to accompany her on her travels, and pay the necessary attentions to her health, provided the parents would consent to his exhibiting her during the short stay they were likely to make in London. The parents, from their professional engagements, being precluded from the possibility of accompanying their child, and having the utmost confidence in the talents and integrity of Dr. Gilligan, consented to these terms; the more particularly, as the doctor represented that his object in exhibiting the child was not so much the gain likely to arise from it, but, as a man of science, he was anxious that such an extraordinary phenomenon should not be lost to the physiological world. Dr. Gilligan accordingly set out with the child, and arrived in London about two months ago, where he hired lodgings for himself and his interesting charge in Duke-street, St. James's, and resided there until about a fortnight ago, when, unhappily, the child died. This melancholy event Dr. Gilligan never communicated to the parents; nor indeed had they heard any thing from him since his departure from Dublin, and the tidings of their interesting child's death they only learned through the medium of the public papers which reached Dublin.—Mr. Fogle said that the sudden account of her child's death threw the mother into the

most melancholy and agonizing grief, and he himself set off instantly for London, with a view to take charge of the child's remains, and have them properly interred. He arrived the night before at the Saracen's Head in Snow-hill, where he is at present stopping, and immediately went to the house where he understood by the public papers the child was exhibited at, in Bond-street, and there he was referred to the address in Duke-street, St. James's; but on his making inquiry at this latter place for the Doctor, he was informed that the day after the child's death he disappeared, taking the remains with him, and has never since returned, leaving a debt of £25 due at the house for lodgings, &c. All his exertions, Mr. Fogle said, had failed to procure any intelligence of the Doctor's destination, or how he had disposed of the remains of his child; but he has been informed that Dr. Gilligan was heard to say in the life-time of the child, and while it was being exhibited, that some members of the College of Surgeons had offered him, if any misfortune should occur to cause the child's death, five hundred pounds for the body, for the purpose of dissection, and to put amongst their collection of extraordinary instances of the whims and freaks of nature.

Under these distressing circumstances, Mr. Fogle intreated the Magistrate's advice. Mr. Roe, who seemed to sympathise warmly with the anxious feelings of Mr. Fogle, and who was deeply affected during his application, said that he regretted extremely that he had not, he feared, any power to render him assistance for removing the remains of his child, particularly as Dr. Gilligan was not forthcoming. The great probability was, that if the child's remains were disposed of for the service of the College of Surgeons, dissection had taken place before this time; but he (Mr. Roe) would advise Mr. Fogle to apply to the parish authorities where the child died, whose duty it was to see that a Coroner's Inquest was held upon any person meeting with a sudden death, as this child was represented to have done.

Mr. Fogle said that he understood the child died in a coach on its way from the exhibition-room in Bond-street to Duke-street, in consequence of cold which it caught. The child was never suffered by her parents to go at all into the air, unless well wrapped up.

Mr. Roe said that he should be very glad to hear that Mr. Fogle had recovered the remains of his child, and that his fears about its dissection were unfounded.

Mr. Fogle thanked the Magistrate, and assured him, that he believed, if it should turn out that the child's remains were thus disposed of, it would have a most serious effect upon the mother, whose last injunction to him was to let her have one look at her dear child before it was consigned to the earth; and he intended to have taken the remains to Ireland for that purpose.—The mother was dotingly fond of this

child, which was as intelligent, interesting, and affectionate in her disposition and manner, as she was beautiful in her person and form, and diminutive in her stature. Mr. Fogle then left the office with his friend, to proceed to the Parish officers, whose address Mr. Roe communicated to them.

THE BODY DISCOVERED. When Mons. Fogell Crachami, and Mons. Andoyer—the former the father of the above little personage, and the latter proprietor of the Natuorama, in Bond-street—applied to Mr. Roe, the Magistrate, at Marlborough-street Office, on Monday last, it was for a warrant to apprehend Gilligan, the person to whom the unfortunate little creature had been entrusted, by which means it was supposed the destiny of the child would be come at. However, Mr. Roe did not feel himself justified in granting his warrant; and recommended Mons. Crachami and his friends to make inquiries of the parochial officers of St. James's, and in all probability it might lead to a discovery of the infant. They immediately acted upon the worthy magistrate's suggestion, and communicated with the gentlemen of the parish upon the subject, but could learn nothing satisfactory of the child. The parochial officers of course could know nothing, unless notice of the death of Miss C. had been forwarded to them by Gilligan, upon which a coroner's inquest would have been called. The unhappy father next went to the house of Mr. Dorlan, the tailor, in Duke street, St. James's, where Gilligan occupied a splendid suite of apartments; he was accompanied by his wife, and her brother, a Mr. King, an actor belonging to the Dublin Theatre. Mr. Dorlan informed him that they left Monday se'nnight, and that he could give no tidings of their destination. All that they left behind was the little state bed of the child, and its habit, which he (Mr. Dorlan) had manufactured for it, to be presented to the king. From thence Mons. Crachami went to Mr. Brooks's, at Blenheim steps, and there ascertained that Gilligan had offered the body of the little creature to him at the price of 100 guineas! but that the negotiation did not take place. The poor father, in a state of distraction, next repaired to other places of anatomy, and met with the same success; he also went to the different public hospitals, where he was shown all the subjects, but could not identify the body of his tiny offspring. He was now so overwhelmed with grief that he burst into tears, and again returned to Mr. Dorlan's in Duke-street, who took an active part in endeavouring to find out the little creature; and, from some circumstances, he advised M. Crachami to wait upon Sir Everard Home, at his house in Sackville-street. Thither he went, and saw Sir Everard. Of course they were strangers to each other. Sir Everard, on seeing him, said, "Oh, you come from Gilligan, about the dwarf; the surgeons have not yet held a meeting, therefore I can't say what sum will be voted to him." The feelings of the

unhappy father, upon this salute, may be more easily conceived than described, and in a flood of tears he told Sir Everard that he was the father of the little creature—Sir Everard was astonished at this intelligence, but ultimately an explanation took place. It appears that on Monday se'nnight Gilligan, who was known to Sir Everard, through whose influence the prodigy had been presented to the king, called at his house in Sackville-street with the body of the child, and expressed a wish to dispose of it. Sir Everard refused to purchase it, but said he would present it to the College of Surgeons, and whatever reward they thought proper to vote him should be given him. Gilligan agreed to this, and left the child, saying that he was going out of town, but would send a friend in a few days for the gratuity. He then went away, and when poor Crachami entered the room, Sir Everard considered that he was the man that had been sent by Gilligan, which led to Sir Everard's mentioning the name of the child. The poor father implored Sir Everard to grant him a look at his beloved infant, and that he should then leave this world happy. Sir Everard instantly complied, and gave him an order to see it at the College of Surgeons, at Lincoln's-Innfields, and presented him with a check on his banker for ten pounds, at the same time promising to represent the unfortunate business to his Majesty. Mons. Crachami, in a state bordering on insanity, hastened to Surgeon's Hall, where he arrived almost breathless, thinking he might prevent his child from being anatomised. But alas!—it was too late. He was shown into a room, wherein the first thing that caught his view, was the body of his darling progeny, mangled in a most shocking manner. He clasped the corse in his arms in a manner that excited the feelings of all present, and it was with difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to leave the room, which, however, he did, upon the gentlemen promising him that nothing further would be done to the infant. M Crachami left London immediately by the Liverpool coach for Ireland, to communicate the dreadful intelligence to his wife.

It appears that when the child was taken from Ireland about six months ago, by Gilligan, an agreement was regularly drawn up, and attested by witnesses, and stamped between Crachami and Gilligan, in which the latter agreed to allow the former sixty pounds a year, out of the profits arising from the child's being exhibited, but it is affirmed, that no part of the agreement was fulfilled. Crachami, the father of the child, was a trumpeter in one of the foot regiments at the battle of Waterloo, and the child was born on the day after.—He belongs now to the orchestra of the Dublin Theatre. Gilligan has not since been heard of; it is supposed he netted about £1500 by the child's exhibition, and that he has gone to France.

THE WONDERS OF ELORA.

"The Wonders of Elora, or the Narrative of a Journey to the Temples and Dwellings excavated out of a Mountain of Granite, and extending upwards of a mile and a quarter, at Elora, in the East Indies."

Although we have so many descriptions of India, we did not, before the appearance of the present volume, possess any detailed and accessible accounts of the singular antiquities of Elora. These stupendous temples, the origin of which is unknown, are hewn out of the solid rock; and, whether we regard the magnificence of their dimensions, the labour which must have been required in the construction of them, or their remote antiquity, may be fairly said to vie with the Egyptian pyramids. The following passage will give some idea of these wonderful structures.

"Conceive the burst of surprise at suddenly coming upon a stupendous temple, within a large open court, hewn out of the solid rock, with all its parts perfect and beautiful, standing proudly alone upon its native bed, and detached from the neighbouring mountain by a spacious area all round, nearly 250 feet deep, and 150 feet broad: this unrivalled fane, rearing its rocky head to a height of nearly 100 feet—its length about 145 feet, by 62 broad—having well formed doorways, windows, staircases to its upper floor, containing fine large rooms of a smooth and polished surface, regularly divided by a row of pillars: the whole bulk of this immense block of isolated excavation being upwards of 500 feet in circumference; and, extraordinary as it may appear, having beyond its areas three handsome figure galleries, or virandas, supported by regular pillars, with compartments hewn out of the boundary scarp, containing 42 curious gigantic figures of the Hindoo mythology—the whole three galleries in continuity, enclosing the areas, and occupying the almost incredible space of nearly 420 feet of excavated rock; being, upon the average, about thirteen feet two inches broad all round, and in height fourteen feet and a half; while, positively, *above* these again are excavated fine large rooms. Within the court, and opposite

these galleries, or virandas, stands Key- surpassed by no relic of antiquity in
 las the Proud, wonderfully towering in the known world."
 hoary majesty—a mighty fabric of rock

(New Mon.)

THE WIND.

THE Wind has a language I would I could learn :
 Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern,
 —Sometimes it comes like a low, sweet song,
 And all things grow calm, as the sound floats along,
 And the forest is lull'd by the dreamy strain,
 And slumber sinks down on the wandering main,
 And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
 And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

Sometimes, when Autumn grows yellow and sear,
 And the sad clouds weep for the dying year,
 It comes like a wizard, and mutters its spell,
 I would that the magical tones I might tell—
 And it beckons the leaves with its viewless hand,
 And they leap from the branches at its command,
 And follow its footsteps with wheeling feet,
 Like fairies that dance in the moonlight sweet.

Sometimes it comes in the wintry night,
 And I hear the flap of its pinions of might,
 And I see the flash of its withering eye,
 As it looks from the thunder-cloud sailing on high,
 And pauses to gather its fearful breath,
 And lifts up its voice, like the angel of death,—
 And the billows leap up when the summons they hear,
 And the ship flies away, as if winged with fear,
 And the uncouth creatures that dwell in the deep,
 Start up at the sound from their floating sleep,
 And career through the waters, like clouds through the night,
 To share in the tumult their joy and delight,—
 And when the moon rises, the ship is no more,
 Its joys and its sorrows are vanish'd and o'er,
 And the fierce storm that slew it, has faded away,
 Like the dark dream that flies from the light of the day!

OVERLAND JOURNEY.

One of the boats intended for Capt. Franklin's land expedition was last month launched from the communication-bridge, Chatham, in the presence of Lieut. Col. Pasley, the projector, and Dr. Richardson, the enterprising companion of Franklin. The boat was christened by the eldest daughter of Lieut. Col. Pasley, the "Nut-shell," which form it resembles. The frame is made of ash, fastened without nails, over which is a case of double canvas, enclosing a lining of dissolved India rubber. Her weight, before entering the water, was 85 lbs. She is capable of carrying four persons, and 350 lb. weight of ballast. Lieut. Col. Pasley and three officers of the Royal Engineers sailed across the Medway, and afterwards to the Dock-yard, where she was taken to pieces, and carried upon the shoulders of two men to the Artillery Barracks.

BELZONI.

An admirable Portrait of Belzoni has just been published. It is engraved by F. C. Lewis, from a sketch by Mr. Brockedon,

and is one of the most spirited works of art and most faithful likenesses that can be conceived. The character of the head itself is very fine, and Mr. Brockedon has executed it in a way which adds wonderfully to its effect.

NEW WORKS.

Tour in Germany and Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire, 2 vols. 12mo. 16s.—Bullock's Six Month's Residence, 8vo. 18s.—Count Struensee's Conversion, 8vo. 8s.—Blore's Monuments, Part I. imp. 8vo. 12s. 6d.; royal 4to. proofs, 1l.; India proofs, 1l. 10s.—Physiognomical Portraits, 2 vols. imp. 8vo. 10l. 10s.; India proofs, 21l.; imp. 4to. 31l.—Ball's Grammar of Drawing, 4to. 7s. 6d.—Captain Rock detected, f. cap 8vo. 8s.—The Devil's Elixir, from the German of Hoffman, 2 vols, 12mo. 14s.—The Visit Concluded, 18mo. 2s. 6.—Stevenson's Account of the Bell Rock Light-House, royal 4to. 5l. 5s.—Skelton's Works, 6 vols. 8vo. 3l. 12s.—Swan's Gesta Romanorum, 2 vols. 12mo. 18s.—Kater's History of England, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Otter's Life and Remains of Dr E. D. Clarke, 4to. 3l. 3s.—Cunning-

ham's Sermons, vol. ii. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Petersdorff on the Law of Bail, 8vo. 1l. 1s

In little more than a century, the population of Liverpool has increased from less than 5000 to 130,000. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, her coasting and Irish trade (the only trade she had) was carried on in half-a-dozen *barques*. At this day, the vessels belonging to and visiting her port exceed 9500. In a word, her foreign trade exceeds, by many times over and over again, the entire trade of England, when

Bristol received her grant to become a county, by reason of her trade, in the time of Edward. III.

A stratum of coal, of considerable thickness, has been discovered in Syria, a few miles inland from the coast, and a pit or mine has been opened, from whence the Pacha of Egypt is preparing to draw supplies for the steam-boats which he is intending to employ on the Nile and branches.

(New Mon.)

THE RETURN OF THE INDIANS TO NIAGARA.

MY faithful love, we'll onward roam,
And seek together our forest home,
No more the stranger's roof to see,—
In our woods, on our rivers, we are free!
He cannot lure the Indian to stay
From his woods and his rivers long away.
The stranger's halls may yield him bliss,
But can they compare to a sky like this?
The stranger may feast in his gaudy bowers,
But his banquet is not so sweet as ours;
And gold and jewels may round him shine,
But can they compare with riches like mine?
My wide domains of mountain and grove,
My joys with thee of freedom and love!

Lake Erie is near, and the Rapids* clear
Will guide us on our way,
Until they rush with sparkling gush
Where wild Ontario's waters play.
The ravens are hovering for their food,
For fatal to the funny brood
Is the dash of the Rapids' spray:
They lie on the shore, and their colours bright
Flash for awhile in the sunny light,
Then fade in death away.

The evening sun its parting glance
Is shedding on plain and tree,
And lo! the shadowy mists advance,
And they move—how rapidly!

What murmur rises on my ear—
Now louder, deeper, and more near?—

Ha! 'tis not evening's misty dew
That spreads in clouds on high.

Those wreaths of snowy foam defy
The might of time, of earth and sky,
The stately Falls burst on my view
In all their majesty!

Now down the dizzy steep we go
Where the stunning waters flow,
Over rocks, whose heads are seen
The overwhelming waves between.
Scarcely the eye may mark the height
From whence they pour with reless might.†
Let us fly from the deafening sound—
Its thunder shakes the trembling ground:
Midst the terror of the ceaseless din,
Is there no spot to shelter in?

Methinks through the roar so wild and high,
Silver voices in whispers sigh;
And across the foam of that rushing tide
Shadowless forms appear to glide,
There, where the rainbow loves to play
In vanishing hues along the spray,
Their glittering wings the spirits wave,
And beckon us to their watery cave:
They know from the Stranger's land we come,
And they hasten to welcome the Indians home!

STANZAS.

On returning some Old Letters to a Friend.

Yes, take again these gifts of love,
That came the messengers of joy;
Yes, take again these gifts of love,
Of purest love without alloy.

Sighs of grief they've lulled to rest,
Tedious hours beguiled and blest:

Wearied thoughts have turned to gladness,
Smoothed the care-worn brow of sadness.

Take them then as valued treasures,
Which your friendly hand hath penn'd;
Take them then the source of pleasures,
Which with life shall only end. A. E. X.

* We crossed the Rapids about three miles below Lake Erie. These Rapids form a very considerable river, being at this place nearly one mile over, and conveying a vast body of water from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. I observed a number of large fish that were thrown on shore, round which many ravens were hovering or devouring them. Clouds of mist are seen rising from the Falls, and the concussion occasioned by the descent of so large a body of water is such that in a still summer's evening a constant tremor of the earth is perceptible.

† Immediately below the cataract the river is confined between two steep rocks that form a deep winding valley, through which the waters flow in their course towards Lake Ontario. This valley is terminated by a perpendicular rock of fifty-three yards in height, over which the vast body of water precipitates itself with astonishing rapidity, and with a noise so tremendous that it cannot be described.

Travels in North America.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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BOSTON, SEPT. 1, 1824.

[VOL. I. N.S.]

(Lon. Mag.)

POETIC VIGILS.

BY BERNARD BARTON, THE QUAKER POET.

PART of this volume, "A Day in Autumn," &c. and many other shorter pieces which have appeared in various periodical publications, have already received our tribute of applause; and the original poems which are now added to them are not such as to induce us to withdraw our meed of praise. There is a good feeling, a tone of sensibility, a degree of nature, which at once come from and appeal to the heart. But pray thee, friend Bernard, be not wroth when we say there is a degree of sameness, of quiet almost degenerating into insipidity, in some of thy writings; and this we entirely ascribe to thy not being in love. A poet without a mistress! why, it is a cook without a kitchen, a lord mayor without a coach, a doctor without a fee, a sailor without a ship, a quadrille without music, a dish without a dinner, or any other *without* that may seem the most terrible. A brisk flirtation, Mr. Barton, would be of infinite service;—but, *la belle* passion, why, it would do wonders,—it would add at once the tenth string to your lyre. Is there no pretty Friend, whose drab and bright eyes; or, to make your case more poetical, could you not contrive to let your eyes wander beyond the pale of your creed—pit love against duty, the heart against the conscience, gros de Naples *versus* broad-cloth? Really a good fit of love would be of the same service to you as a fit of the gout to an alderman. It would carry so many rhymes, so much alliteration, such a sight of similes,—you might sigh in a sonnet, smile in stanzas, swear in

song, do a bit of the desperate in an ode! Our Gazette to any two-penny trifler of the day, that in the course of a few poems you would become the Petrarch of the Society. We have no doubt but that this our excellent advice will be taken. In the mean time we shall quote one or two of the poems with which we have been particularly struck:

THE BUTTERFLY.

Beautiful creature! I have been
Moments uncounted watching thee,
Now flitting round the foliage green
Of yonder dark, embow'ring tree;
And now again, in frolic glee,
Hov'ring round those opening flowers,
Happy as nature's child should be,
Born to enjoy her loveliest bowers.

And I have gazed upon thy flight,
Till feelings I can scarce define,
Awaken'd by so fair a sight,
With desultory thoughts combine
Not to induce me to repine,
Or envy thee thy happiness;
But from a lot so bright as thine
To borrow musings born to bless.

For unto him whose spirit reads
Creation with a Christian's eye,
Each happy living creature pleads
The cause of Him who reigns on high;
Who spann'd the earth, and arch'd the sky,
Gave life to every thing that lives,
And still delighteth to supply
With happiness the life He gives.

This truth may boast but little worth,
Enforc'd by rhet'ric's frigid powers;—
But when it has its quiet birth
In contemplation's silent hours;
When Summer's brightly peopled bowers
Bring home its teachings to the heart,
Then birds and insects, shrubs and flowers,
Its touching eloquence impart.

Then thou, delightful creature, who
Wert yesterday a sightless worm,
Becom'st a symbol fair and true
Of hopes that own no mortal term;
In thy proud change we see the germ
Of Man's sublimer destiny,
Whilst holiest oracles confirm
The type of immortality!

A change more glorious far than thine,
E'en I, thy fellow-worm, may know,
When this exhausted frame of mine
Down to its kindred dust shall go:
When the anxiety and woe
Of being's embryo state shall seem
Like phantoms flitting to and fro
In some confus'd and feverish dream.

For thee, who flittest gaily now,
With all thy nature asks—supplied,
A few brief summer days, and thou
No more amid these haunts shall glide,
As hope's fair herald—in thy pride
The sylph-like genius of the scene,
But, sunk in dark oblivion's tide,
Shalt be—as thou hadst never been!

While Man's immortal part, when Time
Shall set the chainless spirit free,
May seek a brighter, happier clime
Than Fancy e'er could feign for thee:
Though bright her fairy bowers may be,
Yet brief as bright their beauties fade,
And sad Experience mourns to see
Each gourd Hope trusted in—decay'd.

But in those regions, calm and pure,
To which our holiest wishes cling,
Joys, that eternally endure,
Shall bloom in everlasting Spring:
There seraph harps, of golden string,
Are vocal to the great I AM,

And souls redeem'd their anthems sing
Of grateful praises to the Lamb!

Shall they who here anticipate,
Through Faith's strong vision, eagle-eyed,
Those joys immortal that await
Angelic spirits purified,
Shall such, however deeply tried,
E'er cast their glorious hopes away?
Oh! be those hopes their heaven-ward guide,
Their steadfast anchor, and their stay.

Though many a flower that sweetly deck'd
Life's early path, but bloom'd to fade;
Though sorrow, poverty, neglect—
Now seem to wrap their souls in shade;—
Let those look upward, undismay'd,
From thorny paths, in anguish trod
To regions where—in light array'd,
Still dwells their Saviour, and their God.

Sport on, then, lovely Summer fly,
With whom began my votive strain:—
Yet purer joys *their* hopes supply,
Who, by Faith's alchemy, obtain
Comfort in sorrow, bliss in pain,
Freedom in bondage, light in gloom,
Through earthly losses heavenly gain,
And *Life immortal* through the tomb.

It is impossible not to admire, nay more, not to feel, the sentiment and harmony of writing like this. We have from his first appearances in the literary world been staunch admirers of the quaker poet; and we doubt not his yet adding to his laurels, if he will but mind our farewell advice: Bernard Barton, fall desperately in love!

(Blackwood's Edin. Mag.)

SPECULATIONS OF A TRAVELLER, CONCERNING THE PEOPLE OF NORTH AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

SUBSTANTIAL information is what the people of this empire, and, in fact, those of all Europe, now want, respecting the institutions, political and moral, of North America. We find, on looking into the journals and books of the day, that the subject is one of growing interest; and we have taken some pains to arrange what information we happen to have gleaned from personal knowledge, or from those who have no interest in deceiving us on such points, as we believe likely to interest the general reader.

A thousand mischievous, idle, unhappy, and exasperating prejudices, have existed between the people of

America, and those of Great Britain; but they are rapidly disappearing;—and, we have no doubt, after a little time, will be remembered only as we now remember the stories of witchcraft, and the prejudices of childhood.

The truth is—and the sooner it is generally known the better—that the rational and good men of both countries have always been friendly to a hearty, unreserved, kind, and free intercourse between the two nations, ever since the independence of that was acknowledged by this; and that the very multitude of both countries in proportion as they have come to know one another truly, and to under-

stand the real opinion that each entertain of the other, have always been, and are, at this moment, absolutely cordial.

It should be remembered, that the specimens of English character, which the Americans usually meet with in their country, are very unfavourable. I have heard a sober American say, that he had never seen but one or two English gentlemen in America; and, we know, that our English gentlemen upon the continent are strangely unlike our English gentlemen at home. Nor is it common for Englishmen to meet with favourable specimens of the American character.

Our men of leisure, education, science, fortune, or fashion, go to the continent—through all Europe, Asia, Africa—anywhere but to America. Men of desperate fortunes, or desperate characters; the factious and discontented; those who have been ship-wrecked in some political convulsion, or hazardous commercial enterprize; the ignorant and abused, who dream of America as wiser men do of the Indies; with now and then, but very rarely, a substantial tradesman, husbandman, or mechanic; and, yet more rarely, a man of talent and education, who hurries through a part only of a few States in that confederacy of nations, are those whom the Americans are accustomed to see among them; and those to whom we are chiefly indebted for all our information concerning the country of the Americans.

Nor is our situation very different from that of our brethren—the people of the United States—in this particular. Their representation to this country is quite as little to be depended upon, if we would form a fair estimate of their national character. They are of three classes:—1st, Young men of fortune, who visit London, Paris, and Rome, because it is the fashion. 2dly, Young men, who come here to complete their education at our medical schools; and, 3dly, Mere men of business. Besides these, we occasionally meet with an ar-

tist, (chiefly in the department of painting, where the Americans have done more than in any other of the fine arts;) a literary man; an invalid; or a political representative of their country.

But who would ground his estimate of national character, upon his knowledge of such people?—Young men of fortune are pretty much the same all over the world. Students, for the sake of their own comfort, when they are with a strange people, soon learn to throw off, or conceal, their national peculiarities, and adopt those of the multitude with whom they are continually associated; men of business, however well they may have been educated, are very apt to think lightly of every thing that has not an immediate relationship with pecuniary matters; the painter will only be known by the general manifestation of his talent; seldom or never, though he be an American, by any thing of especial reference to his own country—her scenery, history, or peculiarities; the literary man would be likely to hazard as little as possible—his opinions would be loose and popular, calculated to do neither harm nor good—aiming chiefly at amusement, and most carefully avoiding, in his whole deportment, whatever might offend the prejudices of them who are to sit in judgment upon him, he would be likely to become, after a little time, any thing but a sound specimen of national and peculiar character; and, from the political representative of any country, we cannot reasonably expect any other than a kind of diplomatic deportment, which, like high breeding, is likely to confound all national distinction.

Is it wonderful, then, that so many erroneous, mischievous, and, in some cases, very ridiculous notions, continue to be reciprocally entertained by the British and Americans, of each other?

Most of these are owing to political writers, newspapers,* and books of travels, often hastily written, and too frequently by those who have gone from one country to the other, without

* Three or four very able, and several respectable editors in America, are Irishmen. The writers are almost to a man exceedingly rancorous against this country; and of course against the federal party in America, who are the friends of this country. They have done a great deal of mischief, however honest may have been their intentions, or however much they may deserve to be excused, in consequence of what they consider their sufferings at home, before their escape to America.

a proper degree of inquiry and preparation.

There was never, perhaps, a more favourable moment than the present for crushing these prejudices ; and if every one would contribute his mite, the business would be speedily and effectually accomplished. Whoever will go to a public meeting in London, it matters little of what kind, or for what purpose it may have been called, will meet with continual and delightful evidence of this. At one time he will see a whole audience, assembled for the very purpose of laughing at the genuine sentiments of brother Jonathan, completely electrified by a timely allusion to their brethren over the Atlantic ; and at another, he will hear of a nobleman of high rank and commanding influence, bursting into generous and indignant rebuke of that paltry jealousy, which set two such countries as Great Britain and America in array against each other ; countries which are better fitted than any other two upon the earth for perpetual friendship and alliance. But whether this takes place at a theatrical entertainment, abounding in the most absurd and laughable misrepresentation, or at a meeting of the African Society, in furtherance of the most magnificent undertaking that was ever attempted by man ; whether it be the expedient of a player or of a politician, a comedian or a statesman ; whether the Marquis of Lansdowne or Mr. Mathews be sincere or not, (and of their sincerity who can entertain a doubt ?)—the fact is established beyond all dispute, that it is good policy in England for an Englishman to appear friendly to America.

And this is what the Americans want to know. They must know it, and they shall know it.

There is a party, to be sure, in the United States, whose hostility to another party in this country has long been misunderstood for the hostility of the whole American people to the whole British people. That party is now in power : they are the majority of the whole population, and are called Republicans or Democrats.

But their feeling of bitterness and hatred has been rather one of appear-

ance than of reality. It was political, rather than moral, and could hardly be called the feeling of the multitude. It was in its virulence only that of a few bad, ignorant men, who knew how to play upon the passions or prejudices of a multitude, but it was never so virulent nor so universal as people in this country supposed, and is now dying away of itself, under the more kindly and charitable influence of association.

A part was hereditary, having been transmitted to the present race by the chief sufferers in the Revolution ; a part grew naturally out of a state of warfare, when the federal party, constituting a minority of sufficient power to divide the confederacy into two equal parts, were denounced as Englishmen, Tories, and enemies to their own country, because they assembled together, stood up with a front as formidable as that of their fathers, in the war of independence—with whom that war, by the way, originated—and protested against the last war with Great Britain, as unholy, unwise, and most unnatural ; and the rest may be attributed to the superabundance of zeal without knowledge, which is common to those who have gone from one sort of extreme to another, whether in religion or politics.

Bigots become atheists in the day of revolution ; and the subjects of an arbitrary government, such fierce and orthodox republicans, that they cannot endure any thing which smacks of monarchy.

Perhaps a word or two on that part of the subject may help to allay a good deal of misapprehension here among a powerful party, who certainly do not appear to understand the real difference between the political institutions of this country and America.

They hear, for example, about universal suffrage in America. They are told that there are no game laws, no standing army, no national debt, no taxes, no aristocracy, no titles, no national church.

They are altogether mistaken. There is no such thing as universal suffrage in America. A property qualification, residence, and, of course, citizenship, are all required there. But what will

surprise them yet more is, that the Americans are quite indifferent about the exercise of their right. Multitudes continually neglect it, and multitudes more would never go to the polls, were they not ferreted out of their retirement, and dragged thither. In the Southern and Middle States, this indifference is most remarkable.—Throughout New England it is hardly manifest.

True, there are no game laws ; and when an Englishman first puts his foot upon the soil, he is wild with delight, on finding that he may wander whither he will, over any man's land, in pursuit of—what he can find, without any sort of qualification. But his ardour soon abates, when he finds that every body else may enjoy the same privilege ; that there is no distinction in it ; and that there is very little of what may be called game in America, unless he choose to go into the wilderness. By and by he comes to care as little about sporting as the Americans do about suffrage, or as any man would for grapes, who should have them continually before him. *Toujours pedrix* is the complaint of all mankind, after the fever of excitement is over. Those things which delight us most are apt to weary us the soonest. Let people have their own way for a little time among rarities, and they will soon become tired of them. The pastry-cooks and confectioners understand this, and put it in practice on every new apprentice.

But the Americans have a small standing army, (all that they require for their protection ;) a national debt, which, however it may be in the way of extinguishment, is bitterly complained of there ; taxes, that are not thought low in America ; a formidable aristocracy of wealth ; a great regard for family and birth ; and what is yet harder to believe, when we call to mind the genius of their government, and the clause in their constitution which prohibits the creation of titles, the republican Americans have titles in abundance, and are quite as jealous of them, too, as any other people under the sun.

There are some dozens of “ excel-

lencies,” some hundreds of “ honours,” and “ honourables,” and thousands of “ esquires,” annually created by the American people, to say nothing of their military titles, which are “ too numerous to mention ;” or their civil and religious titles, such as the “ select men” and deacons, some of which are often very amusing, and hardly ever withheld from these republican dignitaries.

Their President and Vice-President, the Secretaries of the war, state, navy, and treasury departments, and their foreign ambassadors, are all excellencies ; their judges, who probably exceed five hundred, are all honours ; all their senators, whether of a State, or of the United States, and sometimes their representatives, particularly to Congress, are honourables ; all members of the bar, from the attorney and conveyancer upward, all magistrates, merchants, public officers, gentlemen, and those who have no other particular title, are esquires. Such is the consistency of republicans when left to themselves.

* * * * *

We hear a good deal, too, of republican economy. We are told that the twenty-four Governors, and the President, Vice President, the twenty four State-houses of Representatives, and the twenty-four Senates, together with the Senate and House of Representatives, or Congress, (all of whom are paid,) with all the expenses of the twenty-five governments, civil and military, including the salaries of all the ambassadors, judges, and public officers do not cost the people of the United States so much as the people of this country allow annually to the King of Great Britain.

This may, or may not, be true. It is hardly worth our while to examine the fact on this occasion. We are willing to admit, however, for a moment, that it is true.

But it should not be forgotten that our population is much greater, much richer, and fuller of resources ; that our supreme executive is in one individual ; that a large portion of the supply so voted to him, is diverted into other channels ; that our legislative

body receive no pay; that our judiciary, on the whole, is not near so costly, (because not near so numerous;)—that our situation is one of continual danger, requiring proportional disbursement; that the supreme executive of America is not in reality one person, the President, but twenty-six persons, viz. a President, Vice-President, and twenty-four governors, (and some lieutenant-governors and councils;) that the supplies voted to each, are exclusively applied by each individual to his own use; that all the legislative bodies there are paid; that the civil list is a matter of separate appropriation; that the judiciary in America, on account of their numbers, are a great expense to the people; and that America is remote from danger, and, of course, not under the necessity of being so continually prepared for encroachment.

But the way in which the comparison is made is not a fair one. We should estimate the population and resources of each country; we should recollect that, by the distribution of the governing power in America into twenty-five parts, each paying its own officers, the utmost vigilance and frugality are insured in the administration of each; and that, by the concentration of the whole governing power into one point, as in Great Britain, it is gradually the interest of some one (or more) of the parts to encourage expenditure in the whole, that itself may profit by it.

Unluckily for those who feel a sober concern about the American people, as forming a large part of the human family, her institutions have become, instead of what they should be, a matter of serious investigation, rather a theme for poetry and eloquence.

Yet, after all, it will be found, perhaps, under the present constitution of things, that, in one respect, all governments are alike—arbitrary in proportion to their power. We do not mean

comparative power, such as that which we allow to this or that nation, when compared with another, but positive power—the strength and vigor of the government. This is always in proportion to the strength of the majority;—and this majority may be in the form of wealth, numbers, religion, law, or military force.

Men may say what they will about the comparative advantages of a monarchical and republican government. Both have their advantages, both their disadvantages. The form of government almost often, and the substantial freedom of the people almost always, depend upon the situation of the country.

A wealthy population, occupying a rich and fertile territory, full of temptation to the plundering banditti of the world, surrounded by warlike barbarians, or standing armies, must have the power of protecting themselves, instantaneously—must have standing armies, or an equivalent—must endow their chief magistrate, whatever he may be called, or their executive, in whatever shape it may exist, with more power, of every kind, than would be necessary if they were poor, afar off, remote from, or inaccessible to danger, whether they were entrenched by mountains, or encompassed by oceans.

Thus, before the American revolution came to a close, the Congress of the Confederacy endowed Washington with nearly absolute power—in effect. They allowed him to choose his own officers (with two or three exceptions); to levy contributions, and to call for men, at his discretion.

And if the United States were, at this hour, situated in the middle of Europe, or if a separation should unhappily take place among themselves, (a very probable event, notwithstanding Mr. Munroe's ingenious and plausible supposition,*) they would soon be obli-

* Mr. Munroe, in his last message, speaks of the remarkable facility, inherent, as he supposes, in the constitution of the American confederacy, by virtue of which, on the admission of every new State, the chance of separation is diminished, while the strength of the whole is augmented.

Mr. Munroe is mistaken. The confederacy is already too large. The longer the sceptre, the more unmanageable it will always be. Sources of difference already exist, and are continually multiplying. The alleged encroachment of the Supreme Court, as the supreme judiciary of the country, upon the legislative power, under pretence of construction, which amounts, in reality, to legislation; the disputes between Virginia and Kentucky; the sectional prejudices; the real inequality of representation and taxation, are some of these. In fact, every State has its own particular grievances; and, of course, if you augment the num-

ged to keep up a standing army, or a militia continually under arms; to choose military men for civil offices;—to reward the popular favourites, who, in time of war, would, of course, be the most fortunate and adventurous of their military men, by the highest offices; to give the President the power of declaring war; and, probably, to keep him in office during life, partly on account of his experience, partly to avoid the danger of electioneering controversy, and partly, whatever he might be, under the fear of changing for the worse.

And so, too, if Great Britain were as remote from the influence and peril of great political combinations as are the United States, there would be less need of monarchical vigour, royal prerogative, and power, or standing armies.—In such a case, the disturbers of public tranquillity, by mischievous writing or speaking, might be generally left, as they are in America, to the discretion of the public themselves.

A prosecution for seditious or blasphemous writing, or for a libel upon government, or any of its officers, was probably never heard of in America.

The truth is, that a republic is well fitted for a time of tranquillity; but the moment that invasion presses upon it, all its administration is obliged to take upon itself more and more of a monarchical vigour and bearing, not only in the military, but civil departments.

We would say, then, to our countrymen, and to the Americans, Have done with all political comparisons, unless you choose to go profoundly into the subject. Let us have no prattling upon the solemn business of government.—Do not imagine that a monarchical or republican form of government is the best for every people, in every possible situation. It were wiser to believe in a panacea—what is good for one will, for that very reason, be bad for another

of a different constitution, temperament or habits.

Above all, do not believe that a people are much freer under one kind of government than under another. The form, after all, is only a shadow. Power will be felt whenever it is tempted or provoked; and every government, whatever may be its nature—civil, military, or religious,—or however constituted, fashioned, or named, will be arbitrary, in proportion to its power.

A formidable minority will always be respected; an overwhelming majority will always be tyrannical and unjust.

In Turkey, such a minority would be free. In the United States, such a majority would be—for they have been—wholly regardless of decency toward the minority, exactly in proportion to their own ascendancy over them.

Let war be declared against this country to-morrow in America. Let one man alone lift up his voice against it, or presume to remonstrate, and he would be treated with contempt, lampooned, burnt in effigy, or perhaps tarred and feathered. But let a third part of the country stand up with him, and they will be treated with most respectful consideration, just as they would be in Turkey.

Institute no political comparisons, therefore, we would say: for it is a hundred to one, whether you be an American or an Englishman, that you do not well understand what you are talking about.

If you happen to be an American, do not believe that you have captured, sunk, and destroyed the whole British navy; and if you are an Englishman, do not dream of re-colonizing America. Avoid these two things, and you will do well enough.

Leave it to such men as Mr. Cobbett, in this country, and some others of a like temper in America, to keep up a state of artificial hostility between

ber of States, you augment the number of their grievances, and, therefore, the chances of separation. Because, if one desire to separate, and is afraid of being prevented by force, she will combine with others, until sufficiently strong, each helping to relieve the other. These grievances are not felt now; but, in a time of war, with an enemy at the door, and heavy taxes pressing them down, as they suppose, unequally, almost every state will have the disposition to dictate some sort of terms to the rest, and the power, very often, to enforce her claims, be they just or unjust. The last war was full of warning on this point.

the two countries. We mention Mr. Cobbett, because we happen to have met with an amusing—and yet we know not if it would not be more proper to call it a melancholy coincidence, between the opinions of him and an American editor, of a similar character, upon the same point.

When the last message of the American President was put into our hands, it was accompanied with an American paper. We were rejoicing in the apparent simultaneous expression of similar sentiments by our cabinet and that of America. Mr. Munroe and Mr. Canning had spoken the same language, almost at the same time. This was either preconcerted, or it was not. If it was—what a voice to the nations of the earth! How plainly did it say, “Thus far shall ye go, but no further.” If it was not—how much more terrible! The one would have been the voice of two cabinets, the other of two nations; the one a communication by the telegraph, the other, by electricity. It was at this moment, while we were yet full of the proud, confident feeling, which a course of reflection like that would naturally produce, that our attention was attracted by the name of Mr. Canning, in the American paper.

It was at the head of a speech, by that gentleman, at the Liverpool dinner, where he and Mr. Hughes accidentally met. The time had gone by for the American editor to abuse the British minister. It was no longer popular. He chose quite another course. He affected to believe that Mr. Canning, whose reputation for wit stands high in America, was only playing off a little of his cabinet pleasantry upon the credulous American. Nothing, of course, had it been believed, could have been more provoking.

But not long after this we met with a precisely parallel case, in the management of an English politician, or rather political writer, on the very same point. It was for this reason alone that we have remembered it.

Mr. Cobbett, in speaking of the

same speeches, on the same occasion, had the sagacity to adopt a course of policy precisely similar to that of the American. He did not resort, as a vulgar pamphleteer would, to a downright calling of names; but he affected to believe that Mr. Canning had forgotten his dignity as an English minister, and truckled to an agent from a nation of shopkeepers. Had many others of Mr. Canning’s countrymen believed this, he would have been despised, and the American hated.

Thus much to show what mischief may be done by a light, hasty, or thoughtless piece of humour—even if we are willing to consider their remarks in the light of humour. Let all such things be avoided.

A little mutual forbearance, a little charity, and a little patient inquiry, will do more toward effecting a hearty and permanent reconciliation between the people of the two countries, than all the enthusiasm of all the reformers, poets, and philanthropists that ever lived. We are all of the same family; descended from the same parents; having the same religion; the same laws; the same language; the same habits, and the same literature.

What, then, should keep us asunder? We only want to know each other intimately and truly, to become one great brotherhood. Will the political genius of the two governments prevent this?—No—for though one be a monarchy, and the other a republic; and, therefore, to all appearance not likely to seek a coalition of themselves, unless they are forced into it by an equality of pressure on every side—yet there is now, and will probably be for a long time, such a pressure; and if the subject be seriously investigated, it will be found that the two governments, and the two nations, after all, are more essentially the same, in all that constitutes the source of attraction, affinity, and attachment among nations, than are any two republics, or any two monarchies, under heaven.

X. Y. Z.

London, June 8.

CHARACTER-HIGH-STICKS.

*** TO get on board, I descended from the quay to the deck. "Please, Sir, to remember the ladder," said an old grey-headed, blear-eyed man. "Aye, aye, my friend, you need not *speak* upon that subject, for there's a *spoke* gone, which nearly tumbled me overboard; I shan't forget o' one while."—"It's customary, your honour."—"What, a broken ladder?"—"No, your honour, that was accident; but every body g'ives some-ut."—"Do they? then I must follow the mode," putting a small coin in his hand. "Let go the head-rope, (halloed the Captain,) and haul her bow round; let go, let go of 'all!"—"Aye, aye, Sir, there she goes! there she walks! Hats and wigs, gemmen, look out for the main-boom."—"How does she go, mate," cried the Captain at the helm. "Never better, Sir; her bow is between the two cat-heads."—"Steady, and keep her so. Steady, 'tis mate, steady!"—And thus we passed between the pier-heads, receiving the farewells of those we left behind. After parting with the spectators, it was very natural for us to look at one another. For myself, I had little else to do. Close shut up in her carriage lashed on one side of the deck was the Countess Dowager of—— and Sir C— W—, who thus took an opportunity of journeying to Paris (in company with a female friend) to visit his wife, after she had been making a tour of the Continent with a gentle cousin. On the bench abaft them sat a Cossack chief and suite. They had been to England to try our beef against their *bœuf de cheval*. The top of the sky-light was occupied by Sir F— F— and Lady, a Deputy Commissary-general, Sir—, whose carriage and four greys were aboard, and a young buck of fashion, who lipped hith accents tho. On the opposite side of the deck was an ancient, farmer-looking man.— He appeared equally in his element in ploughing the wave, as he would have been upon his own estate. There was a good humoured unconcernedness about him, and his looks seemed to say, with the old miller's song,

"I cares for nobody, no not I,
And nobody cares for me."

By his side, and still gazing at the shore, stood a young Colonel. His hat was frequently waving above his head, and now and then we could distinguish a flash of something white upon the beach: it told a tender tale of parting love. Behind them sat a learned M. D. who was making a *pil-grim-ige* to the Continent for the benefit of his patients. On the stern-rail a scene-painter was sketching the coast for a new pantomine; overlooked by a novelist searching for originals on one side, and a scientific traveller on the other.— Stretched on a pile of baggage, forward, lay an Irish sergeant fast asleep, while his faithful Judy, with a short dodeen in *her* mouth, watched o'er his *purly* slumbers. A keen, sharp-eyed genius, with an assumed look of stupidity, and habited like a methodist parson, lolled over the windlass end, turning his eagle glance on every one around, displayed the dealer in contrabands. A rough shock head, frequently thrust up the companion from below, inquiring whether all was shafe, and *how much more* they had to go?" proclaimed an Israelite indeed. Beside those already mentioned, the passengers were, a French captain, a Mad-dame from the *Magazin des Modes*, (whose bonnet resembled a May-day garland decorating the steeple of a village church,) escorted by a little abbé all smiles and frisks, the licensed possessor of her conscience; an Italian opera-dancer, a Dutch burgo-master, a sergeant-at-law, two ordinary M. P's. a city alderman, and a Dover magistrate, with his family, going on a visit to their old friends at Calais. The sails were nicely trimmed, and being, as an honest Jack observed, "past all safety," my old friend the Captain resigned the helm to one of the crew, and joined me in conversation. The passengers, too, began to group themselves together, as if by instinct. Shadrach Levi, who had ventured on deck, took the smuggler for a companion; and all seemed admirably attached except the honest farmer (as he appeared;) his blunt manners

and independent looks were not relished by any but the novelist, and I would have given a trifle to have examined his sketch-book. When about mid-channel it fell a perfect calm, but at the same time the blackening clouds that hung upon the horizon warned us at least of rain. Evening now closed in, and many anxious fears for safety were expressed. "Blesh ma conscience, (cried Shadrach,) ven shall ve get over de pond! Oh I vish I vas in Dukesh Plaish again!"—"Pray, thailor, inquired the young buck,) do the American privateerth ever come here?"—"Sometimes, Sir, they give us a slap. We had five or six passengers killed about a fortnight ago."—"Oh dear, what a thocking thing!—what, fight?"—"Oh that's nothing; the skippers often *bury* their passengers, and who's the wiser?"—"What, I suppoth, the pri^{ateer}th attack you over night; and where do they go to?"—"Oh, Sir, they're snug in America next morning."—"Oh dear, I hope they won't come now." The doctor and the abbé had commenced a violent contest, when a sudden puff of wind put a stop to the argument, and away they all went to leeward.—"Arrah, stop the ship, stop the ship!" roared the sergeant, gasping his dear Judy round the waist. The Countess shrieked, the ladies cried, the men groaned, and the sailors laughed; while the Captain whistled "Crazy Jane" with all his might. The only unconcerned individual was our farming friend, who appeared as indifferent as possible, except that while the crew were hauling down a reef in the mainsail, he seemed quite at home, assisting with a hearty good will. "Blesh ma heart, vat shall I do!" cried Shadrach, when he tumbled head foremost against the stomach of a Don Cossack, who lifted him up with the same ease that he would a sucking pig, and set the dirty little animal on his legs. "Thank you, Shir, mit all ma heart; and if ever you should come to Dukesh Plaish—" Down dropped Shadrach through the companion, and crawled away to bed. "Whath the matter?" cried the young buck.—"Nothing, nothing, (replied the Captain,) only the ship's overboard."—"Oh dear, oh dear! then we shall all be

drowned!"—"In less than an hour, so get ready for t'other world."—"Faith, Captain, but this is comical tratement for gentlemen! (exclaimed Sir F—F—;) and next time I go by your conveyance I'll engage you shall keep the vessel quiet."—"Arrah, Judy, where are you, darling?"—"Faith, and it's here I am, Pat, in the centre of a hobble, all alone by myself, in the middle of the Russians." The doctor's heart beat like a pestle and mortar, making a strange mixture; the Countess took a vivifying draught of ratifia; Madame Go-ginger-bread applied herself piously to the eau-de-vie; the abbé joined in the libation; the alderman had turned the *turtle* between the blankets; the M. P's. declared they would get an act passed to ensure fine weather, and cried out lustily about breach of privilege; the Cossacks were satisfied they should not starve while the horses remained; the deputy commissary-general began to think of short rations; the young colonel was fast asleep; the scene-painter, like an old fox, had dropped his *brush*; the traveller was travelling with apprehension; the operadancer figured in a sorry band; Mynheer Von Donker-drunk considered it best that every corporation should rest upon its own broad-bottomed foundation; the French captain concealed himself under the lappets of the burgo-master's coat; the smuggler was picking up the wee things about the decks; the sergeant-at-law was at *cross* examination; while the Dover magistrate, with his family, were neither one thing nor the other. I stuck by the old Captain, who still whistled and sung "Crazy Jane" with lungs like the bellows of a church organ; and close to us stood the farmer. "Rough night, Captain," said he. "Aye, Sir, it blows fresh—" "Shun not then poor Crazy Jane." Perhaps you'd like a glass of grog, Sir, or wine. Here, George! Steward! George! bring some grog and biscuit." The Mate now joined us. "Well, Mate, how does she go, Mate?" inquired the Captain; and without waiting for an answer, continued his song—"Do my frenzied looks alarm you?—Stop a minute, Mate, the grog is coming—" "Shun not then poor Crazy Jane."—

George appeared with the grog. We had just mixed our glasses, when the wind came fair, and promised us safe landing in about an hour. "Well, Captain, 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, (said the farmer ;) here's your health. And in return for your glass of grog, if you want any one to take the helm in running in, I'm your *boy*, (he was upwards of seventy ;) or when you get ashore come to Dessein's, and ask for Admiral —, and we'll crack a bottle together." And sure enough it was he himself. Born to that splendid fame which dwells not in outward show, the memorial is deeply engraven on every Briton's heart. "Blesh ma conscience, are we shafe yet?" enquired Shadrach, knocking a bumper glass out of the hand of the Countess as she was receiving it from her attendant. "Get up the towlines, Mate, (cried the Captain,) and have the jib-purchase and

fore-halliards all clear." We now entered between Calais pier-heads, and old Mascot (the brother of him who piloted Louis on his return to his dominion) came aboard to conduct us in. "Hullo, Muscow, haulhee, haulhee with the rope!" said the Captain, observing the wind shorten out of the harbour. However, in a few minutes we landed close to the spot where the impression of the Desiré's foot was cut in the stone by those who, a few years before, were ready to erect a chin-chopper to cut off his head. And now, Mr. Editor, having fulfilled my promise, I once more take my leave, thanking you for the attention you have paid my *billy-ducks*, (you see I have learned a little French;) and promising that, in some shape or other, you shall once more hear from yours, &c. &c.

HUMPHREY FELT.

Currier and Tanner.

(Lon. Mag.)

A RIVER SONG.

MERRILY whistles the wind of the shore

Through the lithe willow,

But wearily drops the boatman's oar

On the calm billow:—

'Tis silent there—although it sing

So freshly on the land;

The feather shook from the wild duck's wing

Scarce finds the strand!—

Then do not fear—up, maiden, and hear

The gushing billow—

In the deep * silent of the night

Lie on your pillow;

But wake with the waking of the day-light—

As fresh and as fair, and as blushing and bright.

II.

Is it not pleasanter thus to steal

O'er the water—than on a dull bed

To toss in the wasting sun, and to feel

The heavy air over your head—

For this keen, elastic find?—Look back!

Ha! how fleetly

St. Mary's turrets fade from our track—

And how sweetly

The chime of its bells comes o'er the ear,

With the rush of the Shannon's waters here!—

III.

Oh! it is pleasant to mark the lark,

When the dark brow of night is clearing,

Give greeting to the dawn—and—hark!

Waked by the dashing of our bark,

Through the green waves careering;

The plover and the shrill curlew

Round us screaming—

Startle thy silent shore, *Tierrøe!*

Where the beaming

Of the unshrouded, morning sun,

Finds pleasant scenes to smile upon!—

IV.

'Tis noon! The Race† is past!—tis even—

Ha! see St. Simon's isle—

With its high round tower, and churches eleven,

Bathed in the evening's smile—

And deeper—and fainter—and fainter still

That smile is growing—

And now the flush is on the hill,

Wasting and glowing—

And now in the west there's a bickering bright,

'Tis the triumph of darkness! the death of light!—

V.

Now steal we under the drowsy shore—

Our toil is done! our sailing o'er—

How lovely thou lookest, young maiden, now

Thy cheek is flushed—and on thy brow,

White—soft—and sleek—

One purple vein is faintly seen

Like a thin streak

Of the blue sky shown through a silver cloud,

When the dim sun lies in his morning shroud!

Oscar.

* "Dead night—dun night—the silent of the night."—*Shakspeare.*

† The Race: A part of the Shannon near Tarbert and Clonderlaw Bay—where it dilates itself so as to resemble a large lake.

THE BLANK BOOK OF A SMALL COLLEGER.

THIS is a collection of sixteen slight tales, with one or two exceptions of indifferent style, told in an agreeable manner; though several of them want novelty, and an occasional anachronism betrays the writer to be more juvenile than his assumed character. We select the following, to exemplify his talent.

"A Constitution.—What a blessed thing is a Constitution! Like Charity, 'it covers a multitude of sins,' and I scarcely know how some people would balance their accounts with heaven, did they not put to the credit side, their Constitution. Go where we will, this most potent plea meets us.—My particular friend, Delaware, but a day or two since, when the Churchwardens told his father, 'that the additional rates were owing to his own son, for he had seduced almost every girl in the parish,' assured his dad, with the most enviable equanimity, that 'he was a libertine from constitution rather than from vice!'

"Again. There was a Mrs. Hill, of Wakefield—the head of the Lying-in-Charity, and a very ingenious lady—who had her constitutional weakness; and a queer one, beyond controversy, it was. Though a woman in very easy circumstances, she could never resist, on entering her milliner's shop, purloining some bit of finery which struck her fancy. The milliner was sorely perplexed at the regular disappearance of remnants of lace—French kid gloves—and superfine silk stockings, after Mrs. Hill's visits, and had long puzzled her brains to no purpose; till accident, one morning, discovered the thief. Unwilling to lose her property, and equally unwilling to lose a good customer, with the true sagacity of a *Marchande des Modes*, she determined on adding the lost articles to Mrs. Hill's account, and silently awaiting the result. The stratagem succeeded. The bill was paid, and no questions were asked.—But in an evil hour, Mrs. Hill ventured to practise her pranks in a strange shop, the owner of which, unlike the complaisant Miss Weathercock, acquainted Mr. Hill with the fact, and rudely threatened to prosecute his lady. Mr. Hill listened to the story with Quaker-like calmness, and with a dry hem, exclaimed, 'It was constitutional—quite so!'

"Others have a constitutional propensity to laugh at 'any thing dreadful,' and from being thus naturally blessed, Etheridge, a college chum of mine, lost only ten thousand pounds! His uncle awoke him one morning, and told him, with a face of horror, that his grandfather had been found

dead in his bed. The expression of his uncle's phiz—the red velvet night-cap which adorned his brow—the shiver of his whole frame, which made his teeth rattle like the keys of an old harpsichord—combined with his constitutional propensity, to make my unlucky friend roar again. The old bachelor, thunderstruck, left the room; took out his *bene decessit* a few months afterwards; and by his will left his nephew—five guineas for a mourning ring!

"Then there are constitutional liars—men, who, without any advantage to gain, or any end to answer, indulge in the most palpable falsehoods. Under this description come two brothers whom I once met. The one had travelled, and had seen more prodigies than any tourist before or after him; the other was a man of *bonnes fortunes*, and had been on intimate terms with every beauty in Europe. The first declared he had seen water boil till it was red-hot—manfully stood to his assertion before a large party—and because one gentleman in company expressed his doubts respecting the phenomenon—fought a duel to prove it! The other carried his constitutional weakness still farther: for he made his last action on earth, constitutionally in keeping with the rest of his life. A few hours before he died, he summoned a particular friend to his bed-side, and in a voice tremulous with approaching dissolution, entreated him to be a guardian and father to a little boy whose mother was a beautiful girl of high rank. To her he gave him a letter beautifully and pathetically worded, and filled with the most familiar endearing epithets, authorizing her to surrender his child to his friend. Firmly believing the dying man's statement, the friend, after following him to the grave, hurried to Harley-street, and with considerable difficulty, obtained an interview with the lady:—delivered the letter:—and begged to be favoured with her commands. The scene may be more easily supposed than described, when I add, that the Earl's daughter—for such she was—amazed at its contents, summoned one of her brothers to unravel the mystery:—and that a duel had very nearly been the result. It was, at last, proved, beyond all question, that the lady had been absent from England during the whole period to which the letter referred—that she could not possibly have ever known the writer—and in all human probability, was utterly ignorant that such an unprincipled being was in existence.

"Again. I have heard it asserted, 'tis years ago!' of an old naval officer, who was an ornament to his noble profession, and had a heart that did honour to human nature—that he lived swearing, died swearing; and it was shrewdly snar-

pected by his men, had been born swearing! A few hours before his last action, he called both his eyes and his blood to witness, that he could not live an hour without swearing,---could not fight his ship without swearing,---and finally ended with, 'By --- it's constitutional with me, it's in my blood!'

"But how does it happen that the case is so seldom reversed? Rarely, very rarely, does Constitution get the credit of our virtues. I never heard of a lady owning that she was constitutionally chaste---a clergyman that he was constitutionally pious---a Whig, that he was constitutionally patriotic---or a Fellow of a College, that he was constitutionally abstemious. O, dear, no! all that is *Principle*. We claim for ourselves all the credit due to our virtues, while we burthen our constitution with our

vices; and it seems most happily ordered, that every creature, under heaven, has some failing with which he can charge his constitution.

"To be sure, here and there, one lights upon an exception. For instance, my hypochondriacal neighbour, who can eat, drink, sleep, and talk;---owns a face like a dairymaid; and a corporation only second to that of Sir William Curtis; has, to my certain knowledge, been in a dying state for the last five years, owing to 'a complication of disorders.' Wretched mortal! he has deprived himself of the most availing plea for ever. He told me, this morning, with a countenance that would have made a mile-stone melancholy, that 'it was all over with him---his case was decided on---Pelham Warren had only just told him, he could do nothing more for him---HE HAD NO CONSTITUTION AT ALL!'"

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

HASTE, Sisters! haste: a garland entwine

For a faithful youth and a maiden true,
With roses and fragrant eglantine,
And orange flowers and violet blue;
And, shrouded in her mantle of green,
The lovely lily of the vale:
And, there, forget-me-not* be seen,
Fond burthen of true lover's tale;
Sweet heart's ease, and the daisy too,
And every flower, but hateful rue.

With myrtle leaves the flowers combine
Like the hues of the rainbow dye;
And mingle beams of pale moonshine
To blend them softer for the eye:
Dip the wreath in the dew of morn,
That long it fresh and fragrant prove;
And see that it hide no deadly thorn
To wound the tender breast of love:
And, oh! examine it through and through,
Lest barbour there the hateful rue.

Haste, Sisters! haste again; and bring
The purest dewy pearl, laid
In cowslip cup, or early wing
Of lark shakes from the bending blade;
And crystallize that lucid tear,
Imbued with the morning rays,
That it may sparkle ever clear,
And, bright with native lustre, blaze,
Emblem of purity! to rest
Upon a guileless, virgin breast.

Weave a zone of the twined light,
All stainless as the mountain snows,
Without a tint to shade the white,
Save that which o'er the bosom glows
Of maiden, when the whisper sweet
Of lover first salutes her ear,
And her soft eyes his glances meet
All moist with joy's ecstatic tear:
Oh! be it pure---for what should rest
With stain upon a virgin breast?

The wreath is twined, the zone is wove,
And crystallized the dewy tear:
But, who shall bind this band of Love?
And who the zone of Virtue wear?
And on whose breast the bright pearl shine?
For not a thought must nestle there
That is not pure as truth divine,
Sincere as martyr's dying prayer.
Say, where shall we the mortal find
With heart so true, so pure in mind?

Bring, Sisters! bring the Zone to me,
The crystall'd tear; the wreath of flowers;
Her breast is heaving peacefully
Might wear that zone in angel bowers
And beams her eye with artless smile
Who well may grace the pearl of truth;
And she shall throw, with playful wile,
The wreath around her chosen youth,
To bind him to her bosom ever,
Enraptured now, nor more to sever!

* *Myosotis arvensis*.

FIRE.—We lately mentioned the new mode of extinguishing fire in chimneys by throwing sulphur on the fire below, which has been tried at Rome. Recent experiments have fully confirmed the valuable result of this method, which is in fact perfectly consistent with the

received theory of combustion. Only, the person using it must take care not to throw on too large a quantity of sulphur, otherwise he might be exposed to inhale the noxious effluvia, which destroys animal life on the same principle that they extinguish the fire.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

SIX MONTHS IN MEXICO.

BY WILLIAM BULLOCK.

EVERY day adds to the political and commercial interest which we attach to the powers now developing in South America ; where we behold six or eight great states, so long held in thralldom as mere provinces of an exhausted European monarchy, rising into so many independent empires, kingdoms, or other governments—Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Chili, Peru, Columbia, and though last, not least, Mexico. Of this last mighty country, it is extraordinary how very little is directly known to the British public. Since the period of Charles II. no native of England has explored it, and written any account of his travels ; and we are therefore the more deeply indebted to Mr. Bullock, for the present straight-forward, intelligent, pleasing, and useful volume. During an active residence of above half a year in Mexico—visiting places of immense importance with which we are hardly, if at all acquainted,—examining mines, investigating antiquities,—inquiring into the trade and manufactures of the people—studying the natural history, and, in fine, observing every thing worthy of observation,—the author has obtained all the stores of information which he has here detailed in a popular form, agreeably to his purpose, and calculated to be very beneficial to his country.

Having premised this general character of his work, we can only farther illustrate it with one or two striking quotations.

Near the city of Tezcuco, formerly the Athens of Mexico, Mr. B. and his party (he tells us)

“ Were informed, that at a distance of only two leagues was a place called Bano de Montezuma, and that it had formerly been used as a bath by that monarch. A gentleman of the town, Don Trinidad Rosalia, offered to escort us, and in a few minutes we were on horseback : after a smart canter through cultivated grounds, and over a fine plain, bounded by the mountains of the Cordilleras, we approached a hacienda and church ; and here I expected to find the bath of which we were in search, in some subterraneous place, but learnt to my surprise that we had to mount a conical mountain called Tescosingo. We employ-

ed our horses as far as they could take us, but the unevenness of the ground at last obliged us to dismount ; and having fastened them to a nopal tree, we scrambled with great difficulty through bushes and over loose stones, which were in great quantities on all sides, and at last perceived that we were on the ruins of a very large building—the cemented stones remaining in some places covered with stucco, and forming walks and terraces, but much encumbered with earth falling from above, and overgrown with a wood of nopal, which made it difficult to ascend. In some places the terraces were carried over chasms by solid pieces of masonry ; in others cut through the living rock : but, as we endeavoured to proceed in a straight line, our labour was very great, being sometimes obliged to climb on our hands and knees. By the assistance of underwood, however, at length, after passing several buildings and terraces, the stucco of which appeared fresh and of a fine peach colour, we arrived at about two-thirds of the height of the hill, almost exhausted with our exertions ; and indeed was our disappointment when we found that our guide had mistaken the situation, and did not know exactly where we were. Greatly chagrined, we began to retrace our steps ; and luckily in a few minutes perceived the object of our search. It was cut in the solid rock, and standing out like a martin's nest from the side of a house. It is not only an extraordinary bath, but still more extraordinarily placed. It is a beautiful basin about twelve feet long by eight wide, having a well about five feet by four deep in the centre, surrounded by a parapet or rim two feet six inches high, with a throne or chair, such as is represented in ancient pictures to have been used by the kings. There are steps to descend into the basin or bath ; the whole cut out of the living porphyry rock with the most mathematical precision, and polished in the most beautiful manner. This bath commands one of the finest prospects in the Mexican valley, including the greater part of the lake of Tezcuco, and the city of Mexico, from which it is distant about thirty miles.

“ Night was fast approaching, and the sky portending a thunder-storm, we were obliged to depart ; and now I had occasion to regret the hours I had unprofitably lost at the cock-fight. I had just time to make a hurried sketch for a model, and my son to take a slight drawing, when we were reluctantly forced to quit a spot which had been the site of a most singular and ancient residence of the former monarchs of the country. As we descended, our guide showed us in the rock a large reservoir for supplying with water the palace, whose walls still remain eight feet high ; and as we examined farther, we found that the

whole mountain had been covered with palaces, temples, baths, hanging gardens, &c. ; yet this place has never been noticed by any writer.

"I am of opinion that these were antiquities prior to the discovery of America, and erected by a people whose history was lost even before the building of the city of Mexico. In our way down we collected specimens of the stucco which covered the terrace, still as hard and beautiful as any found at Portici or Herculaneum. Don T. Rosalia informed us that we had seen but the commencement of the wonders of the place ; that there were traces of buildings to the very top still discernable ;—that the mountain was perforated by artificial excavations, and that a flight of steps led to one near the top, which he himself had entered, but which no one as yet had had courage to explore, although it was believed that immense riches were buried in it.

"We regained our horses, and an hour brought us back to Tezcuco, greatly fatigued indeed, but more lamenting the little time we had been able to give to the most interesting place we had visited ; and which, it is not a little extraordinary, appears to have been unnoticed by the Spanish writers at the conquest, in whom it probably excited as little interest as it does in the present inhabitants of the city of Mexico, not one of whom could I find who had ever seen, or even heard of it. What a subject for contemplation does this collection of ruins present to the reflecting mind !—The seat of a powerful monarch, whose subjects (if we may judge from their works) were probably an enlightened people, existing and flourishing long before the Continent of America was known to Europe, and yet a people whose customs, costume, religion, and architecture, strongly resembled those of an enlightened nation of Africa, which may be said to have ceased to exist twenty centuries before this continent was discovered.—Who now can solve this difficulty ? - - -

"We returned to Tezcuco across some fine fields of corn, and having put up our horses again, commenced our rambles over this very interesting city and its suburbs, every part of which exhibits remains of its ancient grandeur ;—the raised mounds of brick are seen on all sides, mixed with aqueducts, ruins of buildings of enormous strength, and many large square structures nearly entire (which I believe to be of Mexican architecture) fragments of sculptured stones constantly occur near the church, the market-place, and palace ; a visit to which cannot fail to awaken the most interesting recollections in the mind of a person at all versed in the history of this portion of America. It was in this palace that Cortez, with his whole army, was lodged and entertained, as described in the simple narrative of Bernal Dias, whose accounts I had many opportunities of corroborating. It was in the market-place here, too, that the

zeal of the first bishop collected the documents of Mexican history, knowledge, and literature—all the Aztec paintings, manuscripts, and hieroglyphical writings ;—when, forming them into an immense pyramid, he committed them to the flames amid the unavailing prayers of the people for their preservation.

The following extract relates to another interesting excursion.

"After a vain inquiry for the celebrated pyramids of the Sun and Moon, or of St. Juan de Teotihuacan, we set off for Otumba, in the expectation of finding them near that place,—a ride of two hours over a fine country, on which the number of handsome Spanish churches and haciendas exceeds that of any part of Mexico through which I had yet travelled. We arrived at the commencement of the mountains, on which there was not a vestige of vegetable soil or vegetation, the whole being a soft iron-coloured stone, in which the continual passing of horses had worn deep tracks up to the animals' knees, and not more than fourteen inches wide, in which tracks it is very requisite to keep, in order to save the traveller from a worse road. We had thunder all the afternoon, and towards evening it rained in torrents, so that the dry beds of the rivers were in an hour filled, and poured their muddy waters in floods to the Mexican Lake, where depositing the earthy parts, it must in a short time be filled up. Upon descending the mountain, we first caught a view of the two pyramids on a plain in front of us, at about five or six miles distant, and another hour brought us, drenched with rain, just before dark, into Otumba, the first place reached by Cortez after his defeat. At this place, after being refused admittance at several houses, we with some difficulty procured shelter in an empty carpenter's shop, where, in our wet clothes, having no fire, upon a bare floor of mud, without food but not without appetite, we had a prospect of passing the night ; but observing a fire in a cottage near, I ventured to enter, and finding only an old woman and some children, I seated myself. The old lady was not at all pleased at my intrusion, but a few medias given to the children, and a dollar to herself, soon produced us bread and eggs ;—we dried our clothes, and having procured dry boards to repose ourselves upon, we passed the night in the carpenter's shop better than we expected.

"Good bread and excellent chocolate were provided for our breakfast. After a stroll round the city, which is said to have once contained 50,000 inhabitants, we examined two curious ancient columns, richly sculptured ; called upon the Padre, but he could give us no information respecting the pyramids, although they were in full view from the windows of his house. We then left this wretched and deserted place, where even the water is so bad that necessity

alone can induce any person to use it ; and proceeded to the stupendous remains, from which we were now distant about a league and a half. As we approached them, the square and perfect form of the largest became at every step more and more visibly distinct, and the terraces could now be counted. We rode first to the lesser, which is the most dilapidated of the two, and ascended to the top, over masses of falling stone and ruins of masonry, with less difficulty than we expected. On the summit are the remains of an ancient building, forty-seven feet long and fourteen wide ; the walls are principally of unhewn stone, three feet thick and eight feet high ; the entrance at the south end, with three windows on each side, and on the north end it appears to have been divided at about a third of its length. At the front of the building, with the great pyramid before us, and many smaller ones at our feet, we sat down to contemplate the scene of ancient wonders :—where the eye takes in the greater part of the vale of Mexico, its lake and city, and commands an extensive view of the plains beneath, and the mountains that bound the west of the valley.

“ It was at this place that Cortez fought and defeated the innumerable army of Indians ; after the horrible night of desolation, he expressly says, that he arrived on the plains near Otumba ; he ascended an eminence, and discovered the whole district covered with armies ; despair filled every breast, except the intrepid leader's. The innumerable hosts of Indians arrived, and closed round the small band of Spaniards, when the dauntless Cortez, with a few horsemen, charged furiously that part of the enemy where the royal banner was carried ; the bearer was killed, the banner taken, and the whole of the immense multitude fled in consternation from the field, offering no further interruption to the retreat of Cortez through Otumba to the territory of Tlascalla.

“ I think there can be little doubt that these immense structures, which vie with the pyramids of Egypt were, at the period we are speaking of, in the same state in which they are now ; and that it was on ascending one of them that Cortez beheld the approach of the great Indian army. There is no other eminence near, which could have answered the purpose ; and if these had been objects of veneration, as temples, or places of military strength, of the people, then in use, they would no doubt have been defended, and he would not have been permitted to have approached them. On descending we partook of some refreshment, and our Indian guide procured us some pulque, which was very acceptable. I went to a cottage close by, in which were several children almost in a state of nature. I tried to entice them by presents, but could not prevail on them to come near me : they seemed much terrified at our white faces and odd dresses. We mounted, and

rode to the several small barrows that are scattered in various directions round the base of the second, and on the road to the largest pyramid ;—in some places they form regular streets running east and west.

“ Not far from the great pyramid, near a gate, lay an enormous stone, with a few sculptured ornaments. It is apparently of great antiquity. A boy who had followed us, observing that we viewed it with attention, took my son a little distance through a plantation, and showed him another of great dimensions, covered with sculpture, with a hole in the top—he supposed it a stone of sacrifice.

“ We soon arrived at the foot of the largest pyramid, and began to ascend. It was less difficult than we expected, though the whole way up, lime and cement are mixed with fallen stones. The terraces are perfectly visible, particularly the second, which is about thirty-eight feet wide, covered with a coat of red cement eight or ten inches thick, composed of small pebble stones and lime. In many places, as you ascend, the nopal trees have destroyed the regularity of the steps, but no where injured the general figure of the square, which is as perfect in this respect as the great pyramid of Egypt. We every where observed broken pieces of instruments like knives, arrow and spear-heads, &c. of obsidian, the same as those found on the small hills of Chollula ; and, on reaching the summit, we found a flat surface of considerable size, but which has been much broken and disturbed. On it was probably a temple or other building—report says, a statue covered with gold. We rested some time on the summit, enjoying one of the finest prospects imaginable, in which the city of Mexico is included. Here I found fragments of small statues and earthen ware, and what surprised me more, oystershells, the first that I had seen in Mexico ; they are a new species, and I have brought specimens home. In descending I also found some ornamental pieces of earthenware, the pattern one of which is in relief, much resembling those of China, the other has a grotesque human face. On the north-east side, at about half-way down, at some remote period, an opening has been attempted. This should have been from the south to the north, and on a level with the ground, or only a few feet above it ;—as all the remains of similar buildings have been found to have their entrances in that direction. Dr. Oteyza, who has given us the measure of these pyramids, makes the base of the largest six hundred and forty-five feet in length, and one hundred and seventy-one in perpendicular height. As to the age of the pyramids, and the people by whom they were erected, all must be a matter of mere conjecture ; no one whom I could meet with in Mexico knew or cared any thing about them. None of the inhabitants had even been to see them, though from the cathedral, both of them, as well

as Tezcosingo, containing the bath of Montezuma, are distinctly visible.

"Yet no person in that neighbourhood could give me the least information respecting these wonderful structures : on asking an old Indian woman we met near the pyramids, if she could tell who made them, she replied, ' Si Signior, St. Francisco.' - - -

"The result of this little excursion of three days has thoroughly convinced me of the veracity of the Spanish writers, whose account of the cities, their immense population, their riches, and progress in the

arts among the Mexicans, are doubted by those who have never seen the country. I firmly believe all that the intelligent and indefatigable Abbe Clavigero has related of his countrymen. Had Monsieur de Pauw, or our better informed countryman, Dr. Robertson, passed one hour in Tezcucuo, Tezcosingo, or Huexotla, they would never have supposed for a moment that the palace of Montezuma in Mexico was a clay cottage, or that the account of the immense population was a fiction."

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"But chance is not, or is not where thou reign'st :
Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r
(If pow'r she be that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws."

- - - **W**HY, as for the matter o' that, Sir, what else have we got to do ? Here we are, snug moored in Greenwich, riding out the gale of life till death brings our anchors home, and then our sarvice being worn through and the cable stranded, we slip and run for the haven of eternal rest. Why, Sir, if it warn't for our spinning a yarn now and then, we should spit and sputter at each other like a parcel of cats in a gutter ; but by reviving the remembrance of old times when we steer'd at the same wheel, fought at the same gun, or belonged to the same watch, we likewise cherish those mutual feelings of regard which adversity cannot capsize, nor old age founder. Aye, aye, you may laugh at poor Jack, but he's got a heart for all that : he'll fight or die for his friends, and never sees his foes cowardly or ill-treated. But many of your sin-ical gemmen condemn us because we are apt to *lie* our strands a little too close, and deal in rumbusticals and comflob-gistications ; but, bless your heart, all them there sort of pollysilly-bulls comes as natural to us as our grog, and what's the use of making a fuss about a lapsis lingo or two ?—howsomever it's the way of the world to find fault with what they don't understand. Give me a rum story and a store of rum (for that's the true lick-numvity) and a good Dibdin now and then about Tom Bowline, or Meg of Wapping—aye, them are

your sentry-mentals ! The women now-a-days are another guess thing to what they were when I was a youngster. There was Bet Spanker, of Plymouth ; by Jupiter she was a Venus, and that's a couple of gods ! There was a run from stem to stern !—there was bows and head-rails, quarter and fashion-pieces, braces and stays ! Ah ! she was one of your lady-ships. Then to see her full rigg'd, with her colours and pendant flying, and her tops deck'd out ! Well, dy'e see, we took a Spanish galleon, and so one evening I was ashore, and got withiin hail. "Yo hoy !" says I. "Be off," says she.—So seeing as how it was no use to stand backing and filling, I clapp'd her alongside, fired a round or two of shiners, and ax'd her if she'd be spliced ? Well, after two or three glasses, she sweetly blush'd consent ; and next morning the parson read a page out of Hamilton Moore, and a better wife never swung in the same hammock.—What does a sailor know about courtships and Q-pids, doves and darts, any more than what Dibdin tells us ? I hear his songs are all *preserved* in bars and crojacks by that *grate* composer, Dr. K— his as prescribes for the indigestions, or gives vent to the bellows of an organ in strains of harmony ; invents capital *spectacles* for the hungry and short-sighted, and figures away at the pie-any, hop-ticks, or fiddlesticks : nothing seems to come

amiss. Well, it's a fine thing to be born a genus and have headcycation.— Now I never took to my larning, 'cause, dy'e see, I was knock-knee'd; but the French made all that straight, as be-like you may see by my two wooden pins. Aye, aye, I lost them in Basque Roads that 'ere Cock-running business: but what's the use of complain-ing?—it makes a man neither fairer nor fatter. Here I am, after fifty years' quarrelling with the windy storm and tempest, playing at rackets with death, and ducks and drakes with old Davy, after overhauling every part of the globe from New Zealand to Greenland, from Otaheite to Tooley-street, from the United States to Basses Straits, and a hundred other places.— Here I am (that is, what's left of me) safe moored in Greenwich, bidding defiance to the dirty sharks of the world. The old song says, "Life's like a ship in constant motion;" and so I've found it. The lighter my ballast the more I heel'd to the gale. But mayhap you would like to hear a bit of yarn, Sir. I see old Sam there, blowing like a grampus to get his jawing-tacks aboard; and I know it's a hard matter for him to sit dumb-foundered when his muzzle lashes are once cast off. Out tomkins, Sam, and fire away. "Why, aye, dy'e see, (says Sam,) what's the good of wasting your precious time boxing a compass that nobody can steer by?— You may just as well nail it to the binnacle at once; but howsomever, I arn't a going to give you a long prolog for a day's work, like my mess-mate there. It was somewhere about the beginning of last war I belonged to the — frigate, lying at Plymouth;— and we had a new captain appointed— indeed it was high time, for the old un was one of your—but avast, he's in t'other world, so his reck'ning's up here; and it's cowardly to rip old grievances out of the grave. Well, our new commander read his commission, and a finer-looking old gemmen never crack'd a king's biscuit. 'My lads, (says he,) I understands you've had some complaints among ye. Now all I've got to say is this here: Do your duty like men, and you shall never want for encouragement. Here's a

sweet ship and a good crew: stand by me, and I'll stand by you.' That was just what we wanted, so we give him three cheers and piped to grog. 'Where does he come from?' says Dick Bobstay. 'I don't remember hearing any thing of his bearings and distances afore to-day. What ship has he commanded?'—'Tis fifteen years since he was taken by an Algerine, after losing his masts and throwing his guns overboard in a gale of wind, (replied a young midshipman.) He has pass'd the intervening time in slavery, for every body at home thought the ship had foundered, and all hands perish'd. He has felt cruelty and will practise mercy.'—'Nobly said, young gentleman, (said Dick;) give a ship's company good officers, and a fig for cropeaus and flying Dutchmen.' Just then the word was pass'd for the coach-horses and bloods (that's the barge and galley's crews) to get harness'd, and be in readiness to go ashore on duty, as soon as the sun had gone to bathe his beams in the western wave after the toil and heat of the day. The hour arrived, and headed by the third lieutenant, we landed to press. We were just crossing one of the streets, when we fell in with a young man and a lad. 'Heave too, (said the Lieutenant, seeing they were about to sheer off;) what ship do you belong to?'—'The Adversity.'—'Adversity—Adversity,— that must be a hard ship;—there's no such name in the British navy. Where do you come from?'—'From the port of Tribulation, bound to the Straits of Difficulty.'—'Aye, aye, I see how it is, (cried an old Master's Mate)—I see how it is, they're Yankees—them there are American consarns, so we may as well make sail again.'—'Avast, (said the Lieutenant,) we must send them down to the boat.'—'By what right?' inquired the man. 'Right! (repeated one of the gang;) here's a pretty fellow! Talk about right among man-of-wars-men! Hullo, young fly-by-night! (addressing the lad,) what have you got to say why you shouldn't serve His Majesty? He'll make a smart topman, your honour.'—'Silence, Sir, and do your duty with humanity,' said the Lieutenant angrily, observing he

had grasp'd the trembling boy's arm. 'Then we may proceed.'—'No, we want hands, and my orders are imperative. You must with us.'—'Never!' (said the other, pulling forth a pistol from his breast :) My liberty is as dear to me as life, and he who robs me of one must also take the other.' The lad press'd close to his side, and after a short ineffectual struggle they were both secured, but not till the man had become senseless—aye, almost lifeless in the contest. Well, we pickt up a few more, and then returned. The frigate was unmoored, and heaving short upon the small bower when we got aboard. An express had arrived to say, that a suspicious ship had been seen off the Start, and we were ordered to overhaul her. The boats were hoisted in, and the man and lad conducted to the sick bay,—the man still senseless, the boy half dead with fright. 'Bring to,' cried the first Lieutenant. 'All ready, Sir.'—'Heave round at the capstan, and run the anchor up to the bows.'—Away danced the men to the tune of 'Off she goes.' 'Well behaved, lads, well behaved,' said the Captain from the quarter-deck. 'Heave and in sight,' was heard from the forecastle as the ponderous iron appeared above the water; and in less than a minute the Boatswain's pipe gave signal to heave and haul. 'Hook on the cat! Hoist away!' and the anchor was instantly run up to the cat-head. 'Haul taut the fish! Walk away!' and the masy flukes rose gradually up the vessel's bows, till the pipe sounded, 'High enough! Belay!' The anchor was secured, and 'Loose sails!' cried the Boatswain, after a flourish with his call. 'Bear a hand, my boys, cast off your gaskets, and shake out the reefs,' said the Captain. 'All ready, Sir.'—'Let fall! sheet home! hoist away!' bellowed the first lieutenant through his trumpet, and instantly that which had been only bare poles was covered with canvass 'low and aloft. Morning began to streak the east with a brighter glow as we pass'd the Mew Stone. I was at the helm. 'Well, Sinis, (said the Captain, addressing the Surgeon,) did you meet with any success?'—'None, Sir; all my inquiries have been fruit-

less. I went according to your directions, but could obtain no other intelligence than that such a person had been known there, but quitted the place without any one being able to tell where she had gone.'—'I feel grateful for your attention, my friend. Oh, Sinis, when I sailed from England on that fatal cruise, I left behind me a wife and two dear children. For fifteen years these limbs have felt the galling fetter; for fifteen years I struggled with affliction as the drowning wretch struggles hard with death, and yet a ray of hope would beam on my mind, and cast a gleam of sunshine on the future. The thoughts of freedom swelled in my breast each rising morn, and buoyed me up through the toil of the day. My dreams of night were still of home, and often have I been transported to those I loved.—I've stretch'd forth my arms in ecstasy, when the rattling of my chains awoke me to a sense of misery. At last, after repeated efforts, I escaped, and returned to my native land. I flew to the sweet spot of innocence and joy, where once—but you cannot tell my feelings. The cottage was swept away, to improve the neighboring estate. The white stone in the yard of the village-church bore the name of her—yes, my Maria lay mouldering below, my children cast abandoned on the world. Father of mercies! from thy throne behold, protect, and restore them to a longing parent's arms!'—'Pon deck there!' shouted the man at the mast-head. 'Halloo!' replied the first Lieutenant. 'A sail on the starboard bow, Sir.'—'Port, lad, port!'—'Port it is, Sir,' says I. The Lieutenant run forward with his glass. 'Meet her, boy, meet her! Steady!'—'Steady,' says I again. He applied his glass to his eye. 'What is she, Mr. —?' inquired the Captain. 'By the length of her legs, Sir, I should take her to be one of our own class, only heavier.'—'Beat to quarters, and see all clear for action.'—'Aye, aye, Sir. Drummer, blow up a tune upon your sheep's-skin fiddle, that they may hear you at the Land's End.'—'Aye, aye, Sir.'—'Shall I show them the Buntin?' inquired the officer. 'If you please.'—'Hoist the colours abaft. Main-top

there ; take the turns out of the coach-whip.' The decks were cleared, the stoppers clapp'd upon the top-sail sheets, the yards slung, the guns cast loose—when the Boatswain roared out from the fore-castle, ' There it goes, Sir, —Try Junk in you-know*—red, white, and blue ! Trail that gun forward, you lubber, and elevate her breech !'— ' A french Frigate, (cried the Lieutenant, rubbing his hands in ecstacy :) Now, my boys, for wooden clogs for your sweethearts.'— ' All ready with the gun,' said the gunner, casting his eye along the sight.'— ' Speak to him Bounce, and ask the news.'— ' Aye, aye, Sir, (replied the old tar as he applied the match to the priming ;) I'll whisper a word in his ear.' In a few minutes the action commenced, and at the second broadside I fell with a wound in my breast. ' Take that poor fellow below,' said the Captain, catching hold of the wheel I had left. I was carried down to the Surgeon, and from my loss of blood was unable to go again to deck. The man we had press'd the night before lay senseless on the deck, and the agitated lad sat beside him. For two hours the firing continued without ceasing, (and many a poor fellow was brought down to be dock'd,†) when the drop-oh! of the Frenchman was hauled down, and three cheers resounded through the vessel, which we, in spite of our wounds, joined in. The young man was roused by it, and rising, gazed wistfully around : he grasp'd the hand of his youthful associate, and press'd it to his lips. At this moment the second Lieutenant was supported below by one of the Midshipmen and a seaman.— ' Why (said the junior officer) did you conceal your wound so long ? You are now faint : pray Heaven, it may'nt prove fatal.'— ' Let me see, (said the surgeon ;) let us hope for the best.'— The young man's waistcoat and shirt were thrown open, when, suspended from his neck, appear'd the portrait of a blooming girl. He snatch'd it in his hand, and raised it to his lips. ' Elinor, (said he,) Elinor, and must we part—part for ever !'— ' Never ! (shrieked the lad, as he sprung to his

side ;) for you Elinor has lived, and for for you Elinor will die.' The Lieutenant turned his looks upon the speaker, whose voice thrill'd to his very soul.— He gazed for one moment on the pallid cheek : ' 'Tis she ! 'tis she ! my love, my Elinor !' and they sank together in each other's arms. Restoratives were immediately applied, and soon produced the desired effect. ' Why, my Elinor, are you here, and thus disguised ?'— ' Stay, Wingwood, (said she,) and I will tell you all ; but first, this (pointing to her companion,) this is my brother. You know my early history :— An orphan supported solely by his own exertions ; our father, as we supposed, perish'd in the service of his country ;— our mother sunk broken-hearted to the grave ; my brother became a sailor, and through his industry I have been maintained. A few days since we received some vague information that our honoured father still existed, and having escaped from his cruel tyrants, was still at Plymouth. We determined to ascertain the matter personally. William persuaded me to adopt this disguise, that I might the more readily escape insult if separated from him. On our arrival yesterday, with scarcely a ray of hope, we understood the person we were in search of was appointed to the command of a frigate.'— ' Her name ?' inquired the Lieutenant eagerly.— ' The Brilliant.'— ' Mysterious Heaven !' ejaculated the Surgeon as he instantly ascended the ladder to the deck. ' The Brilliant ! (reiterated the young Officer ;) 'tis plain—'tis evident—the names agree. Do you not know, my love, what ship you are now on board ?'— ' No.'— ' Oh, Elinor, this—this is the Brilliant frigate.'— ' This the Brilliant ! (faintly articulated the brother of Elinor, struggling to rise ;) but my head is strangely disordered ; yet if you have mercy, ask him—ask the Captain if ever he remembers my dear mother's name. Beg him to say if Maria Wentworth ever held a sacred spot in his breast.'— ' She did ! she did ! (exclaimed a voice, descending down the hatchway.) My children ! my children !' and the Captain immediately folded them in his arms. What need of saying more ? We bore up for Dartmouth

* *Tria juncta in uno*, we fancy.—*Ed.*
† *Drapeau*—ensign, we presume.

with our prize. The Lieutevant, whose wound was but slight, was made hap-

py, and all hands had a double allowance of grog." AN OLD SAILOR.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE AND HIS MIRACLES.

(Blackwood's Edin. Mag.)

WHETHER from lack of matter or lack of brains I cannot tell, but the Irish parliament, weary of expending their verbal ammunition upon politics, have turned it to theology, and undertaken a crusade against heretic unbelievers, under the happy auspices of a princely German quack, a superannuated Irish titular archbishop, four or five friars, two or three medical doctors, a hypochondriacal matron, and an hysterical miss, supported by skirmishers and Kerry evidences, *ad libitum*, in the shape of editors, essayists, attestators, &c. The success of this holy campaign appears indubitable. Entrenched within the impregnable walls of a Dublin nunnery, defended by a second Joan of Arc, sanctified by the benediction of infallibility, the good old cause of Popish miracles defies the puny malice of its once potent foes,—wit, learning, truth, honesty, and common sense. Much as I reverence this unlooked-for revival of exuberant Faith, which can not only remove mountains, but make them, I have some doubts whether it will operate favourably for the advancement of Irish catholics to a British legislature. John Bull is a matter-of-fact sort of fellow, mightily given to apply that faculty called reason to all subjects that come within the range of his discussion, somewhat distrustful of sanctified appearances, afraid of wolves in sheep's clothing, and horribly alarmed by the idea of being priest-ridden, in consequence of what he once suffered from such sticking and troublesome jockeys. When he considers the number and magnitude of evils and misfortunes under which an entire nation really suffers, he will find it impossible to believe that the God of all the earth, leaving these to the ordinary course of Providence, or regarding them as beneath his care, should employ the visible arm of Omnipotence in enabling a few knaves or fools to work a couple of miserable and insignificant miracles! to make a sulky miss recover

the use of her tongue, and a bed-ridden nun the use of her limbs! *Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus*. I am afraid he will consider it less as a proof of divine condescension than of divine displeasure—of intellect miserably degraded, of shameless bigotry, and of triumphant superstition! I shall be glad to know how Mr. Brougham likes this novel specimen of senatorial qualification exhibited by his new clients—whether it will animate his zeal in the cause of such liberal, pious, and enlightened petitioners—whether he will feel much satisfaction in contemplating the powerful legislative assistance, he, the proud champion of civil and religious liberty, is, if successful, likely to obtain from the disciples and admirers of Prince Hohenlohe, from believers in all the trumpery of monkish lies and legends, from the defenders of pious frauds, from the assertors of all the spiritual rights, powers, privileges, and immunities of the Hispano-Hibernian church, and from the volunteer advocates of miracles in a Dublin nunnery! Happy qualifications for the exercise of legislative functions in a British senate of the 19th century!!

In times of national barbarism, when pious fraud was deemed requisite for the subjugation of minds incapable of rational persuasion, and accessible only through their fears, the miracle-monger might have found some apology for his deception in the necessity of deceiving. To see it resorted to *now*, to see the divine truths of Christianity thrown into the back-ground, and a confederacy of sacerdotal jugglers exhibiting their legerdemain, with nuns and nunneries; to see popular ignorance, rusticity, and superstition, not endeavoured to be removed by moral and rational instruction, but endeavoured to be retarded and confirmed by the grossest frauds of the grossest ages, is no less to be wondered at than deplored. Occasional instances of fancied inspiration, of enthusiastic ra-

ving, or of monkish quackery, would never surprise ; from individual acts of deceit, of folly, and of falsehood, no state of society is or ever will be exempt. But to behold the highest dignitaries of a church calling itself Christian, and professing to be the lineal possessor of apostolic virtue, the perfect pattern of evangelical rectitude, and the sole depository of divine commission—to see also a sage assembly of self-constituted senators, claiming more than an equal share of natural talent, of acquired knowledge, of legal ability, and of liberal patriotism ; to see all these, I say, sanctifying, sanctioning, and defending the miserable delusion, while not a single voice among the host of that church's educated and well-informed followers, raises a fresh sound in defence of reason and truth, is wonderful and astonishing indeed!!! If they believe this linsey-woolsey compound of Irish and German manufacture—what must we call them—Fools.—If they do *not*, I leave my readers to find the appropriate appellation.

Instances of providential favour and protection, both to nations and to individuals, have been, and now are, sufficiently apparent in God's moral government of the world. The records of the past, and the experience of the present, abundantly attest the overruling direction and allwise and almighty Power. Although the clear voice of reason proclaims the necessity of miracles to the primary support of our divine religion, at a time when every human power, prejudice, and passion warred against it, yet does she employ an equal strength of argument in demonstrating the futility of fancying that they are to remain when those obstructions have been overcome, and the system they were wanting to establish, secured upon an immovable foundation. It must be no ordinary cause that will induce the Deity to change the settled course of things, invert his own rules, and disturb the order of Nature, for such is the power possessed by the real, and claimed by the pretended performer of miracles—Who fed starving multitudes, and covered shivering nakedness, in the land of miracles in 1823 ? The power and

goodness of God unquestionably ; but it was the goodness and power of God naturally operating on the minds of the generous and beneficent in both islands, and in a more particular and transcendent degree on those of the *heretical* inhabitants of Great Britain.—It is thus that the Christian revelation attests the divinity of its origin, maintains its character, and displays its influence. It is thus that the true professor is distinguished from the spurious, by higher views, deeper reflections, and more exalted sentiments, by his attachment to the substance, his disregard for the show. Girt with the invulnerable panoply of celestial truth, diffusing its radiance, though with unequal lustre, over all the earth, and receiving hourly accessions to its strength, Christianity scorns the puny aid of the bigot's narrow dogmas, or the wonder-worker's fragile crutch. It spurns at the appearance of pious imposture, whether the result of simple superstition, of stupid credulity, of grovelling ignorance, or of unworthy artifice. It rests for support on its moral fitness for the wants of man, its adaptation to every stage and condition of life, the simplicity of its principles, the purity of its doctrines, and the sublimity of its truth. If the DIVINE WORD has not been written in vain, we know already, or at least it is our own fault if we do *not* know, as much of its nature, obligations, and exalted excellence, as can possibly be imparted. All that remains to the pastor is to teach, and all that remains for the *disciple*, is to follow the instructions of the MASTER.—This, and this only, constitutes the sum and substance of the Gospel Covenant ; this is to act in accordance with the beneficent intention of the heavenly Author ; this is, in the best, and only present sense of the words, to give EYES TO THE BLIND, and FEET TO THE LAME. The Church which departs from these principles, and substitutes her own prescriptions for those of the celestial Healer, written, as they are, in never-fading colours, and attested by inspired and incorruptible witnesses, may deck herself with what titles or garments she pleases, but *her* religion is *not* the religion of Jesus Christ.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(Euro. Mag.)

LEAVING TOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "HERMIT IN LONDON."

"Solvitur acris hyems."—*Horat.*

IN the olden times, the passing away of the severity of winter, and the milder influence of spring's approach, might prepare the nobleman or man of fashion for a journey to his estate, and might remind him, that it was time to give up the pleasures of town, and to sojourn amongst his tenantry in the country; the coach-and-six would be ordered to the door, with a suitable retinue, and the cavalcade would move, in ordinary time, and arrive in stateliness at the family mansion, in a given period, proportioned to its distance from the metropolis. The leaving town is now a matter of more difficulty, the season is much further advanced, and the departure more like a retreat than a journey. Seldom is it orderly, sometimes it is a complete race; obstacles not unfrequently present themselves on the day of march, so that the London campaign ends in a hostile scene; family disagreements form a part of the skirmish, regret is attendant on the footsteps of past pleasure, whilst the exhausted purse and wounded heart bear a memento of the winter season. The better to elucidate this statement, let us take a scene in the living romance of life.

"The Ostler is come from New-man's, Sir, to know at what hour you will want the post-horses?" says the first footman of a man of fashion in the autumn of life. "Tell him that I shall give him a crown for his trouble, but that I cannot leave town to-day; he may come at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon, or—let him call at twelve for orders; but stop, John, let me have the four greys that I always have, and his master may send in his bill at the same time; and—hark ye, John! take this down to Drummond's (a letter,) and bring back an answer." John obeys,—“The devil's in the people! there is not a single bill here before me (the number being immense) that is not five times what it ought to be. John!” “Sir.” “Send up the housekeeper.” She comes—“Pray what is this bill of

Gunter's, as long as my arm? what! all that for fruit and ices? One hundred, two hundred,—brought forward two hundred and forty, what! more still? why the man's mad; he takes me for a natural.” “No, indeed! Sir Charles, it is all right.” “All right! Yes, I suppose, as it is with a mail coach, ‘all right!’ so drive on; but that won't do, what is it for?” “A supper, Sir Charles! a supper ordered by my lady.” “It never came into the house.” “Yes, indeed! it did, Sir, it was whilst you were at Newmarket.” “Ay, that's another memorandum of ruin; but go on, pray who in the name of wonder is Mr. Greenfield, the nurseryman? Nursery maids are destructive articles enough, but what is this claimant upon four pages of paper?” “Evergreens, rare flowers, and shrubs, for my Lady's first party; it has been owing these four months.”—“And, (interrupting Mrs. Harrison) shall for as many years, I have not the least recollection of it.”—“Sir Charles, here is an account from the musicians.” (Sir Charles in reply)—“Not very likely to increase the *harmony menage*; I have been prettily fiddled and diddled by these performers this spring, but they must just be so good as to wait my time, or I will never employ them again. Let me see your account, Harrison; by Jove, this can never be right; it must be cast up twice over. What! a hundred and odd pounds for items and sundry things forgotten in last account? I wish that your memory had not served you better in the present one. Postage of letters! ah! that's a hum.—Money lent Miss Sophia—what! twenty pounds in crowns and sovereigns! Then again—‘paid for messages:’ pray have we not six tall, long-sided footmen; a porter, like two single men rolled into one; and nearly as many grooms as horses?” “Yes, Sir Charles, but then Miss Sophia and her sister would often not take patience until some of them came in, and would despatch a

chairman to her dress maker for fear she might send some article of dress too late, and the *like of that*." "A pretty *like of that*, to come to such an amount! and pray where is the poodle puppy for which you make a *little modest item* of five guineas?" "Oh! Sir, he was stolen three days after we bought him; I advised Mistress not to take him, as I know that *they fellows* who sell them, always entice them back again, but she would have her way." "You may say that, Harrison, and so I must pay five guineas for a puppy that I never saw, to my remembrance, and which is now running up and down the streets, with many other puppies that I wish I had never seen?" "If you please, Sir Charles."—"I cannot say that it *pleases* me very much, but come up again when I send for you, and in the mean time order Atkinson (the house steward) to come to me;" (he arrives)—"I see in Monsieur Ladrone's account, liqueurs, Florence wine, and Macaroni, charged twice over, the same articles on the same day." "No, Sir, there is a mistake in the date, but the articles were had, it's all right." "All right, ha! why, this seems to be a cant word amongst you, and——(turning over a mountain of bills,) here's an account of Martel's, the wine merchant, in which he charges me for the champagne which I returned to him." "No, Sir, that wine was returned; but it is other wine that was sent, it was certainly had, Sir."—"Yes, below stairs, I suppose, and I am *had* if I pay it, but I will see about it to-morrow, tell my daughter to come here." "Yes, Sir Charles, I'll speak to her maid." "I dare say you will——Sophy, love, I thought you told me that Madame Tournetete's bill was one hundred and six pounds, and I here find it one hundred and sixty-six." "Yes Pa, it's all right." "D——n the all right." "Indeed it is, (smiling,) I had a robe of *gros de Naples* and a ball-dress of *tulle* since that." "Well, Sophy, it is no laughing matter to me, but it must be paid; recollect that you must not ride the grey horse to-day, as he goes off to-morrow." "What horse then?" "None, my dear girl; you know that I am forced to put off

my departure on account of the heavy bills which have come in, and pray let the horses have one day's rest, and give me one day's quiet after four months high fever." "Very well, pa."

But Miss Sophia rides the black horse, for she has Horace Wildair to meet, and many a tender adieu to give and take, besides an arrangement to make as to where his letters can be directed to. John returns without money, the banker being greatly overdrawn upon, and the next day a power is given to sell out, to make up which, the woods at Clover-hall will groan in a few months. Dnn follows dun, on the morning of departure, until irritated nearly to phrenzy, Sir Charles tells the post-boys 'to drive like h—ll!' a pretty *cool* way of setting off! her Ladyship pants all the way at the *jobation* (as she calls it) which her losses at play produced; and fair Sophy "looks and sighs, sighs and looks, looks and sighs, and looks again," as she passes the lodging in Picadilly, where her favourite Lancer sleeps out his noon-day slumbers, in debt, in love, and in the dumps. Such is the state of father, daughter, and *dear mamma*.—With how little comfort or satisfaction can the family behold the summer, already far advanced, the flowers of spring faded away, the dreams of delight vanished on airy wing, cares and mistrusts multiplied, purses and pocket books dwindled into delicate form, or empty as the imagined joys of the season; or as the emptier heads of those who pursued them!

Such is *one* leaving town; others are still more difficult. It is an important hour for the spendthrift; the idler; the romantic female of *bon ton*; the exquisite of feeling, and of dress. The blood hounds of the law hunt the former out of town; the second can find no charms in nature and in rural scenes; the third is in mourning for past scenes, if not past sins, and has no resource but the circulating library to solace her until her return to town.—The exquisite of feeling has had her little fluttering heart flattered and flirted, *waltzed* and *quadrilled* away, the void is insupportable; the last must have a neck-and-neck race with

his tailor to Dover, thence to embark for the continent,—or will leave town, for a blind, and rusticate three months afterwards in the prospects of the Obelisk and in St. George's Fields, where he will wait until he meets his old friends, with long faces, in the persons of his jeweller, his perfumer, his horse-dealer, his livery-stable keeper, with all his other quality serving tradesmen, not forgetting the Jew, the attorney, and the hotel keeper.

Happy the man, who, having resided in town for moderate recreation, or for the discharge of his senatorial or other duties, can calmly quit his town house, and post it down in good health and spirits to his family seat, there to gladden every heart ; to improve a property transmitted to him by his ancestors, to promote the interests of agriculture and of patriotism ; to maintain the character of hospitality of sire and grand-sire ; to provide for the working poor by furnishing them with industrious employment, and to relieve the aged and infirm. The harvest-home and autumnal sports will be enlivened and honoured by his presence, and the old

English Christmas festivities will close the period of his residence amongst kind neighbours and prosperous tenantry ; when he may again meet the high circle of his town mansion, without fear of having it run down by creditors ;—pigeoned by birds of prey ; winged in an affair of folly, growing out some gaming-table, tavern, or play-house quarrel ; or bring the retributive sacrifice to unlawful inclination, or to the transgressions of gallantry in high life :—there will be no slipping off, edging off, making off, or moonlight march ; no Sunday's departure, or unperceived disappearance ; all will be honest and above board, a kind farewell will be uttered by esteeming acquaintances ; and the Morning Post will notice his Lordship, or the Baronet, or the independent wealthy Commoner's *leaving* town, for his manor, or a watering-place, without dread of exposure to those who have him in their columns in the shape of a debtor ; and who wish to have him out of their books in the way of payment instead of the form of ill-report.

BIOGRAPHY.

(*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*)

MASTER GEORGE ASPULL, THE MUSICAL PRODIGY.

THE fame of this youthful musician has already spread far and wide. His precocious and extraordinary talents have not only attracted the notice of the profession and of fashion, but been honoured by the regards of royalty itself ; and His Majesty, one of the finest judges of music in the kingdom, has been pleased to express his warmest approbation of the boy's performances.

Having heard much of this phenomenon, and seeing a concert advertised for the display of his powers on the 14th, at the King's Concert Rooms,* we were desirous of ascertaining the nature and extent of his accomplishments,

* This bids fair to be a great treat : it commences at eight o'clock, and the bill embraces some of the best music we know, and in the hands of the most popular performers—Pasta, R. de Begnis, Stephens, Patou, Garcia, Curioni, Kellner, Cramer, Greated, &c. &c.

and, if so astonishing as report gave out, something of the history of their origin, growth, and promise. In attaining this object we have indeed enjoyed a very high gratification. Young ASPULL is a surprising instance of genius ; and affords one of those rare examples of mind, so early imbued with superiority in a particular branch of science, as to make philosophy pause on the disputed doctrine between acquisition and intuition.

This child, for he is no more, is now about eight years and a half old, and has cultivated his musical faculty for a little more than three years ; for he had reached the age of five before it developed itself so much as to excite attention. Since then, however, it has been sedulously improved by his father ; and he has already attained that proficiency

cy which renders him so remarkable. It is not easy to convey by description an adequate idea of his astonishing characteristics. His appearance is altogether very interesting ; and his manners are playful and pleasing, like those of other fine boys of his age. When seated at the instrument, it seems as if his soul and body were part of its movements and the tones produced—there is no effort, and the whole is like one piece of curiously organized mechanism. His execution is firm, certain, and brilliant ; and this is the more surprising when you watch the little hand (which resorts to so many expedients, unnecessary when it is of sufficient stretch) overcoming all the difficulties of the most difficult pieces that ever were composed to try the skill of a performer. His ear, it need hardly be said, is perfect. This is evident from his play ; but was made much more strikingly so by an experiment which he had several times tried. A bar of music was sung to him, and he instantly repeated it on the pianoforte in the same key with the truth of an echo ;—and then, starting away, composed an extempore piece upon it, beautiful and various in itself, and never departing from the original theme ! This wonderful effort he repeated as often as he was asked, and always with the same success ; which clearly proved that nature had endowed him with these extraordinary qualities, beyond aught which art or instruction could give.—He also sung with great sweetness ; and altogether delighted the company assembled to witness his performances.

Our object in penning this brief account, is to make this admirable child more generally known to the public, and consequently to recommend him to the encouragement and patronage he so eminently deserves. What may be the result of his future progress it is impossible to predict ; but surely, if not spoilt by mismanagement, and properly taken care of, we may anticipate that he will become one of the brightest ornaments the musical world ever saw.—His appearance, and that of *young

Lixt at Paris, may give an interest to, and have an interest reflected by the following account, taken from Grimm's Correspondence, of the first appearance of Mozart in Paris in 1763.

“ True prodigies are so rare, that it is worth while to speak of one when we have had an opportunity of seeing it. A musician of Saltzburg, of the name of Mozart, has arrived here with two very pretty children. The girl, who is about eleven years of age, plays the harpsichord in the most brilliant manner ; she performs the greatest and most difficult pieces with the most astonishing precision. The brother, who is not yet seven years old, is so extraordinary a phenomenon, that it is almost impossible to believe what we see with our eyes and hear with our ears. It is a trifle for this child to execute, with the greatest correctness, with hands that can hardly reach a sixth : what is most astonishing, is to see him play from his fancy, for an hour together, and follow the inspiration of his genius and a crowd of beautiful ideas, which he introduces with taste, and without confusion. The most accomplished leader of a band cannot be more profoundly skilled than he, in the knowledge of harmony and of modulations, which he knows how to conduct by uncommon means, but always correctly.—He is so perfectly master of his instrument, that if a napkin is laid upon the keys, he plays upon the napkin with the same rapidity and precision. He can not only decypher whatever is set before him, but he writes and composes with wonderful facility, without wanting to approach the instrument and to seek the chords. I wrote him a minuet with my own hand, and begged him to put a bass to it ; the child took the pen, and without the help of the harpsichord, wrote a bass to my minuet. You may suppose that he finds no difficulty in transposing and playing any air you lay before him, in whatever key you please. But the following fact, though I have seen it, appears to me incomprehensible. A lady asked him the other day if he could accompany by his ear, and without seeing it, an Italian cavatina, which she knew by heart : she began to sing—the child

* It is to be observed, that the young Hungarian, Lixt, is twelve years of age, and does not yet compose. His extraordinary performances seem rather the effect of interest and feeling than of science.

nied a bass which was not absolutely correct, because it is impossible to prepare beforehand the accompaniment of a song which you do not know. When the air was finished, he begged the lady to sing it again, on which he not only played the tune with his right hand, but added the bass with the other, without any confusion ; after which he begged her ten times to begin again, and every time changed the style of his accompaniment : he would have repeated it

twenty times if he had not been stopped. It would be no wonder if this child were to turn my head, if I were to see him often."

Quite as much, or more, may be said of our native genius, young ASPULL, and we sincerely hope that he will meet with that kind and fostering protection, which will reflect honour on those who bestow it, and produce, (in all probability) the noblest effects upon him.

(Euro. Mag.)

MY DYING FRIEND.

YES, we must part—I feel we must—
Our hope for thee is past ;
The form I love will soon be dust—
So noble to the last !

The hand of death is o'er thee now,
The chill is on thy pallid brow,
Thy life is ebbing fast.

I breathe, while yet I gaze on thee,
That farewell, till eternity.

Oh ! why my hand so feebly clasp
Within a faint embrace ?

Nay still, retain it in thy grasp,
But turn from me thy face ;

Oh ! do not gaze upon me so,
As thou would'st read my soul, as tho'
Thy rayless eye could trace

In me the workings of despair,
To know that death is busy there.

For thou wilt die, in death will sleep

What worth and honour gave ;
While truth and virtue vainly weep,
And genius cannot save.

A noble mind with thee will die,
Lost, lost to all beneath the sky,
When thou art in thy grave.

That form, but clay, cold soon will be
All that this world retains of thee.

Oh ! let me gaze on thee once more,

My friend, once ere we part ;
Thy cares, thy woes, will soon be o'er,
And calm that throbbing heart.

But, if my feelings follow thee,
My thoughts, my joys, my hopes, to be
With thee, where'er thou art,

I would not break thy tranquil sleep,
For those alone who live I weep.

I must not think, I dare not dwell

On days, on joys no more ;
To me, it would be sweet to tell
Of them, though they are o'er ;

To me, no cloud can overcast
The sunny influence of the past,—
'Tis only gloom before—

But, ah ! why waken in thy breast
Those mortal feelings that must rest.

Why should I shed the selfish tear,
Or heave the selfish sigh ?

Oh ! would my heart retain thee here ?
Thee—from thy kindred sky ?

Forgive the earthly bosom's thrill,
Mine cleaves to human nature still ;

I mourn that thou must die.
I feel, I feel that we must part,
Alas that feeling rends my heart.

SABBATH DAYS.

BY BERNARD BARTON, THE QUAKER POET.

(Eclectic Review, July.)

TYPES of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week ;
The next world's gladness imag'd forth in this—
Days of whose worth the Christian heart can speak.

Eternity in Time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the weeks dull flight,

Wakeners of prayer in Man—his resting bowers
As on he journies in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fix'd by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers ;
Periods appointed to renew our trust,—
A gleam of glory after six days' showers !

A milky way mark'd out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—
A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,
Tho' briars and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of Heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story—
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory !

(Euro. Mag.)

THE TRAITOR'S GRAVE.

" With fairest flowers,
 Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack
 The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose."

Shakspeare.

BENEATH the shelter of a hedge, in a meadow, a short distance west of Cardiff Castle, may. (or *might* at least a few years ago,) be seen a small mound of earth, ornamented during the months of spring and summer, not only with the choicest flowers of the field, but also with many others which serve to decorate the gardens of the peasant ; the cowslip, the primrose, the violet, and the wall-flower flourished in wild, but neglected luxuriance ; while the rose-mary and southern wood, and thyme, loaded the air with their powerful perfume, and served to embellish the spot during those months when the charms of their less hardy companions had shrunk before the chilling blasts of winter. No person claimed them as his own, or attended to them as they appeared ; and both the flower and shrub seemed to spring into existence, apparently for no other purpose than

" To waste their sweetness on the desert air."

It is true they escaped not the sharp eye of the school-boy in his daily rambles, but they remained unmolested even by his thoughtless and all-plundering hand. He would admire them as he passed, or, mayhap, stoop down to inhale more effectually the odour which they emitted—it was all he dared to do, for some invisible being seemed to whisper him " thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Obedient to the voice, he left them where they were, nor ever ventured to gather them, to give them a place in his nosegay. Thus, in the place where they first blossomed, they withered and decayed, no one being found so irreverent as to pluck them, for they were guarded by the spell which superstition frequently casts around the final resting-place of man. The spot was known by the name of " the Traitor's Grave," and the circumstances connected with it are thus preserved in the records of tradition.

During the civil wars when the victorious Cromwell, after having brought nearly the whole of England into subjection, by the matchless prowess of his arms, was proceeding with his accustomed vigour to chastise the few bold spirits who were still firmly attached to the cause of the king, in the principality, he met with an unexpected opposition from the Governor of Cardiff Castle, who, notwithstanding the terror of Cromwell's name, sent a bold defiance in answer to the herald, who, in the name of the Parliament summoned him to surrender,—*" I hold my Castle from the King."* exclaimed the haughty Beauford, " and to him only will I give it up." Cromwell enraged at this answer, and still more so at the unlooked for obstacle, thus suddenly starting up to check, as it were, the rapidity of his conquests, commanded his officers instantly to commence the siege of the place. The command was hardly given ere it was obeyed. The trenches were dug, and batteries erected, with the rapidity which always marked the movements of the rebel army, when headed by the commander, who this day led them on. The works were not begun till some time after sun-rise, yet before noon the siege had regularly commenced, and the lofty battlements of Cardiff Castle rung with the sounds of the invader's cannon as they

" Roar'd aloud,
 " And from their throats with flash and cloud,
 " Their showers of iron threw."

The massy walls of the Castle however resisted stoutly ; and suffered no very material injury, from the repeated discharges of the enemy's artillery, which failed in every attempt to make a breach : thus passed the first day.

On the morning of the second day, the parliamentary general again sent his challenge for them to surrender, but the herald returned with an answer

of similar import with the first. Cromwell was not a man who could be induced to waste his time in fruitless parleys: and when he found that threats were unavailable, he instantly had recourse to more powerful arguments. These therefore he ordered once more to be brought into action against the enemy, in hopes that his cannon would accomplish that, which his flag of truce had failed to do,—to bring the garrison to reason. The second day however closed, without bringing with it any greater hopes of success, than that which had preceded, at least it appeared so to the besiegers, who having of late been accustomed to sudden and easy surrenders, began to despair of being able to reduce a fort that had thus for two days gallantly withstood their hitherto irresistible artillery. Even Cromwell himself grew fearful of the event, and could ill brook that a single castle should thus be able to retard his march, and occasion him such loss of time, men, and ammunition. Nor was this all: he beheld with no small degree of chagrin, that the friends of Charles, taking advantage of his present stationary position, were preparing for a vigorous defence, and strengthening their respective castles for this purpose against his approach. The unsuccessful attempt of the second day had indeed so far emboldened some of the more daring royalists, that they ventured under cover of the night, to attack his very camp, succeeded in driving in the picquets, and caused such confusion among the troops, that it was not until Cromwell himself came forward, that the intruders were driven back, and order restored. This unfortunate incident, made him sensible of the awkward situation in which he was placed, and convinced him of the absolute necessity of altering his present plan of action as speedily as possible, as he saw that by occupying his present position, unless the garrison very shortly capitulated, the longer he remained there, the greater would be his disgrace, if, from any circumstance he should be at last compelled to give up the undertaking. He therefore formed a determination in his own mind, of raising the siege on the succeeding night, in

case he proved as unsuccessful on that (the third) day as he had hitherto been. He determined however by his conduct, not to give the enemy any ground to entertain such hope, and obedient to his command, upon the appearance of day-light, the batteries were again mounted, and every gun put into requisition. Nothing could possibly have withstood the fire of this day, except the most determined bravery on the part of the besieged; this they happily possessed; and, the military skill shown by their engineers was such, that ere sun set, they had effected the destruction of nearly the whole range of batteries, which had been erected by the enemy, in order to effect a breach. But, unfortunately, this was not done until their own walls were in such a shattered condition, that another such day must inevitably have sealed their fate, by compelling them to surrender whether they willed or willed not.

Under these circumstances, on the part of the garrison, Sir J. Beauford consented after much solicitation, to call a council of the officers who composed it, in order that some measures for their mutual safety might be speedily adopted in the present emergency; for the ramparts had given way in several places, and it would be vain to attempt a resistance, should the enemy endeavour to force an entrance, as breaches were visible in every part of the fortifications. The approach of night was the only thing which prevented them taking immediate advantage of these circumstances. At the time appointed, the council assembled; despair was plainly depicted upon the features of those who composed it; but at the same time their bandaged appearance, told that they had resolution even in despair. Though each person was in his place, yet no one ventured to break the ominous silence which reigned in the apartments. At length Beauford himself addressed those around him—"Fellow Officers," said he, "This Castle was confided to my keeping by the King, and it is my intention to be faithful to the trust. We have assembled here to consult further means for its safety: to *this* point confine then, your observations and advice,

for mark me! the first among you who counsels, or even hints at submission, shall be shot, though that shot were the last in the garrison! We have met here to *defend*, and not to *betray* our trust! and, while two stones hold together, let no one talk of yielding!—Struck by these remarks, and by the manner in which they were spoken, every one remained silent; for each had, in his own mind, come there for no other purpose than to form some plan for the preservation of their lives, and if no other could be found to agree to the terms for capitulation, should the Castle be again attacked, as it was utterly impossible to defend it longer, and madness to attempt any resistance farther than was necessary, in order to obtain from the victor as favourable terms as possible. The passionate Beauford, as the silence still continued, turned to those around him, and knitting his eye-brows, until his countenance appeared to put on the look of a *dæmon*, giving vent to his rage, exclaimed aloud,—“Was I summoned here to be made a fool of, or, cowards as you are, think you that like yours, my heart harbours thoughts which my tongue dares not express. Begone, I say, to your posts, and leave the care of providing for the Castle’s safety to me, since you appear to have forgotten the respect which you owe to your governor, as well as your duty to your King! Begone, I say, begone!” Stung by such unmerited reproaches, a young, but intrepid looking cavalier instantly started from his seat, “A truce to your reproaches, Sir John. That they are unjust, the wounds and scars we bear will testify, and vindicate our honour from the false charge of cowardice. We have neither forgotten our duty to our King, nor to our Governor; but when the latter so far forgets himself, as to accuse those falsely who have cheerfully shed their best blood, at his bidding, and neglects to provide for their safety in the hour of danger, it is time they look to themselves. Hear me then, I care not for the effects of your threatened vengeance. I have hitherto fought as becomes a loyal subject of King Charles, but will fight no longer, unless the terms of a surrender be first agreed on, in case the rebels

venture to renew the attack to-morrow. Agree to this, and my sword is again at your service, else never. These are my thoughts, nor do I *fear* to utter them; now do your worst!” Beauford, who had with great difficulty retained possession of his seat, till the speaker had concluded, no sooner perceived he had done, than he drew his sword, and rushing forwards, proceeded to put his threat into immediate execution; and most likely Walter Sele would have paid the forfeit of his life for his temerity, had not those around wrested the weapon of death from the hands of the Governor; who, enraged at being thus thwarted, darted from the chamber, swearing he would have every soul of them shot for rebels.

At this time, when the enemy from without, and faction from within, threatened the Castle with certain destruction, there were, besides the military who composed the garrison, within its walls, several ladies, whose friends or relatives, anxious for their safety, had placed them there as beyond the reach of danger, upon the approach of the rebel army. Among these was Deva Milton, the orphan daughter of an old Cavalier. No more is known of the maid, than that she was fair, whether in the opinion of the world or not, it matters little, it is enough that she was so in the eyes of Walter Sele. To *him* she was “the *fairest* of the fair.” He loved her, and would like every *true* lover, have risked his life to serve her. To her little chamber it was he repaired, when released from the duties of the day, and in her company he was glad to forget, for awhile, the dangers which surrounded him. Here, therefore, it was that he hastened upon his escape from the council-room; and here he determined to remain patiently, until informed that the savage rage of the Governor was cooled, and time, by replacing reason upon her throne, should have made him sensible of the error which he had committed. A time, alas! that Walter was not fated to behold.

It appears, however, that he was not the only person among the besieged, who was sensible of the charms of the fair Deva. The commandant himself, who, to his unshaken loyalty, (almost

his only virtue,) added all that licentiousness and profligacy which characterised in a greater or less degree, the reign of every monarch of the Stuart line; had also beheld and admired her charms, but alas! beheld, and admired them with the most dishonourable feelings; and he seized what appeared to him a favourable moment, when the officers were engaged in more important matters, to gratify his lust; glorying in the idea that he should, at the same time, by this means, inflict the most cruel of all punishments upon the unfortunate being, who had offended him; and blast for ever his brightest hopes, by ruining her who was far dearer to him than his own life.

Having gained admission into the apartment, he proceeded to flatter and menace by turns, but all in vain. Her virtue was alike proof against both; she upbraided him with his baseness and villany, and replied to his remarks, with taunts and reproaches. Enraged at her conduct, he seized her rudely, and was proceeding to gratify by force, both his revenge and his passion. His feeble victim shrieked aloud for assistance, but the echo of her voice was the only answer she received. Spite of the resistance which she made, one minute more would have decided the struggle, and the fair Deva would have been—fair no longer. At this crisis the room-door yielded to the strong nerves of Sele, who snatching a pistol from his belt, rushed upon the villain, whom he saw before him, and presented it to his head; but even at this critical juncture he still retained presence of mind, sufficient not to discharge it, lest, by any accident, the contents should injure her to whose rescue he had thus opportunely arrived. Beauford, on feeling so rude a grasp, let go the hold of his intended victim, and turned round to oppose this sudden and unlooked for enemy. It was now no time for parley. In an instant the sword of each had left its scabbard. "Coward and slave, by heaven you shall not again escape me!" "Neither slave nor coward," exclaimed the injured youth, as he recognised the well-known sound of the governor's voice, "and that Beauford will soon discover

too." Flinging the pistol from his hand, he prepared instantly for the attack. The weapons met with the quickness of lightning, and though the event seemed to all appearance to depend more upon which was the strongest arm, yet the blows, however irregular and fierce, were frequently parried off with great skill, as each in turn became the assailant. The combat lasted but a few minutes; for the foot of Beauford striking against an iron-ring in the floor, he stumbled, when putting out his sword to prevent his falling it snapt, and of course occasioned that which it was intended to prevent. The issue of the strife seemed now determined; but it was not so: for on Sele's springing forward to disarm his adversary, he received the contents of a pistol in his left shoulder, and fell prostrate beside him. A party of the guard who had been alarmed by the noise which the combat had necessarily occasioned, now rushed into the apartment, when Beauford, springing up, commanded them to raise his wounded opponent, and to do as they were bid. He was instantly obeyed, and the soldiers, having bound him as well as they were able, at the moment, followed the steps of their governor, who led the way to the foot of the staircase; where, opening a low and narrow door, he descended a few steps, when a similar barrier opposed them, which was also, with some difficulty opened; and the interior of the castle keep presented itself to their view, darker, if possible, than the sepulchres of the dead. Here, just within the entrance, Beauford commanded the men to lay down their prisoner. They did so, and retreated. The door grating upon its rusty hinges, closed again; and the unfortunate Sele found himself in a dark, damp dungeon, far from the reach of any human being.

Not having been severely wounded, the coldness of the dungeon soon brought the ill-fated youth to himself again, where seating, (for the place he was in, would not allow of his standing,) himself upon the step on which he had been left, he proceeded to bind up the wound, as well as he was able, with his handkerchief: after which he felt relieved. Perfectly aware from the

situation of his prison, that it would be in vain to attempt either by the loudness of his voice, or any other means now in his power, to make his friends acquainted with his fate, he made up his mind to bear manfully his present confinement; encouraged by the hope, that the garrison would soon be obliged to surrender, when, in all probability, he should regain his liberty. But the thought of his Deva being in the power of one whom he was now forced to rank as his bitterest enemy, rushed across his recollection, and almost drove him to distraction. The pain of his wound, and the dampness of his habitation, however, soon made him sensible of his utter inability to be of any service to her by his lamentation; and reason again assuming her dominion, he began to reflect upon the possibility of his being able to escape. At this instant, he fortunately thought of an old tale, which he had heard when a boy, respecting an outlawed chief, who, according to tradition, having been taken prisoner by the lord of Cardiff Castle, and confined in the cell he then inhabited, had effected his escape by means of a secret passage, which he had accidentally discovered. Walter Sele not being of a disposition to give way to despair, while the least glimmer of hope presented itself to his mind, seized eagerly upon this legendary account; and, though not very sanguine in his expectations, determined at all events to attempt the discovery of the reported outlet, well knowing that the strong holds of the feudal barons, frequently abounded with a multitude of secret posterns, and subterranean passages, for which any person except the original proprietor, would be puzzled to find an use. Groping therefore his way, as well as he was able, he proceeded slowly along, carefully examining with his hands the wall of the dungeon, which ere he had gone very far, became sensibly larger; and he was enabled to stand erect. Still keeping the wall for his guide, he had not proceeded much farther along his dark and dismal track, when he was agreeably surprised on finding himself come in contact with a strong current of air. He now became confident that

he could not be very distant from some opening, and the castle clock, which he distinctly heard striking the hour of ten, confirmed him in this opinion. Following the direction of the draft, he soon found that his course was considerably impeded by heaps of rubbish, and large fragments of stone, which had evidently been forced out of their proper place; and he rightly judged, from this circumstance, that here, at least, the enemy's artillery had accomplished their intended purpose. With a light heart, he cautiously removed the huge masses which obstructed his way, and in a short time had the happiness to find himself safe in the moat, on the north side of the castle.

Once more at liberty, he surveyed, as well as the darkness of the night would permit, those parts of the fortress which were near him. Burning with a desire of being revenged on the person who had so basely injured him, in an evil moment, he formed the fatal resolution of betraying the castle into the hands of the enemy; and this resolution was no sooner formed, than he proceeded to carry it into execution. The moat was soon cleared, and finding himself once more on *terra firma*, "It shall be so," exclaimed he,—"Yes, this very night is Cardiff Castle, Cromwell's. A few feet of earth removed, admits him to the postern aisle—and once in, Beauford shall then oppose in vain—Deva I yet may snatch thee from the tiger's jaws, and I will do so, though I die a traitor." Having with these words turned his back upon the walls, which but a few hours before he had gallantly defended, he sought with hasty strides the camp of Cromwell.

The distance being but short, he soon arrived at the enemy's picquets, by whom, as he did not endeavour to conceal himself, he was of course seized. Having designedly thrown himself within their power, he now merely demanded that he might be led into the presence of the general; with which demand the guards, after first blindfolding him, in order that he might not distinguish the disorder which prevailed around, proceeded instantly to comply. When ushered into the tent, and permitted again to make use of his eyes,

he perceived the ambitious Cromwell seated at a small table, gazing intently upon some papers which lay thereon. On the entrance of the prisoner, however, he raised his head, and attentively surveyed his appearance; and having satisfied himself, in his usual harsh and abrupt manner, he addressed the following laconic question to him,—“How now, betinselled royalist! your business here?”—“I come to act, and not to parley,” replied the unimtimidated Sele, “to offer to a foe what he most wishes, possession of our castle. If he accept the offer, let him get ready instantly, and trust to the guidance of one who is willing to be his friend *tonight*, even at the expense of honour!” Cromwell, who scarcely knew whether he ought not to look upon his prisoner as a madman, paused, ere he made any reply. However, as the chances, judging from the resistance which the garrison had already made, were so many against his being able to take the place by force of arms, he determined as a *dernier* resort, to embrace the opportunity which thus offered itself, be the consequences what they might. “Be it so,” was the answer; “he whom you address is always ready, lead on then, but hearken, haughty cavalier, should you belie your promise, your life shall be the forfeit.” “Had I been the subject of fear,” replied Walter Sele, “I should not now be in the tent of Cromwell—a truce then to your threatenings! nor think that I betray the royal cause thus basely. Hear then the terms; Nay, frown not! I’ll not be frightened from my purpose by the frowns of any man; and unless my two conditions are agreed to, not all your threats shall make me *even now* turn traitor. My life is in your hands, and you may take it now, at midnight, or to-morrow; but *that* is all you have within your power. Hear me then—I ask but for the life and freedom of the garrison, for every living soul, from the person of the governor, though he is now my foe, down to the meanest soldier that treads along the battlements. That the few females, one of whom is dearer to me than life, shall be secure from the gross insults of your

rebel troops. On these conditions only I become your guide!” “Cromwell will pledge his word,” was the reply, “that life and freedom shall be given to all at present, within the castle walls; and as for the women, the soldiers of the Parliament, rebel or not, are not the licentious cavaliers of Charles, who need be under no anxiety for the safety of their courtesans. We come to fight with men, and not with women! now are you satisfied?” Sele replied in the affirmative, observing, as he concluded, that he “would trust for once to the *honour* of a roundhead, if such a thing existed.” Cromwell scowled, as it seemed as if his guide suspected his intentions, but prudence bade him conceal his rage, and he merely remarked, as he took his pistols from the table, that he might do so safely.

With a chosen body of men, upon whose fidelity he could depend, the usurper committed himself to the guidance of Walter Sele, whom, however, he kept close beside during the march, which, without occupying much of their time, brought them unseen to the opening from which the betrayer had escaped. The men having entered the breach, and being provided with the necessary implements, immediately commenced removing the earth from the spot pointed out to them, while Cromwell and his guide kept watch without. With such secrecy were their operations carried on, that no person within was in the least degree disturbed by them. Once only, (and, that by mere chance) had they any occasion to be alarmed. An officer, marching to relieve guard, perceiving from the rampart some persons in the moat below, hailed them in in the “accustomed form”—“Who goes there?”—“Friends?”—“To whom?”—“To Beauford and the King”—Sele’s presence of mind thus extricated them from this danger, for the officer on hearing the pass-word, not doubting but they were sent there by the command of the governor, passed on his way, and left them to proceed with their undertaking, without any further interruption.

The soldiers after having effected an opening in the ground above, were enabled with very little trouble, by means

of a temporary ladder, which was formed of the implements, to enter into the postern aisle, described to them by their guide. Here they had both time to rest, and also room enough to prepare themselves for the attack, which it was to be expected they would still have to undertake. At the end of the passage in which they then were, a narrow door was now the only barrier to be removed, ere they effected the object they had so long wished for—an entrance into the heart of the fortress. From its situation, as they could not hope to penetrate this, however trifling it might appear, as silently as they had done the first, they proceeded by one sudden effort to force it open, and by the rapidity of their subsequent movements, to terrify the garrison from making any resistance. Nor were they disappointed, for the door yielding to the first assault, they found themselves in possession of the castle, before many of its inhabitants were even aware of their approach. * * * * *

When morning dawned, the royal standard of the unfortunate Charles, was not seen floating as heretofore above the lofty battlements of Cardiff Castle; and those who had defended it so stoutly, and so gallantly, had either fallen sword in hand, or had departed to seek for shelter in some other fortress, that was still enabled to keep on high a little longer the well known ensign of fast-falling royalty. One only of the former garrison remained, and he with beating heart and anxious look had twice already explored the intricacies of each apartment, which the castle contained, in search for the object of his every hope and fear, but all in vain. Still coping with the grim fiend despair, he was in the act of doing so for the third time, when summoned, and upon his refusing to obey, forced into the presence of the iron-hearted Cromwell. Forgetting for an instant his private griefs, he stood before the tyrant, with such a noble and majestic mien, as awed all those around; and even the mind of Cromwell seemed for an instant to be undecided. But that it was not so in reality, his address to the person who stood before him plainly indicated. "Now,

then, proud cavalier," cried he, "has not the promise which I made been kept? Has either maid or courtesan, for whom you dared to insult the troops of Cromwell been violated? The life and freedom of the garrison was likewise promised, and has been granted. Remember when my word was pledged to this, *thou* wast not one among them, therefore I owe thee nothing, since it was to gratify thy own revenge, and not from love to me, that thou hast betrayed thy party. Had the service which thou hast done us, been done with other motives, I would have thanked thee for it; as it is, I love the treason, but I *hate* the traitor. Take then a traitor's just reward!" Quick as thought, the pistol of the tyrant left its belt,—flashed,—and Walter Sele lay weltering on the ground.

While the soldiers were in the act of interring, at the spot alluded to in the commencement of this narrative, all that now remained of the once brave, but ill-fated Sele, they were disturbed in their work, by the unlooked for appearance of Deva Milton, who rushing eagerly forward, flung herself upon the lifeless corpse as it lay, in the dress it wore while living, upon the green sward. In vain did one, more feeling than his companions, endeavour to soothe her afflictions. Deaf to his consolation, and regardless of all his entreaties, she still clung to the object of her affection with such vehemence, that the men had some difficulty to tear it from her grasp, and even then, two of them were obliged to force her from the spot, while they unfeelingly consigned it to its "mother earth." But immediately on the departure of the soldiers, after their having closed the earth, she returned again to search for her lover, exclaiming in a wild and incoherent manner, that she had "*found* her Walter," but alas! fair maid, she had *lost* her reason.

Poor Deva lived for many years,—lived to decorate the grave of him she loved, with the choicest shrubs and flowers which she could gather together. When the frosts of January threatened them with destruction, she would carefully cover them with straw, to be blown away perhaps by the next

gust of wind; and when the clouds of Autumn withheld their accustomed tribute, *she* did not forget to water them. Summer and winter, day and night, sun-shine and rain, were all alike to Deva: she appeared equally insensible to each, as she sat upon a stone, which her own hand had placed at the head of the grave, and sang her favourite and never varying ditty of

GALLANT WALTER SELE.

O'er Walter's bed, no foot shall tread,—
No step unhallowed roam,—
For here the brave has found a grave,
The wanderer a home.
This little mound encircles round
A heart that once could feel,
For none possess'd a warmer breast,
Than gallant Walter Sele.

The primrose pale from Dyfrain vale,
Through spring shall sweetly bloom,—
And here I ween the evergreen
Shall shed its death perfume;
The branching tree of rosemary
The sweet thyme shall conceal,
But both shall wave above the grave
Of gallant Walter Sele.

They brand with shame my true-love's name,
And call him traitor vile,
Who dar'd disclose to Charlie's foes,
The secret postern aisle.
But tho' alas that fatal pass
The traitor dar'd reveal,
He ne'er betray'd his maniac maid,—
My gallant Walter Sele.

Reader, if thou believest not the above account, search, I beseech thee, the pages of history, and be convinced for once of the truth of Tradition!

TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

The Athenæum has been instrumental, by its extracts, in bringing into view in this country the English Magazines. We wish now to bring into notice, because we have just received, Irving's *Tales of a Traveller*. No. I. contains the six *Strange Stories of the Nervous Gentleman*; and we shall take that liberty given to all periodicals, and we hope without infringing on the copy-right, to extract a few pages by way of calling the public attention to the book. It is printed similar to the *Sketch-Book*, and will have four parts.

.....“MY grandfather was a bold dragoon, for it's a profession, d'ye see, that has run in the family. All my forefathers have been dragoons and died upon the field of honour except myself, and I hope my posterity may be able to say the same; however, I don't mean to be vainglorious. Well, my grandfather, as I said, was a bold dragoon, and had served in the Low Countries. In fact, he was one of that very army, which, according to my uncle Toby, “swore so terribly in Flanders.” He could swear a good stick himself; and, moreover, was the very man that introduced the doctrine Corporal Trim mentions, of radical heat and radical moisture; or in other words, the mode of keeping out the damps of ditch water by burnt brandy. Be that as it may, it's nothing to the purport of my story. I only tell it to show you that my grandfather was a man not easily to be humbugged. He had seen service; or, according to his own phrase, “he had seen the devil”—and that's saying every thing.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was on his way to England, for which he intended to embark at Ostend;—bad luck to the place for one where I

was kept by storms and head winds for three long days, and the devil of a jolly companion or pretty face to comfort me. Well, as I was saying, my grandfather was on his way to England, or rather Ostend—no matter which, it's all the same. So one evening, towards nightfall, he rode jollily into Bruges.—Very like you all know Bruges, gentlemen, a queer, old-fashioned Flemish town, once, they say, a great place for trade and money-making, in old times, when the Mynheers were in their glory; but almost as large and as empty as an Irishman's pocket at the present day. Well, gentlemen, it was the time of the annual fair. All Bruges was crowded; and the canals swarmed with Dutch boats, and the streets swarmed with Dutch merchants; and there was hardly any getting along for goods, wares, and merchandises, and peasants in big breeches, and women in half a score of petticoats.

My grandfather rode jollily along, in his easy slashing way, for he was a saucy, sunshiny fellow—staring about him at the motley crowd, and the old houses with gable ends to the street and storks' nests on the chimneys; winking at the *ya vrouws* who showed their

faces at the windows, and joking the women right and left in the street ; all of whom laughed, and took it in amazing good part ; for though he did not know a word of their language, yet he had always a knack of making himself understood among the women.

Well, gentlemen, it being the time of the annual fair, all the town was crowded ; every inn and tavern full, and my grandfather applied in vain from one to the other for admittance. At length he rode up to an old racketty inn that looked ready to fall to pieces, and which all the rats would have run away from, if they could have found room in any other house to put their heads. It was just such a queer building as you see in Dutch pictures, with a tall roof that reached up into the clouds ; and as many garrets, one over the other, as the seven heavens of Mahomet.—Nothing had saved it from tumbling down, but a stork's nest on the chimney, which always brings good luck to a house in the Low Countries ; and at the very time of my grandfather's arrival, there were two of these long-legged birds of grace, standing like ghosts on the chimney top. Faith, but they've kept the house on its legs to this very day ; for you may see it any time you pass through Bruges, as it stands there yet ; only it is turned into a brewery—a brewery of strong Flemish beer ; at least it was so when I came that way after the battle of Waterloo.

My grandfather eyed the house curiously as he approached. It might not altogether have struck his fancy, had he not seen in large letters over the door,

DEER VERKOOPT MAN GOEDEN DRANK.

My grandfather had learnt enough of the language to know that the sign promised good liquor. "This is the house for me," said he, stopping short before the door.

The sudden appearance of a dashing dragoon was an event in an old inn, frequented only by the peaceful sons of traffick. A rich burgher of Antwerp, a stately ample man, in a broad Flemish hat, and who was the great man and the great patron of the establishment, sat smoking a clean long pipe on one side of the door ; a fat little dis-

tiller of Geneva from Schiedam, sat smoking on the other, and the bottle-nosed host stood in the door, and the comely hostess, in crimped cap, beside him ; and the hostess' daughter, a plump Flemish lass, with long golden pendants in her ears, was at a side window.

"Humph !" said the rich burgher of Antwerp, with a sulky glance at the stranger.

"Der duyvel !" said the fat little distiller of Schiedam.

The landlord saw with the quick glance of a publican that the new guest was not at all at all, to the taste of the old ones ; and to tell the truth, he did not himself like my grandfather's saucy eye. He shook his head—"Not a garret in the house but was full."

"Not a garret !" echoed the landlady.

"Not a garret !" echoed the daughter.

The burgher of Antwerp and the little distiller of Schiedam continued to smoke their pipes sullenly, eyed the enemy askance from under their broad hats, but said nothing.

My grandfather was not a man to be brow-beaten. He threw the reins on his horse's neck, cocked his hat on one side, stuck one arm akimbo, slapped his broad thigh with the other hand—

"Faith and troth !" said he, "but I'll sleep in this house this very night !"

My grandfather had on a tight pair of buckskins—the slap went to the landlady's heart.

He followed up the vow by jumping off his horse, and making his way past the staring Mynheers into the public room.—May be you've been in the bar room of an old Flemish inn—faith, but a handsome chamber it was as you'd wish to see ; with a brick floor, a great fire place, with the whole bible history in glazed tiles ; and then the mantle-piece, pitching itself head foremost out of the wall, with a whole regiment of cracked tea-pots and earthen jugs paraded on it : not to mention half a dozen great Delft platters hung about the room by way of pictures ; and the little bar in one corner, and the bouncing bar maid inside of it with a red calico cap and yellow ear drops.

My grandfather snapped his fingers over his head, as he cast an eye round the room : "Faith, this is the very

house I've been looking after," said he. —There was some farther show of resistance on the part of the garrison, but my grandfather was an old soldier, and an Irishman to boot, and not easily repulsed, especially after he had got into the fortress. So he blarney'd the landlord, kissed the landlord's wife, tickled the landlord's daughter, chucked the bar maid under the chin; and it was agreed on all hands that it would be a thousand pities, and a burning shame into the bargain, to turn such a bold dragoon into the streets. So they laid their heads together, that is to say, my grandfather and the landlady, and it was at length agreed to accommodate him with an old chamber that had for some time been shut up.

"Some say it's haunted!" whispered the landlord's daughter, "but you're a bold dragoon, and I dare say don't fear ghosts."

"The divil a bit!" said my grandfather, pinching her plump cheek;—"but if I should be troubled by ghosts, I've been to the Red sea in my time, and have a pleasant way of laying them, my darling!"

And then he whispered something to the girl which made her laugh, and give him a good-humoured box on the ear. In short, there was nobody knew better how to make his way among the petticoats than my grandfather.

In a little while, as was his usual way, he took complete possession of the house; swaggering all over it:—into the stable to look after his horse; into the kitchen to look after his supper. He had something to say or to do with every one; smoked with the Dutchmen; drank with the Germans; slapped the men on the shoulders, tickled the women under the ribs:—never since the days of Ally Croaker had such a rattling blade been seen. The landlord stared at him with astonishment; the landlord's daughter hung her head and giggled whenever he came near; and as he turned his back and swaggered along, his tight jacket setting off his broad shoulders and plump buckskins, and his long sword trailing by his side, the maids whispered to one another,—“What a proper man!”

At supper my grandfather took command of the table d'hôte as though he had been at home; helped every body, not forgetting himself;—talked with every one, whether he understood their language or not; and made his way into the intimacy of the rich burgher of Antwerp, who had never been known to be sociable with any one during his life. In fact, he revolutionized the whole establishment, and gave it such a rouse, that the very house reeled with it. He outsat every one at table excepting the little fat distiller of Schiedam, who sat soaking for a long time before he broke forth; but when he did, he was a very devil incarnate. He took a violent affection for my grandfather: so they sat drinking, and smoking, and telling stories, and singing Dutch and Irish songs, without understanding a word each other said, until the little Hollander was fairly swamped with his own gin and water, and carried off to bed, whooping and hiccuping, and trolling the burthen of a Low Dutch love song.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was shown to his quarters, up a huge staircase, composed of loads of hewn timber; and through long rignarole passages, hung with blackened paintings of fruit, and fish, and game, and country frolicks, and huge kitchens, and portly burgoinasters, such as you see about old-fashioned Flemish inns, till at length he arrived at his room.

An old-times chamber it was, sure enough, and crowded with all kinds of trumpery. It looked like an infirmary for decayed and superannuated furniture; where every thing diseased and disabled was sent to nurse, or to be forgotten. Or rather, it might have been taken for a general congress of old legitimate moveables, where every kind and country had a representative. No two chairs were alike: such high backs and low backs, and leather bottoms and worsted bottoms, and straw bottoms, and no bottoms; and cracked marble tables with curious carved legs, holding balls in their claws, as though they were going to play at ninepins.

My grandfather made a bow to the motley assemblage as he entered, and having undressed himself, placed his

light in the fire place, asking pardon of the tongs, which seemed to be making love to the shovel in the chimney corner, and whispering soft nonsense in its ear.

The rest of the guests were by this time sound asleep ; for your Mynheers are huge sleepers. The house maids, one by one, crept up yawning to their atticks, and not a female head in the inn was laid on a pillow that night, without dreaming of the Bold Dragoon.

My grandfather, for his part, got into bed, and drew over him one of those great bags of down, under which they smother a man in the Low Countries ; and there he lay, melting between two feather beds, like an anchovy sandwich between two slices of toast and butter. He was a warm complexioned man, and this smothering played the very deuce with him. So, sure enough, in a little while it seemed as if a legion of imps were twitching at him, and all the blood in his veins was in fever heat.

He lay still, however, until all the house was quiet, excepting the snoring of the Mynheers from the different chambers ; who answered one another in all kinds of tones and cadences, like so many bull-frogs in a swamp. The quieter the house became, the more unquiet became my grandfather. He waxed warmer and warmer, until at length the bed became too hot to hold him.

"May be the maid had warmed it too much?" said the curious gentleman inquiringly.

"I rather think the contrary," replied the Irishman. "But be that as it may, it grew too hot for my grandfather."

"Faith there's no standing this any longer," says he ; so he jumped out of bed and went strolling about the house.

"What for?" said the inquisitive gentlemen.

"Why, to cool himself to be sure," replied the other, "or perhaps to find a more comfortable bed—or perhaps—but no matter what he went for—he never mentioned ; and there's no use in taking up our time in conjecturing."

Well, my grandfather had been for some time absent from his room, and was returning perfectly cool, when just as he reached the door he heard a strange noise within. He paused and

listened. It seemed as if some one was trying to hum a tune in defiance of the asthma. He recollected the report of the room's being haunted ; but he was no believer in ghosts. So he pushed the door ajar, and peeped in.

Egad, gentlemen, there was a gambol carrying on within enough to have astonished St. Anthony.

By the light of the fire he saw a pale weazen-faced fellow in a long flannel gown and a tall white nightcap with a tassel to it, who sat by the fire, with a bellows under his arm by way of bagpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played, too, he kept twitching about with a thousand queer contortions ; nodding his head and bobbing about his tasselled night-cap.

My grandfather thought this very odd, and mighty presumptuous, and was about to demand what business he had to play his wind instrument in another gentleman's quarters, when a new cause of astonishment met his eye.—From the opposite side of the room a long-backed, bandy-legged chair, covered with leather, and studded all over in a coxcomical fashion with little brass nails, got suddenly in motion ; thrust out first a claw foot, then a crooked arm, and at length, making a leg, slid gracefully up to an easy chair, of tarnished brocade, with a hole in its bottom, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the floor.

The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his nightcap about like mad. By degrees the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all the other pieces of furniture. The antique, long-bodied chairs paired off in couples and led down a country dance ; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary leg ;—while the amorous tongs seized the shovel round the waist, and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the moveables got in motion, capering about ; pirouetting, hands acrost, right and left, like so many devils, all except a great clothes press, which kept curtesying and curtesying, like a dowager, in one corner, in exquisite time to the music ; being either too

corpulent to dance, or perhaps at a loss for a partner.

My grandfather concluded the latter to be the reason ; so, being, like a true Irishman, devoted to the sex, and at all times ready for a frolick, he bounced into the room, calling to the musician to strike up "Paddy O'Rafferty," capered up to the clothes-press and seized upon two handles to lead her out : —When, whizz !—the whole revel was at an end. The chairs, tables, tongs, and shovel slunk in an instant as quietly into their places as if nothing had happened ; and the musician vanished up the chimney, leaving the bellows behind him in his hurry. My grandfather found himself seated in the middle of the floor, with the clothes press sprawling before him, and the two handles jerked off and in his hands.

"Then after all, this was a mere dream !" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"The devil a bit of a dream !" replied the Irishman : "there never was a truer fact in the world. Faith, I should have liked to see any man tell my grandfather it was a dream."

Well, gentlemen, as the clothes press was a mighty heavy body, and my grandfather likewise, particularly in rear, you may easily suppose two such heavy bodies coming to the ground would make a bit of a noise.—Faith, the old mansion shook as though it had mistaken it for an earthquake.—The whole garrison was alarmed. The landlord, who slept just below, hurried up with a candle to inquire the cause, but with all his haste his daughter had hurried to the scene of uproar before him. The landlord was followed by the landlady, who was followed by the bouncing bar maid, who was followed by the simpering chambermaids all holding together as well as they could,

such garments as they first laid hands on ; but all in a terrible hurry to see what the devil was to pay in the chamber of the bold dragoon.

My grandfather related the marvelous scene he had witnessed, and the prostrate clothes press, and the broken handles, bore testimony to the fact.—There was no contesting such evidence ; particularly with a lad of my grandfather's complexion, who seemed able to make good every word either with sword or shillelah. So the landlord scratched his head and looked silly, as he was apt to do when puzzled. The landlady scratched—no, she did not scratch her head,—but she knit her brow, and did not seem half pleased with the explanation. But the landlady's daughter corroborated it, by recollecting that the last person who had dwelt in that chamber was a famous juggler who had died of St. Vitus's dance, and no doubt had infected all the furniture.

This set all things to rights, particularly when the chambermaids declared that they had all witnessed strange carryings on in that room ;—and as they declared this "upon their honours," there could not remain a doubt upon the subject.

"And did your grandfather go to bed again in that room ?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

That's more than I tell. Where he passed the rest of the night was a secret he never disclosed. In fact, though he had seen much service, he was but indifferently acquainted with geography, and apt to make travels about inns at nights, that it would have puzzled him sadly to account for in the morning.

"Was he ever apt to walk in his sleep ?" said the knowing old gentleman.

Never that I heard of.

VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

A WITCH.

In the department of the Drome, a woman was lately killed under the extraordinary impression that she was a witch. This woman was paid by the peasants for telling them good fortune, or for abstaining from doing them harm. She went to the farm of a pea-

sant, and asked a reward for *conjuring* the danger which threatened his cattle. He treated her pretensions with insult. Soon after he lost some cattle, and his wife and children fell ill. He immediately ascribed these calamities to the supernatural influence of the hag ; but so far from being terrified at her pow-

er, he took his gun, repaired to her house, and deliberately shot her dead. The misguided man is to be tried at the next assizes. He acknowledges the act of which he was guilty, but declares that he shot the devil under the form of the wicked hag.

SIR FRANCIS BULLER

while pupil to Mr. Coulthard, uncle to the Graham of Lincoln's Inn, having bought a fiddle, was addressed as follows by the special pleader just alluded to:—"I would advise you, young man, to part with your *kit*, for music is so enticing, that, if you take to it, you will never endeavour to comprehend Coke upon Littleton." Mr. Buller took the hint; and became a judge!

GASCON'S DINNER FOR A WEEK.

Are you Frenchman enough to know how a Gascon sustains his family for a week:—

Dimanche, une esclanche;
Lundi, froide et salade;
Mardi, j'aime la grillade;
Mercredi, hachée;
Jeudi, bon pour la capillote;
Vendredi, point de gras;
Samedi, qu'on me casse les os, et les chiens creveront des restes de mon mouton.

NELSON.

"There are three things, young gentleman," said Nelson to one of his midshipmen in the war of 1793, "which you are constantly to bear in mind.—First, you must always implicitly obey your orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your king: and Thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil."

CARDINAL DUBOIS,

"though he loved women, yet he formed no connexion with them; although he tumbled, yet he never got drunk; and although he gamed, yet he never lost his money." Attributed by some to Louis XIV.

MEDICAL.

In the course of the last month the writer has witnessed beneficial effects from plasters applied to the body's surface, in cases where, without having been forced almost into their employment, by want of success in other means, he confesses that

he should not have thought of their use.—Among several, he may mention three instances in which the opium and cumin plaster of the London Pharmacopœia have proved conspicuously serviceable. The first, a case of obstinate rheumatism, fixed upon the large mass of muscular fibres that are connected with the movements of the back and lower limbs; the second, one of chronic inflammation of the membrane lining the bowels; and the third, an instance of atrophy, in which the prevailing irritation was so great as imperiously to require opium, while the idiosyncrasy of the patient was such as to forbid its internal use.*

Now, in these examples of beneficial result, what has been the *modus operandi*? Is a warm and anodyne plaster to rheumatic muscles a mechanical support to their fibres? If so, one should anticipate an equal effect from mere bandage. Are the cutaneous nerves, or the cutaneous absorbents, parts of the series through which the mitigation of pain or the subduction of irritation are brought about? In that case, what becomes of our theory, that the outer skin whilst unabraded forms a barrier against the admission of things from without? And why cannot we effect the same good through the media of the stomach and internal absorbents? The fact is, that vital circumstance, either in orderly manifestation or irregular display, presents us with a constant puzzle to ingenuity and employment of thought; and we are apt, by entering with too much eagerness into seeming openings for solution, to pursue their tract into confusing labyrinths of useless speculation.

NEW WORKS.

Thompson's Inquiry into the Distribution of 'Vealth, 8vo. 14s.—Wallace's Voyage to India, 8vo. 7s.—Shelly's Posthumous Poems, 8vo. 15s.—Templeman's Conrad, and other Poems, 12mo. 5s.—The Inheritance, by the author of "Marriage," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 4s. 6d.—Combe's Letters between Amelia and her Mother, 18mo. 5s.—Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, 3 vols. post 8vo 1l. 11s. 6d.—The Relapse, or True and False Morality, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Selwyn's Botany, 12mo. 3s. 6d. plain; 5s. coloured.—Analysis of Paley's Philosophy, 12mo. 5s.—Bishop Hall's Tracts, by Bradley, 12mo. 7s.—Bingley's Roman History, 12mo. 7s.—World in Miniature, (South Sea Islands,) 2 vols. 18mo. 12s.—Natural History of Quadrupeds, 12mo. 4s.—Black's Paidophilean System of Education, (French,) 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Stocker's Alteration in the London Pharmacopœia, 8vo. 5s.—Graham on Epilepsy, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

* All practitioners of medicine will occasionally have met with these peculiar susceptibilities to certain drugs, and indeed to articles of diet. Many individuals, even with a powerful stomach generally, can never eat with impunity of some kinds of meat, which are abstractedly easy of digestion; and to some persons the smallest conceivable quantity of opium proves absolutely poisonous.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 12.]

BOSTON, SEPT. 15, 1824.

[VOL. I. N.S.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Blackwood's Edin. Magazine.)

TEN YEARS AGO.

That time is past,

And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures ! Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur. Other gifts
Have followed for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense.

Wordsworth.

I.

Ten years ago, ten years ago,
Life was to us a fairy scene ;
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
Had sere'd not then its pathway green.
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,
Feelings we ne'er can know again ;
Unwither'd hopes, unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain.
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago !

II.

Time has not blanch'd a single hair
That clusters round thy forehead now :
Nor bath the cankering touch of care
Left even one furrow on thy brow.
Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
In love's deep truth, in earlier years ;
Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
Though sometimes stain'd by secret tears ;
But where, oh where's the *spirit's* glow,
That shone through all—ten years ago ?

III.

I too am changed—I scarce know why—
Can feel each flagging pulse decay ;
And youth and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away ;
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill ;
Though worn in this world's sick'ning strife,
In soul and form, I linger still
In the first summer month of life ;
Yet journey on my path below,
Oh ! how unlike—ten years ago !

IV.

But look not thus—I would not give
The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive
When all around me seem'd so fair.
We've wander'd on in sunny weather,

When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
And hand in hand have kept together,
And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom ;
Endear'd by ties we could not know
When life was young—ten years ago !

V.

Has Fortune frown'd ? Her frowns were vain,
For hearts like ours she could not chill ;
Have friends proved false ? Their love might wane,
But ours grew fonder, firmer still.
Twin harks on this world's changing wave,
Stedfast in calms, in tempests tried ;
In concert still our fate we'll brave,
Together cleave life's fitful tide ;
Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago !

VI.

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
And watch'd our first-born blossom die ?
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry ?
Was it not sweet, in that dark hour,
To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in Paradise ?
What to the thought that sooth'd that woe
Were heartless joys—ten years ago !

VII.

Yes, it is sweet, when heaven is bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee ;
But sweeter far, 'mid clouds and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me.
Then dry those tears,—though something changed
From what we were in earlier youth,
Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth ;
Sweet feelings we would not forego
For life's best joys—ten years ago.

February 3. 1824.

A. A. W

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

"THE Night before the Bridal, a Spanish Tale, and other Poems, by Catherine Grace Garnet," rises far above the common class of poetical productions with which the press is teeming. The versification, if not remarkable for its elegance, is never tame and insipid, and the story is well imagined. A young Sevillian lady is doomed from her infancy to become the resident of a cloister; she even takes the vows,—but still remains in her father's house until he departs for the wars. In the mean time, Helena (the name of the heroine,) becomes acquainted with a young cavalier of the name of Leontio; they become lovers although there is no lawful hope for either: the consequence of this is, that Helena yields herself to Leontio's guilty passion the very night before he sets off in company with her father: she is immediately immersed in her convent. Don Miguel, her father, falls in battle. Leontio returns,—falls in love with a young rich heiress, of the name of Inez,—woos her, and is accepted. Helena hears of this, and, maddened at the news, sends a letter to her seducer, entreating him to meet her, the night before the bridal, in the deserted house of her deceased parent. He comes, and sees her in all her charms, seated in a magnificent apartment: his heart at first seems to soften, but it soon regains its wonted tone:—

How could he chide her kneeling there,—so full
Of grief, and shame, and unabated love;
With her white arms, so long and beautiful,
Would closely round him? How could he reprove
That fondness which, if it, alas! had grown
To crime, had sinn'd for him, and him alone?
Yet he did chide her, and ignobly strove
To cast all guilt from his unmanly soul,
And heap on her the infamy of the whole.
He has not deem'd she own'd a heart so frail,
He thought her shielded by a vestal's veil;
What was his crime? Love in her bosom burn'd,
And mutual passion he for hers return'd.
'Twas idle now against the past to rail,
'Twas but a youthful error, and no more;
Hush'd in their hearts, 'twould pass all silent o'er;
The world would hear nought of it,—why then waste
One precious hour in grieving o'er the past?
He swore to her,—cold sensualist! how he swore,—

That she was lovely, aye, and lov'd as ever,
And spread his arms to fold again her form
To his false heart, and riot in each charm;
But she sprung from his grasp, and answer'd "Never!
O never,—so heaven witness me!—shalt thou
Thy perjurd arms, thou base one, round me throw."
She stood,—oh! how shall I describe her!—how
Pourtray her bearing, as she towering stood,
With eye of lightning, brow to which the blood
Rush'd vengeful red,—high breast and swelling vein.
Lip mute with its unutterable disdain.

* * * * *

He shrunk beneath the vengeance of her eye,
There was nought earthly like to it. A cry,—
A craven cry,—escap'd him: he had met
His foe undaunted,—so would meet him yet:
Had fac'd the battle in its darkest lower,
Defied, and even woo'd, the frown of fate;
But he had never brav'd a woman's hate;
And that subdu'd him. Never till that hour
Had he felt fear come o'er him: he had need,
For she had nerv'd her sinews for a deed,—
How shall I write it! forth from her dark vest
Flash'd the bright steel,—'twas rais'd,—'twas aim'd,
—it fell.

Merciful God! ah no, not on his breast,
But to the earth. Her heart was woman's still,—
The thought was murder's, but she could not kill.
The conflict past, she fell,—her dark hair wreath'd
Around her form,—nor mov'd, nor look'd, nor
breath'd.

* * * * *

Inez, on her bridal morn, anxiously
awaits the coming of Leontio; but he
does not appear. At last she is informed
by a menial that his body, covered
with wounds, had been found near the
towers of Alcazar: she instantly falls
lifeless. Seville is in an uproar on account
of this murder: Leontio had been
seen the preceding night to enter the
gate of Don Miguel: thither rush the
crowds,—they seek Helena:—

And there she sat! the dying lamp gleam'd faint
Upon her figure; language cannot paint
Her marble look,—her desolate despair;
Nor their transfix'd amaze to find her there,
Like tenant of the tomb; she whom they had
thought

To have found there with guilt and shame o'er-
wrought.

They trac'd no sign of fear,—but guilt, deep guilt,
Glared all around her: at her feet there lay
That gleaming poniard, jewell'd at the hilt,
But bloodless; that avail'd not,—there it lay:
Was it fit instrument for maiden's hand?
Upon the board that silver cup did stand,
As he had drain'd it: wine and viands rare
In house of mourning spread.—what did they there?

She is siezed, and brought to trial,—
 where she vehemently asserts that she
 is intirely innocent of the deed: her
 protestations, however, avail her not,—
 she is condemned and executed. Many
 years pass away, till one night the priest
 who attended her in her last moments,
 is called to visit the couch of a dying
 man, and to hear his confession :—

He lay in slumber, if such could be call'd
 A frightful sleep that every eye appall'd;
 His blue lips mov'd, his glassy eye-balls roll'd
 And his hand grappled with the curtains' fold.

He confesses himself to be a noble of
 the first rank, who had aspired to the
 hand of Inez, but, being supplanted by
 Leontio, he in revenge caused him to
 be murdered.

I 'scaped the vengeance of the laws,—one fell
 Of my foul crime the victim innocent.

But that guilt clung to me where'er I went,
 Making my soul its own fierce burning hell.
 Is there no hope for me? O father, say.

The priest had turn'd in sickening ear away,
 And o'er his brow his shrouding garb had flung,
 Still on his ear the dark confession rung;
 He thought on that yet well remember'd day,
 And on the parting words of Helena;
 How to the last she had asserted clear
 Her innocence. He turn'd him,—what lay there?
 The murderer's corse stretch'd on its gorgeous bier.
 Loud roll'd the storm; one broad sulphureous flame
 Flash'd through the chamber, and then redly came
 Full on that couch. The features of the dead
 Glared in the light one moment,—then were spread
 O'er them those pale and livid hues that come
 Faintly to show the secrets of the tomb.

Thus ends the poem: the specimens
 which we have given of it speak for
 themselves; they require no panegyrist,
 and cannot fail to recommend the
 entire work to universal favour.

THE OWL.

BY BERNARD BARTON, THE QUAKER POET.

(Eclectic Review, July.)

BIRD of the solemn midnight hour!

Thy Poet's emblem be;
 If arms might be the Muse's dower,
 His crest were found in thee:
 Though flippant wits thy dulness blame,
 And Superstition fondly frame
 Fresh omens for thy song:—
 With me thou art a favourite bird,
 Of habits, hours, and haunts prefer'd
 To day's more noisy throng.

Are not thy habits grave and sage,
 Thyself beseeching well,
 Like hermit's in his hermitage,
 Or nun's in convent cell?
 Secluded as an anchorite,
 Thou spend'st the hours of garish light
 In silence and alone:
 'Twere well if nuns and hermits spent,
 Their days in dreams as innocent,
 As thine, my bird, have flown.

Are not the hours to thee most dear,
 Those which my bosom thrill?
 Evening—whose charms my spirits cheer,
 And Night, more glorious still.
 I love to see thee slowly glide
 Along the dark wood's leafy side,
 On undulating wing,
 So noiseless in thy dream-like flight,
 Thou seem'st more like a phantom sprite,
 Than like a living thing.

I love to hear thy hooting cry,
 At midnight's solemn hour,
 On gusty breezes sweeping by,
 And feel its utmost power:
 From Nature's depths it seems to come,
 When other oracles are dumb;
 And eloquent its sound,
 Asserting Night's majestic sway,
 And bearing Fancy far away
 To solitudes profound;

To wild, secluded haunts of thine,
 Which hoary old reveres;
 To ivied turret, mould'ring shrine,
 Gray with the lapse of years;
 To hollow trees by lightning scath'd;
 To cavern'd rocks, whose roots are bath'd
 By some sequester'd stream;
 To tangled wood, and briery brake,
 Where only Echo seems awake
 To answer to thy scream.

While habits, hours, and haunts so lone
 And lofty, blend with thee,
 Well may'st thou, bird of night! be prone
 To touch thought's nobler key;
 To waken feelings undefin'd,
 And bring home to the Poet's mind,
 Who frames his Vigil-Lay,
 Visions of higher musings born,
 And fancies brighter than adorn
 His own ephem'ral day.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*)

SIX MONTHS IN MEXICO.

BY WM. BULLOCK.

WE continue our extracts from this interesting volume without further preface. On the road between Vera Cruz and Mexico,—

“Xalapa, or Jalapa, from which the well-known drug takes its name, was till within the last century the great mart of New Spain for European goods. All merchandise arriving at Vera Cruz (the unhealthiness of which prevented merchants from stopping there) was brought on mules to the great annual fair held in this city, and attended by all the mercantile interests of this part of the world. The opening of the grand mart took place amid much form and religious ceremony; prayers and processions were made by the clergy for the success of trade, but they expected some remuneration for this service—and the numerous churches and rich religious establishments amply attest the liberality of the merchants. The city at present contains 13,000 inhabitants; but at the time of the fair it was crowded to excess. It is probably decreasing in population, though still a very handsome place. It has many two storied houses, built after the old Spanish manner, forming a square, and enclosing a court planted with trees and flowers, and having a well or fountain. The roofs are tiled, and not flat as in Vera Cruz, yet projecting from the sides, sheltering the house from the sun in hot weather, and keeping it dry in the rainy season. Many are furnished with glass windows, and most have an ornamental grating in front of those on the ground floor, which admits a free circulation of air—for the climate is so delightful as seldom to require their being closed.—There are still eight churches of a mixed style of architecture; they are kept clean—and the interiors highly decorated with carving, gilding, and painting. The high altar of the Cathedral is of silver, and the walls are covered with gilt ornaments.—There are eleven other altars; and the service is performed in an orderly and impressive manner. I attended high mass on Sunday, which was very splendid; all the females above the very lowest class wear black, and are dressed alike, with a handsome lace veil over the head, but which is seldom worn over the face; in this respect retaining less of the manner of the mother country than is still to be found in Antwerp and in the Netherlands, although so long a period has elapsed since these countries were subject to Spain. A great proportion of the congregation were Indians, who had come to market, and it was really a pleasing sight to observe with what attention and devotion this simple and innocent people, the descendants of cannibal ancestors, performed their acknowledgements to their Creator. All the convents and religious

houses, except one, are now closed, and will probably remain so. We met yesterday, it being Lent, a religious procession, carrying a figure of Christ bearing his cross. The streets through which it passed had been swept, watered, and strewed with orange leaves and flowers; and many of the houses had small crosses, decorated with flowers and drapery, placed over the doors.

“The shops and warehouses do not make a showy appearance, as nothing is exposed in the windows. The barbers’ shops, however, form an exception: they are very numerous, and have a very respectable exterior. Mambrino’s helmet is sported as a sign over their doors. All articles of European manufacture are dear, being three or four hundred per cent. above the cost price, and generally of the worst kind. This is probably owing to the policy of Old Spain in compelling the provinces to receive all supplies from the mother country.

“Xalapa is justly celebrated for the excellency of its washing: I never saw linen look so well; many of the inhabitants of Vera Cruz send hither to have their washing done. Near one of the entrances is a fountain of the purest water supplying a public washhouse, called *Techacupa*, in which 144 persons can be employed at the same time. Each washerwoman is supplied with a constant stream, conveyed by pipes to a stone vessel in which the linen is soaked. Added to this is a flat stone on which they wash, and this constitutes the whole apparatus. The operation is performed with cold water and soap, and the linen is rubbed by the hand as in England. I observed that the women had a cut lemon with which they sometimes rubbed the clothes. - - -

“Both men and women in general are very ill-informed with respect to the state of Europe. They believe the continent to be under the dominion of Spain; that England, France, Italy, Holland, Germany, &c. are only so many paltry states or provinces to which the king of Spain appoints governors, who superintend the manufactories, &c. for the benefit of that country. I found it dangerous to contradict this flatly. One lady asked me where a muslin dress had been made? ‘in England;’ ‘and how came it here?’ ‘probably through Spain,’ I replied; ‘well then, what is England but the workshop of Spain?’ Many think that the riches of Spain enable the others, and as they call them, the poorer parts of Europe to live.

“Of the wars in Europe they know as little as of its general state; and even the name of Wellington seemed scarcely known in Xalapa, though they had heard indeed of the buccaneers, and spoke of our illus-

trious Drake, and Sir Walter Raleigh, as pirates. In this comfortable degree of ignorance, it is not strange that they viewed with surprise my walking-stick gun, my portable chair and table, my camera lucida, and other little specimens of English ingenuity. Nothing gave them more pleasure than a volume of the plates of Ackerman's Fashions, which I had carried out; it was in prodigious request, and they looked with astonishment at some prints of the public buildings of London. But their wonder was greatly augmented when they were informed of the purposes for which they were built: we heard them exclaim in amazement to each other, 'and yet these people are not Christians,' 'what a pity they are not Christians!' But the day, I hope, has arrived, when Spanish policy can no longer keep its American subjects in such darkness, and when the obscurity of the Mexicans will vanish. On the other hand, Europe has much to learn respecting America. Even the very names of some of the finest cities of the Mexicans are almost unknown to her; and therefore we ought to pause before we laugh at the ignorance of the American Spaniard. How very few of the inhabitants of Great Britain have heard of Puebla or Guatamala, yet they are superb, populous, and wealthy cities; and it is from New Spain that Europeans principally draw the coin which hourly passes through their hands, and so much contributes to the ease and elegance of life."

Speaking of the *Pulque*, the common and favourite beverage of the Mexicans, Mr. B. says,—

"A few miles before we reached Perote we had come to large plantations of the great American aloe (*Agava Americana*). It is grown in considerable quantities, and this was the first plantation of it which we had met with. From it is made the favourite liquor of the Mexicans called *Pulque*.—Intending to examine it more at leisure, we rose before the sun the next morning, and found it growing in the streets and round the town. It attains a size which surprises those who have only seen it in European hot-houses. We measured some of the leaves, and found them ten feet long, fifteen inches wide, and eight thick: many of them were just open; their flower-stalk twenty feet high, and expanding, like rich candelabras, their arms clustered with yellow flowers. - - -

The author adds at a later period respecting this plant that it is

- - - "called here the *Maguey*, and is of the greatest consequence to the Mexicans, and very largely cultivated from Perote to Toluca, and I believe much further. From it is made the refreshing and favourite beverage called *pulque*. It is in universal request among the inhabitants of the capital, Puebla, Toluca, &c. and such is

the consumption, that the three cities just mentioned are said by Baron Humboldt to have paid duties upon it to the amount of 312,739 dollars in the year 1793. Plantations of the *agava* are very extensive between Chollula and San Martin, the great road running for miles through them. They are set about five or six feet asunder, and in favourable situations come into bloom in about ten years, at which period the valuable liquor is to be procured. As soon as the owner perceives the plant preparing to throw up its long flower-stem, he cuts out the leaves which form its centre, and hollows it out into the shape of a bowl, at the same time removing most of the other leaves, so that the whole sap destined for their supply flows to the great stem, and is received by the bowl-shaped cavity, into which it runs with such rapidity as to require to be emptied several times a day, for a space of two months. The liquor, when collected, is placed in jars or skins; it undergoes a slight fermentation, which takes place in a few days, and is immediately fit for drinking. Strangers prefer it fresh, but the natives seldom take it until it has acquired a strong taste, and a disagreeable fetid smell, denominated *fuerte*, when it is esteemed in high perfection.

"A strong spirit, called *pulque brandy*, is distilled from the liquor. The leaves form the roofs of some Indian houses, and fences, ropes, thread, cloth, and paper, are also made from it; some part of the plant is also used medicinally, and the root, prepared with sugar, is converted into dulces or sweetmeats."

Having reached the city of Puebla, Mr. B. states,—

"In the afternoon we ascended the high tower of the cathedral, and enjoyed the splendid view of Puebla and the neighbourhood. Several of the most distinguished volcanic and other mountains are in the vicinity, but from this view, Popocatepeti loses much of its grandeur. The pyramid of Chollula is only six miles off, and distinctly seen,—its base exceeds that of the great pyramid of Egypt; but the work of man, when standing in comparison with the surrounding pyramids of nature, whose tops are covered with eternal snows, dwindles into insignificance. The labour of ascending the tower is amply repaid by the view of this regular and beautiful city, the foundations of which were laid by the Spaniards in 1533. It now contains about 90,000 inhabitants, many of whom are wealthy, and live in good style. It is in the splendour of its churches, and other religious edifices, and in the richness of their endowments, that Puebla must take the first rank in the Christian world. In the profuse ornaments of the altars, the sacred vessels and vestments, the expensive carving and gilding of the interior of the churches—in the pompous religious processions and other ceremonies, it yields to no

city in America or Europe. The antiquarian will here feel a peculiar gratification;—he will find himself removed to the period of our Henrys and Edwards, not only in the style of building of those times, but even in the similarity of customs and manners, the same religion and ceremonies, the same observance of holydays, with the religious processions that at once were the solace and amusement of our ancestors.—In the churches he will see (as if the work of yesterday) the same profusion of sculpture, painting, gilding, now only to be found in the fragments of our most ancient temples. The statues, balustrades, candlesticks, candelabras, &c. of massive gold and silver, which have long disappeared in England, are here in daily use, and the very dresses and accoutrements of the country gentlemen strongly remind us of the period of the discovery of America, the costumes having undergone very little alteration from their first introduction by the Spaniards: the same high fronted military saddle, with its defensive cantlets and covering for the horse, that was worn by Cortez, and the enormous spur of our Henry the Seventh, are now in constant use by the paysanos, or country gentlemen. - - -

“The Cathedral, which forms one side of the great square, is a large pile of building, with little architectural ornament in its exterior, but its interior furniture, if I may so call it, is rich beyond description. So much is it covered with ornaments, that the whole of its fine effect is considerably diminished. The centre of the body, for example, is so overloaded as to obstruct the view of its length.

“Towards the south is placed the high altar, a most superb temple, of exquisite workmanship, and in elegant taste, lately finished by an Italian artist, from Roman designs, but executed in Mexico, and of native materials. It is of such size as to occupy a considerable part of the cathedral, and to reach into the dome. Its fault is that it is too large, being disproportionate to the building in which it is placed, and also too modern to harmonise with the surrounding objects. The materials are the most beautiful marble and precious stones that can be found in New Spain: its numerous and lofty columns, with plinths and capitals of burnished gold, the magnificent altar of silver crowded with statues, &c. &c. have an unequalled effect. I have travelled over most of Europe, but I know nothing like it; and only regret it does not belong to a building more worthy of it.

“The side-altars are all crowded to excess with statues, carving, gilding, silver candelabras, balustrades, gold chandeliers, &c. Amongst the many paintings that are deposited in panels, set in superb frames, are several which appear to be of the first-rate quality of art, but all approach to them is so guarded by railings, and so little light is admitted, that they are lost in obscurity. It was Holy-week, and in the

evening I accompanied Mr. Furlong and his lady to the service of *tenæbræ*, and never witnessed such a splendid scene;—certainly it surpassed in magnificence all I knew of the pomp of Courts. The whole cathedral, and all its costly appendages, and fretted golden roof, were displayed and illuminated by thousands of wax lights, reflected from gold and silver chandeliers of the finest workmanship; an altar covered with massive plate, as fresh as from the hands of the artisan; a host of officiating clergy, arrayed in the richest vestments;—the waving of banners; the solemn music, and a powerful and well conducted band! that heart must have been cold indeed which could have remained inanimate amid such a scene: he who would wish to see the pomp of religious ceremony should visit Puebla.”

There is also another remarkable establishment,

“A place of religious retreat, called a house of spiritual retirement, in which persons of either sex, desirous of leaving the bustle and confusion of the world, the better to prepare themselves by prayer, in silence and solitude, for the sacraments and other duties required by the Catholic religion, may retire, free of expense, for the space of eight days. The building appropriated for this laudable purpose is admirably calculated to withdraw the mind from human affairs, and to fit it to receive divine inspiration, by abstraction from all sublunary and temporal concerns; and it has been amply endowed with revenues greater than those of most of the charitable institutions in Europe. The structure itself is magnificent, and of greater dimensions than the palaces of Great Britain. It encloses two squares, one having a fine garden, into which the windows of the apartments occupied by the penitents open. Each person has a comfortable room, containing a small well executed crucifix, and other emblems of religion, a wooden bedstead, chair, and table. I counted seventy-one apartments, all numbered, and here the penitents pass their time, except when they meet at their short and frugal meals, or at the appointed hours of public devotion in the chapel.—The long galleries in which they may enjoy exercise are of the greatest splendour, and furnished with solid silver and gold crucifixes, and other religious ornaments, forming a striking contrast to the sombre cells in which the solitary spends the greatest part of his time. They are also decorated with excellent paintings, mostly of the old school, the subjects taken from the Holy Scriptures, or illustrative of the lives of the most remarkable Patriarchs, Saints, and Martyrs. Appropriate quotations in Spanish, from the Psalms of David, and other portions of the sacred writings best adapted to excite the soul to gratitude for the mercy of the omnipotent Creator, and after seclusion to return the penitent to the

world improved and amended, are interspersed. The apartments are generally occupied about twelve times in the year, and some oftener, so that upwards of one thousand persons annually receive the benefit of this pious foundation.

"It is inhabited alternately by male and female occupants, the abode of the clergymen being in a separate court of the building. - - -

"Puebla was formerly celebrated for its manufactory of coarse woollen cloths, but it has now fallen off in this branch of manufacture. We visited the manufactory of earthen ware and glass; at the former we saw large ornamental pieces in colour and pattern much resembling the china brought from the east. The painting is executed by men seated on the ground. The machinery for grinding the flint used in the glaze, and for turning the ware is very simple and rude. They were much pleased with our visit, and without hesitation explained the whole process. They were aware how greatly they were behind the manufactories of Europe, and told us, that no clay fit for the *fabrication* of porcelain or fine earthenware had as yet been found in Mexico; but in the coarse red ware they excel, both as to the elegance of the forms and patterns, and as it regards

the size and lightness. The whole of their cooking utensils are formed of earthenware, metal vessels being unknown in their kitchens; to which, indeed, the former is preferable, and so cheap that a few shillings will furnish all the requisites for a gentleman's *cuisine*.

"The manufactory of glass has been lately much improved, and it is probable that shortly, with the adoption of some of our machinery in the preparation of the materials, the importation from Europe will be discontinued. They copy the forms well, and in the texture and colour of their glass they already rival us.

"Soap is a considerable article of traffic in Puebla, being sent from thence to most cities of New Spain. It is made in the shape of birds, fishes, beasts, fruits;—indeed they give it a thousand fantastical forms.

"The Mexican confectioners excel in their sweetmeats and cakes, which are articles very much in request on Spanish tables. I was told that, at the coronation of the Emperor, upwards of five hundred kinds of dulces were served up in the desert.

"That many of the inhabitants of Puebla are wealthy is attested by their equipages and retinues."

GOLDEN RULES FOR HONEST MEN.

(Mon Mag.)

1. **DO** no act which you feel any repugnance to have seen or known by others, for the necessity of being secret implies some vice in the act, or some error in the reasoning which leads to its self-justification.

2. Do nothing to any sentient or suffering being, which you would feel to be cruel or unjust towards yourself, if your beings or situations were changed; and mark, that though this rule is erroneously limited to the relations of man to man, and is therefore practised too often with a view to reciprocal advantage; yet it is genuine virtue only, when practised towards those from whom no reciprocal advantage can be derived, as when applied to the meanest animals, and every helpless sentient object.

3. To live and let live, applies to all social and physical relations; for the world is the common property of all the beings who have been evolved by the progress of creative power, and all are necessary parts of a great and harmonious scheme, to which it is our duty to submit, while the happiness of all ought,

as far as possible, to be rendered accordant with our own.

4. Hesitate, doubt, inquire, and, if possible, forbear, whenever your intention is dangerous or fatal to the welfare of another; for it is too late to correct an error of judgment after any mischief to another has been perpetrated.

5. Give countenance to no slander relative to another in his absence; and, if obliged to hear slanders, discharge your own responsibility by the early communication of them to the slandered: for he who hears any slander, who takes no measures to procure its contradiction, and who, from any sinister motive, declines to bring the slanderer and slandered face to face, is an accessory, and as culpable as the propagator; while the baseness and mischief of slander would be rooted from society, if hearers forbore to be quiescent accessories.

6. Beware of envy, and of a practice of detracting from the merit of those whom you have not the industry, the inclination, or the talent, to imitate; for it is your duty either to ad-

mire or emulate others, or to be content with the station in which your birth, talents, or industry have placed you.

7. Be as useful as possible in the social sphere which you fill ; for a man in society does not live for himself alone ; and, as he derives benefits from others, so he ought to confer them as often as he has the opportunity and the power.

8. Remember that all wealth and grandeur is sustained by the industry and privations of others : for money is but the representative of products, and products are the results of labour ; thus income from interest of money is drawn from the industry or privations of the borrower ; that from rent, from the industry or privations of the tenant ; and that from manufacturing products, from the industry or privations of the workman.

9. Reward and encourage virtue in every station, and discountenance vice and bad passions, however adventitiously exalted : for, unless the good draw a strong line between the worthy and the unworthy, and, by association and subscription, combine to sustain the adversity and the old age of virtue, unprincipled vice will eagerly trample it in the dust.

10. Avoid all those insanities of the human mind engendered by unwise authors, and early errors—such as the passion after posthumous fame, which can seldom be realized, and can never be felt,—as the love of wealth beyond the means of comfortable enjoyment,—as the love of renown among beings who forget you in sleep, and in death,—as the love of military glory, excited to gratify the bad passions of weak princes and wicked ministers,—as the ambition after titles, which mean no more than the syllables of which they consist,—and as the zeal of self-devotion in any cause of the hour, the object and use of which will be forgotten in a year, and laughed at by the next generation.

11. Seek wisdom in all things, that you may not be the dupe and slave of the craft and subtlety of others, that you may be enabled to play an independent part in society ; and search

deeply, that you may avoid conceit, by knowing how little is known even by the wisest.

12. Be not inconsistent in your expectations ; and, having chosen your walk through life, pursue it with patience, industry, and contentment : thus if superiority in knowledge is your object, do not envy the accumulations of your thrifty neighbour : if wealth is your object do not wonder that your character for knowledge, justice, and liberality stands not so high as that of others ; and, if the reputation of virtue is your ambition, you must govern your passions, practise forbearance without repining, and consult the interest of others as much as your own.

13. Let scintillations of pride be corrected, by considering that you are mortal ; that, only a few years ago you were not, and, in a few years hence, will not be ; and that an eternity preceded and will follow you, reducing your span of life to a point ; that your possessions, however vast, are but a speck on a little globe, which is itself but a point in the universe ; and that your bodily structure, your secretions, your mechanism, and your assimilations, are exactly the same as those of all other men, and, if not the same, you would be diseased, or a monster ; and remember that wisdom, manners, and virtue, constitute the only difference among human creatures.

14. Respect the means adopted by public social policy, to subjugate the practices of the ignorant and unthinking to their hopes, fears, and superstitions ; for man, though a reasoning, is not a rational animal, and for once that he is right, he is wrong a hundred times ; consequently his moral practices in society, which are governed by his imperfect reason, his selfish craft, and his unruly passions, generally require an influence beyond his ordinary nature, to render his association bearable.

15. Promote education, free inquiry, and truth ; for untaught man is the patient of the circumstances by which he is surrounded, and the mere creature of imitation,—a mahomedan Turk, if born in Turkey ; a Siberian polytheist, if born in Siberia ; or a protestant

or popish Christian, if born in Holland, or Spain ; the faith, manners, and habits of each country, constituting individual character. To arrive at universal truth, to avoid the established errors of localities, and to become free from the continuous errors of previous ages, are therefore the primary duties of all men who aspire to the attributes of wisdom.

16. Practise toleration towards the

opinions and habits of your fellow-creatures, each of whom is the passive instrument of his education and associations. Pity and teach, if your practices are unquestionably better ; but do not persecute or inflict punishment, either for ignorance, or for errors in the formation of character, arising from the vices of society, the prejudices imbibed in youth, or the inattention of governments.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(Sel. Mag.)

VAIN REPETITIONS.

MATTHEW vi. 7. "*But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.*"—“Next morning we started again at an early hour, as soon as the reisser had got through their prayers. With one of them this was a very long and serious concern. He generally spent an hour in this exercise every morning, and as much in the evening, besides being very punctual in the performance of this duty at the intervening periods of stated prayer. Certainly he did not pray in secret, communing with his heart, but vociferated with all his might, and repeated the words as fast as his tongue could give them utterance. The form and words of his prayer were the same with those of the others ; but this good man had made a vow to repeat certain words of the prayer a given number of times both night and morning. The word *Rabboni* for example, answering to our word *Lord*, he could bind himself to repeat a hundred or two hundred times, twice a day : and accordingly went on, in the hearing of all the party, and on his knees, sometimes with his face directed steadily to heaven, at other times bowing down to the ground, and calling out *Rabboni, Rabboni, Rabboni*, &c. as fast as he could articulate the words, like a school-boy going through his task, not like a man who, praying with the heart and the understanding also, continues longer on his knees in the rap-

ture of devotion ; and who like Jacob pleading with the Lord, will not let him go unless he bless him.

Having settled his account with the word *Rabboni*, which the telling of his beads enabled him to know when he had done, he proceeded to dispose of his other vows in a similar manner. *Allah houakbar*, ‘God most great,’ perhaps came next, and this he would go on with as with the other, repeating the words as fast as he could frame his organs to pronounce them,—and so on with respect to others. The usual number for repeating certain words is thirty-three times each ; and the Mussulman’s beads are strung accordingly, three times thirty-three, with a large dividing bead between each division.

To hear this man repeat his prayers, his variety of unconnected tones running through all the notes of the gamut, produced quite a ludicrous effect : you would say this man was caricaturing or making a farce of devotion ; but to look at him while engaged in the performance nothing could be more serious or devout, or more abstracted from the world, than his appearance. All his countrymen thought well of his devotions, and never manifested the slightest disposition to smile at him for his oddities ; on the contrary, they said that he was a rich man and would be a great sheikh. So great is their respect for prayer, that raillery on that topic would not be tolerable among Mussulmans.” **RICHARDSON’S TRAVELS.**

(Euro. Mag.)

THE MYSTIC MESSENGER.

"Who is this dark unbidden guest,
That dares intrude upon my hours of slumber.
When horrid midnight clothes the world in darkness?"

Warren.

ON the borders of a large forest in Northumberland, there stood an ancient and gloomy building, which was called Claronville castle. It was of gothic construction, and seemed equally adapted to the purposes of defence in time of war, and of family residence in time of peace. Its situation commanded a noble prospect of the surrounding country, rich in vegetative luxuriance, and, more particularly in front, the stately fabric frowned in sullen grandeur, on the majestic forest, which peculiarly contributed to the magnificence of the scenery.

In the year 1614, the hero of our tale was suddenly summoned from abroad, to take possession of the castle, together with his family honours, on the demise of the Earl, his father, who was stated to have fallen in a skirmish, while attempting to reduce the Welch, who, at that period, were refractory to the authority of king James. At the time of his succession, Earl Harold was in the prime of life, of an agreeable person, and martial air: yet his disposition was strongly tinged with superstition. A few months after his arrival, he married a widow lady, whose personal attractions were less the objects of the earl's desire, than the splendour of her rank, and the attractions of her riches. He retained all his father's domestics, among whom was a man of the name of Jacques, than on whose countenance, nature had never on any of her sons, more strongly imprinted the marks of consummate villainy. His eyebrows met, his eyes were grey and sharp, and their hollow-ness was greatly increased by the hideous prominence of his cheek bones. This man having wormed himself into the confidence of his former master, attended him to Wales; and by him was account brought home of the Earl's death, which circumstance he declared he witnessed, as he fell by his side.

There was a nobleman of the name of Ferdillan, who inhabited a castle about three miles distant from Claronville, of a haughty, gloomy, and revengeful disposition. At his calmest moments he was morose, but terrible indeed, when enraged. An intercourse had formerly subsisted between this man and earl Harold, which was terminated by the former, owing to a quarrel between the Noblemen, which, being laid before the king, he decided by commanding Ferdillan, to beg pardon on his knees of Earl Harold. The ignominy of so public a degradation, could never be endured by a man of Ferdillan's disposition; and their former coldness degenerated into absolute hatred, so bitter on the part of the former, that he vowed the direst revenge on the earl and his family; especially as his son, following the example of his father, had insulted him.

Previous to the insurrection in Wales, to which Ferdillan also went, several of the servants noticed with surprise, the constancy of Jacques's visit to Ferdillan's castle; and, when questioned by them concerning it, he swore he only visited a servant maid there; but the day preceding their departure to Wales, Jacques was entirely at Ferdillan's castle, and returned home just in time, with another servant, to attend his lordship; and, it was noticed, that the same day that Ferdillan returned home, Jacques also returned, bringing the news of his master's decease.

These circumstances, added to a conversation in the servants' hall, in which Jacques bore a part, and was observed to waver in his account of his master's death; as also his turning pale when one of the servants mentioned, that, during the Earl's absence, casually passing in that quarter, he heard a loud groan, issue apparently from under ground, and succeeded by a noise of scuffling,—contributed to throw

something like an air of mystery on the circumstances attending the Earl's death. About two months after this conversation, the servants being all retired to their apartments, together with the Earl and his countess, the night being clear and frosty, the Earl absorbed in thought, was sitting by his bed room window some time after his lady was asleep. On turning to go to his bed, in a distant corner of the room, he beheld, to his mingled terror and amazement, a figure, dressed in a shabby suit of soldier's clothes. In a low voice it exclaimed, "Earl Harold! Earl Harold! follow;" and motioned to go. The Earl, overcome with fear, hid his face in his mantle; at length heartily ashamed of his pusillanimity, he ventured to look up; but the figure was gone. All the ghostly legends of his youth crowding on his memory, he hastily undressed, got into bed, and courted sleep; but it was banished from his couch. In the morning he rose feverish and unrefreshed; but, to the repeated interrogations of his Countess, he answered that nothing ailed him. The next night, he again saw the mystic appearance; it repeated the former words, but receiving no answer, again disappeared. He instantly awoke the Countess, and abruptly asked, if she had seen anything? On her answering in the negative, he informed her the cause of his terror, on hearing which she was equally alarmed, but could suggest no plan to discover the cause of the anxieties. A few nights afterwards, they both beheld the same appearance. With considerable asperity, it repeated its former mandate; the terrified couple unable to answer, remained still; and, after a few moments, it again disappeared. On the Countess's suggestion, that perhaps it might be merely a trick, they both searched minutely the wainscot, but could find no entrance; they were now convinced that it was supernatural, and their terrors increased. Still they mentioned not a syllable to the servants, except one; who offered to sit up in that room by himself, and report accordingly. Having fortified himself with a bumper of brandy, he entered the room, while the Earl and Countess remained below in anxious expectation. In half an hour he ran

down stairs, breathless, with terror on his countenance, exclaiming "Oh my Lord! I've seen it; it was fifteen feet high! large saucer eyes, and was gulphing flames of blue fire!" The poor fellow sunk fainting on the floor; when he recovered, he persisted in his account, and swore he would never again enter the cursed room. They spent the night in another chamber, and rose in the morning seriously indisposed, from terror and want of rest. At last, the Earl determined to go up to London, and acquaint the king; knowing him to be curious in such matters, in order to request his advice. Accordingly he set out that day, attended by a splendid retinue for London. His rank and splendid attendance, insured him an immediate admission to the king. He found James whistling a favourite Scotch air, at the same time playing with a favourite mastiff. Bending his knee, he addressed the monarch, saying, "Earl Harold presents his duty to his sovereign." "An' wha ma' ye be?" said the king. "Your gracious majesty's liege subject, John, Earl Harold, of Northumberland." "Weel mon, rise: how goes game in your country, whilk is scarce wi' us?" Having respectfully satisfied his curiosity, he continued, "that impressed with a sense of his majesty's great wisdom in abstruse affairs, he made bold to request his advice on an affair of great moment." "Bide a wee! bide a wee!" suddenly exclaimed the king, who was looking through the window,—"Bide a wee, an' I'll ma' be hear ye; but there's Somerset's mon, wi' some braw game, an' I just want to tell the cuik how I'll ha' it dress'd." On his return, the Earl, after stating the first appearance of the figure, proceeded, "and it was dressed in a suit of shabby soldier's clothes." "Hold awee! hold awee!" hastily interrupted the sportive king,—"Mind ye, Harold, mind ye, a soldier's a sworn servant o' mine, so ye suldna say shabby soldiers, whilk, d'ye see is insulting me, but shabby *suit* o' soldiers claes." The Earl bowed, and proceeded till he finished. The king, after a little thoughtfulness, suddenly interrogated Harold, "Didna ye say i' the name of the Father, Sune, an' Holy

Ghaist, what ma' ye want?" The Earl answered in the negative, that fear prevented him. "Tut, man!" said James, "what suld ye be feared o'? However, ha' no ye seen our Treatise on Dæmonology? its cost ourselves mickle labour and deep thought i' the making out; maybe ye'll fin summat that will answer your case." "Please your majesty," answered the Earl, "I have not seen it." "Weel ye soon shall! Charlie! (calling his page,) Charlie! ye ken a mickle buik, that's standing anent our royal bed room; ye'll bring it to us." Charlie soon returned with the book in question, which James presented to the Earl, saying "Gang awa hame, Harold, and I didna doubt that ye'll fin' in that buik, what will teach ye how to manage this dreadful ghaist." The Earl kissed hands and departed; the king adding, "if ye didna find aught to suit ye in that buik, and the ghaist appears again, ye'll set out for London and tell me."

When the Earl arrived at Claronville, to his extreme vexation, he found the affair noised all over the castle; and, on enquiry, he found, that the fellow who had been so much terrified, was the author of the report; which was confirmed beyond a doubt in the eyes of the servants, by the positive refusal of the Countess to sleep in the chamber in question. Consequently, no one since the Earl's departure, had witnessed the nightly visits of the *Mystic Messenger*. Peace was banished from the castle; for, in those days, the minds of the lower orders being grossly uncultivated, save in ghostly legends, the servants found in every casual occurrence, so many confirmations of their terrors. Every lamp burnt with a blue flame, every fire shot out coffins; each sigh of the wind was changed into groans, and every distant noise was the treading of the ghost. The Earl carefully perused the treatise of James, but found no resolution of the cause of his fears. His solemn conjectures on spiritual visitations, and demoniacal influence, with his ghostly admonitions to wizards, witches, &c. rather enhanced, than removed his superstitions. However, he resolved once more to sleep in the

room; and, should it appear without his summoning sufficient resolution to question it, to return and seek the farther advice of James. Accordingly, at night, he secretly bent his way to the mysterious chamber, his Countess sleeping in another room, and the servants inwardly wondering at their master's boldness. Jacques, for certain reasons best known to that *worthy* servant, felt more terror, yet disguised it better than any of them. At the "witching hour" of midnight, the Earl, hearing a rustling noise, and turning to the usual place of its appearance (for one thing appeared singular to him, it always was stationed in one particular spot,) he again beheld his mysterious and unwelcome visiter. However, he was sufficiently composed to record that it spoke in a tone of anger, whilst repeating its mysterious mandate, "Harold! Harold! follow me." Unaccountable fear again sealed his lips, and closed his eyes. On opening them, —his mystic guest was gone. The Earl, exceedingly vexed, turned into bed, and, after a sleepless night, resolved to visit the king, and claim his promise. Accordingly in the morning, having summoned his domestics, he took leave of his Countess, leaving them involved in an undefinable terror of they knew not what. After a speedy journey, and the ceremony of introduction, he again found himself tête-à-tête with James, and immediately commenced the subject in hand, mentioning the re-appearance of the mysterious intruder, and his perusal of the king's treatise, without obtaining the wished for satisfaction. As soon as he had mentioned this latter circumstance, the king, with a rueful length of visage exclaimed, "Deil take it, Harold, ha' ye read it a', from beginning till end?" The Earl assured him he had most religiously perused the volume in question, from beginning to end. "Did ye na abjure the fallow?" "No, your majesty." "Would he frighten one to look on? Is na his face ghastly and corpse-like?" The Earl replied, "he believed not, but he had not particularly noticed its countenance." "Weel then," said James, after a long silence, "D'ye see, Harold, if I were sure it

wadna put me in *bodily* fear, whilk, d'ye see, is no ways pleasant, perhaps we'd gang down our royal selves wi' you." Harold rejoiced to hear his monarch speak thus ; for he really had great confidence in the physical energies of the king, independent of the consideration of the singular condescension and honour done him. He immediately returned a shower of thanks to his sovereign, in which the words *courage*, *learning*, and *generosity*, were plentifully mingled. Well, it was settled that James should accompany the Earl to Claronville, disguised under the title of Earl Glennock. The king fixed the next day for the commencement of this *spiritual* adventure, and, concluding his absence would not extend to more than two days, merely mentioned to his lords, that he wished to travel incog. a short journey. On Thursday, September the 11th, 1616, the noble couple proceeded on their journey ; and, though the conversation of James was no doubt interesting and amusing, we shall forbear noticing it here, and proceed to matters of more importance. When they arrived at the castle, James waived his distinction, and commanded the Earl to speak to him in the language of a friend to a friend ; in which character he was introduced to the Countess, who was informed, that through curiosity, he would watch in the *haunted* chamber. After supper, the Countess retired, and the Earl proposed to his royal companion to enter on their adventure. James was very far from evincing his former readiness ; however, to spare himself the appellation of a coward, he essayed to perform his part with a good grace, and, accordingly, walked, preceded by Harold, with great solemnity, to the chamber in question. They had not gone many paces when James, in something not very far from a downright fit of trembling, whispered to the Earl, " Deil take me, Harold, if I think God would let the awld ane come to plague good christians !" turning with an anxious look to the Earl, who, though inclined to be serious enough, could scarcely avoid laughing at the incipient terrors of James. He answered in the negative. " Weel," he replied, " weel,

gang and bring a sword, and pistol, and the holy buik, each, and then watch for this ghaist ;" attempting to smile, but with a countenance so rueful, that the Earl could scarcely refrain from real laughter. Having retraced their steps to the supper chamber, they obtained the above mentioned articles, and again, with anxious steps, bent their way to the mystic chamber. Eagerly they watched the hours, ten, eleven, twelve, flit away ; just as the latter had finished chiming, with sullen roar, the Earl pointed to the fatal spot in silence, and they both viewed the floor, apparently open, and the figure slowly stood upright, and, approaching James with solemn step, let fall at his feet, a letter, sealed in black, directed to " His Gracious Majesty King James ;" and then as slowly retreated to its former place, and remained stationary. In the meantime, James sat at the table, the very picture of horror ; his teeth chattering, and his knees knocking together. The letter remained unopened at his feet, till the voice of the Earl, recalling his scattered senses, urged him to take it up and read it. " Ah mon," said James, in a low tone of voice, " Wha would tak' ought to read fra' the evil ane ? Bide awee ; I'll tak' a soup of wine, and maybe I'll read it." The Earl waited till James had refreshed himself, he then took up the letter with a trembling hand, ever and anon casting a fearful glance on the mysterious figure before him, and with horror and amazement, read as follows :—

" Has your sacred majesty forgotten your ancient liege subject, Henry, Earl of Northumberland ?" The astonishment of James, at finding himself recognized, knew no bounds ; especially when the person, who mysteriously stood before him, was his quondam friend and associate, the old Earl of Northumberland.. He instantly assumed the monarch, and, while he contemplated the figure, beheld it throw aside the cloak in which it was enveloped, and display to his astonished spectators, the fine majestic towering figure of the old Earl of Northumberland, reported to have fallen in the skirmish with the Welsh ! His few grey hairs strayed gracefully over his wrinkled forehead,

and betokened the sorrow and distress to which he had been subjected. "Come forward," said the king, "and by touching our royal hand convince us you're neither dead, nor a ghaist." The Earl, majestically stalked forward, did as was directed, and then walked to his astonished son, hastily saluted him, stood back, and exclaimed, "Follow immediately, or you are all lost." "Weel," said James, "you wadna, I think, betray our sovereign majesty into the hands of ghaist, or other frightful beings ; so we'll e'en follow you." He accordingly grasped a sword and pistol, as did the young Earl ; and after being informed by their noble conductor, that their lives depended on their silence and cautiousness, both followed the Earl to a large trap door, through which he had entered, and carefully descended. They found themselves in darkness not "visible" when they reached the bottom. They were conducted silently along a narrow walk, and came to another flight of steps, which having descended led them into a kind of vault. Here their guide stopped them, and solemnly informed them, "whatever you see or hear, speak not a syllable ; but when I point with my hand, silently rise and follow me back again, or we all perish." James, in an agony of terror, silently imploring his merciful father in heaven to tak' pity on him, leaned on the Earl's arm, and again they proceeded, till, at a distance, through an aperture in the wall, they saw a light, and heard the low murmur of voices. The Earl once more put his hand to his lips, and they proceeded to the spot, and anxiously listened. "When two o'clock strikes," said a voice, "we will all proceed along the vault and passage, to the Earl's bed-chamber." "Yes," answered a voice which was instantly recognized as the villain Jacques's—"only the Earl is in his room, for he sees a ghost every night, he says ; so we'll e'en fire at mortal and ghost." "Aye," responded the first voice, "Ferdillan's anger shall rest only when Northumberland is in the adjoining vault." The Earl gave the signal for retiring, which they instantly obeyed, and soon found themselves in the chamber which they had

quitted. After a short consultation, they settled on the following plan ; they extinguished the light, drew the curtains round the bed, called up six of the men servants, and armed them. They then brought them into the chamber with their shoes off, and stationed them at proper distances round the wall, as the darkness would shade them. They were to approach behind each man who should come up to the bed, and seize and bind him, the moment they heard the report of a pistol, which they rightly enough conjectured would be fired by Ferdillan himself. The servants, by the king's own order, were not to proceed to extremities, except their own personal safety absolutely required it. Thus cautioned, they proceeded to their ambush, and remained in profound silence, till the clock struck two. In a few moments the trap door opened, and a man arose, with a dark lantern in his hand. Four others, masked and armed, followed him. They slowly proceeded to the bed and stood round it. The Earl's servants silently came from their ambush, and each took his station behind one of the assassins. Ferdillan drew aside the curtains, as did the rest, and all fixed their pistols into the bed. Instantly they were seized, thrown down, and firmly bound, back to back : the bell was rung, lights were called for, and the prisoners carried to the castle dungeons without having spoken a syllable ; for horror, amazement and passion, choked their utterance.

When they were safely secured, the Earl called for refreshments to be laid out, and then ordered the remainder of the household to bed. He shortly detailed to his anxious auditors, that, "after the before-mentioned skirmish with the Welsh, he was returning home, and had arrived, late at night, at the great gate of the castle, when he was suddenly seized by two men in masks, and, together with his servant, thrown from his horse. He immediately drew his sword and defended himself with desperation ; but was at last overpowered, and his servant killed on the spot. He was bound hand and foot, carried to a dungeon under the castle, and his vic-tuals brought to him every day, and pushed through the iron grating, by the

villain Jacques. In this horrible situation several years had expired, when one day, walking round his solitary dungeon, he chanced to tread on a spring, and immediately a trap-door started open. This was too interesting a discovery not to be proceeded in; he accordingly descended, and groped his way through dark passages and vaults, till he found himself at the door of a subterranean chapel; and here he heard the voices of Ferdillan and Jacques consulting together, on a plan of murdering him and his son, when the title and estates were to be seized by Ferdillan. The agitated and horror-struck Earl hastily retired to his dungeon, and ruminated on what he had heard. What could an insulated prisoner like himself do to counterwork their machinations? He resolved to leave it to time, till his son came home, and, in the mean time, to find some means of communication with the bed chamber usually occupied by the owner of the castle. This, in the course of one of his subterranean peregrinations he found. Soon after, he heard that his son had arrived at the castle; and immediately commenced his endeavours to converse with him, and counteract the malice of the Earl Ferdillan. The first day that he made his appearance, we have seen that he retired unsatisfied, in a few minutes: the reason of his abrupt departure, at his several appearances, was, that he feared his enemies, finding his cell empty when they came to bring his food, might at once murder him; and, in order to prevent the danger which would be incurred by the joy and astonishment, which no doubt his sudden annunciation would occasion to his son, and knowing his nature to be superstitious, he chose that manner to unfold it gradually to him. To his infinite vexation, his son was too terrified for him ever to succeed; and he always returned a few moments after his first speech, cheerless and disappointed to his cell. As he lay concealed one night, previous to his appearance, he heard his son inform his countess of the King's intended visit; and when the room was untenanted, owing to his son's being

gone to meet the king, he went into the room, and taking the requisite materials, wrote a letter and sealed it, taking it with him, and, concluding that if he found on his next visit a stranger with his son, that stranger would be the king, he resolved to drop it at his feet; which he accordingly did as we have seen. The Earl having thus satisfied his auditor's curiosity, the king grew very merry. "I'faith, d'ye see, nane but siccan a fule as clod" (the merry andrew) "as would fear a ghaist. Aye, I'd cut in twa a hun' red thousand o' them dreadfu' ghaists! Belike, Earl, you thought for to freeten your sovereign lord King James; na such jokes for the future, or I s' all cut ye in twa d'yecsee?" which, it appears was his favourite phrase. The fatigued party, after wishing every joy to the restored Earl of Northumberland, retired to their separate chambers, to court that repose to which each had been so long a stranger. In the morning, the King commanded the conspirators to be brought before him, as he was determined himself to sit in judgment upon them; upon which they were all committed into the charge of the Earl's servants, and brought before him. The King addressed Ferdillan, who was heavily ironed,—“Rascal! what ma' ye ha' te say for yoursell? We're your Royal Master, James; and were i' the same room in which you made your traiterous attempt, close anent you?” The Earl remained speechless. “You, Jacques, murdered your fellow servant, who was attending his lord. Now list! Ferdillan, there's proof positive anent you, a murder committed with malice aforethought; whilk, by the law o' England is death; so, d'ye see, Ferdillan and Jacques will be hangit i' the morn, opposite this castle; and your companions s' all all leave the country; that is our royal sentence, an' may God ha' mercy on your sauls!” “Oh damnation!” exclaimed the frenzied Earl of Ferdillan, “die with Jacques!” He fell into the most ungovernable rage imaginable, and was carried out. During the day, a scaffold was erected opposite the great gate, where the old Earl had first been seized; and, in the morning, going into Ferdillan's

cell, found him stretched along lifeless on the ground, covered with gore. With a concealed and poisoned dagger he had committed this horrid deed. Jacques was immediately executed, and his body, together with Ferdillan's thrown into a hole in a cross road, without Christian burial; their associates being less guilty, were banished for life. The Earl again took possession of his castle, to which was annexed, by the King's command, Ferdillan's estate and title to be assumed by the Earl of Northumberland and his heir for ever. The

next day, the King returned to London, and ratified his promise to the Earl concerning Ferdillan's estate. The old Earl lived to a good age, honoured and admired by all around, while the name of Ferdillan was never mentioned but with detestation and contempt. The Earl erected a small stone across the spot in which the wretched couple were interred, merely mentioning their names, with this solemn motto:—"He who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*)

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

"We all shall be kings in our turns."

"**W**HY, Bob! well, I declare so it is! Why, Bob, you young son of a sea-coot, where have you been knocking to windward for these two or three years past?" exclaimed old Jack Rattlin, as he started up with surprise and pleasure, though he had been disturbed while composing himself for his afternoon's nap in his little cabin. "Lord love the boy, how he's grown! Why, you warn't higher than the windlass end when you went away. And where have you been to, and how's sister Poll, and all the rest on 'em? Come, bring your starn to an anchor. Why I'm right heartily and sincerely glad to see you; but who'd ha' thought it! Lord love the boy! he's just like his poor father, my son Jack that's dead and gone, and left his old dad a shattered old hulk behind, only fit to be broke up (he dashed a tear from his eye.) But it's of no use overhauling that consarn now; so bring up, I say, and tell us all about it." This was uttered with his usual volubility to a fine young sailor, who grasped the veteran's hand, and showed in the outlines of his face a striking resemblance to the hoary Tar. 'Twas youth and age contrasted, and yet both so mild, that the heart scarcely could tell which claimed the preference. "Come, tell us all about it, (repeated old Jack;) and where have you been to?"—"I've been to the

South Seas in a whaler," replied Bob. "Whaler, eh? Ah, I used to love that sport when I was a boy, and many a harpoon I've handled. And what sort of a voyage have you made?"—"A proper whaler's, plenty of hard work, and but little money."—"Aye, aye, share 'em out, share 'em out—I understand it; but where did you touch at?"—"We touched at the Sandwich Islands."—"Did you? then mayhap you've seen the King and Queen."—"Seen 'em? ah to be sure I have. Why to go for to ax such a thing as that now, when we brought 'em home in our ship!"—"Well, who'd ha' thought it? I can remember it as if it was but yesterday, for old age arn't blotted out every mark in the log-book of memory. I can remember it as if it was but yesterday, when I was out there along with Vancouver, and that's thirty years ago. There was King Tommy-Yammer and Queen—but I forgets their hard names now. There was one Davis, too, a white man, and another of the name of Young, that was taken prisoners by the savages, and lived upon the island; but I suppose they're all defunkt now."—"No, Young is living still, and has got a large family. One of his sons came with us, as interpreter, as far as Rio Janeiro; but he fell out with the skipper, and so they left him behind. Old Young lives out

there like a pastry-cook—no, no, patriarch I mean. He has a snug little hut, a delightful situation in a valley, and several fine daughters.’—“ Daughters, eh? Why, you young rascal, how dare you look at the girls? There, none of your grinning;—why, I’ve a great mind to lay my leg about your back, (taking it from the table and flourishing it.) And so the old boy’s alive, eh?”—“ Yes: and more respected than any one beside, not bating the King himself. He is universally esteemed over all the islands, and every one reverences him.”—“ And did you see the place where poor Cook was killed at Owwhyhee, and Mr. Hergest was murdered at Woehoo?”—“ I saw the spot where Captain Cook lost his life; but there is only one man now in existence that was engaged in it, and he’s desperate old.”—“ Well, well, ’twas a sad job; but come, give us the whole yarn from beginning to end, and I won’t interrupt you again. Come, bear a hand. Lord love the boy! why he’s the very spit of his father. There, there, begin, I say, and I’ll be as mum as a stock-fish. Avast though, wash the cobwebs out of your throat first; I always keeps a round of grape and cannister, (pouring out a glass of rum.) Ah, that bottle was my old grandmother’s. There, toss it off, and don’t make so many wry faces: why you won’t begin to-day. Always rince your bucket, Bob, when you’ve done with it, and swab it dry, (said the old veteran, swallowing down what remained in the glass;) and now spin away.”—“ Why, d’ye see, we sailed from England, January 5, 1822, in the *L’Aigle*, and after a fine passage of four months we arrived at Païta, on the coast of Peru, without any thing very material, except an accident off Cape Horn, which I’ll tell you. D’ye see we had two lads on board belonging to the Sandwich Islands which had come home in the ship the voyage before. They were fine young men, full of life and spirit, and used to keep us all alive by their comical descriptions of what they had seen in England. Well, one day we were running before the wind with a stiff breeze, at the rate of eight knots, when the jib-boom

knocked one of them overboard. All hands saw it, and stood petrified, except Mat Cleland, a mulatto, and he jumped under the main channels, and clinging with one leg round the chain-plate, threw the rest of his body into the water, and as the lad came astern, he grabbed hold of him by the collar and brought him safe on board. Well, we anchored at Païta, the same place that Commodore Anson took: it was afterward rebuilt, but now lies in ruins, having been almost entirely destroyed by the Patriots under Lord Cochrane. We staid here about ten days to get stock, but there was very little to be procured, so we stood away for the Gallapagos Islands to catch Turpin. We sailed in the afternoon, and next morning we fell in with a pod of forty-barrell’d bull-whales.’—“ Did you, my boy? (said old Jack, taking his limb off the table, and poising it like a harpoon)—and did you get fast?”—“ Avast, and I’ll tell you. The boats were lowered down. The Chief Mate got fast* first, but his line parted; the Second Mate then pull’d up, and fixed his harpoons. The Captain directed the Chief Mate to proceed after another fish, but he prefer’d attacking the first again, and darted in another iron. The eagerness of the two Officers to see which should have the glory of killing the whale, induced them to haul up alongside to shove the lance under his fin for that purpose. The fish feeling the attack, settled down under the water, and shortly afterward he was observed rising again with his jaws open, right under the Second Mate’s boat, who immediately struck the lance into his head to shove the boat off; but before he could fully accomplish his purpose, the lower jaw of the fish caught the off side of the boat, and turned it over, otherwise he would have snapp’d us in two. Well, we all had a swim for it; and just as I was going to catch hold of the gunwale of Chief Mate’s boat, the fish made a start, and run her half a mile away from me. The next thing that I saw was this very boat flying aloft in the air, and the men in all directions. She

* Got fast—i. e. fixed with the harpoon.

was literally cut in two by a blow from the tail of the fish, and the crew were swimming about. On the fore part of her remains was the cooper, and a coloured boy on the aft part, neither of whom could swim. As soon as the whale had done all the mischief, it ranged a-head and lay still, and the fourth Mate's boat came to pick us up. However, while he was getting us in, the fish recovered, and came rolling down to the remnant of the wreck where the poor cooper was, and before we could take him off, the whale had carried him down, and we saw him no more. We were now seventeen men in one boat, and did not dare to move for half an hour, for we could plainly distinguish the monster[†] under us, laying on his side and looking up. Sometimes he would rise to spout at a little distance, and then resume his station. At last he went off in the wind's eye, spouting blood. In the meantime the Captain had killed one fish about five miles to leeward, without any difficulty. After this we pursued our route to the Gallapagos, and arrived in about a week; and all hands set off for the mountains to catch turpin among the bushes. These islands are uninhabited, and we landed at Charles' Island. The method of bringing the turpin down is by means of a belt strapp'd over the shoulders, one behind and one before, with a raft of little ones slung by rope-yarns over the arm. In the course of nine or ten days we had collected 640, the heaviest weighing about eight hundred weight, down to the size of a dollar. At Albermarle Island, on the south end, there is one of these gentry that enjoys an undisturbed possession of an extensive and fertile plain, on account of his immense size preventing any possibility of moving him. His extreme height is eight feet, and the circumference on the flat of the back upwards of twenty. He is an old acquaintance to all the South Sea men. A few days after our arrival some of the people made a fire up in the bush, (about seven miles from the spring, and nine or ten from the shore,) to cook themselves some chocolate and

turpin; and this not being properly extinguished, it caught the dry grass, (which stood about three foot high,) and run up Blue Morris mountain, and continued burning for two days, so that afterward we had turpin ready cooked; indeed the men hardly escaped. From there we went to the coast of Mexico, and encountered a severe hurricane, in which we lost our boats, and was very near capsized altogether. After taking some fish we proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, and supplied ourselves with boats: and then for eight months went a fishing, and was very successful, filling about two thousand barrels of oil.

We returned again to the Sandwich Islands, and anchored at Woehoo; from thence we went to Mowee to receive the King, and took him, with five or six of his queens and a great many chiefs, to Woehoo, when it was finally settled that they should come to England, though the Americans endeavoured to persuade them from it. The parting with the inhabitants at Mowee was very affecting, but particularly so at Woe-hoo. The King was not attended with much state; but no monarch is more absolute, and this proceeds from the love and reverence of the natives. His earnest wish was to leave Young in charge of the government, but he excused himself on account of his great age (84); and therefore it devolved on Billy Pitt, the brother of Boguey* that's come to England: but still the King would not leave the place till Young had sanctioned his wish. At his departure the natives gathered round him, and tore their hair, and shriek'd and yell'd with the most frantic gestures. The King was dressed in European fashion, and when the boat shoved off from the shore, he stood up without betraying the slightest emotion: while the natives swam round and clung to various parts, crying and yelling with the greatest bitterness. On coming aboard, the decks were crowded with queens and chiefs, pigs and poultry. Of pigs there were about 300; goats, 36; sheep, 6; and bullocks, 4; with 8 dozen of fowls, and 4 dozen of ducks,—all adrift together; and potatoes and powey from

[†] These fish were from fifty to sixty feet in length and they grow to about one hundred.

* Poki.

stem to stern. Well, we got under weigh, and then Comomorro, the favourite Queen, came alongside in a double canoe paddled by 150 men, and attended by the Princess of Atooi, a most immense woman, as big as a tun butt. The Queen joined her lamentations with the rest; and what with the grunting of the pigs and the howling of the natives, we were almost stunned. The King preserved his composure till the Chiefs and other Queens took their leave, and then his grief overpowered him. We fired a salute in return for those received from the forts and shipping, and the natives in the canoes gave us three cheers, and thus we quitted the Sandwich Islands. The King, Queen, Governor Boguey and his wife; the Pilot, and two other Chiefs; the King's Steward and two servants, with two interpreters, made up the groupe. Among other things brought on board was some salted dog's flesh, a favourite dish with them. Sometimes they were sea-sick, and then the fowls went to wreck, for they generally eat twice as much as at any other time. Whenever a pig was killed the raw entrails composed a delicious feast;—and grog for ever. They always drank their liquor neat, and seldom less than a pint at the time; and when one got drunk, all hands did the same. They varied their dress occasionally, from a piece of cloth round the middle, to their long coats and trowsers. The Queen was sometimes dressed in the richest silks, which were soon covered with filth and grease. They were very affable with the crew, and it was no uncommon sight to see black and white pigging in together, like the checkers on a draft-board. There was no jealousy amongst them. When her majesty got groggy she was very loving, and would be always kissing and hugging her royal spouse, till it was carried too far, and then she used to get knocked down. One of their greatest luxuries was to strip naked, and get one of the crew to heave buckets of water over them. Their majesties were uncommonly attached, and if either one was sick the other would sit crying by the side. Boguey's wife was distinguished by the name of *She Boguey*. Cards were

their chief amusement, and some of them played a good game. On arriving at Rio Janeiro we fired a salute, which was returned by the forts and the Brazilian fleet, and the English Admiral promised to send his barge to convey them ashore; but after waiting two days, they landed from one of the country boats, and took up their lodgings at a private house in a retired part of the town. The Emperor was at his country-house, but directly returned, he granted them an interview, and the two monarchs met together. The Emperor behaved with considerable kindness and affability, and presented the King with a handsome diamond-hilted sword in a gold sheath; and the Empress gave the Queen a pair of diamond ear-rings, for which they received in return a very beautiful feather dress. They visited the British Admiral on board the *Spartiate*, and were much delighted with their entertainment. When they returned, the King described the two decks as one ship a-top of t'other. Lord Cochrane paid them great attention while on shore, as indeed did every body else. They frequently came on board of us to get a mess of raw fish and entrails, as the Captain would not suffer them to eat such garbage before the Portuguese. One day the Captain landed with some ladies, and saw Governor Boguey swimming about near the landing-place, to the great diversion of hundreds of spectators. The moment the Governor catch'd sight of the skipper, he hastened out of the water, and in a state of noddity just as he was, came up to the party and began to converse. The ladies look'd so comical, and the Captain rebuk'd him for his indelicacy; but he appeared scarcely to know what shame was. On being scolded, and asked whether he was not aware of the impropriety? He replied, "No; they look me—me see them—that very good." Well, I can't tell you half now; howsoever we left Rio Janeiro with the same ceremony of salutes, and soon after one of our boys died. This seemed to affect them very much, and they were particularly attentive during the reading of the burial service. Just before we got into soundings, one of the Chiefs departed this

life; but it did not appear to affect them so much as the loss of the boy. When his body was committed to the deep, the royal personages and their suite appeared in deep black, with crape, &c.; and the French interpreter read the service in the Sandwich Island lingo. Well, just before he began, the Captain inquired if all hands were in attendance. The Mate said "Yes, all but the Cook." So the Cook was called, and as he came aft, plastered with grease and as black as the best of 'em, the Queen couldn't help laughing at the ludicrous figure he made; but a nudge from the King brought her to recollection, and the look of sorrow was resumed. Well, we got safe to Portsmouth, and they began to rig for going ashore. Boguey was upon deck, when a windmill on the land caught his attention. His surprise was excessive, and he roused all hands on deck to look at it, but none of 'em could make out what it was, or what made it go round. A steam vessel was the next object of wonder: they thought at first it was a ship on fire; but when they observed the rapidity of its motion, and were told that it was forced along by boiling water, they thought it was the effect of witchcraft. But I have spinned a long yarn, grand-ta, and so, d'ye see, I must take a turn and belay; but mayhap I may think of something else by and by, and then I'll overhaul it.'

AN OLD SAILOR.*

* We trust our original and entertaining Correspondent will be able to do so; and have only to intimate to our friends that, though written in this fashion, we have every reason to believe that the narrative literally states the facts of the voyage, and truly describes the manners and doings of our Sandwich Visitors.—*Ed.*

ADDENDA TO THE ACCOUNT OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS.

These strangers who have come so many thousand miles to visit this country, have been, for some time past, confined with the measles, and fears have been entertained of their recovery, but they are now considerably better. The King is an amiable man, of a very strong intellect, and quick in understanding: his manners and address are particularly pleasing, and his general deportment remarkable for propriety, when it is considered that he is a na-

tive of a land whose people have no other guide but Nature. His father was a very tyrannical prince, exacting obedience to his commands with great severity; but still his memory is much treasured by the chiefs, who have the date of his death pricked with the juice of a black berry up and down the fleshy part of the arm, thus:

"Our great and good king TAMAHAMA, died May 19, 1819."

On the present king's accession, he abolished the arbitrary measures of his father, particularly those respecting the *ladies*. The tributary chief of Owhyee (brother to the deceased king) however, still retained them, and this produced a sanguinary war, which ended in his defeat and death. Every island has its head chief, but the whole are subject to Riho Reho, and his own possessions are supposed to be worth a million and a half. He has no vessels of war, but several brigs and schooners, some of them from 100 to 200 tons burthen. Two of them are beautiful vessels,—the *Cleopatra's Barge* and the *Waverley*, both purchased from the Americans.

The natives are extremely superstitious, even to childishness; and the anathema of a white man has frequently caused them to pine to death. One of the seamen of *L'Aigle*, (John Sparks,) had agreed, during the passage, to wash a quantity of linen for Bokey, and for which he was to pay ten dollars; but after the contract was performed, the governor excused himself, asserting that he was a poor man, and unable to discharge the debt. A short time previous to the ship's arrival in England, Bokey's clothes again required ablution, and Sparks was once more applied to under a promise of settling the old demand, and giving a further payment of five dollars for present work. When the job was completed, the five dollars were instantly paid, but the old account remained unsettled. On the death of the chief (Euago,) the sailor went to Bokey, and plainly told him that unless his ten dollars were forthcoming, he would soon follow his countryman to the land of shades. The effect was instantaneous; the ten dollars were produced, and of course the

dreaded evil was averted. The fact was that Euago had been accustomed to mix his dirty linen with his brother chiefs, and thus defraud the men by getting his clothes washed for nothing.

[Since the above was written, the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands have both died in London.]

There is a gentleman at Havre, who left the Sandwich Islands 18 months ago, after a residence of two years there, during which he almost daily had the honour of dining with their late majesties. He describes the king to be 22 years of age, and the queen to be 18. He has five wives: this one is the youngest, and weighs 16 stone! The other four wives or queens rise gradually in weight to 24 stone! He describes his majesty's temper to be the very best, having often drank with him until his majesty did not know whether he was standing on his head or his heels; and in his cups he was never known to vary. At table, he frequently gave bumper toasts, which in general were to the memory of his father; and every time the toast was given, he ordered three guns to be fired from the batteries, the Russians having built him a very strong fort, well mounted with about 100 guns; and 2 long brass 32 pounders, commanding one of the finest and safest harbours in the world. It is absurd to say the king or inhabitants of these islands live upon seal, fish, &c.; his majesty has an American cook, who dresses all his meats and vegetables, &c. after the European manner, of which he possesses an abundance, in great perfection, and many that we are strangers to. The papers have also stated his entire naval force to be not more than half a dozen canoes; my informant says he has more than thirty sail of square rigged vessels, one of which he purchased from an American, and mounts 24 guns. One of his countrymen has established a hotel, where my informant sojourned. The people have no set hours for their meals, but eat whenever they are hungry. The first thing they do in the morning, young and old, is to take a whiff of the pipe; and at table, even where his Majesty presides, they have but one pipe, and he awaits his turn in

a routine of twenty or thirty persons, with the utmost composure and affability. His Majesty understands English badly, and can only say, "Give me some wine—give me some bread, &c." My informant speaks their language, which he describes as very easily learned. In a word, he says the inhabitants are the best people he ever knew. They are fond of dancing to the drum, having no other sort of musical instrument.

The following are new particulars relative to the King of the Sandwich Islands.

Owing to the formal conduct of "official" persons, rather than to any other circumstance, the real character of the late King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands has been imperfectly, or rather inaccurately, represented to the English public. They were kept in a species of distinguished custody; nobody was to approach them but persons of rank or official characters; hence the most absurd stories have got into circulation respecting them, and they were generally looked upon as no better than savages or cannibals. Much injury has been done to them by the imperfect statements that have got abroad, as the following particulars may, perhaps, in some degree show:—The late King of the Sandwich Islands was a Christian, and boasted of his faith; and he was a very liberal Christian, considering that we have viewed him as a savage. Near his residence, and not far from a fort, that has been useful to British merchantmen, there was a large Palace built for the performance of Christian worship, which the late King called his Cathedral. Mr. Ellis, the Missionary, preached there on the special invitation of the King: and it is supposed still preaches there, and the Cathedral was opened to all, but his subjects were not compelled to attend such a place of worship; they might go there or stay away, as they pleased; the King wished them to attend to the Christian worship, but there was no compulsion. As to the King's numerous wives, the female who accompanied him to this country was his recognized Queen; she was his favourite, his companion, and his

general partner of bed and board; though he was no Grand Seigneur, there were four other females attached to his Court, which have all been termed his wives; but the customs of a country cannot all at once be changed.

With respect to the power of the King at home, a merchantman, belonging to a distinguished house in the city of London, in particular, was in danger from some piratical vessels in those seas; and this merchantman made for what may be termed the Port of the King of the Sandwich Islands. The vessel was there aided and effectually protected for several days; and, previous to her departure, had valuable assistance; for all of which, however, the King would accept no remuneration. Besides the *Osley* whaler, which takes out the despatches, and which will complete her fitting out at the Sandwich Islands, for her ultimate destination, it is stated that two *Indiamen* would touch there, proceeding by the way of Cape Horn.

The inquiry, however, still is—What was the object of the king's visit to this country? He made every arrangement to come here; not resigning the throne, as has been erroneously stated, but appointing his younger brother, a minor, what we should call "Regent," aided by a council, consisting of the head men left behind; and the object of his voyage was an interview with the King of England. The object of such an interview remains a mystery; he would not impart it even to Mr. Canning; he would only communicate with the King in person, of course through

the medium of his interpreters. His notions of what was due to the Sovereign authority, made him pursue this mysterious course. No day had been fixed for the interview; not *WEDNESDAY* last, as has been incorrectly stated; though it is curious that he died on the day which had been stated as the one on which the interview was to take place.

Of his manners much has been said. During the voyage he was free and more conversational, and would 'unbend' to participate in the general enjoyments of those around him; but on arriving in England, he became more considerate in his demeanour and evidently had no humble opinion of monarchical consequence. He seemed to consider that a King's word was law, or that it was his bond, and that the monarch's decision, answer, or fiat, could not be pronounced without the amplest reflection—as involving a step that could not be retraced. If any question, or subject of importance were submitted to him, he would not return an immediate answer; he would turn round to reflect and perhaps might not return an answer for some minutes, or till another part of the day. And whatever might have been his occasional demeanour on ship-board he did not 'relax' on shore: he always seemed mindful to sustain the dignities of his station. These are the facts obtained from a source that may be relied on; and they may enable the public to do some justice to the memory of an extraordinary visitor.

(*Lon. Mag.*)

SONNET.

THERE is no God, the fool in secret said—
There is no God that rules on earth or sky:
Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,
That God may burst upon his faithless eye.

Is there no God?—the stars in myriads spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny,
Whilst his own features in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.

Is there no God?—the stream that silver flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,

ALL speak of God; throughout one voice agrees,
And eloquent his dread existence shows:
Blind to thyself, ah see him, fool, in these.

Traditions of the Western Highlands.

No. VIII.

SCOTCH SECOND-SIGHT.

THIS remarkable faculty, which has been considered peculiar to the Highlanders of Scotland, is generally supposed to have become extinct of late years. This however is an erroneous opinion. If ever it existed in that country, it exists at present. There are many persons now living on the mainland and the Hebrides, who are believed to possess the second-sight as perfectly as their remote ancestors. This is a subject which has attracted the attention of many; and it is known to all that the celebrated Samuel Johnson was of that number. It is not our intention to enter into any theoretical discussion on this singular power. One remark has struck us in regard to many of those persons to whom it is ascribed, and that is, the peculiar formation or appearance of their eyes. In several instances they squint much; and in a great majority of the cases which have fallen under our observation, the pupils are much dilated, where the eyes are free of other defects. We are by no means disposed to pretend that this accounts for the phenomenon; it is merely mentioned as a fact which we have never seen or heard noticed before.

Many most remarkable instances of the second-sight have occurred in the Highlands of late years, and appear to be as well attested as things of that nature can be.

About twenty years ago, a celebrated seer in the island of Uist was in conversation with the lady of the proprietor from whom he held his small farm. They stood in the porch of the mansion-house of Kilbride, and a near relation of the family happened to be then a visiter there. That gentleman was of a cheerful disposition, and the seer heard him laugh very heartily; on which he sighed deeply, and told the lady that he was afraid her friend would undergo a change within six weeks. The lady was well aware of the virtue universally allowed to this

man; but she smiled at his remark, and asked him what he meant by it? With apparent reluctance, and many expressions of regret, he declared that the person alluded to would soon be drowned, and that his body would be cast ashore, where it would be found on the beach. The lady sneered at the prophecy, but mentioned it to her husband and all the other members of the family. The gentleman however was unfortunately drowned about a month after, in the act of shipping kelp. The ordinary means were used to find his body, but without success: after a storm of wind it was found on the sand, driven ashore, as had been predicted. The above circumstances have been frequently related in our presence by every member of that respectable family; and a hundred predictions, equally remarkable are told of the same person, whose name is Niel Macinnes.

A few years since, the late Simon Macdonald, of Morrar, a fine young man, who had recently succeeded to that estate, on his way to visit a neighbouring gentleman, passed by a cottage on his own property. A boy standing at the door cried out to his parents, that young Morrar's face was covered with blood; but as others saw no such thing, the boy's words were of course disregarded. The day following, however, that gentleman was killed by the accidental discharge of his fowling-piece, the contents of which lodged in his forehead and face.

A woman in the Island of Tirie was long held in high repute for second-sight; and she was shrewdly suspected of having a very powerful influence over wind and weather, a talent which she sometimes converted to considerable advantage. Two of her sons who were engaged in illicit traffic with Ireland, had not been heard of for several years, and the general opinion was that they had been drowned. The mother asserted that they were alive, and declared that they would yet appear.

One of them had left a wife, and the old sybil, on a certain day, advised her to prepare a dinner for her husband, who, she assured her, would, with his brother, arrive at home in time to partake of it. The poor young woman communicated this very improbable idea to her neighbours, who laughed at it; but on that very day the two brothers made their appearance, safe and sound. They had been taken by a ship of war, with their illegal cargo, and retained on board as impressed men, until they found an opportunity for making their escape.

These may suffice to show that the Highlanders of the present day have not degenerated from their forefathers in this wonderful faculty. Few of our readers are perhaps aware that even Englishmen have sometimes been known to acquire the second-sight, by residence in its native country. In the year 1747, Colonel Horsley, an English officer, was quartered at Stron-

tian, a place distinguished by its lead mines. He lodged at an inn, and having by mistake entered another apartment in the house, he saw a corpse lying stretched in a corner of the room: he walked up to it, and after looking at the face, he retired, somewhat surprised that he had not heard of this death. On enquiry, he found that he must be possessed of a talent of which he was not before aware. The day following, Colonel Horsley observing a boat approaching the shore near this house, and expecting some friends, he went down to receive them, accompanied by other officers, but found the passengers were strangers to him. One of them, however, he declared to be an exact resemblance of the corpse he had seen the day before. That gentleman slept in the room alluded to, and was found dead next morning, having been seized with an apoplexy: this was Mr. Campbell of Achindun.

(Euro. Mag.)

THE FOREST OF ROSENWALD.

CORA.

WHERE can he stay? why lingers yet my love?
I must amerce this wanton truancy,
Devise some penalty,—Oh! easy creditor,
A look, a smile, will cancel the account,
And his first kiss print paid upon my lip.
Unkind Alberto! 'tis a trick he hath,
Coquetting with my fond solicitude,
Conjuring doubts I amuse him with dispelling 'em,
And make bright joy be born of boding fear.
This is his home and way, I'll on and meet him.

[Another part of the Forest, ALBERTO wounded.]
Oh! I am hoarse with shouting to the winds.

ALBERTO.

Is there no friendly hand to close my eyes?
No stranger to receive my parting blessing?
Cold, cold, and faint, my red life stains the sod;
Farewell to all—Oh! Cora—mercy, Heaven.

CORA.

The moon hath lit her silver lamp on high,
And bright-eyed stars are out to look for him;
Yet, yet he comes not. Hark! what sound was that?
What piteous moan?—another—hold, what's here?
Poor weary traveller—Great God, my husband!
Wounded and dying! was this his lingering then?
Speak to me, love—sweet spirit, speak to me;
Here lay thy pallid cheek upon this bosom,
And in these arms thou'lt learn to live again.
What have I done to merit this affliction?
Was Heaven grown jealous of our happiness

That came too near its own, and must be crush'd?
Say, dost thou know me, sweet? Aye, by that pressure.
Soft! he revives.
The evening breeze, that blows so fresh and balmy,
Doth seem to fan the embers of existence.

ALBERTO.

All hope is vain, my Cora, we must part:
Mine hours are few my ————

CORA.

Not so, not so;
I'll batter heaven's blue wall with my petitions,
For thy most quick return to health and vigour.
Oh! could I put a pulse into thy heart,
Transfuse into thy veins
The quick vitality that throbs in mine.
Where doth the perfume of the flower lie hidden?
Where doth life lodge in all this fleshy frame?
So I may pluck it out and plant it elsewhere.

ALBERTO.

Oh! Cora! oh! my wife.

CORA.

He sinks, he dies. Is there no help at hand?
Alone, deserted in this hour of need,
Where, where is he,
The being where nothing is but where he is.
No; I will conjure up some power of darkness.
Aid me, ye fiends! Ho, here, thou evil one!
I'm sworn to mortgage my eternity,
And pawn ten thousand years of my hereafter,
To buy a little present breathing space

For my belov'd Alberto. Soft, he lives—
Gently, ye gales.—Hush, thou untuneful bird,
That idly carol'st in thy leafy home,
Thy dismal song sounds like a requiem.
Up, up to heaven, and tell high Providence
His creatures perish, 'rest of his kind care.
How fares it with thee now, my gracious lord?
Oh! there is some dumb message in his eye.
The eye's Love's telegraph; alas! alas!
I cannot read, the characters are dim.
Oh! it was but the last convulsive throe,
A faint explosion of the elements,
The earth and air that go to make up man.
Now—now—and now 'tis gone! where is it gone,

Where? Which way did it pass? Stay, shadow, stay,
And take me with you!—
Oh! cumb'rous flesh, that weighs me down to earth.
My heart is swell'd; so sore distent with grief,
With this sharp pointed sword I'll pierce this breast,
Using it as a leech doth use his lancet,
To let the noxious humour forth and heal it.
Oh! dead, dead, dead; oh! sweet, unconscious clay,
The precious jewel's taken from the casket.
Death, like a dextrous thief, hath picked it out,
Whilst I sat watching by. What rout comes here?
What torches' glare, and busy footsteps tread?
Too late—past help—past cure—oh, my Alberto!
[Falls on the body.]

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF SAILORS.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

ROYAL NAVAL BIOGRAPHY, &c. FROM 1760 TO THE PRESENT PERIOD. BY JOHN MARSHALL, LIEUTENANT, R.N.

A Sailor generally uses his pen in writing as he does his cutlass in boarding—that is, dashes on in a straight-forward course, without making choice of any particular object for dissection, or using many flourishes by the way. There is however this difference,—a sailor seldom wounds by the employment of his pen, though he is never so scrupulously delicate in the operations of his sword. Many persons have regretted the unpolished roughness of our navy, without considering it is to that very circumstance we are mainly indebted for our naval pre-eminence. Ignorance, however, is out of the question, for we are convinced few men have possessed greater capabilities than the generality of our naval officers; but the duties on which they have been incessantly engaged have precluded every possibility of indulging in a connected and continuous chain of thought, so necessary to the attainment of literary perfection. The early education of the “youngster” when he first entered the service of his country, and during his career as a Midshipman, has certainly been well calculated to make him a *sea-philosopher*; but who ever heard of a classical cock-pit? We might just as well expect to find our Boatswains studying Lord Chesterfield, and his Mates calculating algebraic equations. Still, genius cannot be wholly subdued, even amidst the noise and bustle of a

sailor's life—it bursts forth, and perhaps is rendered more valuable by the peculiar and characteristic touches which it displays. Biography is at all times a very delicate undertaking, but more particularly so when the parties are yet in existence, and may have their passions aroused by the unqualified language of truth, or their modesty wounded by unwished for praise. Some of the biographies, indeed, are very brief, merely stating the date of commission and the day of death, &c.; and strongly remind us of a well known old guardship's log—

“The wind is west, or thereabout,
Nothing come in, and nothing gone out.”

But on the whole, we feel pleasure in recommending Mr. Marshall's book to all his brother Tars, and to every one who loves his country. Having said thus much, it only remains for us to give (without selection) a few specimens of the performance.

In a note annexed to the Memoirs of Capt. Fanshawe, we have the following anecdote of the deceased Admiral Pocock:—

“On the death of Vice-Admiral Watson, his friend Pocock succeeded to the command of the squadron in India, and three times defeated a superior force under M. d'Ache. When General Lally was brought prisoner to England, after the reduction of Pondicherry, immediately on his arrival he begged to be introduced to

Admiral (then Sir George) Pocock ; whom he no sooner saw, than he flew to embrace him, and thus addressed him : ‘ Dear Sir George, as the first man in your profession, I cannot but esteem and respect you, though you have been the greatest enemy I ever had. But for you I had triumphed in India instead of being made a captive. When we first sailed out to give you battle, I had provided a number of musicians on board the *Zodiac*, intending to give the ladies a ball upon our victory ; but you left me only three of my fiddlers alive, and treated us all so roughly, that you quite spoiled us for dancing.’

On the 25th of July, 1782, Admiral Graves hoisted his flag in Port Royal, Jamaica, on board the *Ramilies*, of seventy-four guns, having under orders the *Canada* and *Centaure*, with the *Pallas* frigate, and the following French prizes taken by Rodney on the preceding twelfth of April, the *Ville de Paris*, 120 guns, the *Glorieux*, *Hector*, *Ardent*, *Caton*, and *Jason*, of 74 guns each. The fleet sailed from Bluefields for England, but on the 17th of September a violent storm arose off the banks of Newfoundland, which, in a few minutes, reduced the Admiral’s ship to a very shattered condition. At dawn of day the *Ramilies* beheld the *Dutton*, store-ship, go down head foremost. A lieutenant of the navy, who commanded her, leaped from the deck into the sea, and was soon overwhelmed ; but twelve or thirteen of the crew contrived to push off one of the boats, and running with the wind, succeeded in reaching a ship.

Out of the convoy of ninety-four or ninety-five sail, seen the day before, scarcely twenty could now be discerned. Of the ships of war, there were the *Canada*, down upon the lee quarter, her main-top-mast and the mizenmast gone, and otherwise much damaged. The *Centaure* without masts, bowsprit, or rudder ; and the *Glorieux* without fore-mast, bowsprit, or main-top-mast. Of these, the two latter perished with all their crew, except the Captain of the *Centaure*, who, with

a few others, slipped off from her stern into one of the boats, and escaped the fate of the rest. The *Ville de Paris* appeared unhurt, and was commanded by Captain George Wilkinson, an experienced seaman, who had made twenty-four voyages to and from the West Indies, and had therefore been pitched upon to lead the fleet through the gulf. She was, however, never heard of afterwards, and foundered somewhere in the ocean with all on board her, consisting of more than eight hundred crew and passengers, many of them of rank and fortune. Of the convoy, eight more were discovered without mast or bowsprit, eighteen had lost masts, and some had foundered. The *Ramilies* had six feet water in the hold, and the pumps would not free her, the water having worked out the oakum. The admiral therefore gave orders for all the buckets to be re-manned, and every officer to help towards freeing the ship ; this enabled her to sail on, and keep pace with some of the merchantmen ; but in the evening it was found necessary to unship the fore-castle and aftermost quarter-deck guns, together with some of the shot and other articles of great weight ; and the frame of the ship having opened during the night, the admiral was next morning prevailed upon, to allow ten guns more to be thrown overboard. The ship still continuing to open very much, the admiral ordered tarred canvas and hides to be nailed fore and aft, from under the fills of the ports on the main deck, and on the lower deck. The admiral then directed all the guns on the upper deck, the shot, both on that and the lower deck, with various heavy stores, to be thrown overboard.

On the evening of the 20th, the water continued to increase, although the anchors were cut away, and all the lower deck guns thrown overboard ; the people, who had hitherto borne their calamities without a murmur, began to despair, and earnestly expressed a desire to quit the ship, lest they should founder in her. The admiral advanced, and addressing the crew, said, “ My brave fellows, al-

though I and my officers have the same regard for our own lives that you have, yet I assure you we have no intention of deserting either you or the ship, and that we will stand or fall together, as becomes men and Englishmen. As to myself, I am determined to try one night more on board the *Ramilies*; I hope you will all remain with me, for one good day, with a moderate sea and our exertions, may enable us to clear and secure the well from the encroaching ballast; and then hands enough may be spared to raise jury masts, that may carry the ship to Ireland. The sight of the *Ramilies* alone, and the knowledge that she is manned so gallantly, will be sufficient to protect the remaining part of the convoy. But above all, as every thing has now been done for her relief that can be thought of, let us wait the event: and be assured, I will make the signal directly for the trade to lie by during the night."

His speech had the desired effect; the firmness and confidence with which he spoke, and their reliance on his seamanship and judgment, as well as his constant presence and attention to every accident, inspired them with new courage; they returned to their labours with cheerfulness, although they had had no rest from the first fatal stroke. At three the admiral resolved not to lose a moment in removing the people, whenever day-light should appear. At dawn the signal was made for the boats of the merchantmen, and about six o'clock the people were permitted to go off, and between nine and ten, there being nothing further to direct or regulate, the admiral himself, after shaking hands with every officer, and leaving his barge for their better accommodation and transport, quitted the *Ramilies* which had then nine feet water in her hold. By half-past four all the crew had been taken out.

Among the vessels which suffered most in the dreadful storm, was the *Centaur*, of 74 guns, Captain Inglefield. During seven days in which she was the sport of the elements, every exertion was made to save her,

nor did the crew think of quitting her until the evening of the seventh day, when she seemed little more than suspended in the water, and there was no certainty that she would swim from one minute to another. The love of life, which has seldom waited so near an approach of death to exhibit itself, now began to level all distinctions. As it was impossible for any man to deceive himself with the hopes of being saved on a raft in such a sea, several men had forced the pinnace, and more were attempting to get into it, when Captain Inglefield came on deck, about five o'clock in the afternoon. There was not a moment for consideration, and he felt that he must either perish with the ship's company in the vessel, or seize the only opportunity which offered for escaping. The love of life prevailed, and accompanied by eleven persons, Captain Inglefield descended into the boat, which could only be got clear of the ship with much difficulty, as twice the number she could carry were pushing in. The boat was very leaky, and they were all thinly clothed, in the middle of the Western Ocean, without compass, quadrant, or sail. A blanket was discovered in the boat, which was used as a sail. A bag of bread, a small ham, one piece of pork, two quart bottles of water, and a few French cordials, constituted their whole stock of provisions.

On the fifth day after quitting the ship, the condition of those in the boat began to be truly miserable from hunger and cold; their bread was nearly all spoiled by salt water, and it became indispensably necessary that their allowance should be restricted. One biscuit was divided into twelve morsels for breakfast, and the same for dinner; the neck of a bottle broken off, with a cork in it, served for a glass; and this filled with water was the allowance for twenty-four hours to each man. A little rain water that was caught was a seasonable help; but on the fifteenth day only one bottle of water, and one day's allowance of bread remained. Despair and gloom could be resisted

no longer, and the song and joke, which had kept them in good spirits, were now invoked in vain. Their last breakfast was served, and the crew were resigning themselves to that fate which appeared inevitable, when land was descried at twenty leagues distance. They immediately shaped their course for it; the wind freshened, the boat glided through the water at a rapid pace; and by midnight she entered the road of Fayal, where the regulations of the port did not permit them to land until examined by the health officers. Pilots brought them refreshments of bread, wine, and water, and the night was passed in the boat. Next morning the English Consul visited them, and showed them every kindness and humanity; but the crew were many of them so weak as to be unable to walk. One of the persons, a quartermaster, died in the boat, and others were at the point of death.

The following is from the Life of the celebrated Capt. Manby:—

“Le Bourdelois having landed her prisoners at Barbadoes, proceeded to Martinique, and convoyed the trade from thence to Jamaica, where Captain Manby joined his noble friend Lord Hugh Seymour, by whom he was sent to cruise in the *Mona* passage, on which service he continued for several months. During the time he was thus employed, a Spaniard came on board from Porto Rico, and begged protection, as he had just murdered his officer. Captain Manby heard his story with indignation, and immediately put the wretch in irons. He then proceeded to the bay of Aquadilla, and sent his first Lieutenant on shore to the Governor, with the assassin, and a laconic epistle, of which the following is a copy:

“Sir, the British colours disdain to protect a murderer. I send you one, and hope he will meet the fate he merits. I am, &c. T. MANBY.”

“The Governor, much pleased with this act of British generosity, sent back a most complimentary letter, and forwarded a large supply of fruit,

vegetables, and many other articles, for the use of le Bourdelois’ crew. —

Previous to his quitting the blockade of Helvoetsluys, Captain Manby, who had never molested the Dutch fishing vessels, was much mortified on observing several shot fired by order of the French General at Scheveling at the *Africaine’s* jolly boat, in which four boys had been sent to take shrimps from a sand bank near the Maas. By way of retaliation, he that night seized sixty large vessels employed in the fishery, most of which were sent to Yarmouth, and then addressed the following brief letter to the French myrmidon:

“Monsieur le General.—As you have prevented my having shrimps to my Turbot, I will deprive *you* of Turbot to your Shrimps, by taking every fishing vessel you have.

“I am, &c. T. MANBY.

“The Hague was thus deprived of the usual supply of fish for many weeks.”

Of Captain Rotheram, the following is related:

“A heavy shower of musquetry had nearly swept the quarter-deck of the *Royal Sovereign*, when some of his officers requested him not to expose himself so much to the enemy’s small-arm men, by wearing his epaulets and a gold laced hat. ‘*Let me alone,*’ he replied, ‘*I have always fought in a cocked hat, and always will.*’

“Captain Rotheram bore the banner of Nelson as a K. B. at the funeral of that great chieftain; and was himself nominated a C. B. in 1815.”

In the biography of Captain Wolfe is a remarkable instance of the powers of fright.

“In 1790, an explosion accidentally took place on board the *Orion* 74, Captain Chamberlayne, then at anchor in Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes. Mr. Wolfe was at that time confined to his bed by a fever which had already carried off 23 men, and to which the Surgeon, who was an atheist, predicted he would also fall a victim in

less than twenty-four hours. So great was the alarm among the crew, that many of the people jumped through the ports and were drowned. During the confusion, Mr. Wolfe's cot was broken down; and as he lay on the deck, his ears were assailed by the dreadful cries of some who were drowning, and others in distress. Not relishing the idea of being burnt alive, he contrived to pull on his trowsers and crawl to the gun-room ports, where he saw the Surgeon hanging by the rudder chains, kicking and screaming most furiously, and holding out his purse as an inducement for a boat that had been sent to the Orion's assistance, to come and save him from being devoured by the sharks: so much for the carelessness about futurity, of a person who denied the existence of a God, and attributed 'surrounding nature and all its astonishing phænomena to chance, or a fortuitous concourse of atoms.' Strengthened in an extraordinary manner by the fright to which he had been subjected, Mr. Wolfe managed to hand the poor wretch a rope's end, by which he was enabled once more to

obtain a firm footing on the Orion's deck, and observe the recovery of his patient; the preservation of whose life may reasonably be attributed to his dormant pulse being suddenly roused into action by the terror excited in his breast, on hearing the appalling cry of 'fire,' and witnessing the despair of his ship-mates."

At the reduction of Martinique the sailors served on shore transporting the artillery; and during a period of five weeks performed actions that almost exceeded probability. Their laborious exertions were very great.—One day, when the commander-in-chief of the army met Capt. Harvey's detachment of seamen on the road, they being ignorant that a battery was appointed for them to serve in, surrounded the General, offered him their services, swearing they thought it d—d hard to have all work and no fighting; and hoped his Honour would let them have some share in it. Upon the General replying, "Well, my lads, you shall have a battery to yourselves," they saluted him with three cheers, and went readily to work again.

BIOGRAPHY.

(Mon. Mag.)

RHIGAS, THE GREEK PATRIOT.

RHIGAS, the chief mover of the first insurrection which led the way to the revolutionary war of independence, thereby to raise the nation from its present most abject and mortifying state of oppression, was born, about the year 1753, at Velestini, a little town of Thessaly. He became a student in the best colleges of his country, and was early distinguished for a ready apprehension, with vigorous and mighty pretensions to talents, acute observation, and activity.

As neither his fortune, nor his prospects in literature, were extensive, he attached himself to commerce, endeavouring, by every studied, devoted attention, to fill up the chasm which formed a bar to his independence.

While yet young, Rhigas repaired

to Bucharest, and resided there till 1789 and 1790, devoting his time between commercial speculations and his studies.

That town then abounded with men of different nations, whose pursuits, like his own, were copious and interesting, according to the object and arts of which their studies were made. Here Rhigas acquired an intimate acquaintance with the ancient literature of Greece; the Latin, French, German, and Italian, languages, were also familiar to him; he could write with equal fluency, in Greek and French, and he had the intellectual vigour of a poet, and the susceptible disposition of a musician. He loved his country with the most ardent, the most indulgent affection, and a sense of the injuries with which

it was surrounded, inspired his brave and magnanimous heart with the frank and generous resolution of exercising all the powers he possessed towards preparing for its emancipation.

It was Rhigas that first conceived, in a vast area, the bold, active, and enterprising, project, of creating a grand Secret Society, and he was not long in forming it. His mind, constantly moving in the direction of this principle, he gained over bishops, archons, rich merchants, the learned, captains by sea and land, in short, the flower of the Greek nation, with many foreigners of distinction. But how he could spread his witcheries, so as to captivate and enchant many Turks of the highest order, nothing but the unjust restraints imposed upon them by their sovereign, or rather the delirium of mind excited by outrages frequently bursting forth, with all the fury of a convulsive volcano, will account for it.

Among other Turks driven to desperation by such conduct, was Passwan Oglou, whose valour and martial skill were long the subjects of numberless calamities to the Porte, at times filling it with terror and consternation. He entered into this association of Rhigas.

Rhigas, afterwards, proceeded to Vienna, where he met with a number of rich Greek merchants, and some learned emigrants of the same nation. From that capital, he extended his correspondence with his co-associates throughout Greece and Europe.

Nor would he withdraw himself from his alliance with literature, commencing with a Greek journal for the instruction of his countrymen. He translated the "*Travels of Young Anacharsis*;" he composed and published a "*Treatise of Military Tactics*," an "*Elementary Treatise of Physics for General Readers*;" he also translated into modern Greek a French work, entitled, "*L'Ecole des Amans Delicats, the School of Delicate Lovers*." In this translation he has correctly imitated the style of the archons of Constantinople, designated

by the name of Phanariotes. This work had a very extensive circulation. He also published an excellent translation of "*Marmontel's Shepherdess of the Alps*." He had busily employed himself in drawing up national cantatas in the popular style; in these pieces, he had collected all the tender sentiments that attach the hearts of youth to their country, all that could elicit the sparks of zeal, and kindle the sacred flame of hostility to that domineering which composed the character of the Turks. In the sympathetic power of these, he imitated the Marseilles hymn,—"Alons, Enfants de la Patrie;" and they have irresistibly drawn, as by a charm, a mutual enthusiasm of passions, forming an indissoluble cement of the patriotic affections. Their first appearance had strong and decided effects on minds of sensibility, and his song of '*Heroes, have not you lived long enough on the mountains?*' is not, nor will easily be, forgotten. In perfect accordance with the public feelings, they are chanted by the youth in advancing to battle; and experience declares, that they have been of the greatest use in steeling the heart against the attacks which their injured, honest, cause, has generated.

Rhigas afterwards drew up a "*Grand Chart of all Greece*," in twelve divisions, wherein he noted, not only the present, but the ancient, names of all places celebrated in the Greek annals. Among other ornaments, it exhibited a great number of antique medals; and, as his songs formed a potent stimulus to martial exertions, so his Chart held out instructions to the European literati; so that, though it is defective and incorrect, his zeal and progress were applauded. The expense was defrayed by his associates.

By the all-conquering force of his genius, this brave man first roused the spirit of his countrymen, infusing the firmness of hearts of oak, preparing them for battle and new triumphs, concerting, also, the means of destruction for the base myriads their impious murdering usurpers should bring against them. The several pas-

sages here quoted prove that his claim to the credit which such discernment, such revolutionary feelings, deserve, was undoubtedly and indisputably just.

The manner of terminating his career was tragical. A false brother, seeking to mend his fortune by the sale of his honour, denounced Rhigas, and eight of his friends, to the government of Austria, as conspirators. The emperor arrested them to be given up to the Ottoman Porte, except three that were naturalized Austrians.

This deplorable event was reported in all the European journals. The *Moniteur* thus notices it, borrowing an article from the *Semlin Rubric*.—(Date 1798.) “We have seen, on their passage through this town, the eight Greeks arrested for seditious writings, and to be delivered to the Porte. They were bound two and two, and guarded by twenty-four soldiers, with two corporals, a superior officer, and a commissary. The soul of the party was Rhigas, a rich merchant, and a native of Thessaly. His ruling passion has been the emancipation of his country. Some time before his arrest, Rhigas, from presentiment, removed from Vienna, but he was taken at Trieste. Five of the eight Greeks are to be forwarded to the Porte, the others are condemned to perpetual exile. Rhigas was powerfully supported by Mawroyeni, nephew to the famous hospodar of that name. The former of these is now living quiet at Paris.”

It appears that these Greeks were afterwards thrown into the Danube, their conductors fearing to be intercepted by Passwan Oglou. This catastrophe, which was every where deplored, took place about the middle of May, 1798. Rhigas was then about five and forty years of age. Soon after, Althimos, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Dean of the Greek Prelates, was ordered by Selim, the Turkish emperor, to publish a circular paternal address to all the Greeks, strongly recommending fidelity, &c. This circular was completely refuted by another, as being dictated by the Porte. In the preface, the author

says :—“ Though our banners do not wave high in air, yet with religion for our bulwark, and freedom our shield, we are resolved to share in the glory of Rhigas ; his call has awaked and raised us from our sleepy trance, and we will never yield to blasphemers and the slaves of a merciless despot. The dawn of liberty is only retarded by our jealousy of certain European powers.”

The author, afterwards, in the animated spirit of genuine enthusiasm, an overwhelming burst of the imagination, effusions vigorous, natural, and luxuriant, calls attention aside to observe angels descending from Heaven, bearing along with them immortal palms to crown these martyrs of religion and liberty. He then feelingly and pathetically contrasts his circular, which he calls “Fraternal,” with that falsely called “Paternal.” He gives a full and distinct delineation of every interesting circumstance attending their present desolations, sympathizes with his dear country in every expression capable, by any means, of raising a high degree of interest and feeling, and not to let fire or sword cool their *amor patriæ*. He then produces a passage from their most eminent Eschylus, that, for its irresistible impetuosity, and energetic sublimity, has ever been justly admired as transcendent. Any translation must suffer by comparison ; but the following, which indeed is only a literal rendering, may bear some resemblance to it. “Children of Greece, go forth, emancipate your country ; let all ranks and descriptions, acting on the principles of men and citizens, principles which they have so often adopted, recommended, and sanctioned, combat in the cause of their children, wives, the gods of their fathers, and the tombs of their ancestors.”

After his address to the Greeks in general, the author conveys further exhortations to the learned and rich, &c. to read, study, comprehend, and compare, the different statements of the two circulars, alledging that truth and justice may easily be found in the collision of false principles and delusive reasoning, with the sentiments

they have habitually acquired that perpetually meet their eyes and employ their vacant hours. "I call upon you," says he, "who are at the head of the nation, archons, members of the clergy, dignified with the title of 'Most Holy,' as enlightened and vigilant pastors, as the true ministers of God, discharge your duties, more especially in rendering your people capable of thinking for themselves, communicating that knowledge of social duties, which is conducted on proper principles, moral, religious, and political."

He advises the multiplication of Rhigas's original publications, &c. as, from their character, calculated, in

an amazing degree, to do infinite service, urging all to endeavour to comprehend the intelligence they convey, as dislodging prejudices, and giving a right bias to the mind. As likely also to beget those exertions, and that competition, which with salutary caution may keep pace with the wide spread effects of that intemperate criminal authority which has so long been acted on as irrefragable.

The death of Rhigas gave rise to a number of opuscles, or smaller works, in modern Greek. The most remarkable bore the title of "Nomocratio, or Sacred to the Manes of the Immortal Rhigas."

(New Mon.)

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

BY W. S. SHELLEY.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light
Around its unexpanded buds :
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—

Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live and call life pleasure ;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan ;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, tho' enjoy'd, like joy in memory yet.

SCRIPTURAL ALLUSION EXPLAINED.

In the "Annotations" upon Glanvill's *Lux Orientalis*, the author having occasion to quote from the Psalms—"The sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night," in order to illustrate that class of cases where an ellipsis is to be suggested by the sense rather than directly indicated, says—"the word *burn* cannot be repeated, but some other more suitable verb is to be supplied."—A gentleman however, who has lately returned from

Upper Egypt, &c. assures me that the moon *does* produce an effect on the skin which may as accurately be expressed by the word '*burn*' as any solar effect. By sleeping a few hours under the light of a full moon, which is as much shunned in some parts of the East, as sleeping on the wet ground with us, or standing bareheaded under the noon-day sun in Bengal,—my informant brought a severe complaint upon his eyes.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

THE IMPROVISATRICE, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY L. E. L.

IT will be expected from us that we speak of this volume in terms of the warmest admiration; because, if we had not thought very highly of the genius of its author, the pages of the *Literary Gazette* would not have been enriched with so many of her compositions. But indeed we are enthusiastic in this respect; and as far as our poetical taste and critical judgment enable us to form an opinion, we can adduce no instance, ancient or modern, of similar talent and excellence. That the *Improvisatrice* is the work of a young female, may, at the outset, lessen its importance in the eyes of those who judge by analogy, without fairly examining individual merits; but it will ultimately enhance the value and augment the celebrity of this delightful production.

If true poetry consist in originality of conception, fineness of imagination, beautiful fitness and glow of expression, genuine feeling, and the outpourings of fresh and natural thoughts in all the force of fresh and natural language, it is pre-eminently conspicuous in the writings of L. E. L. Neither are her subjects nor mode of treating them, borrowed from others; but simplicity, gracefulness, fancy, and pathos, seem to gush forth in spontaneous and sweet union, whatever may be the theme. And, especially for a youthful author, her poems possess one rare and almost peculiar quality—their style is purely English. In the whole volume before us we do not meet with one ambitious word, one extraneous idiom, or one affected phrase. The effect is correspondingly great; and never did accustomed English words more distinctly prove their high poetical powers. It seems as if by some magic touch mean and household things were changed into the rarest and most brilliant ornaments; and in reality it is that the spell of native genius throws a splendour over the common, and imparts a

new degree of energy and beauty to the simple and plain.

Having offered these general remarks, we shall proceed to illustrate them by a view of the principal poem—*The Improvisatrice*, which would, alone, entitle the fair author to the name of the English Sappho. It is an exquisite story of unfortunate love; and extremely ingenious in its frame or construction. The *Improvisatrice* is an impassioned daughter of sunny Italy, gifted with those powers of song which the name implies, and supposed to utter her extemporaneous effusions, as occasions are presented in her chequered life. Her career is represented as alternately bright and clouded; her perceptions are always vivid, and her feelings intense. All fire, and heart and soul, the chords of her existence vibrate to the slightest impressions, and send forth tones of various and striking melody when swept by the stronger impulses of her excitable and sensitive nature. Endowed with all the characteristic tenderness, fragility, and loveliness of woman, she is the very creature of inspiration; and her being may be said to be divided between the finest sense of external beauty and the deepest consciousness of moral emotions. “I am,” she abruptly but charmingly exclaims, describing herself at the opening of the poem,—

I am a daughter of that land,
Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand
Are most divine,—where earth and sky
Are picture both and poetry—
I am of Florence. 'Mid the chill
Of hope and feeling, oh! I still
Am proud to think to where I owe
My birth, though but the dawn of woe!

My childhood passed 'mid radiant things,
Glorious as Hope's imaginings;
Statues but known from shapes of the earth,
By being too lovely for mortal birth;
Paintings whose colours of life were caught
From the fairy tints in the rainbow wrought;
Music whose sighs had a spell like those
That float on the sea at the evening's close;

Language so silvery, that every word
Was like the lute's awakening chord;
Skies half sunshine, and half starlight;
Flowers whose lives were a breath of delight;
Leaves whose green pomp knew no withering;
Fountains bright as the skies of our Spring;
And songs whose wild and passionate line
Suited a soul of romance like mine.

My power was but a woman's power;
Yet, in that great and glorious dower
Which Genius gives, I had my part:
I poured my full and burning heart
In song, and on the canvass made
My dreams of beauty visible;
I know not which I loved the most—
Pencil or lute,—both loved so well.

This spirited commencement is however but an unfavourable example of the poem. It proceeds to depict the Improvisatrice's sensations on beholding the first produce of her pencil. Her next painting is of the immortal Poetess of Lesbos, to whom, in her genius, we have ventured to compare our own charming contemporary. The portrait is worthy of Raphael:

- - - Her head was bending down,
As if in weariness, and near,
But unworn, was a laurel crown.
She was not beautiful, if bloom
And smiles form beauty; for, like death,
Her brow was ghastly; and her lip
Was parched, as fever were its breath.
*There was a shade upon her dark,
Large, floating eyes, as if each spark
Of minstrel ecstasy was fled,
Yet, leaving them no tears to shed;
Fixed in their hopelessness of care,
And reckless in their great despair.*
She sat beneath a cypress tree,
A little fountain ran beside,
And, in the distance, one dark rock
Threw its long shadow o'er the tide;
And to the west, where the nightfall
Was darkening day's gemm'd coronal,
Its *white shafts* crimsoning in the sky,
Arose the sun-god's sanctuary.
I deemed, that of lyre, life, and love
She was a long, last farewell taking;—
That, from her pale and parched lips,
Her latest, wildest song was breaking.

To this delicious personation (a few words of which we have marked in italics, to point their application to our introductory observations on the author's felicitous choice of epithets and true poetry of expression,) is added the improvised death-song of Sappho; than which we are acquainted with nothing more beautiful in our language:

Farewell, my lute!—and would that I
Had never waked thy burning chords;
Poison has been upon thy sigh,
And fever has breathed in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute?
I should have been the wretch I am,
Had every chord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,
Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;
It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,
And pulse, and head, and heart are flame;
It is thy work, thou faithless one!
But, no!—I will not name thy name!

Sun-god, lute, wreath, are vowed to thee!
Long be their light upon my grave—
My glorious grave—yon deep blue sea:
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave!

Returning to herself, the Improvisatrice says—

As yet I loved not;—but each wild,
High thought I nourished raised a pyre
For love to light; and lighted once
By love, it would be like the fire,
The burning lava floods, that dwell
In Etna's cave unquenchable.

That moment, so fearful for such a heart, comes too soon. But before we go to that epocha, we would fain pause to extract “a Moorish Romance,” which the scene suggests to memory; our limits, however, debar us from the gratification.

Leaving this sweet example of diversified talent, we can only find space for one feature of *his* portrait who has the glory of inspiring the Improvisatrice's bosom with love:

Such a lip!—oh, poured from thence
Lava floods of eloquence
Would come with fiery energy,
Like those words that cannot die.
Words the Grecian warrior spoke
When the Persian's chain he broke;
Or that low and honey tone,
Making woman's heart his own;
Such as should be heard at night,
In the dim and sweet starlight;
Sounds that haunt a beauty's sleep,
Treasures for her heart to keep.

He spoke not when the others spoke,
His heart was all too full for praise;
But his dark eyes kept fixed on mine,
Which sank beneath their burning gaze.
Mine sank—but yet I felt the thrill
Of that look burning on me still.
I heard no word that others said—

Heard nothing save one low-breathed sigh.
My hand kept wandering on my lute,
In music, but unconsciously:
My pulses throbbed, my heart beat high,
A flush of dizzy ecstasy
Crimsoned my cheek; I felt warm tears
Dimming my sight, yet was it sweet,
My wild heart's most bewildering beat,
Consciousness, without hopes or fears,
Of a new power within me waking,
Like light before the morn's full breaking.

To this succeeds some beautiful description of a Palace Chamber, to which retiring, and wrapt in melancholy musing, "*she sang, but as she sang she wept.*"

THE CHARMED CUP.

And fondly round his neck she clung;
Her long black tresses round him flung,
Love-chains, which would not let him part;
And he could feel her beating heart,
The pulses of her small white hand,
The tears she could no more command,
The lip which trembled, though near his,
The sigh that mingled with her kiss;—
Yet parted he from that embrace.
He cast one glance upon her face:
His very soul felt sick to see
Its look of utter misery;
Yet turned he not: one moment's grief,
One pang, like lightning, fierce and brief,
One thought, half pity, half remorse,
Pass'd o'er him. On he urged his horse;
Hill, ford, and valley spurred he by,
And when his castle gate was nigh,
White foam was on his 'broider'd rein,
And each spur had a blood-red stain.
But soon he entered that fair hall:
His laugh was loudest there of all;
And the cup that wont one name to bless,
Was drained for its forgetfulness.
The ring, once next his heart, was broken;
The gold chain kept another token.
Where is the curl he used to wear—
The raven tress of silken hair?
The winds have scattered it. A braid,
Of the first Spring-day's golden shade
Waves with the dark plume on his crest.
Fresh colours are upon his breast;
The slight blue scarf, of simplest fold,
Is changed for one of woven gold.
And he is by a maiden's side,
Whose gems of price, and robes of pride,
Would suit the daughter of a king;
And diamonds are glistening
Upon her arm. There's not one curl
Unfastened by a loop of pearl.
And he is whispering in her ear
Soft words that ladies love to hear.
Alas!—the tale is quickly told—
His love hath felt the curse of gold!
And he is bartering his heart
For that in which he hath no part.
There's many an ill that clings to love;
But this is one all else above;—

For love to how before the name
Of this world's treasure: shame! oh, shame!
Love, be thy wings as light as those
That waft the zephyr from the rose,—
This may be pardoned—something rare
In loveliness has been thy snare!
But how, fair Love, canst thou become
A thing of mines—a sordid gnome?
And she whom *Julian* left—she stood
A cold white statue; as the blood
Had, when in vain her last wild prayer,
Flown to her heart and frozen there.
Upon her temple, each dark vein
Swelled in its agony of pain.
Chill, heavy damps were on her brow;
Her arms were stretched at length, though now
Their clasp was on the empty air;
A funeral pall—her long black hair
Fell over her; herself the tomb
Of her own youth, and breath, and bloom.
Alas! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin
As woman's heart!—and deeper woe
For her fond weakness not to know
That yielding all but breaks the chain
That never reunites again!

It was a dark and tempest night—
No pleasant moon, no blest starlight;
But meteors glancing o'er the way,
Only to dazzle and betray.
And who is she, that 'mid the storm,
Wraps her slight mantle round her form?
Her hair is wet with rain and sleet,
And blood is on her small snow feet.
She has been forced a way to make
Through prickly weed and thorned brake,
Up rousing from its coil the snake;
And stirring from their damps abode
The slimy worm and leathsome toad:
And shuddered as she heard the gale
Shrick like an evil spirit's wail;
When followed like a curse the crash
Of the pines in the lightning flash:—
A place of evil and of fear—
O what can *Julian's* love do here?

On, on the pale girl went. At last
The gloomy forest depths are past,
And she has reached the wizard's den.
Accursed by God and shunned by men,
And never had a ban been laid
Upon a more unwholesome shade.
There grew dank alders, and the yew
Its thick sepulchral shadow threw;
And brooded there each bird most foul,
The gloomy bat and silent owl.

But *Ida* entered in the cell,
Where dwelt the wizard of the dell.
Her heart lay dead, her life-blood froze
To look upon the shape which rose
To bar her entrance. On that face
Was scarcely left a single trace
Of human likeness: the parched skin
Showed each discoloured bone within;
And but for the most evil stare
Of the wild eyes' unearthly glare,
It was a corpse, you would have said,
From which life's freshness long had fled.

Yet *Ida* knelt her down and prayed
To that dark sorcerer for his aid.
He heard her prayer with withering look ;
Then from unholy herbs he took
A drug, and said it would recover
The lost heart of her faithless lover.
She trembled as she turned to see
His demon sneer's malignity ;
And every step was winged with dread,
To hear the curse howled as she fled.

It is the purple twilight hour,
And *Julian* is in *Ida*'s bower.
He has brought gold, as gold could bless
His work of utter desolateness !
He has brought gems, as if *Despair*
Had any pride in being fair !
But *Ida* only wept, and wreathed
Her white arms round his neck ; then breathed
Those passionate complaints that wring
A woman's heart, yet never bring
Redress. She call'd upon each tree
To witness her lone constancy !
She call'd upon the silent boughs,
The temple of her *Julian*'s vows
Of happiness too dearly bought !
Then wept again. At length she thought
Upon the forest sorcerer's gift—
The last, lone hope that love had left !
She took the cup, and kiss'd the brim ;
Mixed the dark spell, and gave it him
To pledge his once dear *Ida*'s name !
He drank it. Instantly the flame
Ran through his veins : one fiery throb
Of bitter pain—one gasping sob
Of agony—the cold death sweat
Is on his face—his teeth are set—
His bursting eyes are glazed and still :
The drug has done its work of ill.
Alas ! for her who watch'd each breath,
The cup her love had mixed bore—death !

The progress of the songster's own
love is potently touched :

Spirit of Love ! soon thy rose-plumes wear
The weight and the sully of canker and care :
Falsehood is round thee ; Hope leads thee on,
Till every hue from thy pinion is gone.

The effects of this enchanting pas-
sion are portrayed with equal delicacy,
vigour, and truth :

I owned not to myself I loved,—

No word of love *Lorenzo* breathed ;
But I lived in a magic ring,

Of every pleasant flower wreathed.

A brighter blue was on the sky,

A sweeter breath in music's sigh ;

The orange shrubs all seemed to bear

Fruit more rich, and buds more fair.

There was a glory on the noon,

A beauty in the crescent moon,

A lulling stillness in the night,

A feeling in the pale starlight.

There was a charmed note on the wind,

A spell in Poetry's deep store—

Heart-uttered words, passionate thoughts,

Which I had never marked before.

'Twas as my heart's full happiness

Poured over all its own excess.

And here a playful change is intro-
duced in the character of a "*Hindoo*
Girl's Song ;" followed by an eastern
legend. We quote both :

Playful and wild as the fire-flies' light,
This moment hidden, the next moment bright,
Like the foam on the dark-green sea,
Is the spell that is laid on my lover by me.
Were your sigh as sweet as the *sumbal*'s sigh,
When the wind of the evening is nigh ;
Were your smile like that glorious light,
Seen when the stars gem the deep midnight ;
Were that sigh and that smile for ever the same—
They were shadows, not fuel, to love's dull'd flame.

Love once formed an amulet,
With pearls, and a rainbow, and rose-leaves set.
The pearls were pure as pearls could be,
And white as maiden purity ;
The rose had the beauty and breath of soul,
And the rainbow-changes crowned the whole.
Frown on your lover one little while,
Dearer will be the light of your smile ;
Let your blush, laugh, and sigh ever mingle together,
Like the bloom, sun, and clouds of the sweet spring
weather.

Love never must sleep in security,
Or most calm and cold will his waking be.

And as that light strain died away,
Again I swept the breathing strings :
But now the notes I waked were sad,
As those the pining wood-dove sings.

THE INDIAN BRIDE.

SHE has lighted her lamp, and crowned it with
flowers,

The sweetest that breathed of the summer hours :

Red and white roses linked in a hand,

Like a maiden's blush or a maiden's hand ;

Jasmines,—some like silver spray,

Some like gold in the morning ray ;

Fragrant stars,—and favourites they,

When Indian girls on a festival-day,

Braid their dark tresses : and over all weaves

The rosy bower of lotus leaves—

Canopy suiting the lamp-lighted bark,

Love's own flowers and Love's own ark.

She watch'd the sky, the sunset grew dim ;

She raised to *Camdeo* her evening hymn.

The scent of the night-flowers came on the air ;

And then, like a bird escap'd from the snare,

She flew to the river—(no moon was bright,

But the stars and the fire-flies gave her their light ;)

She stood beneath the mangoes' shade,

Half delighted and half afraid ;

She trimmed the lamp, and breathed on each bloom,

(Oh, that breath was sweeter than all their perfume !)

Threw spices and oil on the spire of flame,

Called thrice on her absent lover's name ;

And every pulse throbb'd as she gave

Her little boat to the Ganges' wave.

There are a thousand faneiful things
Linked round the young heart's imaginings.
In its first love-dream, a leaf or a flower
Is gifted then with a spell and a power :
A shade is an omen, a dream is a sign,
From which the maiden can well divine
Passion's whole history. Those only can tell
Who have loved as young hearts can love so well,
How the pulses will beat, and the cheek will be dyed,
When they have some love augury tried.
Oh, it is not for those whose feelings are cold,
Withered by care, or blunted by gold ;
Whose brows have darkened with many years,
To feel again youth's hopes and fears—
What they now might blush to confess,
Yet what made their spring-day's happiness !

Zaide watched her flower-bullt vessel glide,
Mirror'd beneath on the deep-blue tide ;
Lovely and lonely, scented and bright,
Like Hope's own bark, all bloom and light.
There's not one breath of wind on the air,
The Heavens are cloudless, the waters are fair,
No dew is falling, yet woe to that shade !
The maiden is weeping—her lamp has decayed.

Hark to the ring of the cymetar !
It tells that the soldier returns from afar.
Down from the mountains the warriors come :
Hark to the thunder roll of the drum !—
To the startling voice of the trumpet's call !—
To the cymbal's clash !—to the atabal !
The banners of crimson float in the sun,
The warfare is ended, the battle is won.
The mother hath taken the child from her breast,
And raised it to look on its father's crest.
The pathway is lined, as the bands pass along,
With maidens, who meet them with flowers and song,
And *Zaide* hath forgotten in *Azim's* arms
All her so false lamp's falser alarms.

This looks not a bridal,—the singers are mute,
Still is the mandore, and breathless the lute ;
Yet there the bride sits. Her dark hair is bound,
And the robe of her marriage floats white on the ground.
Oh! where is the lover, the bridegroom?—oh!
where?
Look under your black pall—the bridegroom is there!
Yet the guests are all bidden, the feast is the same,
And the bride plights her troth amid smoke and 'mid flame !
They have raised the death-pyre of sweet scented wood,
And sprinkled it o'er with the sacred flood
Of the Ganges. The priests are assembled :—their song
Sinks deep on the ear as they bear her along,
That bride of the dead. Ay, is not this love ?
That one pure wild feeling all others above :
Vowed to the living, and kept to the tomb !—
The same in its blight as it was in its bloom.
With no tear in her eye, and no change in her smile
Young *Zaide* had come nigh to the funeral pile.
The bells of the dancing-girls ceased from their sound ;
Silent they stood by that hollest mound.
From a crowd like the sea-waves there came, not a breath,
When the maiden stood by the place of death !
One moment was given—the last she might spare !
To the mother, who stood in her weeping there.
She took the jewels that shone on her hand :
She took from her dark hair its flowery band.

And scatter'd them round. At once they raise
The hymn of rejoicing and love in her praise.
A prayer is muttered, a blessing said,—
Her torch is raised !—she is by the dead.
She has fired the pile ! At once there came
A mingled rush of smoke and of flame :
The wind swept it off. They saw the bride,—
Laid by her *Azim*, side by side.
The breeze had spread the long curls of her hair :
Like a banner of fire they played on the air.
The smoke and the flame gather'd round as before,
Then cleared ;—but the bride was seen no more !

But the heroine's own melancholy
fate approaches ; the victim of an un-
requited affection—

Lorenzo like a dream had flown !
We did not meet again :—he seemed
To shun each spot where I might be ;
And, it was said, another claimed
The heart—more than the world to me !

And the burning vehemency of what
follows, contrasted with the sombre
shading into which the feeling sinks,
till it rises again into warmth and ar-
dour, appears to us to be the very es-
sence of poetry.

I loved him as young Genius loves,
When its own wild and radiant heaven
Of starry thought burns with the light,
The love, the life, by passion given.
I loved him, too, as woman loves—
Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn :
Life had no evil destiny
That, with him I could not have borne !
I had been nursed in palaces ;
Yet earth had not a spot so dear,
That I should not have thought a home
In Paradise, had he been near !
How sweet it would have been to dwell,
Apart from all, in some green dell
Of sunny beauty, leaves and flowers ;
And nestling birds to sing the hours !
Our home, beneath some chesnut's shade,
But of the woven branches made :
Our vesper hymn, the low lone wail
The rose hears from the nightingale ;
And waked at morning by the eall
Of music from a waterfall.
But not alone in dreams like this,
Breathed in the very hope of bliss,
I loved : my love had been the same
In hushed despair, in open shame.
I would have rather been a slave,
In tears, in bondage, by his side,
Than shared in all, if wanting him,
This world had power to give beside !
My heart was withered,—and my heart
Had ever been the world to me ;
And love had been the first fond dream,
Whose life was in reality.
I had sprung from my solitude
Like a young bird upon the wing
To meet the arrow ; so I met

My poisoned shaft of suffering.
 And as that bird, with drooping crest
 And broken wing, will seek his nest,
 But seek in vain; so vain I sought
 My pleasant home of song and thought,
 There was one spell upon my brain,
 Upon my pencil, on my strain;
 But one face to my colours came;
 My chords replied but to one name—
Lorenzo!—all seem'd vow'd to thee,
 To passion, and to misery!

Another delightful interlude (though
 miscalled a Song) is here brought in,
 but we can only quote the first elo-
 quent stanza :

Farewell!—we shall not meet again!
 As we are parting now,
 I must my beating heart restrain—
 Must veil my burning brow!
 Oh, I must coldly learn to hide
 One thought, all else above—
 Must call upon my woman's pride
 To hide my woman's love!
 Check dreams I never may avow;
 Be free, be careless, cold as thou!

The song is succeeded by a charm-
 ing Episode of *Leades* and *Cydicpe*,
 whose romantic tale is told with all
 the author's artless effect. Their un-
 happy catastrophe leads with conge-
 nial transition to that of the *Improvisatrice*;
 she witnesses the marriage of
Lorenzo to another; and his history,
 which compelled him to that sacrifice,
 is related. He confesses his love for
 her, and after some pathetic expres-
 sions of sorrow (a few words of which
 we throw into a note*) the poem
 breaks off, and thus concludes :—

There is a lone and stately hall,—
 Its master dwells apart from all.
 A wanderer through *Italia's* land,
 One night a refuge there I found.
 The lightning's flash rolled o'er the sky,
 The torrent rain was sweeping round;—
 There won me entrance. He was young,
 The castle's lord, but pale like age;
 His brow, as sculpture beautiful,

Was wan as *Grief's* corroded page.
 He had no words, he had no smiles,
 No hopes :—his sole employ to brood
 Silently over his sick heart
 In sorrow and in solitude.
 I saw the hall where, day by day,
 He mused his weary life away :—
 It scarcely seem'd a place for woe,
 But rather like a genie's home.
 Around were graceful statues ranged,
 And pictures shone around the dome,
 But there was one—a loveliest one :—
 One picture brightest of all there!
 Oh! never did the painter's dream
 Shape thing so gloriously fair!
 It was a face!—the summer day
 Is not more radiant in its light!
 Dark flashing eyes, like the deep stars
 Lighting the azure brow of night;
 A blush like sunrise o'er the rose;
 A cloud of raven hair, whose shade
 Was sweet as evening's, and whose curls
 Clustered beneath a laurel braid.
 She leant upon a harp :—one hand
 Wandered, like snow, amid the chords;
 The lips were opening with such life,
 You almost heard the silvery words.
 She looked a form of light and life,—
 All soul, all passion, and all fire;
 A priestess of *Apollo's*, when
 The morning beam falls on her lyre;
 A *Sappho*, or ere love had turned
 The heart to stone where once it burned.
 But by the picture's side was placed
 A funeral urn, on which was traced
 The heart's recorded wretchedness ;—
 And on a tablet hung above,
 Was 'graved one tribute of sad words---
 '*Lorenzo to his Minstrel Love.*'

It has lately been repeated by sev-
 eral of our critical guides, that our
 epoch of poetry has closed. They
 have taken up a fanciful theory; and
 because the minstrel harp of the *Border*
 has been hushed, and the light of
Childe Harold's flame extinguished,
 they rashly venture to decree, that a
 number of silent years must elapse
 before the birth of another era of song.
 We will not pay them so ill a com-
 pliment as to believe that they will
 maintain this opinion after they have
 read the *Improvisatrice*. We doubt
 not the ability to discover some of the
 faults of youthful composition in her
 strains; but we would most sincerely
 pity* the person who could notice
 them amid the transcendent beauties
 of thought, expression, imagery, and
 fervent genius, with the blaze of
 which they are surrounded and illumi-

* That sun has kissed the morning dews,—
 I shall not see its twilight close!
 That rose is fading in the noon,
 And I shall not outlive that rose! — —
 Thou wilt remember me,—my name
 Is linked with beauty and with fame.
 The summer airs, the summer sky,
 The soothing spell of *Musick's* sigh,—
 Stars in their poetry of night,
 The silver silence of moonlight,—
 The dim blush of the twilight hours,
 The fragrance of the bee-kissed flowers ;—
 But, more than all, sweet songs will be
 Thrice sacred unto Love and me.
Lorenzo! be this kiss a spell!
 My first!—my last! Farewell!—Farewell!

nated. For ourselves, discarding every idea of such prescribed Augustan ages, we do not hesitate to say, that in our judgment this volume forms itself an era in our country's bright cycle of female poetical fame. What may spring from the continued cultivation of such promise, it is not easy to predicate; but if the author

never excels what she has already done, we can confidently give her the assurance of what the possessor of such talents must most earnestly covet—*Immortality*.

[Besides the chief poem upon which we have dwelt with so much pleasure, there is a sequel of about double the extent of miscellaneous pieces, of which we have only at present room to say, that they are devoted to subjects entirely differing in sentiment and subject from each other, and altogether

er worthy of L. E. L.]

VARIETIES.

WHOLESOME DOCTRINE.

The celebrated Dr. Darwin was so impressed with a conviction of the necessity of good air, that being very popular in the town of Derby, once on a market-day, he mounted a tub, and thus addressed the listening crowd:—"Ye men of Derby, fellow-citizens, attend to me!—I know you to be ingenious and industrious mechanics. By your exertions you procure for yourselves and families the necessaries of life: but if you lose your health, that power of being of use to them must cease. This truth all of you know; but I fear some of you do not understand how health is to be maintained in vigour—this then depends upon your breathing an uncontaminated air; for the purity of the air becomes destroyed where many are collected together: the effluvia from the body also corrupts it. Keep open then the windows of your crowded workshops, and as soon as you rise, open all the windows of your bed-rooms. Never sleep in a room without a chimney in it, nor block that up. Inattention to this advice, be assured, will bring diseases on yourselves, and engender among you typhus fever, which is only another name for putrid fever, which will carry off your wives and children. Let me again repeat my serious advice,—*open your windows to let in the fresh air, at least once in the day*.—Remember what I say: I speak now without a fee, and can have no other interest than your good, in this my advice."

MRS. BUNN THE TRAGEDIAN.

The less Mrs. Bunn has to do, the better she does it. She *acts* the *passive* to perfection. There are few tragedies therefore in which she can find a leading character to represent;

for authors are in the habit of burdening their heroines with some motives and cues for passion, and do not commonly seek to make statues of them. In the present day, to be sure, Mrs. Bunn is more likely to be suited than if she turns to the Ottobons, the Rowes or to the old times before them. *Poetry* and not *action* characterizes the tragic drama of the present age—and description takes the place of actual incident. Imogene, in *Bertram*, was a lady of strict contemplative habits: she talked only of the moon and riven hearts—and ruined towers—and stood through five sombre acts the statue of sorrow and romance. Here Mrs. Bunn was at home! Her fine form was never disturbed: her melancholy tones were never broken: her looks were ever the same. She scarcely walked in her sleep. The audience was *lulled* into admiration of her; and her fine monotony made her fame. In *Fazio*, she has the same opportunity of looking and repeating a long heroic poem; and the people in the pit catch and enjoy their three-and-sixpenny dreams with the most still and charmed delight. They sit lulled by the lady's *Æolian* tones, by the silence of her features, and by the studied music of the poetry, and are not awakened from their trance until the curtain falls, when they seem to bustle and rub their eyelids, and gape for the Cataract and the caitle. Mrs. Bunn has a fine person—a deep monotonous but effective voice—and features commanding, though not beautiful: we shall be very much surprised, however, if she should ever be able to do more than act *poetry* on the stage. But we, like true judges, must bear a wary eye.

OYSTERS.

The *green colour* that oysters, when laid up in artificial reservoirs, acquire at certain seasons of the year, and a particular taste which they impart in that state, render them an object of preference to epicures. The cause of this alteration or amelioration, has long been a matter of enquiry with naturalists, and different hypotheses have been framed on the subject. M. B. Gaillon, of Dieppe, from a continual series of microscopical observations, has ascertained that this viridity emanates from certain infusory animalcules, of the genus *Vibron*, which breed by myriads, at particular times of the year, in the water of the reservoirs; and which the oysters feed on, with the water they imbibe.

DR. ARNE.

I well remember this rare English composer of music. Shall I give you his portrait, body and mind? He was rather tall and thin, with an aqueline nose, a long and rather underhung mouth, which gave a certain gravity, though not unpleasant, to his utterance; and his manner inspired confidence and ease to those who knew him, or were favoured with an introduction to this great man.

He had originally received an Etonian education, which ever supported him in all his pursuits, both musical and literary; for he often was his own poet, and I am informed put a helping hand to the poetry in his own opera of *Artaxerxes*, so as to show off his singers to advantage on all the vowels; which on a critical examination will be found little inferior to the Italian Opera poetry; for example,

'WA-ter PAR-ted FRO-m the sea,' &c.

But I have not yet finished his portrait:—with long thin legs and arms, he was dignified both in manner and walk; often to be seen in the streets with a large cocked-up gold laced hat, then *a-la-mode*. His dress of ceremony, in general, was a suit of crimson or black velvet, bag and sword, with white silk stockings, gold or stone shoe and knee buckles. With all this there was a certain *je ne sçai quoi* of gait and figure that bespoke the man *au premier coup d'œil*. No person could possibly

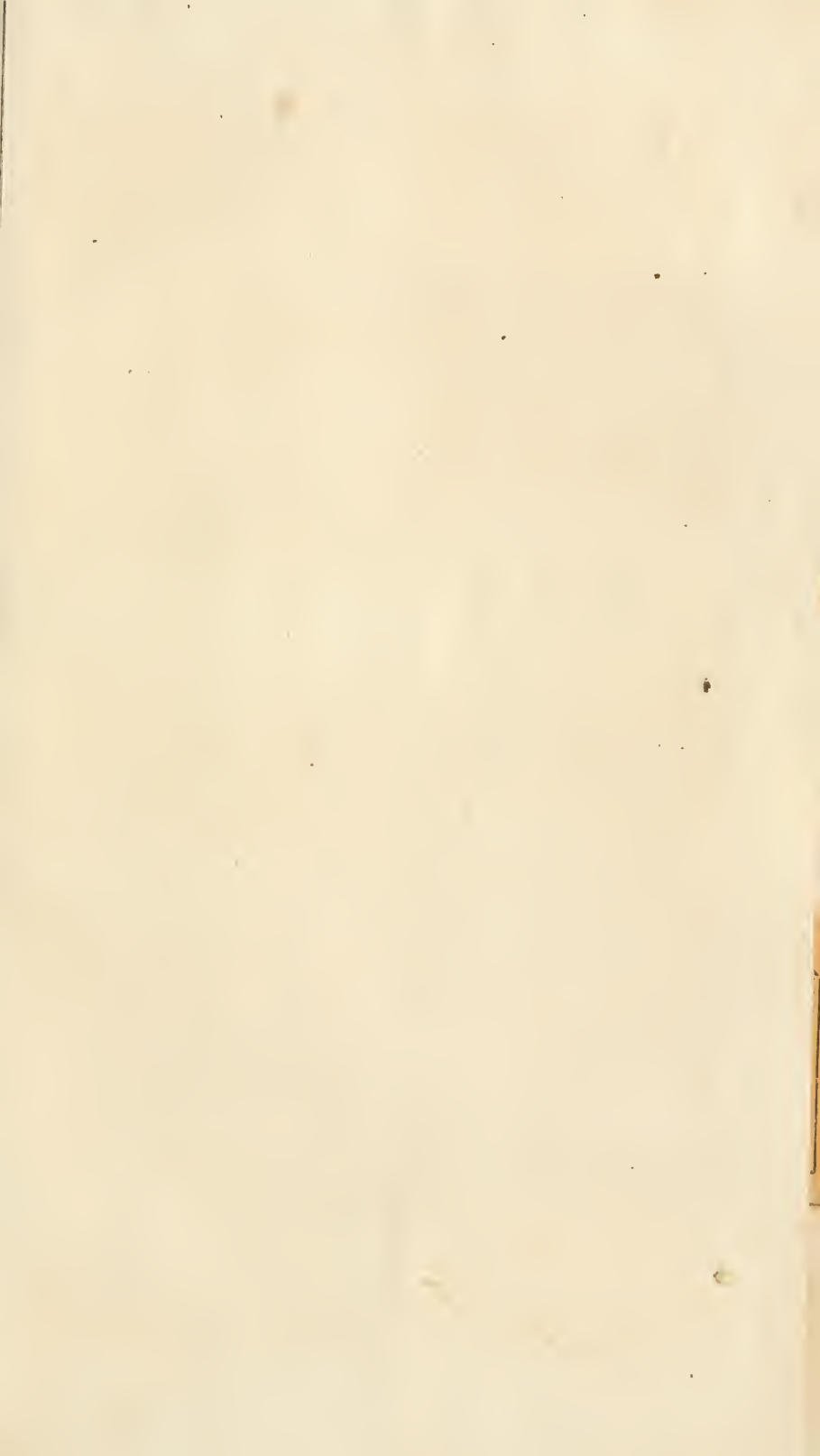
mistake him, either at a masquerade, or in the midst of his own orchestras. Full of gaiety and wit, but withal gentlemanlike, polite, and even ceremonious to his noble patrons; never forgetting himself; kind, and full of urbanity to the whole profession, who adored his abilities; a true amateur of the fair sex, to the end of a very long life.

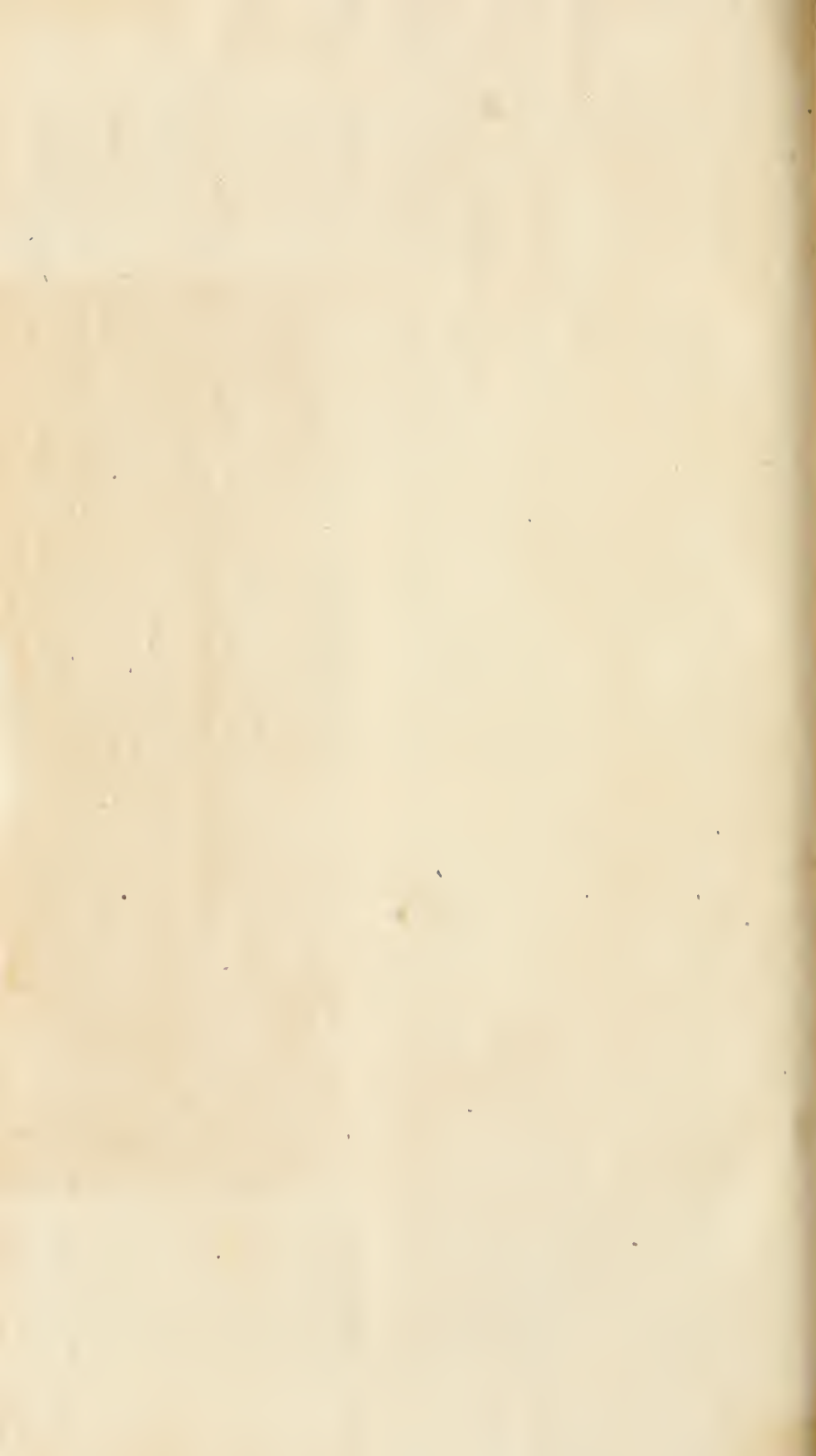
DIED,

In King-street, Holborn, of a rapid decline, *Mr. James George Barlace*, in the 21st year of his age, a young man of singular self-acquired attainments and exemplary virtue. In 1817 he suffered the amputation of his right arm, which operation he bore with a fortitude seldom equalled. In a short time after he received the Minerva medal from the Society of Arts, for a drawing of a portrait, executed with his left hand, on which occasion His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in presenting him with the medal, evinced the most sympathetic feeling. In 1817 he presented to the Society of Arts a drawing of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, executed also with his left hand. At the age of sixteen he finished a work in 4to. entitled, "The Progress of Knowledge in England, from the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to the End of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," which was published in December, 1819.—He has left a work in MS. on the Writings of the Poet Gray, whom he enthusiastically admired, with several detached pieces, and a few specimens of his talent in painting.

NEW WORKS.

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